

THE FREE SOIL BANNER.

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Songs for the People.

(From the Adrian (Mich.) Free Soil Advocate.)

—Air—*Lucy Neal.*

The White House Cass, you'll never see,

Saw in some final dream, to be sold.

And next November you will be,

On cold Salt River's stream.

They'll turn you out to grass,

A few short weeks and then 'twill be,

Good bye to General Cass.

The Wolverines are jolly boys,

And sometimes like a joke,

But then that awful Cleveland noise,

Their love for you quite broke,

A favorite once you were with them,

You've turned so many somersets,

They think you're quite deranged,

O, poor General Cass, &c., &c.

And you, too, better silent keep,

Old Rough and Ready Zack,

The Philadelphia Slaughter House,

Has laid you on your back,

We've tried quite hard to swallow you,

But slaves are not the proper grease,

To slide you easy down.

Freedom of the public lands, to

Settlers and

O, poor General Zack,

Good bye to General Zack,

A few short weeks and then 'twill be,

Good bye to General Zack.

—Air—*Lucy Neal.*

They shall not "worry you."

O, poor General Zack, &c., &c.

—*Adrian Free Soil Advocate.*

Specimens of Massachusetts and Connecticut Tin Pedlars.

—One day, said the Bay State pedlar,

as I was driving along, a fellow with a

load of tin came out of a by-road,

and followed right along in my tracks.

Mister, said I, which way are you

going?

“Going ahead!—don’t you see?” says he.

“Yes,” says I; “I reckon we had better take different roads, else only one of us will sell any tin—what say you?”

“Yes, we will. You may go ahead and sell all you can, and then I’ll sell as much again as you.”

“Why, will you sell so much cheaper?”

“No, I’ll get more for every article.”

“Well, I don’t see how you can do it.”

—*The Hardest Kick Yet.*

There is an attorney practising in

our courts, who has attained a great

notoriety among numerous other things,

for bullying witnesses on the opposing

sides of cases when he is concerned.

As it would not be polite to give his

full name right out to the crowd, we

will merely call him “Wyke,” for short.

There was a horse case—a very

common case upon our magistrate’s

dockets—try before Esquire Snell-

banker, one day, in which Wyke hap-

pened to be “fernent” the horse.

A slow and easy witness had been

called to the stand, by the plaintiff, who,

in a plain straight forward manner,

made the other side of the case look

rather blue. The plaintiff’s attorney

being through, Wyke commenced a

regular cross-examination, which was

cut short in the following manner.

“Well what do you, know about a

horse—you a horse doctor?” said the

barbarian, in his peculiar contemptuous

and overbearing manner.

“No, don’t want nothing.”

So I went out and started on my

horse. “Whoa!” says I; now I’ll see

what that Connecticut fellow can do,

so I walks back to the house. “I didn’t

leave my whip here, did I?”

“Hain’t seen it,” said the old man,

keeping on reading advertisements.—

Then the Connecticut fellow came in.

“How far is it to a tavern?”

“Half a mile,” said the old man.

“I’m as dry as a codfish. I’ll take

some of your water,” walking up to a

table and taking up a pewter mug.—

“Oh,” said he, “it is cider; making be-

lieve that he was going to set it down.

“Drink it,” said the old man—and he

did.

“That’s royal good cider—you make

that for your own use—can’t buy such

as that—if I had a barrel of that in

Boston, I’d get five dollars for it. How

do you make it?”

“Made it out of apples.”

“Did you? Well they must have been

extraordinary good ones, every one of

them fit to make mince pies of. Got a

large orchard, hain’t you Squire?”

“No.”

“First rate, what there is on it, then

—got a snug house here, too—haven’t

seen many houses like as well as this,

and I’ve seen a good many in my day.

Real snug house, looking all around as

if hunting a stray fly; how many rooms

up stairs?”

“Four, and all finished off,” said the

old woman, who was ironing. On that,

he turned right round, and made all his

talk to her.

“Four, and all finished off, and fur-

nished? You are thriving like all natu-

ral.”

—*Adrian Free Soil Advocate.*

ANOTHER CURIOSITY FOR THE MUSEUM.

—Out west, there has long been known

on a certain side hill, a large hole, which

is not an uncommon thing in that section

of the country. The bank is said

to have recently caved off and left the

hole sticking out about ten feet!”

—*Adrian Free Soil Advocate.*

A CHANCE FOR AN ASTROLOGER.

—One of the political papers advertises for an

astrologer, to read the “stars” in Mr.

Clay’s letter, as published in the New

York Express.

—*Adrian Free Soil Advocate.*

THE VERMONT SCHOOLMASTERS.

—The South Carolinian calls upon the

Charleston Democratic Taylor men

to publish the letter Gen. Butler

addressed to them. It is understood that

he has refused the use of his name along

with Taylor.

—*Adrian Free Soil Advocate.*

THE FREE SOIL BANNER.

—HE IS THE FREEMAN, WHOM TRUTH MAKES FREE; AND ALL ARE SLAVES SINCE

THEIR BIRTH.

—*Adrian Free Soil Advocate.*

THE THREE PLATFORMS.

—*The Buffalo Platform.*

The Baltimore Platform.

The Philadelphia Platform.

Free Men to ad-

minister the Gov-

ernment.

Slaveholders and

North Carolina

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