

# The Carroll Free Press.

"THE UNION OF THE STATES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION."

VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 34.

CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,285.



## POETRY

**The Appeal.**  
Written for the Free Press.  
Republicans, make haste and gird your armor on,  
The hour and the battle's drawing near  
A prize of untold value is to be lost or won  
Thou onward "nothing daunted," by coward doubts  
or fear.  
Republicans, to work to get your weapons bright  
For the great issue which is near at hand  
On, clad in the triple potent mail of right  
To sever from slavery's blight, Kansas' fresh fertile  
land.  
The dark hosts who are pledged to battle for the wrong  
Are marshalling their hosts, and gathering up their  
power  
The miscomas with speed, ye may stay it long  
Aye those are trying times, comes the decisive  
hour.  
There is a fearful looking out, man's hearts begin to  
fall  
The sor of politics casts up dirt and mire  
The wrong is strutting boldly—but it may not long  
prevail  
Oppression's chord shall well melt like wax before  
the fire.  
Then to your work Republicans, for the battle host  
is nigh  
Who seek to plant the dagger in freedom's side  
And profane Gods holy truth, with a bitter mocking  
lie  
And to the hateful nuptial lead the helpless bride.  
And I shall it be? and shall that fair land ever  
Be trailed in slavery's hideous slime,  
Shall they be bound in bonds, that note may sever  
And walk in wedded union the long, broad aisles of  
time.  
Then hate Republicans, an I get your armor on  
And shield and buckler, for the battle comes  
The heritage of freedom's to be lost or to be won  
And misery or joy, won for myriads, hearts and  
homes.  
Then be not idle, tamely resting on your oar  
Where "little hours," with great events are fraught  
Stand firm and true amid the wreck and roar  
And slavery's clia lei shall crumble into naught  
Make haste, the final conflict is at hand,  
That tell's that the long future is to be  
Whether we shall be marked with slavery's iron brand  
Or wear the trophy plumes that signalize the free.  
Our own, and future generation's fate—  
If for you to decide—then gird your armor on  
Ti-truth and freedom, against tyranny and hate  
For one of these a victory must be won.  
Alliance, O. Aug. 13th 1856. F. LANSKOR.

## Miscellaneous Reading

**Correspondence of the Traveller.**  
Freedom of the Pulpit in Washington.  
WASHINGTON, July 8.

**Editor of the Traveller:**

It was my pleasure to listen to a sermon last Sunday in this city, preached by the Rev. M. D. Conway, who is a member of one of the "first families" in Virginia, and speaks of slavery by the book. He is a free and original thinker and an independent actor. He is young yet, and promises much. His sermon of last Sunday was, all things considered, one of the boldest and ablest efforts to which I ever listened. His society is partly composed of persons connected in a variety of ways, with the "peculiar institution." Some who listened to his discourse last Sunday are large slave owners, and hold offices under the present administration. Without further comment I proceed to give you a few extracts of the sermon, especially of that portion relating to recent and passing events, and which has produced a rupture in his society, and will perhaps cause a separation of pastor and flock; a meeting of the society to consider that subject will be held next Sunday and it is the opinion of members of the society with whom I have conversed, that Mr. Conway will be dismissed. So much for the freedom of the pulpit in Washington.  
His text was from Zachariah iv, 6 and 7—  
"Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. Who art thou O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."  
The times, said the speaker, approach us at present with the stature and solemnity of eternities. Minds which are alive may learn by a daily touch of the telegraph more than a life time one generation back could teach. In the terrible current of events the hair whitens in a night.  
When I left you, friends, it was with the beautiful music of peace wafted on Eastern winds to our ears. I return to you when the first and notes of civil war come on Western winds, and a great heap of black cloud lies along the gloomy horizon, sending out in fitful flashes its fiery sword.  
[The speaker then proceeded to depict the horrors of war. He dwelt with great power upon the recent European war, showing the damage it had done to trade, its direct cost to the nations concerned in it, and the immense loss of life accruing therefrom, and the great lesson it taught. He then continued as follows:

But as yet the lesson is not learned. With the grief, the tears of the war just closed fresh upon us; with the blood of seven hundred men crying to us, pause; with the wailings of bereaved women and children filling the air, this nation is going steadily toward a war, which, should it come, will be the darkest, deadliest, and most awful which ever cursed this planet. All other war yields to civil war in terror. If one comes, and it seems inevitable where two sections have lost the last vestige of respect for each other, ten generations will scarcely see it concluded. Read the histories of civil wars.—No young man ever glowed with enthusiasm over them, as over great national encounters. They turn the heart sick.

While these fresh red drops are falling let every man who will stand by the Prince of Peace, unfurl that holy banner and stand by it forever. Were Christ on earth there would he be found standing.  
Of course it would be a waste of breath to appeal to slavery for peace. As well appeal to the fang of the serpent not to strike, as to that poisoned fang of hell, Human Slavery, not to sting, by any means it can command, its dead virns into the fresh young blood of Freedom. Why should we expect this monster to change its instincts? Can a leopard change its spots? Is there anything incompatible in buying and selling men and women, made in the image of God, on the block, and a violation of the most sacred compact? Is it anything wonderful, when tearing babes from their mothers, husbands from their wives—scenes which passed my unconscious childhood as an amazing panorama of the Pit, to raise within me at last, thank God, a hatred of slavery which shall never cease save with the last heart throb never, till this tongue is dust again. Is it, I ask anything wonderful, when all this, in the South, becomes, in Kansas, murder, robbery and arson? Is there anything unnatural, when oppression and brutality toward the weak and helpless in Carolina, become dastardly and cowardly assassination of the unoffending and defenceless in Washington? Nothing unnatural, say the South, in endorsing those men who have worried their way into power by the very slime they secrete, and use it to lift themselves on the happiness of millions. Nothing, they repeat, in universal representative sanction of a crime which would have been a scratch, but for their sanctity, which makes the word Union a satire, and virtually says to half the men in this land, "There is no point of honor between us. The lowest white Southerner must be furnished and challenged, or the assailant loses cast forever. But you Northerners shall be beaten as we beat dogs; we do not forewarn our dogs when we beat them."

Living in the midst of slavery, I have ever felt that it was dishonest and wrong that the Northern men should not know how we are trained to despise Yankees as worse than anything else; how it is nearly a proverb that there is no gentleman North of Mason and Dixon's line. Gutta serena is very honest at any rate, and places the matter frankly before the freemen of this country. It is well if even the devils become honest, real devils, and conceal nothing in their hearts.  
No, I make no appeal to slavery to bring us peace. It would be a hypocrite to do so, and hypocrisy is worse than war; but on you, freemen and friends of Humanity, I call to lend all your efforts for peace; to stand and shed your blood, if need be, for peace.  
True, not the most infinitely small atom of principle must be conceded for peace. Better this country should sink beneath an ocean of blood, than one of the rights of Humanity be surrendered, than the supreme law of Justice to all men fall. But for these strive to "fight through all the forms of peace," knowing that the success of your cause depends on standing on your ground even to death, not on your overcoming the man who opposed it. He is nothing and can do nothing against your cause if it is right.  
It would be a sad deplorable victory, worse than any it ever got—if the barbarous code of duelling should be consented to as the true one to settle the dispute of sections or men. The boar selects tusks, the bee a sting.  
"Its proper power to hurt each Creature feels,  
Bulls use their horns and  
Asses lift their heels."

Slavery takes naturally to bludgeons or pistols. Freedom should as naturally take to reason, truth of thought, speech and act, and that courage, not animal, which can bravely stand for God and Right, and be shot down, if that is the thing to be done.  
But must we not resist an assault; it is required. It is never right deliberately to prepare for it, and if resistance should be the best thing, when the moment comes instruction and strength will flow from God and nature; then your resistance will be as healthy as the inevitable lightning. Leave it to nature. She is the best teacher, and no absolute rule can be made. Toth is necessary, but take care it does not become fang. One is animal, the other human. So are war and a proper resistance very different—the one animal, the other human.  
As soon as war in Kansas becomes inevitable, as it will be when it is decided that the present policy towards that territory is to be continued, we should all earnestly turn our attention to disunion. The blood which has stained the free soil of Kansas, and stained the floor of the Senate from her ablest advocate, is the vicious ransom of the North for her past sins of servility and compromise. That blood has blotted out traditional bonds and amenities between slavery and freedom. The friends of liberty now stand free—free to be guided by their own law; bound by no compact with any man; their wronged and suffering brothers.—Now for once freedom steps forth untrammelled by any rose-water talk of sectional courtesies, sacred compacts, and the like; she has room now for a free use of all her strength; we fear not the encounter with slavery.

We only need now that this new strength of Freedom should be rightly directed to save us from civil war. We can see that the strength is coming though as yet it but "sees men as trees;" we see it in the houses half finished which may now be pointed out in the North; the workmen sent away, that more money may go to Lawrence; in the fact that those who give most for this end, give most in the North, are those who never voted for a Republican in their lives; in the fact that the States are fast forming in a line in opposition to every claim of Slavery which is not found surrendered on the very face of the Constitution. This is right.—Let them know that though the branches should be pruned the sap root of Border Ruffianism lies deep in the human subsoil of Washington. Let them send men here,—not invertebrate animals! who will bend from the honest truth to dodge a blow; but "men, high minded men, who know their rights and knowing dare maintain."

Brothers, this Union freighted with so many hopes and joys, is worth another effort to save it. In this awful crisis it is the sum of the Law and the Prophets, of the old and new Testaments, the sum and substance of them all, that every man should enter with all the force that is in him into this work. Voting rises to the solemnity and dignity of prayer. Fear your defenses, O freemen! let Mount Washington and Quincy Granite, and Plymouth Rock be brought here in human shape, to speak the word of death to that demon which having enslaved three and a half millions of negroes would now conquer thirty millions of men with Saxon blood in their veins.  
And let it be once for all seen and recognized by you who love freedom, that the cause you have adopted is the most sacred of all causes. It is the Christianity of to-day. Remember that the system which you have adorned by all the ties, fraternities, memorials, courtesies which ever did or did not exist to tolerate and submit to, is one whose roots are in the lowest basement of man's nature; whose trunk has been ignorance and degradation to white and black,—causing the statistics of Virginia to show sixty thousand white adults-to-day who cannot read or write; whose blossoms have been slave auctions, slave burnings, Nebraska bills, Missouri Ruffianism, Congressional Ruffianism, fugitive slave hunts. These are its blossoms; what the fruit shall be God alone knows! It is this system which you men of the Free States have continually invited to triumph and riot, and thought that it would treat you more tenderly than it did negro mothers and their babes. Then the power whereby you are at present an almost subjugated people is your own folly.  
"Dear foxes," you have said with feeling, "we wish our geese to wander in your rich thickets, that they may grow fat. Do not, we pray you, annoy them. We send them out with entire confidence that you will not molest but will even protect them." "Let them come," say the foxes, "they shall be welcome to our rich thickets." Then going carelessly on a week after, you find every bramble covered with white feathers, and slowly to your amazed perceptions dawns the truth that, since the foundations of the earth were laid, the eternal laws of the universe, ethereal and physical, have arranged that foxes shall slay and engorge. Slavery is no abstraction; it is a great black fact, to tell the fearful tendencies of which no tongue has yet been formed from the dust. You can expect nothing of it, and remember it is not the foxes who are blameworthy, but those who committed their geese to their tender mercies.  
And let one other thing be remembered—it is a sad thing to say,—nobody can be trusted on this subject. If it were only a man that God made, he might be voted for in the faith that he would do right. But for every man in this country slavery has a bribe at every pore, and a lash over all who do not obey its behests. It is even in our church and whipped that thin-skinned convention of time-servers at Chicago into servility, dragging Unitarianism baptized in freedom into their mauling fears. I feel the presence of its great infernal power in this house to-day—there lurking amongst you whispering—"Don't stand such preaching as this; if you do your friends will turn away from you, and you will be called an abolitionist." It is up here whispering to me,—If you do not stop this preaching against slavery, it will have its cudgel over your head,—your

friends will be fewer even than they are now." Get thee behind me, cunning Devil. I will tell on thee. I will say to northern men, "Trust none but those who are distinctly committed to the right side in every way possible,—committed in white and black by temperament, by their whole lives, by all the associations and pursuits of their lives, so that even selfishness necessitates the right side."

I have no the least doubt from what I have myself seen in Washington, that if the angels Gabriel and Michael should descend and be elected senators of a free State without the most distinct understanding as to their course on this question, we would find them popping champagne with the minions of slavery, and coming to the celestial faith that the people of the territories should be left "perfectly free" to arrange their own institutions, with the single condition that they should be shot and have their houses burnt over them, if they should so arrange them as not to suit the south. I believe it would be unsafe to trust any of the heighers so long as any question was unanswered.

Oh, thou slave king! thy days are nearly numbered. Weighed art thou in the balance and found wanting. Thanks to the dear God, every free soul in this land has heard on the west wind the burden of the olden prophecy—"Arise, for this matter belongeth unto thee: be of good courage and do it." Let the full fact burst upon us that 350,000 men, the entire number of slaveholders, are keeping thirty millions in deadly commotion and feud fast leading to civil war; that one more inch of U. S. territory given to slavery implies that every man, woman and child in the north is a slave; that the pro-slavery representation of Kansas, which is larger than all New England, would, should it be admitted, checkmate all the anti-slavery power in Congress for five centuries, and make the Union absolutely intolerable. Let each man feel that his personal manhood is involved, and that crawling in the dust is not living. Whatever be our occupation let us strike the task and join to save the State. Let the artist see that he cannot be so good an artist nor find so much patronage as if this was settled. Let the farmer see that labor is degraded and agriculture clogged. Let the man of letters see that the special faculty is mixed and maimed by these inland spirits of duty whose clamor drowns all other spirits.—Let the moralist see that it is the fountain of public and private corruption: that in it the olden prophecy is fulfilled, "because iniquity doth abound the love of many shall wax cold. Thus each man, approaching the fact from his own office, by his own door, shall find that, as the form of man cannot be found on the same geologic plan with the vast extinct monsters which needed primal marshes for their element, so the highest spiritual manhood cannot co-exist with this dragon, poisoning the air.—Thus has the Infinite Father of African and Caucasian, made it one cause with them. If the North should consent to slavery extension, it would now forfeit not only all nobility, which many could yield because they have none, but all their interests, which they cannot yield. Every spirit which can be roused against it is now roused. Nature is now in labor with millions of human hearts which shall be sent on earth to cry to this guilt—Anathemas, Maranatha! We all live in a different country of that six weeks ago. I trust we have all undergone the birth adapted to the new condition. What is the praise or blame when it is unfolded all we are born to be or do?

One thing is now forever settled, that the subject is to be definitely dealt with. It is up now and cannot be put down by any power, nor postponed. Henceforth no freeman is ever going to be quiet. It is idle to think of it. Go to Mary as she sits beneath the cross whereon her only son hangs, with five ghastly wounds, and bid her calm her grief. Never till she sees him arise from the tomb shall she be calmed. So, sitting here under the very shadow of the cross where Freedom hangs crucified, with those five bleeding wounds which the last ten years have given, in each of which is a tongue of fire—how shall we be quieted? It cannot be! Not until the resurrection morn of Freedom rises on our land shall we cease to weep and pray and work and watch by the sepulchre. Already, oh my brothers, I hear the flutter of the angels wings as he comes to roll away the stone and break the seal of the slave power.

Let us all be ready, standing, awaiting the victory of God. The mountain is indeed high and strong; our strength is small; our might weakness. But if each one surrenders himself this day and henceforth to be the passive instrument of the best instinct striving in him,—his acts will cease to be the work of a mere man and rise to the grandeur and influence of direct acts of God. Each one can be now a workman for God, his visible finger entering and moulding the affairs of men. I beseech you, Oh Christians, yield yourselves thus.—Lead a hand to the great cause of God and man; and know that success is certain. The tongue of God hath spoken it. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O, great mountain, before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

**Mr. Dayton's Letter of Acceptance.**  
Trenton, N. J. July, 1856.  
Gentlemen.—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me that, at a Convention of Delegates recently assembled in Philadelphia, I was unanimously nominated as their candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States, and requesting my acceptance of such nomination.  
For the distinguished honor thus conferred, be pleased to accept for yourselves, and in behalf of the Convention you represent, my sincere thanks.  
I have only to add, that having carefully examined the resolutions adopted in that Convention as indicating the principles by which it was governed, I find them, in their general features, such as have heretofore had my hearty support. My opinions and votes against the extension of Slavery into free Territory, are of record and well known. Upon that record I am willing to stand. Certainly nothing has since occurred which would tend to modify my opinions previously expressed upon that subject. On the contrary the repeal of the Missouri compromise (that greatest wrong portentous of mischief) but adds strength to the conviction that these constant encroachments must be calmly but firmly met; that this repealing Act should be itself repealed, or remedied by every just and constitutional means in our power.

I very much deplore all sectional issues. I have not been in them, nor shall I be in the future, instrumental in fostering such issues. But the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and as a consequence the extension of Slavery, are no issues raised by us; they are issues forced upon us, and we act but in self-defence when we repel them. That section of the country which presents these issues are responsible for them and it is this sectionalism which has subverted past compromises, and now seeks to force Slavery into Kansas. In reference to other subjects treated of in the resolutions of the Convention, I find no general principle or rule of political conduct to which I cannot and do not yield a cordial assent.

But while thus expressing a general concurrence in the views of the Convention, I cannot but remember that Constitution gives to the Vice President little power in matters of general legislation; and he has not even a vote, except in special cases; and that his rights and duties as prescribed in that instrument are limited to presiding over the Senate of the United States. Should I be elected to that high office, it will be my pleasure as it will my duty, to conduct, so far as I can, the business of that body in such a manner as will best comport with its own dignity, in strict accordance with its own rules, and with a just and courteous regard to the equal rights and privileges of all its members.  
Accepting the nomination tendered through you, as I now do.  
I am, gentlemen,  
Very respectfully yours,  
WM. L. DAYTON.

To Henry S. Lane, President of the Convention, J. M. Ashley, Anthony A. Beecher, Joseph C. Hornblower, E. R. Hoar, Thaddeus Stevens, K. S. Bingham, John A. Willis, C. F. Cleveland, Cyrus Aldrich, Committee.

**A Challenge to Mr. Brooks.**  
CLEVELAND, August 1, 1856.  
Editor Cleveland Leader:  
Believing that Mr. Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, should be punished for his cowardly attack upon the Hon. Charles Sumner, and for the concealed manner in which he has boasted of his courage, and for his sneaking cowardly display of the white feather, in his recent refusal to fight a man whom he had challenged (for fear of being killed.) I hereby challenge this bringing puppy to meet me at any place he may appoint—with pistols, rifles or cowhides. Now then, Mr. Brooks, let us see some of your boasted courage! You are afraid to meet a man!—dare you meet a woman? I am a widow lady,—lost two sons during the late war with Mexico—fighting for what they supposed to be freedom and liberty—and now though upwards of fifty years of age, I am truly anxious to do my country some service by whipping or choking the cowardly Carolina ruffian, who has taken the stand to pull down and crush America's most precious right—liberty of speech! I await Preston S. Brooks' reply.  
Mrs. A. R. M. ROBINSON.

**Whigs Lend Your Votes to no Purpose.**  
So Base.  
The locofoco editors are making strong appeals to the old Henry Clay Whigs, to join their ranks to help elect Buchanan! Mr. Clay is highly extolled, not only by their press, but by their public speakers in high, as well as in low stations. The reason of this, is, that the great old Statesman is dead, and they no longer fear his popularity as a man, his powers as a Statesman, or his eloquence as an orator.  
No man while living was more vilely belied politically, or more scandalously abused personally, than Henry Clay—few men were less deserving of such treatment from their countrymen. Yet the leaders of the same party that abused him while living—pursuing as so many blood hounds—ask his friends and admirers to

vote for them, promote them—adulate them, now!  
We ask these who are disposed to practice such an injustice upon the memory of Henry Clay, to read the following—read by Mr. Robinson, editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, at a locofoco meeting held at that place in 1844—called to exult over Mr. Clay's defeat—and to damage if possible, the fair fame of the man who would rather do "right than be President." Here it is:  
"Henry Clay.—The KENTUCKY BLACK-LEG.—He has played his last card, and now in terror awaits the last trump."  
We repeat no man having a proper regard for Henry Clay, and his illustrious memory, so long as such villainous abuse as the above is still ringing in his ears—can consistently and conscientiously vote for the leaders of the very same party—the very identical man who haunted him to his grave with such foul abuse, and malignant slanders. Was not he them? "No! Never! Never!! NEVER!!"  
—Steu Herald.

**BE GENTLE AT HOME.**—There are few things, we imagine, any where, in which men are not abused as furnishing a license for licentiousness. A father, brother or husband, speak harsh words to those whom he loves best, simply because the security of his family pride keeps him from getting himself broken. It is a shame that a man should more impolitely, at times, to his wife, than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the noblest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to women in the domestic circle, than the restraints of Society. A woman is usually indebted for the respectability of life to those not belonging to her household. Things ought not to be said at home which would not be said in public. A man who because it will not be said, reflects his spleen and bad temper upon his heart's ease, is a small cowardly mean man. Kind words are the best medium between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibition society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

**THE MISSOURIANS AND BUCHANAN.**—The Canton Repository the 16th ult. says: A German from the Southern part of Ohio was here on the 11th inst., and related an incident which happened at St. Louis. Our Ohio friend wore a Masonic pin in his bosom.—Two strangers observed it and gave a Masonic sign; he answered it and conversation soon ensued. Our friend professed to be a democrat, (which he really was, though not pro-slavery) enquired where they resided. They told him they resided in Missouri near the Kansas line.—He asked them how Buchanan would run in their section. They told him that the people in Missouri and many of the Slave States, were awaiting the development of matters; that they had not any too much confidence in Buchanan—and if they found that Fillmore would make a better run in the Free States than Buchanan, they would drop the latter and run Fillmore. They also stated, that the people of Missouri and the entire South, were determined Kansas should be a Slave State. That with their secret organizations, they could at a moment's notice, throw thousands of men into Kansas, either to fight or to vote.

**A STORY RUN INTO THE GROUND.**—The witness of the New York Express, the veracious, and religious, and truth-loving Alderman Palmer, says that he met Col. Fremont at Washington, in the month of February, 1852, and heard him declare himself a Roman Catholic. The first contradiction in the story was at once detected by thousands; for it is known to every family familiar with the life of Col. Fremont, that he was not in Washington City in February, 1852, nor for several months either previous or afterwards. But a still more awkward contradiction has been discovered. Some curious persons lately examined the registers of Brown's Hotel for the whole of 1852 and 1853, and it contains no such name as Palmer. It appears, then, that the only authority for calling Fremont a Roman Catholic is based upon the assertion of a man who professes to have received the information from the Colonel's own lips, at a time when the Colonel was not present, and at a place where he was not present himself!

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—A friend writes us from Bucks county, as follows: "I think Fremont will receive rather more than the usual Whig vote of this county, in spite of the stern party drill on the other side. In our township, all the former Whigs are Fremont men, and I have to day conversed with two young Democrats who I supposed were for Buchanan, but they prove warm Free State and Fremont men. I think Fillmore's vote cannot exceed 100 votes in the county."  
A. S. DICKY, Esq., of Greenfield, Highland county, has left the Ranks of the Slave Democracy. He is said to be one of the ablest lawyers and most substantial and influential men in southern Ohio. He will take the stump for Fremont and Dayton.

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**BE GENTLE AT HOME.**—There are few things, we imagine, any where, in which men are not abused as furnishing a license for licentiousness. A father, brother or husband, speak harsh words to those whom he loves best, simply because the security of his family pride keeps him from getting himself broken. It is a shame that a man should more impolitely, at times, to his wife, than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the noblest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to women in the domestic circle, than the restraints of Society. A woman is usually indebted for the respectability of life to those not belonging to her household. Things ought not to be said at home which would not be said in public. A man who because it will not be said, reflects his spleen and bad temper upon his heart's ease, is a small cowardly mean man. Kind words are the best medium between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibition society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

**THE MISSOURIANS AND BUCHANAN.**—The Canton Repository the 16th ult. says: A German from the Southern part of Ohio was here on the 11th inst., and related an incident which happened at St. Louis. Our Ohio friend wore a Masonic pin in his bosom.—Two strangers observed it and gave a Masonic sign; he answered it and conversation soon ensued. Our friend professed to be a democrat, (which he really was, though not pro-slavery) enquired where they resided. They told him they resided in Missouri near the Kansas line.—He asked them how Buchanan would run in their section. They told him that the people in Missouri and many of the Slave States, were awaiting the development of matters; that they had not any too much confidence in Buchanan—and if they found that Fillmore would make a better run in the Free States than Buchanan, they would drop the latter and run Fillmore. They also stated, that the people of Missouri and the entire South, were determined Kansas should be a Slave State. That with their secret organizations, they could at a moment's notice, throw thousands of men into Kansas, either to fight or to vote.

**A STORY RUN INTO THE GROUND.**—The witness of the New York Express, the veracious, and religious, and truth-loving Alderman Palmer, says that he met Col. Fremont at Washington, in the month of February, 1852, and heard him declare himself a Roman Catholic. The first contradiction in the story was at once detected by thousands; for it is known to every family familiar with the life of Col. Fremont, that he was not in Washington City in February, 1852, nor for several months either previous or afterwards. But a still more awkward contradiction has been discovered. Some curious persons lately examined the registers of Brown's Hotel for the whole of 1852 and 1853, and it contains no such name as Palmer. It appears, then, that the only authority for calling Fremont a Roman Catholic is based upon the assertion of a man who professes to have received the information from the Colonel's own lips, at a time when the Colonel was not present, and at a place where he was not present himself!

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