

Professional Cards.

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Original and Selected Poetry.

By J. B. Davidson. The Old Man's Story. The Old Man's Story. The Old Man's Story.

those who carried for him the delegates of our district, and with his ardent support. On each occasion I was in the national Convention as one of his delegates.

These things are exceedingly strong and stand out prominently, especially with me, who have been a member of the Convention for many years.

I find all these Representatives in Congress, with three individual exceptions, laboring in earnest zeal, by speech and pen, to carry out the principles of the Administration and the Border Ruffians of Missouri, and to suppress a fair investigation of outrages which shock both the Constitution and the laws of the Territory.

I find these Representatives, after the truth was elicited in spite of their efforts, still refusing to relieve the people of the Territory from the oppression of a foreign army, and still refusing to admit them into the Union, only for reasons which, in the cases of nine existing States, had been declared untenable and no longer applicable.

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stopped and sent one of his number to see if they had created any alarm. Finding they had not, he returned, and took out his long, thin string around it, and then around her neck. Then they took her near some timber on the West bank, and there they alternately struck her with their rifles, and then they kicked and otherwise abused her till she supposed her death, and left her there.

Newspapers in yesterday that Oasawatomie was burned to the ground. I presume it is true, as arrangements are made to send help to the women and children, if they had been found, and the houses of the town, and the houses of the town, and the houses of the town.

There is a curious incident connected with this burning affair. In the house was a man named Parker, who is known as the 'Red Rover'.

Seven houses were burned in the last two nights, that are now known, within ten miles of Leavenworth, and nearly all within sight of the tents of the United States troops.

War in Kansas. Rev. L. R. Dennis writes from Kansas to the Western Christian Advocate as follows:

Since my last it has been a season of most peculiar anxiety in this Territory, and the threatening cloud has been gathering over the Territory, and the first outbreak of violence has been witnessed.

New Attacks on the Free State Men. Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune. Lawrence, K. T., Sept. 5, '56.

On Friday night, the 29th of August, a company of the new State army of Ruffians, numbering about seventy-six, rode up to the house of Mr. Jones, an Ottawa Indian, who lives about half way between Lawrence and Oasawatomie, on Ottawa Creek.

After dismounting and approaching the house, they were met at the door by Mr. Jones, who stood in his night dress and demanded what their business was. They told him they wanted to see Mr. Jones.

There was a meeting of the braves of the tribe on Saturday, when it was resolved that if any more depredations were committed on the tribe of any of its members, they would join the Free State army, and fight their enemies the Missourians.

The next morning about sunrise, these 70 Ruffians rode into Prairie City and halted. The principal house in the town is a log house, and a pretty large one.

It is vain now to dwell on the causes of this deplorable state of affairs. The question which should engage the minds of all good citizens is as to the remedy.

the South, or disruption of the Confederacy. In this connection we need scarcely advert to that other vital consideration, that with Kansas as a Slave State the flank of the South will be completely covered, from the Gulf of Mexico to the frontier of Nebraska and Iowa, and that thus the institution will be secure from external attack and impregnable in its position.

On Monday night this mob burned two barns and a house; these I mentioned in my last. On Monday night these Leavenworth Ruffians burned the house of Judge W. Walker, Mr. H. Walker, Mr. Walker (the latter wanted Walker to leave once before), and Capt. Thom.

Mr. Buchanan, when he was James Buchanan, was a man of great power in the Government, and he became the platform.

Extract from Mr. Buchanan's Letter May 18, 1848. I have this deliberately and conscientiously taken, and assume any other that can be presented.

Extract from Mr. Buchanan's Letter of Acceptance of the Cincinnati Nomination to Messrs. Ward and others. The recent legislation of Congress respecting domestic slavery—derived as it has been from the original and pure fountain of legitimate political power—has long to allay the dangerous excitement.

It is vain now to dwell on the causes of this deplorable state of affairs. The question which should engage the minds of all good citizens is as to the remedy.

The Old Man's Story. We have caught the old rat at last! We have him secured in the square jaws of a steel trap, with a firm, safe, self-spring, so that he cannot get away. He would gladly pull off his tail, or gnaw off a paw, even, as many of his race have done, to escape, if that was all that held him. So, fortunately, the jaws are closed tightly around his neck, and the old rat cannot get away.