

# The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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

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## Choice Poetry.

### Let's Sit Down and Talk Together.

Let's sit down and talk together,  
Of the things of olden day,  
When we, like lambskins loosed from tether,  
Gaily tripped along the way.  
Time has touched us both with lightness,  
Leaving furrows here and there,  
And tingling with peculiar brightness,  
Siv'ry threads among our hair.  
Let's sit down and talk together:  
Many years away have passed,  
And fair and foul has been the weather,  
Since we saw each other last.  
Many whom we loved are living  
In a better world than this;  
And some among us still are giving  
Toil and thought for present bliss.  
Let's sit down and talk together;  
Though the flowers of youth are dead,  
The ferns still grow among the heather,  
And for us their fragrance shed.  
Life has a thousand blessings in it  
Even for the aged man;  
And God has hid in every minute  
Something we may wisely scan.  
Let's sit down and talk together:  
Boys we were—we now are men;  
We meet awhile, but know not whether  
We shall meet to talk again.  
Parting time has come: how fleetly—  
Speed the moments when their wings  
Are fann'd by breathings issuing sweetly  
From a tongue that never stings!

## Select Miscellany.

From the True Flag.

### THE ELITE OF ELLTOWN; OR, FASHIONABLES VS. FACTORY GIRLS.

BY CARL CANTAR.

"In every country village, where  
Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,  
Contiguous to a steeple,  
Great gentilefaks are found, a score,  
Who can't associate any more  
With common country people.  
"Miss Faddle, lately from the wheel,  
Begins quite lady-like to feel,  
And talks affectively genteel,  
And sings some tasty songs, too;  
But my veracity impeach.  
If she can tell what part of speech  
Gentility belongs to."

Elltown was a simple country village until an enterprising visitor to the place discovered the value of its water privileges, and immediately set up a large cotton manufactory. All at once, the place, which for ten years had been stationary, began to grow. Around the great brick factory, with its continual whirling, rose up, in what seemed to the staid inhabitants, an incredibly short space of time, a dozen boarding houses, which in a small country town, are sufficient to constitute quite a village. Of course the female portion of the population received considerable increase. This new class was looked upon with dislike by that portion of the young ladies who were not interested in the manufacturing interests of the country, and were on all occasions slightly and disdainfully spoken of by them. This disposition on their part may, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that they found it a matter of much greater difficulty to retain their lovers, now that they had so many to vie with them. The mothers, of course, entered into the feelings of their daughters, and hence it was that in the little town there sprang up a little clique whose principal distinction was that they kept themselves aloof from the contaminating society of "those factory girls."

Prominent among the elite (as they considered themselves) of the place, was Mrs. Blenkinsop and her three daughters—Evelina, Antonetta and Augusta Maria. Mrs. Blenkinsop was constantly expatiating on the great advantages of coming of a good family, and how impossible it was for those who were not naturally well-born, to disguise their native vulgarity.

"Like a sow in a sack," as she elegantly remarked, "the bristles are always a sticking out."

The remark which she made was true in a certain measure, and to the whole extent of that measure was applicable to herself. It would be rather difficult to sustain Mrs. Blenkinsop's claim to gentility, judging by her own standard, since she had been the daughter of a soap boiler, and was now the widow of a butcher. The association connected with the latter employment probably suggested the forcible simile above quoted.

On the death of her husband, who bequeathed her a considerable fortune—considerable at least for a country town—she had moved into the village of Elltown with her three daughters, and purchasing a pretty place, settled down. It was not known in the village, if I may adopt a political phrase, what her "antecedents" were, this being a point on which she thought it best not to speak.

From some ambiguous hints which she designedly threw out, it was generally supposed that her husband was a judge of probate, or a militia captain, or a justice of the peace at the very least. The idea was strengthened by the frequent discussions already mentioned on the subject of gentility. Hence it was that Mrs. Blenkinsop came to be held in a high degree of estimation, and

might be considered with her daughters at the head of the aristocracy of Elltown.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Blenkinsop, in reply to an inquiry from a visitor, "I always buy my things for the city. It's more fashionable. Besides, if you buy anything up here, ten to one you'll find them horrid factory girls flaunt off in the self-same things before you've got 'em fairly made up. They're an extravagant set of creatures—spend all they can get on the way they do," said Evelina.

"Ah, does it do any good," chimed in Antonetta, "for they look just as horrid as ever when they are dressed."  
"Ekactly," said Augusta Maria, who lisped, not from any natural propensity, but because she happened to read a novel that a young lady is never so charming as when she lisps.—"Ekactly. I think it's very dilly in them."

"That's the reason, as I was saying," pursued Mrs. Blenkinsop, "why I invariably buy my things in the city. I believe I shall go there to-morrow, as we are all needing summer bonnets."

According to the resolution expressed in the last sentence, Mrs. Blenkinsop, accompanied by her three daughters, took a trip to the city the next day.

There were bonnets which the milliner assured them were altogether in a new style, just imported from Paris.

"We very thing we want," said Antonetta. "We shall be sure, in that case, that none of those vulgar factory girls have them. For my part, I'm determined to take one of these."

The same course of reasoning, aided by the fact that they were pretty bonnets, led her mother and sisters to come to a similar decision. After leaving orders with the milliner to trim them alike, and in the most fashionable style, the three Miss Blenkinsops and their mother departed, very well satisfied with their day's purchases.

It so chanced that the three Miss Smiths, who, belonged to the class of "horrid factory girls," so anathematized by their aristocratic neighbors, were in town the same day.

By an equally remarkable chance, they were in pursuit of the same article, viz., summer bonnets, and were led to visit the same establishment.

"Elltown!" said the milliner. "I have just sold bonnets to four ladies living in your village."

"Ah! who?"  
"Mrs. Blenkinsop and her three daughters."

"The Miss Smiths were well aware of the degree of friendly consideration entertained for them by these ladies, and they thought this afforded a good opportunity for retaliation, which ought by no means to be suffered to pass unimproved."

"Will you show us the bonnets which you sold to the ladies you mention?" they inquired.  
"Certainly," said the obsequious milliner. "It is a new style, as I told them, just imported. There are but very few in the city. I was fortunate enough to secure a dozen, but have no doubt they will all be gone by to-morrow."

"They are very pretty indeed. I think we could do no better than order three, if you have as many."

"I have precisely three left."  
"Are you to trim those for Mrs. Blenkinsop and her daughters?"  
"Yes. She told me to do so in the most fashionable style."

"Then we would like to have you trim ours in precisely the same manner—as like as two peas, you understand—so that it would be impossible to tell them apart."

"I will do so."  
"And please don't let them know it, as we would like to surprise them."  
"Exactly, I understand. You may rely upon my doing so."

"When are you to let the other ladies have their bonnets?"  
"By Friday night."

"Then let ours be ready at the same time."  
To this the milliner agreed, and the three Miss Smiths also departed, congratulating themselves not merely on having secured pretty bonnets, but also upon the anticipated mortification of their aristocratic neighbors.

When the bonnets for Mrs. Blenkinsop and the three Miss Blenkinsops arrived, they could scarcely repress their delight.

They were so tasteful, so recherche. Nothing like them had been seen in the village before. And this our lady readers, at least, need not be informed, is a very strong recommendation of itself.

"Won't those factory girls stare at us and envy our new bonnets?" said Evelina, in a congratulatory tone.  
"They'll wonder where we got them, and he'd say to tear their eyes out with vexation, to think we've got the start of them," said Antonetta.

"Oh, it will be the niche," lisped Augusta Maria, clapping her hands with would-be childish naivete.  
"Yes," said Mrs. Blenkinsop. "I rather think they'll find out, with all their airs, that it is quite useless for them to ape the aristocracy—leastways to make people think they belong to it."

"Oh, how I wish Sunday was come," said Evelina. "I do so want to see how they'll be mortified—especially those three Miss Smiths that sit opposite to us in the church. I don't believe they'll hear much of the sermon. I should like to hear what they'll say afterwards."

"So should I," chimed in her sisters.  
Sunday morning arrived. It was a fair, bright morning, with not a cloud in the sky, said Mrs. Blenkinsop, "No fear of their being soiled by getting wet."

"I think we had better contrive to be a little late this morning," suggested Evelina. "You know we shall attract more attention that way, as people will naturally look up to see who is coming, and so will be more likely to see our new bonnets."

"Very true. That's a good idea. I think we must follow it. Perhaps we had better contrive to get in when they are singing the first hymn, and the people will be standing facing us as we enter."

It was agreed that this arrangement should be followed.

The church bell had rung its last peal summoning the worshippers to the village church, when Mrs. Blenkinsop and the three Miss Blenkinsops pressed out of the front gate of their yard, and walk'd with ill-concealed triumph towards the church.

They arrived a little too soon, but waited outside the door till they were satisfied from the evidence of their ears, that the congregation had arisen.

This was the time to enter.

Opening the door, they glided in, one after the other, and sailing majestically up the aisle, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but striving to look quite unconscious all the while, but, as generally happens in such cases, looking quite the reverse. They were so much preoccupied with themselves that they noticed nothing until the congregation sat down.

They then observed that several persons were looking towards them, and then significantly towards the opposite pew.

Turning their eyes thither they discovered, to their immeasurable chagrin, that the three Miss Smiths had bonnets precisely like their own!

"O, mother," said Evelina, convulsively, clutching her parent by the arm, "just look at those horrid Miss Smiths! I shall die with mortification—I know I shall! After the pains we've taken!"

Mrs. Blenkinsop and her three daughters were very restless during the remainder of the service. They were afraid it would never get through. To add to their mortification, the eldest Miss Smith, with whom they were on speaking acquaintance, came up to Evelina after service and said:

"How odd it is that we should get bonnets precisely alike, and just at the same time, too! What a similarity of taste!"

Mrs. Blenkinsop and the three Miss Blenkinsops stayed away from church in the afternoon. They had suffered too deep a mortification for them to bear it with equanimity.

## DOG FIGHT IN FROGTOWN.

There is an excellent moral in the following story, which is told with great skill. It shows us how a whole village, or a whole church, is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between two dogs.

The most remarkable dog fight on record came off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one general *mele*, interminable law suits or suits of lawsuits, distraction of the town, its downfall and ruin!

A fanciful genius named Joe Tucker—a man about town, a longer without visible means of support, a do-nothing, loafing, cigar-smoking, good-natured fellow—owned a dog, a sleek, intelligent, and rather pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far more by the Frogtowners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a great peckish, ugly-looking dog, standing alongside of a wood wagon, bounded on to Joe Tucker's dog, knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife, who then passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with his dinner, that she stumbled backwards, and her old sunbonnet flopping off, scared the horse attached to the wagon. He started, hit Latheren's barber-pole, upset the load of wood, half of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killing it for a time stone dead, and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo that she dropped a stew-pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap of a customer, who sat waiting for the savory concoction by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child—the customer for the dog; Mrs. Gumbo screamed—the child screamed—and the customer yelled!

"Oh, oh, oh, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo.  
"Oh, eh, e-e-e-e!" screamed the child.  
"Oh, murder-r-r! O, my everlasting sin, I'm sealed to all eternity! Murder-r-r!" roared the customer.

The horse, and part of the wagon, and some of the wood, were in their mad career. The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog; and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back, that poor Joe fell forty yards up the street, and striking the foot of a long ladder upon which Jim Elderberry was perched, paint pot in hand, some thirty feet from terra firma, brought ladder, Jim and paint pot, sprawling on the earth, crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint copiously over the bread cloths, satinet, and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and even-tempered Quaker, who ran out to the door, just as the two dogs had gone fairly at it, hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice he called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up.

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's fighting!"  
"Let 'em fight it out!" yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. "Let 'em fight it out—I'll bet a load of wood my dog can eat any dog in town, and I can eat the owner."

We have said Abraham Miller was a mild man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country, stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed into the store; from the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a bundle of iron, strong, long, and powerful.

"Friend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten. I promise thee.—Hike! seize upon him! Tuck, here, boy!" and the dog went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody, for the insult and damage to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten jumps upon the face, back and sides of his burly antagonist, with his natural sledge hammers. Bob struck up the strength and fire of the bully stranger to the top of his compass, and they made the sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by that of Abraham Miller, took a fresh start, and between the two, the strange dog was being cruelly put to his trumps. Deacon Pugh, one of the most pious and substantial men in Frogtown, came up, and meddled the whole town was assembling—and Deacon Pugh, armed with his heavy walking stick, and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming as he did so—

"I e, fi, fi, for shame! disgraceful! you men, citizens of Frogtown, will you stand by, an—"

"Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh," cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the Deacon, who was about to cut right and left, among the dogs with his cane.

"Your dogs?" shouted the Deacon, with evident fervor.

"Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh," echoed the Quaker.

"What did you say so for, then?" shouted the Deacon.

"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh!"

"You did!" responded the Deacon, with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly!"

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller!"  
"Thee utter a mendacious assertion!" reiterated Abraham.  
"You—you lie!" bawled the Deacon.  
"Thee hast provoked my evil passions, Deacon Pugh!" shouted the stalwart Quaker, "I will chastise thee!"

And into the Deacon's wool went the Quaker. The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into the spirit of the thing, and we leave them thus "nip and tuck," to look after the stranger and Bob Carter, who fit and fought, fought and fit, until Squire Catehen and the town constable came up, and in their attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the offenders, the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watch-maker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in a mistake by the furious blacksmith, in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar, with a frightful velocity. The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue—while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately; so that in less than an hour, the quiet and happy town of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and terrific battle. Heads and windows were smashed—children and laborers screamed—dogs barked—dust flew—women ceased—and so furious, mad and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row; the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, man scalped, a wagon broken; the horse ran himself to death; his owner was beaten awfully by Bob Carter, whose wife and the wives of many others were dangerously scared; the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined; a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen, Joe Tucker, town constable, lawyer Hooker, Squire Catehen, and some fifty others, shamefully whipped. Law suits ensued, funds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of Frogtown annihilated—all by a remarkable dog fight.

Charcoal for Fattening Turkeys.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, who had frequently seen charcoal recommended for fattening animals, but who was skeptical as to its value, satisfied himself with the following experiment:

Four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood, were also at the same time confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pan of very finely pulverized charcoal with their mixed meal and potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor."

A Good Temper.—In marrying a wife, this is a very difficult thing to ascertain before hand. Smiles are cheap; and, besides, the frowns are, according to the lover's whim, interpreted into the contrary. By "good temper" I do not mean an easy temper—a serenity which nothing disturbs; for this, too, is a mark of laziness. Sullenness, if you be not bold to perceive it, is a temper to be avoided by all means. A sullen man is bad enough; what then, must be a sullen woman, and that woman your wife—a constant inmate, a companion day and night! Only think of the delights of sitting at the same table, and occupying the same chamber for a week without exchanging a word all the while. Very bad to be scolding for such a length of time, but this is far better than "the sulks."—*Dr. Ansell.*

MENTAL AND CORPORAL SUFFERING.—There is a very pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporal suffering.—A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be more severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger, which was bound with a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near, but not seize the lamb, and also put food before it. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten all the food placed before it—the other was found dead from fright.

A DELICATE SEARCH.—The *St. Louis Herald* states a case of a young lady of the most undoubted "respectability," who entered a shoe store in that city, and asked to be shown some gaiter boots; a number were shown to her, which she examined and tried on. While the storekeeper was occupied with another customer, several pairs of gaiters disappeared. The lady concluding not to purchase, he was compelled to accuse her of secreting his shoes; she denied it, he insisted, and proceeded to search, and found several pair suspended by hooks which were attached to the lady's gaiters. He took from their hooks those belonging to him, and left there several others, which had no doubt been taken from other stores. She was allowed to depart.

"Hallo, Sharp," said Pop, meeting him the other day, in the street, "you hopple, my boy; what's the matter with you?"  
"Oh, I had my feet crushed, through the carelessness of a conductor, the other day, between rail-road cars—that's all."

"Damages? no, no! I have had damages enough from them already; hadn't I better sue for repairs?"

## Political.

From the Pennsylvania:

COL. HENRY S. MOTT.

### A NOBLE VINDICATION.

We invite the careful attention of our readers to the following correspondence. During the late canvass we on several occasions spoke of Mr. Mott, and denied in the most emphatic terms the imputations of his connection with the Know Nothings which were published in the opposition presses. In doing so we relied not only upon his manly letter, but upon our knowledge of the man, upon the assurance of the sterling Democracy of the region in which he resides, and upon the fact that he was making strenuous exertions for the success of his colleagues upon the Democratic State Ticket. The action of the Know Nothings in making him their nominee, however, and the fact that they have voted for him, (although they were evidently induced to pursue that course for the reason that Mr. Darsie, his opponent, was an adopted citizen, and because they wished to blind Democrats as to the real object of their organization by having one Democrat upon their ticket,) has thrown over his position a shadow which we rejoice to say is now completely dispelled. The letter addressed to Mr. Mott was written by gentlemen residing in his own District, several of whom are well known to the Democracy of the State. They are familiar with his course during the canvass, and with his character. His manly answer, will, we trust, set at rest all doubts which may have existed upon the subject, and will, we are sure, rejoice the Democracy of the State, and thoroughly satisfy them that the confidence they have bestowed upon Mr. Mott has not been misplaced:

MERCHANTS' HOTEL,  
Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1854.

COL. HENRY S. MOTT.

Dear Sir—Having been your intimate friend, and having witnessed your course in politics for many years, we have never known an occasion when our confidence in your personal integrity and political orthodoxy has wavered for a moment. You can readily realize our surprise and indignation, therefore, when we heard your name associated with a secret and proscriptive organization, for Canal Commissioner of Pennsylvania, after you had formally accepted a nomination from the Democratic party, whose advocates you have always been, and whose principles you have ever defended. Your letter peremptorily and positively denying all connection with the Order, published in August last, was regarded as abundantly satisfactory at the time it appeared, but notwithstanding this broad and emphatic denial, and in the face of your offer at all times, to make any further statement that your friends might require, we are pained to see that many Democrats continue to regard you as identified with this clandestine and proscriptive Order. The fact that you have been largely voted for by the members of this Order is still evidently the real cause of this suspicion. We know how sensitively you feel any imputation upon your personal and political character—we know how unjust any such suspicion is—we know how ardently you cherish the Democratic party—we know that you would scorn to belong to any other political organization, and above all, how much you are opposed to all secret combinations for political purposes—we know, too, that in your own county of Pike, you were the bold, active, and public opponent of Know-Nothingism, as the result of the late election in that county will show. We know that night and day before that election, you were engaged in canvassing the declaration that you belonged to this Order, and in rallying your friends in opposition to it, and in support of your colleagues upon the Democratic ticket. We know, finally, how proudly you can repel any and all assaults, in the slightest degree affecting your standing as a Democrat and a citizen. While we cheerfully pledge ourselves to the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, that you are as true to the Democratic faith as any man living, and as hostile to the Order of Know-Nothingism, as its most conscientious and most uncompromising opponent, we address you this letter to give you an opportunity over your own name, to answer these unfounded assaults of your foes and the mistaken suspicions of your friends. Respectfully yours,  
ASA PACKER,  
JAMES M. PORTER,  
WILLIAM OVERFIELD,  
DAVID BARNETT,  
JOHN N. HUTCHINSON,  
L. F. BERTHS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16, 1854.

GENTLEMEN: I am grateful to you as old and valued friends, for the generous and eloquent letter you have addressed to me. You do me no more than justice in expressing the belief that I have not had, and have not now, the slightest connection with any secret political organization, however called. And I feel that I deserve your confidence, as a Democrat and a man, as fully and entirely at the present day, as at any former period. To the same extent do I feel entitled to the confidence of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania. When the imputation that I was a member of the secret order to which you refer was made, I took the first proper occasion to repel it, in strong, unmeasured and emphatic language. I proposed to add to this denial any other that might be required at my hands. It is alleged in some of the Whig papers that I did not again and again repeat this contradiction. But I prize my own character too highly—I value my principles too dearly—I have labored too long and too zealously in the Democratic ranks to deem it necessary that I should volunteer a reply to every imputation upon my standing as a Democrat.

All that you say of my opinions in regard to this association, I cheerfully endorse; and I am glad that I have had furnished me an opportunity that enables me at the same time to point to you, gentlemen, as my hostages, and once more to declare that I am not now and never have been a member of any other political organization but the Democratic party. When I became the candidate of the Democra-

tic party for Canal Commissioner, I depended upon that alone for my election. While I shall carefully study the interests of the whole people, I can represent the interests of no other party in the official position I am about to assume. I am for the largest degree of civil and religious liberty, and cannot subscribe, and never have subscribed to the doctrine that any citizen known to the Constitution as such, shall be proscribed from civil office, or in any degree debarred of his rights because of his religious belief or the place of his birth.

In the late canvass, I diligently exerted my humble abilities to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and its principles, and to advance the success of my able and well tried colleagues on the ticket, and it is with pride and pleasure that I refer to the result in my own section of the State, and particularly in my own representative district, as an evidence of the truth of what I say. I am aware that the confidence of a few of my Democratic friends has been somewhat disturbed by the peculiar circumstances which surrounded my position, but I trust this definition of my views and actions may satisfy all.

Truly, your friend,  
HENRY S. MOTT.

To Hon. Asa Packer, Hon. James M. Porter, and others.

From the Boston Traveller.

### Remarkable Freaks of Lightning.

Newburyport, Friday, Sept. 8.

One of the most remarkable freaks of lightning ever known in this vicinity, and the most singular we ever read of, happened in Byfield, on Wednesday evening last, during the thunder storm. The house of Mr. Henry Rogers, located upon a slight eminence, entirely free from trees and shrubbery, was struck by lightning and almost totally destroyed, without the slightest injury to the inmates. As near as we could judge, the lightning entered the roof, near the centre, and tore therefrom on each side about one-third part of the whole surface. The house was one story, and directly beneath this place was a bed on which were sleeping three children. So near were they to the roof that the bed posts of the bedstead came within a foot of the boards, which were thrown to the ground, north and south. The charge then passed to the east part of the house, tearing off the entire end, and throwing fragments over forty-eight yards into a neighboring field; it then entered a bed-room, split the head and foot-boards from a bedstead occupied by two young men, shattered the posts, tearing the paper from the walls, thence passing into another room, taking from under a feather bed, on which was lying Mr. Rogers and wife, a straw bed, and scattering the straw in every direction. Every pane of glass in the house was broken, and some of the fragments thrown thirty-six feet in a southerly direction. The lightning then separated, taking a southerly course, throwing a priry upon a stone wall, passing through a barn in which were animals and a quantity of hay, then along the road, splitting from a rock upon a stone wall a piece weighing twenty pounds, throwing it some ten feet into the road, and passing into the earth. Mrs. Rogers was the only person awake. She heard the report, which she says was very loud, and saw the destruction going on, which she represents as bewildering and incomprehensible. The lightning must have passed within a few inches of the heads of the young men, as the head and foot boards, which were scattered, could not have been more than that distance from their heads. Everything in the house was in the most singular confusion. Articles were passed from one room to another, cards from a rack were found behind a mirror which hung opposite, a piece of meat which hung in the cellar-way was found on the second floor, and a pouch of powder was found perfect in the road. The stove was shattered and broken crockery was thrown in all directions, fragments of furniture pierced the partitions, and everything mysterious in its disposition. The clock was stopped at three minutes to eleven—the pendulum was displaced and has not been found. Had a keg of powder exploded in the cellar, it would not have been a more perfect wreck. But yet, strange as it was, not one of the seven inmates was injured. A scientific friend, whom we induced to visit the spot with us, enjoys upon us to present to you one of the most remarkable illustrations of the protection afforded by a feather bed from the effects of lightning, as it is his opinion that this alone saved them from instant death.

Crowds of people have visited the spot, and are still going, and the house is looked upon here as one worthy the attention of the curious.

The German cure for jaundice is said to be the slender stir of the bile by an arousal of indignation. Willis, in one of his letters from Idlewild, mentions the case of his brother, who called in a physician when prostrated with the jaundice in Leipzig, Germany. "The doctor left, promising to send in his prescription.—Meantime an old woman entered, who accused my brother of stealing, spat in his face, and ran out of the room! This was the medicine—immediately effectual—for with the vigorous start of the bile commenced a rapid recovery."

A chap out West was invited to take a hand at a game of poker—a fashionable game with the gamblers on the Mississippi—but he refused, saying:

"No, thank ye. I played poker all one summer, and had to wear nankeen breeches all the next winter. I have had no taste for the amusement since."

In virtue of eye the good are always great, the great not always good.