

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STABLE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

37TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1855.

NO. 22.

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STABLE, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOB WORK—done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

Choice Poetry.

THE BIBLE.

Go sing the gaudy robe aside,
Unbind the jewel from thy hair,
And casting thoughts of earth away,
Oh! listen, bend thy heart in prayer,
And turn thee to the page of truth,
Then seek the guiding love of heaven,
Consent that will may guard the youth,
And teach the love to mortals given.

Let men with impious spirits dare,
The sacred word of God to scorn,
And scolding words and comforts there,
From all its blessed precepts turn,
But ne'er should woman, weak and frail,
Dare cast her guiding chart aside!
When earth lies open, often fall,
Where shall she turn on earth beside?

Oh! when the heart is sad and lone,
And wearily the spirit droops,
And blessings perish one by one,
And pass away our youthful hopes:
Where should the drifting spirit turn,
But to that page of sacred truth,
Where wisdom may true knowledge learn,
And age know brighter hopes than youth!

Select Miscellany.

A Merited Rebuke.

Among the good things that pass before us, we have rarely found anything better than the following merited rebuke, told by a western correspondent. He says: "At Lafayette, a well-dressed man, accompanied by an interesting-looking lady, evidently his wife, and two sweet little children, entered the cars. He was of short stature, with a short, turned-up nose, a short, thick lip, small eyes, and imperceptible eye-brows. The lady had a pleasing expression in her pale countenance, that bore the impress of suffering patience. Her younger child appeared sick, and tossed fretfully on her wearied knee. The other soon grew tired of the irksomeness of the car, and became fretful and impatient. The man, for I cannot call him a gentleman, lay lazily reading a paper, lounging on a whole seat he monopolized to himself, though other passengers were standing. At length, the lady perfectly unable to attend to the two little ones, in a tone of gentleness that had something of fear in it, besought him to attend to the wants of the elder. She was answered in a loud and abrupt tone that attracted everybody's attention: 'Don't bother me!' Her eyes dropped; a look of mingled sorrow and shame came over her face, but she said not a word. A few moments afterwards the Conductor, Mr. Paul, came along, and the man inquired of him the distance to Michigan City. With a tone modeled to the life after that previously used by his interrogator, Paul hissed out, 'Don't bother me!' The man's eyes glared, and as he demanded the reason of such an insult, and threatened to resent it unless a proper apology was offered. 'I shall offer no apology for my language,' said the noble-hearted conductor, 'neither will you resent it; for a man who deems himself injured, by having applied to him the same language he has disgraced himself by applying to a lady, is too little of a gentleman to be apologized to, and too much of a coward to dare to resent it!'

Rounding a Period.

A subscriber in the West, remitting his annual subscription, appends the following: Squire J—recently aspired to represent this place in the next Legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he seized all favorable opportunities to address the willow. A few nights since there was a caucus at the school house, when Squire J—delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows: 'I say, fellow citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and catamount to all others, and he who can not put his hand on his heart, and thank God that nothing is rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—I say, gentlemen, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—'

'With cracker crumbs in it,' shouted out the shrill voice of a person anxious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous, and it is doubtful if the Squire gets the nomination. It is supposed that the cracker crumb man is the father of a small family, and has experienced the delights of such a bed.

'Orders of the day' said Mrs. Partington to a friend who had taken a seat with her in the gallery of the Senate chamber, at the same time taking her knitting work from the old 'ridiculous.' 'Orders of the day, indeed! here they are talking about the State being as rich as a Jew, and yet they are all the time doing business by orders, though they have a good many bills handed in that I s'pose they haven't got the money to pay. Depend on it, they'd go along a good deal better if they paid cash. Legislator' continued she, 'is a great duty, and it is a real treat to sit up here with my knitting-work and see 'em make motions at each other, and do other curious acts; though there are some contrary minded ones sometimes among 'em, that I'd like to have the dealings with. I wouldn't treat them so easy as the president, for he don't seem to care whether they are contrary minded or not.' She dropped a stitch here, when the sergeant-at-arms blandly requested that conversation should be suspended in the gallery, and she amused herself by watching the Indian in the coat of arms, with the query in his mind if it were not the image of a drunken man cutting a pigeon wing in the hope of a repeal of the Maine law.—*Doston Post.*

A young lady once said that she was careless of her dress in going to the theatre, where people were too attentive to the play to observe what she had on; but in going to church she was very particular, as everybody goes there to look around and see how everybody else is dressed.

'Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lip. And we have never heard of any mortal arising from this quarter.'

Moscow Never Burned.

Senator Douglas is said to have made the discovery, while traveling in Russia last year, that the city of Moscow was never burned! The following statement of the matter is from the Muscatine (Iowa) Inquirer: 'Coming up on the boat a few days ago, we happened to fall in company with Senator Douglas, who came on board at Quincy on his way to Warsaw. In the course of a very interesting account of his travels in Russia, much of which have been published by letter-writers, he stated a fact which has never yet been published, but which startlingly contradicts the received historical relation of one of the most extraordinary events that ever fell to the lot of history to record. For this reason, the Judge said he felt a delicacy in making the assertion that the city of Moscow was never burned! He said that previous to his arrival at Moscow he had several disputes with his guide as to the burning of the city, the guide declaring it never occurred, and seemed to be nettled at Mr. Douglas' persistency in his opinion, but on examining the first marks around the city itself he became satisfied the guide was correct. The statement goes on to set forth that the antiquity of the architectural city—particularly of 'six hundred first class churches,' stretching through ante-Napoleonic ages to pagan times, and showing the handiwork of different nations of history—demonstrates that the city was never burnt down (or up.) The Inquirer adds: 'The Kremlin is a space of several hundred acres, in the heart of the city, in the shape of a flat-iron, and is enclosed by a wall sixty feet high. Within this enclosure is the most magnificent palace in Europe, but constructed over an ancient palace, which remains thus enclosed, whole and perfect, with all its windows, &c. Near the Kremlin, surrounded by a wall, is a Chinese town, appearing to be several hundred years old, still occupied by descendants of the original settlers. The circumstances which gave rise to the error concerning the burning of Moscow, were these: It is a city of 450,000 inhabitants, in circular form, occupying a large space, five miles across. There the winters are six months long, and the custom was, and still is, to lay up supplies of provisions and wood to last six months of severe cold weather. To prevent these gigantic supplies from cumbering the heart of the city, and yet render them as convenient as practicable to every locality, a row of wooden houses was constructed to circle completely around the city, and outside of these was a row of granaries, and in these were deposited the whole of the supplies. Napoleon had entered the city with his army and was himself occupying the palace of Kremlin, when one night by order of the Russian Governor, every wood-house and every granary simultaneously burst into a blaze. All efforts to extinguish them were vain, and Napoleon found himself compelled to march his army through the fire. Retiring to an eminence, he saw the whole city enveloped in vast sheets of flame, and clouds of smoke, apparently all on fire. And so far as he was concerned it might as well have been, for though houses enough were left to supply every soldier with a room, yet without provisions of fuel, and a Russian army to cut off supplies, he and his army could not subsist there. During this fire some houses were probably burnt, but the city was not. In the Kremlin a magazine blew up, cracking the church of Ivan more than a hundred feet up, but setting nothing on fire. Mr. Douglas saw the fire marks around the city, where wood-houses and granaries for winter supplies now stand as of old, but there appear no marks of conflagration within the city. On the contrary, it bears the unmistakable evidences of age.'

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.—HIS BURIAL.—The Auburn Daily Advertiser mentions the death at Weedsport, Cayuga county, on the 26th ult., of one Harmon Weedon, aged 80. He had acquired a handsome competency, and many years ago made all the arrangements for his burial. He constructed for himself a stone coffin of the Cayuga limestone, well finished, the cover setting over the sides on a rabbitted shoulder, and bolted together with six half-inch bolts, running through from top to bottom, and secured with counter sunk nuts. He requested to be buried in that, with his cloak wrapped around him, and no minister was to be allowed to come near him. His coffin weighed one thousand five hundred pounds, and he gave particular directions how to lower him into the grave. All of his directions were explicitly followed, and by his directions the coffin was not only bolted but cemented together so as to be a water tight.

THE RICHEST SELLER EVER HEARD OF.—We find an account in the East Brooklyn Times, of a new method of 'raising the wind,' as well as the dead, in that city, which takes down anything in the diddling line of the season, and indicates the extent and pressure of the hard times. A female called a few days since on a lady of some influence in Brooklyn, and told a sad and plaintive story of suffering and privation, and moreover that her husband had just died, and that she lacked the means of a decent burial. Her tale of woe so wrought upon the lady, that she proceeded to visit her immediately, to satisfy herself there was no imposture. On entering the apartment, she beheld the coffin, and was satisfied all was right, and not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, she left her a considerable sum of money, and immediately departed. After passing two or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the strange complexions to which we are liable, she missed her pocket handkerchief and returned to see if she had not dropped it in the house. The stairs were ascended hastily, and the room entered without much ceremony, when what did she behold—the woman's husband sitting up in the coffin counting over the money!

A little girl had been playing in the street until she had been well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off she didn't use enough of water to prevent the dust from rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble she applied to her brother, a little boy older than herself, for a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to his satisfaction, at least: 'Why, sis, you've made of dust, and if you don't stop you'll wash yourself away.' This opinion, coming from an older brother, was decisive, and the washing was discontinued.

William, I fear you are forgetting me,' said a bright-eyed girl to her sweet heart the other day.

'Yes, sure, I have been forgetting you the two years.'

A Definite Conclusion.

Noah B—was unfortunate enough in his old age to be addicted to rather strong potations, and when under the influence of spirits, was more than usually religious. Now one Saturday afternoon, basking day, his wife, who was a very industrious old lady, and in every way a model housewife, asked Noah to go out into the yard and split some wood to heat the oven with. Noah concluded before he set about it, to stoop off to the tavern and 'imbibe,' whereby, of course, the baking was neglected. Coming back in a short time, and utterly oblivious of his good woman's request, he seated himself in the old arm chair. Noah was very much attached to that old chair, for, like himself, age had made it tottering in the legs, and somewhat weak in the back.

'Wife,' said he, 'do yer think the Lord in his goodness (hic) kin send us into fire everlasting?'

No answer from his wife.

'Wife, kin the Lord intend to burn us all in fire everlasting?'

'Yes, B—' by this time was quite incensed at her husband's derelictions; still no answer.

'Hife, (hic) do yer think the Lord means (hic) to burn us all (hic) in fire everlasting?'

This was more than human patience could endure, and she couldn't hold her tongue any longer; she'd speak out if she died for't: 'No, yer old fool yer! but if he waits for yer to split the wood!'

A Political Joke.

In a neighboring county, one of the political parties had, for over twenty years, been in the habit of holding their county nominating convention at the house of Mr. G—.

It happened on a recent occasion, for the first time, to be in when they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate from R. move that 'this convention do now adjourn sine die.'

'Sine die,' said Mr. G—, to a person standing near, 'where's that?'

'Why that's away up in the northern part of the county,' said the neighbor.

'Hold on, with great earnestness and emphasis: "hold on, sir. I'd like to be heard on that question." I have kept a public house now for more'n 20 years, and I can a poor man. I've always belonged to the party, and never split my ticket in my life. This is the most central location in the county, and it's where we allers hold our caucuses. I've never had, or asked an office, and have worked night and day for the party, and now I think, sir, it's contemptible to go to adjourning this convention way up to sine die!'

GOOD LOGIC.—'Brudder Bones, can you tell me de difference twen dying and dieting?'

'Why, ob course I can, Samuel. When you diet you lib on noffin, and when you die you hab noffin to lib on.'

'Well dat's different from what I tort it was. I tort it was a race twen de doctorin stuff and starvation, to see which would kill fust.'

A FISH THAT WOULDN'T BITE.—'Mother,' said a little boy the other day, 'I know what I would do if was at sea, and all the men were starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should come to me, I'd jump into the water.'

'But,' said the mother, 'they would soon fish you up.'

'Ah!' said he, 'but I wouldn't bite!'

At a down east revival' meeting, one old lady prayed fervently for the 'young lambs of the flock.' A 'lady in black,' not to be outdone by Sister Walton, responded, and blandly asked who was to pray for 'the old ewes.' This set the congregation in a roar.

When a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potatoe, pokes the fire with the spout of the coffee pot, attempts to wind up his clock with his boot-jack, tries to cut kindling for his morning fire with an ivory paper-knife, takes a cold boiled potatoe in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers to sleep in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

An illiterate person, who always volunteered to 'go round with the hat,' but was suspected of sparing his pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied: 'Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and I do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody.'

A nice young army officer, now in Constantinople, writes to his cousin in London, that the concluding line of Payne's popular ballad, 'There is no place like home,' is decidedly more poetical than true. 'Constantinople,' he writes, 'is the place. Here, for the paltry sum of £500 sterling a year, a man of moderate desires may live like a prince—commodious habitation—the best of wine—the most glorious tobacco—three beautiful wives, and no going to church!' A soldier's paradise, truly!

RELATIONSHIP.—A Hoosier girl stepped on board a steamboat as she was lying at a certain point on the Ohio river, and called out:—'Is the captain aboard?'

The captain, who was standing among the crowd, responded, 'Yes, what do you want with him?'

'Oh, nothing particular; he's a distant relation of mine, and I'd like to see him.'

'A relation of yours?' inquired the captain somewhat surprised.

'Yes, a slight relation. He's the father of my first child.'

You'd better believe the captain slooped, while the crowd eyed the sport to their heart's content.

NEW INVENTION IN CLOTHING.—A tailor in London has invented a waistcoat on the principle of Colt's revolver—a garment with four fronts, useful either to secure the charm of variety, or to conceal shabbiness or grease spots; but particularly convenient as lessening baggage by reducing four waistcoats to one.

The newspaper is a law book for the indigent, a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the indigent, it may also instruct the most profound.

The true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get at a cabbage lying only a few inches beyond his nose.

'Wife, and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a cat fish?'

Keep Cool.

Those calm and rational exhortations to 'Take it coolly,' and 'Never cry for spilt milk,' are all very good till they are needed. They are extremely salutary before the fever kindles or the milk is spilled; but in the presence of pain, or on the advent of a disaster, to all but those who are gifted with fortitude by nature, or have been disciplined in the school of affliction, they are about as effectual as whistling in the teeth of a no'wester.

His utter impotence in a storm of passion, reminds us of the directions given by a good N. England Deacon to his choleric son: 'Whenever you feel your dander rising,' said he, 'be sure to say the Lord's Prayer, my son, or else the alphabet clean through; and long before you get to the end on't you'll be as cool as a cucumber, or an iceberg. Promise me faithfully, my son.'

'Yes, daddy, I promise.'

Off trauged Jonathan to school, carrying his bread and meat, with a small bottle of molasses in his jacket pocket, and his late firm promise uppermost in his mind.

A boy who bore him an old grudge, met him, and after calling him the 'young deacon,' and many other scurrilous nicknames, caught him off his guard, and threw him to the ground, tearing his jacket and breaking his molasses bottle.

Up jumped Jonathan, his eyes wolfish, and his lips white with rage. But 'there was an oath in Heaven,' and he did not forget it. So he proceeded to swallow his alphabetical pills, an antidote to wrath not mentioned in the 'Regimen Salernitanum,' nor recognized by the British College.

'A. B. C.—you've torred my jacket!—D. E. F.—you've spilt my molasses!—G. H. I. J. K.—you've torred my molasses!—L. M. N. O. P. Q.—I'll learn you better manners, you scamp, you!—R. S. T. U. V.—I'll spile yer pieter, you old wall-eye!—W. X. Y. Z.—now I'll pound yer insides out o' you, you darned encroaching willian!'

And with that, Jonathan, whose passion had been mounting alphabetically throughout all his father's prescription of vowels and consonants, caught the young scapegrace, and throwing him down, was proceeding to work off each of the Deacon's twenty-six anti-irascible pills in the shape of a dozen hearty fistfuls, had not the timely approach of a passenger interrupted the manipulations. So much for rules to control the passions.—*Knickerbocker.*

The "Law" and "Constitution."

Among the visitors at Washington is Judge Williamson of Texas, commonly known as 'Judge Willy.'

Judge Willy was once presiding in St. Augustine county, when a legal bully attempted to intimidate him. Thompson, having succeeded in 'packing a jury' to suit his purposes, turned his attention to the court, and remarked:

'If your honor please, here is the law which governs this case,' at the same time drawing a bowie knife of unusual size, and laying it across an open book before him.

Fore-warned, fore-armed, was Judge Willy, and drawing from beneath his hunting-shirt, not a *cut*, but a *horse* pistol, he very calmly rejoined—

'This, sir, is the constitution, and is paramount to the law.'

Mr. Thompson peaceably acquiesced.

Sheridan and his Son Tom.

Sheridan had a great distaste for anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity.

'Pray, my good father,' said he, 'did you ever do any thing in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?'

'Yes, certainly!'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, indeed!'

'What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?'

'Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference!'

'My dear father, tell me what it is that you can do with—mind—total, entire, thorough indifference?'

'Why, listen to you, Tom!' said Sheridan. 'This rebuff, as Tom told me, so disconcerted him, that he had never forgotten it, nor had he ever again troubled his father with any of the metaphysics.—*Moore's Memoirs.*

The wife of the owner of one of the Indiana free banks, being in company with some friends, the all-absorbing financial crisis became the theme of conversation. The lady above referred to, remarked that she hoped her husband's bank would 'hold out till the fall rains came on; in that case there would be no danger of its breaking before next May.' When interrogated for an explanation, she gave as the reason for the faith that was in her, that the place in which the bank was located could not be approached after the fall rains on account of the mud.

During the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a stout Briton climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship and remarked: 'Friend, if he wants that piece of rope, they may have it,' when suiting the action to the word, he cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow into the briny deep.

'Did you pull my nose in earnest, sir?'

'Certainly, I did, sir.' 'It is well you did, for I do not allow people to joke with me in that way.'

Potatoes were unknown in Europe previous to the 16th century. Queen Anne, wife of James I. of England, had them as a luxury, that cost 45 cents a pound.

Doesticks says he eschewed the milk placed on the table of his New York Hotel, for his coffee, on account of the number of Bugs that had found a *water* grave in it.

Next to Home-sickness, Honesty may be the best policy; but the next best is a policy of insurance.

The last instance of modesty is that of a young lady who refused to wear a watch in her bosom, because it had hands on it.

Green peas, corn, fresh turnips and strawberries are among the regular fares at the hotels in Florida.

The Beauties of Know-Nothingism.

We call the special attention of our readers to the speech of Mr. Littlejohn, the Speaker of the New York House of Representatives, upon the subject of Know-Nothingism. Its beauties are faithfully set out, and forcibly presented:

Mr. Littlejohn (the Speaker) had supposed that when he last addressed the House it would be the last he would have to say on this question. But since then nothing but charges upon charges had been made upon his character as a man. As to his connection with the Know-Nothingism he would tell all he knew of it. Last March, while a member of this House, some of his friends asked him to attend a lecture. He went with them to a room, where he was assured by the officers of the Society that he was to do nothing against which his conscience would revolt. He was asked to make a promise. He did not make the promise, but if his recent course was treason, make the most of it. If he had perjured himself, make the most of it. He now declared himself opposed to the principles of this Association. As to his pledge to vote against William H. Seaward, rooted in his tongue by his mouth if he ever made such a pledge,—He would give as briefly as he could, a complete exposition of the Know-Nothingism; but he would say, from the moment he left that room in this city, to this, he never entered it again. It was enough for him to say that he was in that room who would prevent an honest man from ever entering again. As to who he saw there, their names would never be divulged by him. The organization, in its original idea, was simple—the banding of men on one side, to meet the banding of men on the other. But no political nomination was to be made. And thus far it was right. But what was it now? Was it an institution to which an honorable man—a freeman—a Christian—could belong? He thought it was not. He believed men here belonging to it who were honest, but they were deceived by political tricksters. In July last a Grand Lodge was organized, called a Grand Council. Go to New York and you find the Grand President—J. W. Barker—occupying a power in the State equal to a monarch.—And this Grand President alone appoints one deputy in each county; and what sort of a man will this deputy be? Why a second self. And what does this deputy do? He is armed with the power to create as many lodges in the towns of the State as he pleases. He selects nine men as the nucleus of these lodges, to establish in this second self of J. W. Barker selects three delegates to the Grand Council, to make nominations and oaths to bind body and soul of the innocent members of the Order. These officers are thus the creatures of one man—James W. Barker, in New York.

Did ever a man conceive anything so humble in a Republican Government.—These delegates are to remain as such three years. Two hundred lodges send this 600 men to this Council; all of whom are the creatures of Barker. The duty of these men—this Grand Council is to make oaths to bind men who are invited to hear lectures and to make no nominations! Original Know-Nothingism was to use influence against foreign influence.—This is a White, he, Mr. L., could go with. Mr. L. had read proceedings of the Grand Council, the purport of which was, that no delegate was to be received who did not sustain their State ticket, and members not voting for Ullman, were expelled. Mr. L. commented on these proceedings, pointing out their tyranny. He inquired if in Europe there was any power so despotic. Had anything in this broad land ever been heard of equal to this? Was ever a man called upon and required to say, under oath, whether he did that which the Constitution says he may do? Whether he voted against a certain man? And what was the crime of voting for Gov. Clark? And yet this Society called American, expelled men for voting for Gov. Clark. Was such a Society worthy of the name of American? And he would predict that in twenty-four months no man will be found who will acknowledge his connection with such a political engine. Who were the men on this Executive Committee? He would not say it of all, but some of them were men of broken reputations; whose names were on the criminal calendar of New York; men corrupt.

There was another power centered with these nine men, which was that any five men of these Councils may reject or blackball any applicant. Was this Democratic? But why was this? Why, James W. Barker might lose the power and control he had. The scheme was perfect, and could not be altered in three years. There was no power to alter it. It has been said the Councils may instruct these three delegates, to overcome the designs of J. W. Barker. But this is not true.—The by-laws gave the right of appeal to J. W. Barker from the Councils to the Grand Council. These schemes are perfect; they are not known to the masses; had not been to him, but he had learned them since his arrival in Albany. Mr. L. had read resolutions, directing emissaries to be sent to Albany, to defeat the re-election of Win. H. Seaward; as also other proceedings exhibiting the powers of the Order. These proceedings were read from a newspaper. The first resolution, said Mr. L., required the collection of some thousand men here to instruct members here to vote on the Senatorial question. Had the people sent idiots here to represent them?

The next was, directing measures to be taken in regard to offending Councils. And what was the offence? They had dared to act independently. The Grand Council had made nominations, and because some dared to exercise their rights, as freemen, to go against the nominations; not knowing, perhaps, they had been made; they were to be expelled. If this Grand Council could do this much, what was there they might not do? He remembered the Inquisition—the acts of the Jesuits; but their powers would be as naught compared with this organization. Who knows but the thumb-screw, the tortures of the Inquisition might yet be ordained by this New York Council! But American power and American freemen will never, he believed, submit to the establishment of this organization. Mr. L. had read proceedings of a Council in Brooklyn, which took place last November, denouncing the action of the Grand Council. He only had this year to show that that had already commenced, which would be carried out throughout the State. He meant that this political engine would be hurled from power in this State. There already exists another organization which carries out that principle.

He found published in the *Times* resolutions, to all of which he could assent.—He formed a resolution denouncing slavery as a moral and political evil, and all the others he could assent to. Those who experience the true American feeling could join this anti-slavery party. And he based his prediction on this new movement, in which men who felt the yoke of the other organization, would turn to this for relief and power to overthrow the others. Therefore, could an oath, which was in violation of a man's conscience, be binding. The sin was in intentionally taking such an oath, and he considered it one which he ought now to be forgiven. It was a sin against his country. It was like an oath to commit murder. It was a murder of the man's rights. If a man breaks a wicked oath, would the Creator punish him for it? No, sir. He was willing to risk his reputation and all else upon it. And so will the 130,000 others, when they will come to have calmly considered this question. He had read an oath published by this Association, taken in the third degree, in which men are required to swear they will not divulge the secrets of the society, even before a legal tribunal.

Both Sides.

Our readers will remember that a short time ago, Senator ADAMS, of Mississippi, declared in the Senate, that whenever he heard that Judge DOUGLAS had been burned in effigy at Chicago, by some naturalized Germans, he determined to vote for an extension of the naturalization laws;—that is, in plain English, that the act of burning a person in effigy was, of itself, proof of unfitness to be an American citizen.

In the N. Y. Herald, of Wednesday last, there was this despatch: 'SEWARDITES BURNED IN EFFIGY.—ALBANY, Feb. 13, 1855.—Speaker Littlejohn was suspended in effigy on a cross and burned in front of the Capitol last night, and Dr. Thompson was treated in the same style, in front of the Journal office. Considerable excitement was occasioned by these scenes.'

Mr. LITTLEJOHN voted for Mr. SEWARD, and so he offended the Know-Nothings, who, therefore, first crucified, and afterwards burned, his effigy. What then, according to Mr. ADAMS, should be done with these *Native Americans*? When Mr. ADAMS shall next address the Senate on this subject, we beg that he will, if he can, point out the fallacy of the syllogism—whoever shall burn another in effigy, because of a difference in political opinion, is not fit to be an American citizen. The *Know-Nothings* have both crucified and burned such another in effigy, therefore, they are not fit to be American citizens. If his logic be sound in the one case, it is irrefragable in the other.—*Penn.*

Practical Hints.

HARROWING WHEAT IN THE SPRING.—A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer says that Mr. James Worthington, of Homer, Michigan, had last spring a lot of wheat which looked so bad that had not the field been seeded down to clover he should have plowed it up and sown it with spring crops. Instead of doing so, he took a 'sharp straw harrow' and with it 'tore the land thoroughly to pieces.' He then rolled it down with a smooth, heavy roller. This covered the roots again, and they soon took hold and the wheat began to improve. The field contained some 40 acres, and the result is that 'every acre of it will probably yield over 15 bushels and a majority of it over 20 bushels' per acre.

PLUGHING IN GUANO.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, in reply to an inquiry as to the best method of applying guano on clay land, says: 'I have tried it on clay land which had been in grass for five years. On one-half the field I plowed it in to the depth of about seven inches, and on the other half I harrowed it in, and planted it all with spring crops. Instead of doing so, he took a 'sharp straw harrow' and with it 'tore the land thoroughly to pieces.' He then rolled it down with a smooth, heavy roller. This covered the roots again, and they soon took hold and the wheat began to improve. The field contained some 40 acres, and the result is that 'every acre of it will probably yield over 15 bushels and a majority of it over 20 bushels' per acre.

TURKEYS AND GRASSHOPPERS.—It is stated by farmers who have tried it, that there is no way to get rid of grasshoppers more effectually, than by keeping a flock of turkeys. Farmers that have been perfectly overrun with grasshoppers, have by this means been thoroughly freed from them; not only for the time being, but for years.

POULTRY MANURE.—Have this regularly swept up, packed away in bbls, and sprinkled over with plaster. Dana says, with force and truth: 'The strongest of all manure is found in the droppings of poultry.' Save it, then, and add to the productive energies of your soil. Don't look upon it as a trilling matter.

When you see a fence down, put it up, if it remains until to-morrow the cattle may get over. What ought to be done to-day, do it, for to-morrow it may rain.

Mayor Wood, of New York, seems to be a thoroughgoing public magistrate. He has now taken in hand the grocers and others who cheat by false weights and measures. He proposes to furnish a set of weights and measures for every station house in the city, twenty-two in number, and to place them in charge of the captains of police. These weights and measures are to be regulated by those in the City Hall, which are said to be the only accurate ones in use. The police captains are to be privileged to go into a store at any time, and examine the weights with this test scales. In this way the cheats will be pounced upon unawares.

THE LIMESTONE QUESTION.—The newspapers are criticizing Governor Pollock's Message. The Johnston *Express*, speaking of the Governor's discovery that Providence had placed limestone everywhere, and just where most required,' says: 'How grateful we ought to be to Providence for being so kind as to furnish limestone everywhere; and just where most required.' Had a kind Providence distributed limestone everywhere, and left none just where most required, the business would have been beautifully botched.—*Reading Gazette.*

'The Mayor of Wellsville, (Va.) last week got drunk; when sobriety, he went before a squire—informed on himself—paid his fine, and then resigned his office.' Who ever heard the like before?