

Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12 1856.

VOL. 29, NO. 37.

For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

MIFFLINTOWN, Juniata Co.,
Sept. 5, 1856.

DEAR INQUIRER:—I embrace the present moment to let you hear from this part of the state. The grain crop here has been an ordinary one. The drought has not prevailed to much extent, so that the fields present a green, as well as a beautiful appearance, and promise a rich reward to the hand of industry. The fruit has been a failure all but the apples which are generally plenty.

This is our court week in Juniata, there is but little business before the court, except the trial of Stong, for the murder of Deviney. The circumstances attending the murder are these. The prisoner and the deceased lived in Look township, in the upper end of the county near the borders of Huntingdon and Franklin counties. On the 10th of May 1855, the parties were attending a raising at which liquor was freely used, when they both became much intoxicated and commenced quarrelling on the road home which was some time after dark.

At the road where they parted it appears Stong became much excited and began to abuse the company, "saying he could whip any man on the ground." A man by the name of Campbell, "said he was able for him but did not want to fight," at which Stong pulled off his coat and got a stone to strike Campbell with; Deviney pulled off his coat and "said there should be fair play." Stong's brother then said they would go home, and laid his arm around Deviney's neck, and they started off together. When some five or six rods from the road Adam Stong struck Deviney with a stone and broke his skull, and it is supposed jumped upon him Deviney was found; there next morning dead. Stong then made his escape and was not heard of until three or four weeks ago when word came that he was in Michigan. The Sheriff proceeded thither, had him arrested and brought back for trial. He was tried this court, before his honor Judge Graham, and found guilty of murder in the 2d degree, and was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary. The counsel for the commonwealth were Alexander Harris and Andrew Parker, and for the defendant J. D. Sharon and A. K. McClure of Chambersburg. The speakers acquitted themselves well. As this may perhaps be uninteresting to your readers I will drop it and take up another subject.

Politics is the all absorbing topic here, (as I presume it is with you,) and I will try to give you the latest political news. In this county the Old Line Whigs and Americans have united, and formed a Union ticket and will sweep the Democrats like chaff before the whirlwind. Last election the Americans carried their county ticket by majorities ranging from 145 to 262, and this fall they intend to increase it as there are men coming into the American order every week.

The Democrats held a meeting here on the night of the 31st inst., which was addressed by Wilson Reilly, (to whom I shall pay my respects,) a man by the name of Allen, and a Mr. Sipe. Mr. Reilly, who was the principal actor in the Democratic farce that came off with so much pomposity, on the night of the 31, is the Democratic nominee for Congress in the 17th district. He commended by telling the quiet citizens of Juniata that he was not going to run down and vilify his opponents but by the time he got through with his prayer he would have you believe that the Americans and their candidates and his opponents in general were no better than the Tories of the Revolution. The Americans, that dark lantern society, as the speakers were pleased to call them, have been in their road in this county, (and I feel confident will be again) and they have therefore, I presume, but little charity for them. The old line Whigs he tried to soft soilder, and almost got on his knees to beg their votes, feeling conscious that their support is his only means of political salvation, but their principles I presume he relished somewhat like the man who eat the crow that was stuffed with saw dust. On being asked how he relished it, he replied that he could eat it, but did not have much hankering after it.

Mr. Reilly was eloquent in praising the old line Whigs, in order that by their help he might be able to get a seat in the halls of Congress, but the Whigs of Juniata are of sterner stuff than to be bought with a few paltry dollars, which are circulating so plentifully in this county. I have now done with Mr. Reilly, it is enough for me to know that Puncy stood was above par the next morning.

I shall now introduce you to Joseph Puncy, the opposing candidate of the shams Democracy. Mr. Puncy was formerly a Whig, but is now a member of the American party, and sympathizes with all its principles. He was born in Path Valley, Franklin co., and lived in that county until the last five or six years, when he removed to Juniata. Mr. Puncy is one of those plain, unassuming, intelligent old farmers that are to be met with. Mr. Puncy is a man of strictly moral habits, unbending integrity, and one who is in every respectably and well qualified to discharge the duties incumbent upon a member of Congress. He will in this county run a strong vote. The old line Whigs of this county will vote for him *ex masse*, together with a number of Democrats who regard principle more than party. And now in conclusion I would say to all opposed to the present corrupt administration to turn out at the October election, and do your duty and your whole duty. Rest assured that the Union party of Juniata will not be found wanting on the day of election.

Yours truly,
JUNIATUS.

For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

"Two Truths to one Lie."

MR. EDITOR:—I rejoice to inform you that some of the Locofoeos have got to telling two truths to one lie. Mr. Shannon, in a political speech at Wallerstown, in Union Township, a few days ago, in slandering Mr. Griffith, said that when those children were lost, Griffith got crazy, and got to conjuring, and the witches took him down to the South Fork, and he waded into the water up to under his arms, and said the children were in the water there somewhere that was over waist deep. Mr. Shannon puts me in mind of Sam Hide, an Indian, who was a noted elder drinker, and came to a certain farmer every day for cider, and at last the farmer got tired of it, so Sam came again one day for cider, and the farmer told him that he could not give him any, and the Indian found that he could get no cider except by cooly lie him out of it, (the way it is with the Locofoeo party) so he hesitated awhile, and said that he had shot a deer, not half a mile from the farmer's house, and if he would give him a dollar, he would tell him where it was; the farmer said he would not do that, but he would give him a shilling. "Well," said Sam, as he was very dry, "if you give me a shilling and a mug of cider, I will tell you where it is." So he gave him the shilling and the cider, and when he had drunk the cider, he said: "You know that little meadow down yonder?" "Yes." "You know a big ash tree?" "Yes." "Well, behind that tree lies the deer." After Sam was gone the farmer went to get the deer, and found the meadow and the tree, but found no deer, and he was very much displeased, but Sam was gone, and he might as well hunt the deer as to hunt Sam; so he went home, and sometime afterwards he met Sam and began to upraid him for telling him such a lie; so Sam said, "you would not find fault with Indian if he tell you truth—half the time." He said no. "Well," said Sam, did you not find the meadow?" "Yes." "Did you not find the tree?" "Yes," said the farmer. "Then," said the Indian, "how can you find fault with Sam if he tell two truths to one lie?" So it is with Mr. Shannon. There was a man conjuring and wading in the water, and saying the children were there, and his name was Griffith, but it did not happen to be Wm. Griffith, and Mr. Shannon forgot to tell that it was a Mr. Griffith, a leading Locofoeo of Bedford township.

W. A. M.
Union Tp., Sept. 1856.

THE STATE ELECTION.

The election in October, which is coming upon us with silent but rapid strides, is certainly one of the most important that the people have ever been called on to engage in. The issues involved—the vital questions to be definitely settled—the candidates to be voted for—all demand the most careful as well as serious consideration of every freeman in the Commonwealth. Every ballot should be cast with a thorough understanding of the interests and principles to be affected by that ballot. No man should vote blindly, or according to the presumptuous dictations of self-constituted party leaders. The day for such things has gone by, and every man should act without regard to old but servile political predilections. He should assert, boldly and without fear, the native dignity of his manhood, and shake off forever the odious bonds and degrading fetters of mere party drill.

In the broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life—
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

The result of the October election will have a powerful influence on the great Presidential contest in November. It will de-

side the fate of James Buchanan, because it partakes largely of national politics. As Pennsylvania goes in October, it is fair to presume it will also go in November. The two elections are bound so closely to each other, that the first, from the very nature of things, must exercise an immense, if not a controlling influence on the second. Therefore, the question is not merely whether the State ticket shall be carried, but whether the State itself shall, through the supineness or indifference of our friends, be delivered over to the disorganizers and the demagogues who compose the so-called Democratic party? That this will be the inevitable consequence of a defeat, must be apparent to every reflecting mind. No common efforts, however, have been made by our opponents to disguise this fact.—With the pertinacity of special pleaders they have introduced false issues, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the masses and to mislead them. It is time now that this petty subterfuge should be exposed. The people should know that it is paramount to all things else, that the opposition to the National Administration should organize at once, and concentrate their energies upon the Union ticket, for upon this hangs the destiny of political events for years yet to come. To all those who are really and sincerely opposed to the infamous outrages perpetrated by the present administration, an excellent opportunity to express that opposition is presented by the Union Ticket. This ticket was first given to the people by a Convention composed of men entertaining various political preferences, and has since been cordially endorsed by Whigs, Republicans and Americans.—The adherents of all these parties can unite in its support without any sacrifice of principle, and by uniting and acting in concert, can administer a scathing rebuke to the trimmers and tricksters whose perfidy and treachery have brought odium upon our country. To our friends throughout the County and State, we say work manfully, work strongly—work with a hearty good will, from now until the official announcement shall be made, that the State is carried by a majority of fifty thousand!—*Harrisburg Sentinel.*

Buchanan and Workingmen.

A great deal has been said about the speech of the Democratic candidate for President, on the subject of the prices of labor. The English language has been perverted as well as exhausted in the gigantic efforts made by his political partizans to twist that famous speech into something like a defence of the workingmen. It has been, however, like the labors of Lisyplus up hill work with them from the beginning. It is undoubtedly the darkest spot of the many dark spots, which mark that gentleman's entire political career. No ingenuity of argument is sufficient to wipe it out—no Socratic sophism is subtle enough to neutralize the bitter sting contained in it.—It stands upon the record as indubitable evidence of James Buchanan's sympathies with the aristocracy of wealth, and now rises up in judgement, like a spirit that will not be exorcised, to blast his high sounding pretensions to the Chair of State. That he advocated the reduction of the wages of labor to the hard money currency throughout the world, is not attempted to be denied by any of his most deluded followers. Now that standard has been found to be about TEN CENTS A DAY! We should like to know, how many of the men who till the soil and drive the looms would consent to submit tamely to such a remuneration for a hard day's work? How many of them can so far stultify their common sense or prove recalcitrant to the nobility of their manhood, as to be persuaded into the belief that the man who could find it in his heart to promulgate such a doctrine, can be the sincere friend to the workingmen? Demagogues may be found who will strive to spread the idea, that this is nothing more than an electioneering scheme to impose upon the people. But the proof is at the command of any man who desires to examine for himself. And after that examination shall be made, we ask the laborer to inquire what the consequences will be to the class to which he belongs will be if James Buchanan's theory is reduced to practice? In a word, he would be brought to the level of the unfortunate laborer of Europe. The American Workingmen cannot form an adequate conception of their situation. There is nothing in his own position to which he can compare it. The terrible descriptions given by Matthew and Kingsley, of the utter want and abject misery which surrounds and crushes out the very life of the poor wren of the country, cannot find their parallel even among the beggars who crouch in hovels and kneels to shield themselves from the wintry blasts.

Ten cents a day may be enough to keep body and soul together, and hardly enough for that; but it will not feed a wife or lush the hungry clamor of children. Ten cents a day may be enough to buy a pair of stockings, and hardly enough for that; but it will not purchase a decent garment to cover the nakedness of the partner of your bosom. Ten cents a day may be enough to brand and stigmatize the labor of a man as being worth less than the work of a dray horse; but it will not enable the working man to hold up his head among his fellows as one capable of providing for his house and little ones so long as God may give him life and health. Ten cents a day would be a badge of odium worse than the badge of slavery. Are the workingmen of America willing to elevate by their suffrages to the highest post in the world, the office seeker who holds such sentiments and whose great object would be to carry into execution his darling theory of ten cents a day? The laborer is always worthy of his hire, we are told by the good Book. But James Buchanan ignores the truth of that quotation as he would ignore the respectability of the laboring man. Talk as we may about this matter, the simple fact stands out bold and significant that James Buchanan is not and from his mental constitution never can be the true friend of the workingmen. He is their enemy, and if elected will prove him self such.—*Harrisburg Sentinel.*

THE TRUTH ADMITTED.

The following extract from the July number of Brownson's Review, fully confirms all that the Americans have charged upon the Irish Papists. Every riot on a canal or rail road,—every assault upon an American Procession,—every knock-down between a Corkonian and a Fardooer—develops their "bitter passions," and makes our country the arena for fighting out their old hereditary feuds. Hear what the Review says:

"In the parts of the country where the prejudices against Catholicity are strongest, it has seemed to be Celtic rather than Catholic, and Americans have felt that to become Catholics, they must become Celts, and make common cause with every class of Irish agitators, who treat Catholic America as if it were a province of Ireland. A considerable portion of our Catholic population have bro't with them their old prejudices of race, national animosities, and bitter passions, and made our country the arena for fighting out their hereditary feuds. Our so-called Catholic journals are little else than Irish newspapers, and appeal rather to Irish than to Catholic interests and sympathies. Some come with abuse of Americans and are filled diatribes against the race from which the majority of non-Catholic Americans claim to have sprung. Their whole temper are FOREIGN,—and their whole tendency is to make an American feel that, practically, the Church in this country is the Church of a foreign colony, and by no means Catholic. All this may be very natural, and very easily explained to the Catholic who is willing to pardon almost anything to a people that has stood firm by the faith during three centuries of martyrdom, but every one must see that it is far better fitted to repel Americans from the Church, than to attract them to it, especially when they find the foreignism which offends them defended by a portion of the clergy, and apparently opposed by none, and carried even into politics, and made or attempted to be made, the turning point in our elections."

Here is an honest confession on the part of a prominent organ of Roman Catholicism, that the Irish Papists come here with "their old prejudices of race national animosities, and bitter passions,"—and, consequently, it is impossible ever to Americanize them, or make good citizens of them.—Their "foreignism," the Review admits, is "carried even into politics, and made or attempted to be made, the turning point in our elections." And this course is not only approved, but "defended" by the Roman Catholic Clergy. Instead of rebuking this ruffianism and insolent and violent interference in our elections, the corrupt Priests encourage it, and are too often found inciting their illiterate and bigoted followers to acts of riot and bloodshed. If it be the object of the American party to crush out this spirit of foreign ruffianism,—to guard the purity of the American ballot box,—and to preserve our country from the rule of the foreign rabble whose "national animosities and bitter passions" lead them into all kinds of social, political and religious excesses,—for one we cannot hesitate to bid that party God speed, believing with the sanerest Jackson that, in this respect, at least, "it is time for America to become a little more Americanized."

A NEW PLAN FOR A UNION ELECTORAL TICKET.

Let the Fremont and Fillmore men select 26 electors in common, and then let the Fremont men choose a 27th to be placed at the head of the 26, and the Fillmore men choose another 27th to be also placed at the head of the 26 electors in common, the whole to be pledged to divide the electoral vote between Fremont and Fillmore, in proportion to the vote cast for Fremont or Fillmore, as indicated by the 27th at the head of the respective tickets. If, however, by thus dividing the electors of this State it should become evident that neither Fremont nor Fillmore could be elected, and if, moreover, by uniting the electors either upon Fillmore or Fremont, one or the other of these might be elected, then and in that case the electors to be pledged to cast their united vote for that man who shall have the largest number of electors in all the other States combined.

What objection can any sincere opponent of the Cincinnati platform have to such a Union? By this course both divisions of the opposition can vote their sentiments without the relinquishment of any principle, and all can work harmoniously and effectively for the deliverance of the country from the untold evils which threaten it in the event of the success of the party that has already brought us to the brink of civil war, and which has found in Mr. Buchanan a candidate ready and willing to adopt and endorse all those scandalous outrages upon the rights and liberties of a free people, which have made the present National Administration infamous throughout the world.—*Lancaster Campaigner.*

MR. BUCHANAN'S VISIT TO BEDFORD.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot a visitor at Caledonia Springs, Adams county, in a letter from that place, dated the 17th inst., says:

"A gentleman arrived here yesterday from Bedford. He was there when Mr. Buchanan arrived, and describes the occasion as profitable in merit. Prior to his coming, whilst all were in expectancy, Major Watson, a familiarly known personage of that locality, thought he would produce some innocent amusement. He accordingly gave out that the Cincinnati Platform would make his appearance on a certain evening. Acting in concert with several friends, who were in the secret, the Major procured a carriage, a band of music, flags, banners, and other paraphernalia. He drove out some distance, and returned about the expected hour. Music was sounded, and banners flung to the breeze, as the carriage approached. It stopped, and an elderly inmate, procured for the purpose, got out.—The Major introduced him to the anxious crowd as Mr. Buchanan. Shouts went up rending the air, hands were shaken, congratulations interchanged until a keensighted gentleman of Baltimore discovered, to the dismay of all present, that it was not Mr. Buchanan, but a gross fraud—a plagiarist upon the Cincinnati Platform. Enthusiasm cooled down and did not rise again for when the embodiment of Democracy did come, he was escorted by a committee constituted of one old line Whig and two Know-Nothings.

LEGISLATIVE.

We the undersigned Representative Congressmen appointed by the American party of Bedford county in county Convention assembled on Tuesday the 6th day of May 1856 having met this 30th August 1856, have adopted the following Resolution.

Resolved, That we heartily concur in the nomination of W. W. Sellers of Fulton county and John Pringle of Cambria county as candidates for the Assembly for this representative district, and that we will use all honorable effort to secure their election.

D. WASHBAUGH,
G. D. SHUCK,
J. COMPER.

August 30, 1856.

The above Resolution was adopted by the Representatives Congresses of Bedford county, at a meeting held in the borough of Bedford on the 6th ult. This is unexpected as it supersedes the necessity of the usual meeting of the District Congresses, and further that Fulton county did not expect a candidate, and was willing to concede it to Bedford. The candidate from this county was nominated without his solicitation, and it was not his desire to be a candidate for election which was explained at the county Convention at Harrisville, nevertheless, as the action of the Bedford Congresses, has completed the ticket, he is willing to go into the contest, and use his best efforts for the success of the whole ticket. In Mr. Pringle, of Cambria, we have full confidence, knowing him to be right on the great questions of the day, and an ardent supporter of our common cause.—*Fulton Republican.*

Black Mail for Buchanan.

Democratic Republican General Committee of the City of Brooklyn.

Sir:—Your assessment by the above Committee for the office of Clerk, is Forty Dollars.

N. B.—You will at once perceive the necessity of getting the same immediately, in order to defray the expenses of Printing, &c., preparatory to the coming election.

DAVID C. AITKIN, Chairman.
WM. M. LEONIDES, Secretary.

WM. H. PECK, Chairman of Finance Committee.
JAMES SHARKEY, Sec. of Finance Com.
C. C. CONTRELL, Collector.

This is certainly a desperate method of raising an electioneering fund. In the first place, it pre-supposes the Custom House Clerks and other employees ready and willing to commit downright perjury—because it was well known all such clerks and employees, before receiving their salaries at the Cashier's desk, are obliged to swear as follows:

THE OATH.

I, _____ in the office of the Collector of the District of New York, do hereby certify on _____ that I have performed the services stated in the above account, that I have received the full sum therein charged, to my own use and benefit; and that I have not paid, deposited, or assigned, nor contracted to pay, deposit, or assign any part of such compensation, to the use of any other person: nor in any way directly or indirectly, paid or given, any reward or communication, for my office or employment, or the emolument, thereof. So HELP ME GOD.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this day of 185

Beautiful illustration of the political morals of General Pierce's administration.—Here are men who make oath that they have not "in any way given any portion of their salary for their office or employment"—and have not assigned any part of such salary "to the use of any other person"—here are men, we say, called upon by the Democratic General Committee to do what they have solemnly sworn they shall not do, "so help them God." And to refuse to submit to the assessment, the conscientious man, it is well known, would soon be served with another "private circular" in the shape of a notice to quit. If we understand the ordinary use of the English language, this sort of thing is neither more nor less than downright deliberate perjury. And if Mr. Buchan's fortunes necessitate such disgraceful expedients, the sooner he quits the field for his own sake, the better.

The Assaults on Jackson.

The venomous assaults upon the fair fame of Jackson, by the Buchanan men, continue unabated. Thus, the Louisville Courier, a leading Buchanan print in Kentucky, says:

"A private letter written by Jackson in 1845, just before his death, manly vilifying Buchanan charging him with cowardice and falsehood, is shamelessly dragged forth to degrade Buchanan. The infamy of the affair rests upon Jackson for writing this letter, and next upon those who have brought it to light for political effect now for the first time. They who 'heap approbrium mountain high upon the grave of Jackson,' are they who have dishonored him and degraded themselves by publishing the infamous private letter of the insanely vindictive old tyrant, who in this very letter, proved that, to the last, no touch of justice or magnanimity towards an opponent or rival ever entered his breast, and that his only use for friends was to make tools of them. If Buchanan had in 1827, instead of faithful testimony, as he did, corroborated Jackson's charges against Clay, Jackson never would have written his infamous secret letter of 1845. We believe that history convicts Jackson of slandering Clay, and then convicts him of slandering Buchanan because he would not perjure himself by supporting the slander against Clay."

Has the old hero no friends left among his many adherents of former days? If he has, it is meet that they should know of his determined effort to blast his reputation by shifting upon him the infamy fairly earned by Buchanan.

The Clarion Banner, which has both Fillmore and Fremont at the head of its columns, says:—"Well the only thing we can do to beat Buchanan is to form a Union Electoral ticket." Will this be done? Certainly it will.—The masses are deeply interested in this campaign, and are not to be driven back by a few wirepullers, who, to gratify their own ambition, seek to distract and divide the anti-Nebraska forces. Let would-be-leaders say what they will, the

people will act and a union be formed. Let none be discouraged—for the times are portentous, and no man who covets a victory will hesitate as to union of action in the canvass. There will be a union. * * * James Buchanan will run well in the South as the candidate of that section, but North of Mason and Dixon's line he will not get a single State; even Pennsylvania, with her overwhelming free soil sentiment, will repudiate him, and his own county of Lancaster will disown him. In a word, old Buck is a "used up man he is dead and buried—his coffin is the Cincinnati platform—and nothing can awake him but the rattling of a ten cent piece upon the lid. *Requiescat in pace!*"

American Progress in Tennessee.

An overwhelming tide of enthusiasm, for Fillmore and Donelson, is sweeping over Tennessee. The people are holding large mass meetings all over the State. Each citizen seems to be contending with his neighbor for the honor of doing the most for the American candidates. They can never do violence to the 3d Hero of the Hermitage by deserting the flag of the Union. They treasure every word that the old Hero ever uttered—they husband them as "apples of gold, set in pictures of silver." He told them through Mr. Polk, that Buchanan could not be trusted. Ex-Governor Brown recently arrived at Nashville, after a political tour through the State. He spoke at various points during his absence, and in each case his advocacy for Fillmore was greeted with the warmest enthusiasm. The Nashville Whigs say:—"The confident opinion is entertained that in every county visited on this occasion Fillmore will make a gain upon the vote of the last election for Governor. We consider Tennessee safe for Fillmore and Donelson."

EXTERMINATING THE QUAKERS.—It seems that the Missouri invaders of Kansas have determined to exterminate the Quakers from the territory; and have commenced carrying out this purpose by breaking up and dispersing the Quaker Mission Settlement there. The Quakers are known to be opposed to Slavery in all its forms and in favor of freedom to all. They are also known to be non-combatants, and peaceful in all their habits as well as principles.—Hence they could be attacked, robbed, outraged and driven from the territory without danger to the invaders.

REBUKED.—The constituents of Hon. Percy Walker, of Alabama, held a meeting and adopted resolutions declaring their disapprobation of his recent course in expressing his determination to support Mr. Buchan, and requiring his immediate resignation. The resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote.

YOUNG MEN, are you doing your duty in this contest? If not GO TO WORK! You, says you, can accomplish wonders, if you labor diligently. Go to work.—*Canada Democrat.*

Who in thunder's going to work for 10 cents a day, while, butter's 20 cents per pound!—*Hollidaysburg Register.*

The Boston Courier says that none of the other old-line Whigs of Massachusetts will follow Mr. Choate's lead.

Two of the Democratic Electors in Mississippi have refused to serve. One of them says it is his intention to support Mr. Fillmore.

Bally Brooks, upon his return to S. Carolina, "fared sumptuously." He was caressed, and flattered, to his hearts content. A Silver Pitcher, and other testimonials, was presented to him in approval of his course at Washington. In his speech, he intimates the possibility of Fremont's election, and declares in such an event, it would be the duty of the South, to march an army to the Capitol, and seize the papers and property of the Government. Valiant Brooks! He might meet Burlingame there.

BUCHANAN NORTH, AND BUCHANAN SOUTH.—The Southern issue of the Cincinnati nominee is presented by his Southern organ; and here it is, as painted by the *Yicksburg Sentinel*. It says:

"We dare not deny any one to point to a single vote that Mr. Buchanan ever gave, during his Congressional career, involving the question of slavery, that was not on the side of the South, and opposed to the Abolitionists."

The Providence (R. I.) Post, as usual a Buchanan organ as the Richmond Enquirer, introduces him to a New England public thus:—"Mr Buchanan never uttered a sentence in defence of slavery, or whispered a word in favor of its existence, or cast a vote which any honest man would sostrue into a wish to support the institution."