

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.

37TH YEAR.

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Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

Choice Poetry.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of fate,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a beautiful melody, and a strange sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a musical lute up the river of Time,
Where the softest airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical climate,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the tunes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle the Long Ago,
And we bary out-tresure the here,
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are hearts of gold, and a love that is true,
There are friends, and a friendship of bliss.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a late unsung, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and a piece of rings,
And the greatest sin used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy show
By the magic is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices as sweet as a vesper chime,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the days of our life until night;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are fixed on the stars of light,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

Select Miscellany.

Revolutionary Anecdote.

A gentleman sends from Kingston to the Boston Traveller the following incident connected with the revolutionary war, which he believes has never before found its way into print: "In 17—, while our country was at war with England, the Tories, as they were called, unwilling to espouse their country's cause, left their country for their country's good. As Tories and traitors always should." "Among the names who thus left for the British dominions in Nova Scotia, was my aunt F— with her young husband.

"During the war, an American privateer was seen approaching L—, where my aunt and other Americans were located. At the approach of the ugly-looking stranger, all the Americans fled except my aunt, who kept a small store near the place of entry. Having secured what she could from her shop, she hastened to her house to secure her valuables there; also: but the officers of the privateer were too close upon her heels to allow her to secure much: They came upon her just as she was entering a chamber which had been previously left in some confusion. Seeing the officers so near to her, she turned in an instant, and with her usual quickness of invention, for she was always ready for a turn, said to the leader—"I hope you will pardon the appearance of my room, as we have just had the small-pox in it, and have not had time to put things to rights since the patient was carried off." It was a word and a blow, as we say. In his haste to escape, the officer turned upon his heel, and in turning fell over the staircase and rolled down two flights of stairs into the street, dropping from his scabbard an elegantly mounted sword, which he had behind as a prize to my aunt. Picking himself up the best he could, he was joined by his comrades, and very soon the privateer had her sails spread and was out of sight and out of danger, leaving my aunt to laugh over her well-timed stratagem, and to hunt for her money-box, which was found some months afterwards among the currant-bushes in the garden, just where she placed it herself when she took it from the shop."

A Ghost in Love.

A farmer, who had lately become a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud bark of his dog. On going to it, the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection.

All at once, he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate—

"If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A—, to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B—, marry her, or perdition and eternal torment shall be your doom!"

This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and, stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B— herself, looking extremely foolish.

It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, has had the bands published for his marriage with her.

WOMEN.—It is seldom that Julius Caesar Hannibal says anything worth quoting, but the following is not bad:

"They may rail again women as much as dey like, dey can't set me agin dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, de fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust best and de last in de sick room. What would we poor debilbs do widout dem?—Let us be bornas young, as ugly and as helpless as we please, and a woman gibe us our fust dose ob castor-oil, and puts doze 'pon our helpless naked limbs, and coppers up our loaves and toses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, who, as we grows up, fills our dinner baskets wid de nuts and apples as we start to school, and licks us when we tares our trousers."

You say, Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years—does the Court inferstand from that that you are married to him?—"In course it does," said Mrs. Smith.—"Have you a marriage certificate?"—"Yes, your Honor, three on 'em—two gals and a boy." Verdict for the plaintiff. And the next case.

A Sheep Speculation.

A very verdant youth, on the shady side of thirty, travelled out of sight of home for purposes unknown, and stopped at a hotel to procure refreshments. The usual loungers of the bar-room, together with a couple of drovers bound for the eastern market with a choice collection of sheep, were in that happy good humor said to be produced by a satisfactory dinner, going in for anything to prolong the cheer.

A tip of the eye from one to the other as he entered indicated that they considered this awkward specimen "game," and "mine host" glanced inquisitively at his rough exterior, as though taking an inventory and balancing accounts for dinner. The innocent object, seemingly unconscious, stared at everything with dull satisfaction, and answered the queries addressed to him, with a stuttering, foreign accent, highly amusing. His dinner being ready he addressed himself to the "cold bite," but not all disturbed by the choice bits of conversation coming up from the bar-room below, such as "raw dutchman—fresh from Baden—devilish fine fun," &c., mingled with uproarious laughter, which suddenly ceased on his return.

"Sheep, eh?" he said, addressing drover No. one.

"Yes, sheep: would'n't you like to purchase some four or five hundred to stock your farm with? 'ha! ha! ha!"

"H-h-how du sell 'um?" asked the Dutchman.

"Seeing it's you," said drover No. two, taking him by the button-hole and speaking with mock seriousness, "seeing it's you, neighbor, you may have all you can pay for at two dollars per head."

"P-p-pick!" exclaimed the Dutchman.

"Yes, have your pick, and take all you can pay for at two dollars per head."

"Well, I-g-guess I will look at 'em," so off went the drovers and dutchman, followed by all in the bar-room, even mine host himself, to see the fun.

"Gentlemen, you hear the bargain?"

"Yes, we hear the bargain: have all you can pay for at two dollars per head. Come, hand out your money, and pick your sheep."

Dutchman rather leisurely opened his capacious wallet, and surprised the bystanders by presenting in all twenty dollars, and proceeded to select his sheep. Here the drovers discovered that he knew what was mutton, and had previously learned to distinguish wool from another article called hair.

"Hold on, man!" said drover No. one, "you've your number, here's ten."

"Well, but m-may be I-I-I might find enough t-to pay for a few more." So he threw over in all one hundred and twenty-five, then straightening up—

"H-h-here's your money, sir; I s'pose I-I could g-give you more, but I guess I-I've got all the g-good-'uns!"

The drovers found little satisfaction in the roars of laughter that greeted this announcement, and they cursed the Dutchman most heartily, who proved to be a Yankee after all.

He Would Peep.

Joe Dove tail had a wife, a strong-minded wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of necessary evil, treating him very much as the lady did her husband on the North River steamboat, who ventured to object to some of her arrangements for travel, when she shut him up suddenly by telling him, in the hearing of a dozen passengers—"Why, what is it to you? If I had known you were going to act so, I wouldn't have brought you along." But Joe and Mrs. Dove tail never travelled. They were always at home, though Joe was rarely seen there or elsewhere. She had long trained him to the habit of retiring under the bed when company called, and so familiar had he become with that retreat, it was a question whether, in default of personal service, a warning to a militia training would hold him, unless left under that bed; as being his "last usual place of abode." During the stay of Mrs. Joe's friends, he occasionally thrust out his head like a turtle, but one glance of the loving eye of his spouse would send him under with cold shivers running up his back. One day, as she was hob-nobbing over the fire with a friend and a social glass, Joe thrust out his figure-head, and defied the shakes and frowns of his wife, till, growing valiant and desperate, he sang out:—"My dear, you may shake your head just as you please, but I tell you, as long as I have got the spirit of a man, I will peep!"

A Black Joke.

The appended negro story, copied from a Southern correspondent of the Boston Journal, is not bad:

"General C— gave his black man, Samny, funds and permission to get a quarter's worth of zoology at a menagerie, at the same time hinting to him the striking affinity between the Simia and negro races. Our sable friend soon found himself under the canvas, and brought, too, in front of a sedate-looking baboon, and eyeing the bibo quadruped closely, soliloquized thus:—

The Shortest Way.

We were gratified, the other day, by a visit from an old friend residing in the vicinity of Napoleon, Ind., and it reminded us of an old, unpublished story, we once heard of that place.

Some twelve years ago, Napoleon was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its inhabitants, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night, and gain some information about his course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire as regards the best route to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector, "now which will be my shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon and take the road leading nearly north."

"I wish to go to Edinburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon, and take the road west."

"Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon, and take the road south-west."

"Or to Indianapolis?" asked the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed upon.

"Go to Napoleon and follow the north-west road."

The collector looked at his note-book: every direction had Napoleon in it; he began to feel his nettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover, with:

"Suppose, my friend, I wanted to go to h—ll?"

The drover never smiled, scratched his head, and after a moment's consideration, said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

A Generous Subscription.

A Western correspondent of Zion's Herald, in describing the stingy habits of the people of his ilk, when called upon to assist in benevolent works, relates the following amusing story:—

One of our friends, a generous North Carolinian, was called on by a railroad agent, who was soliciting stock along the line. He had a fine farm and plenty of money, and listened with an animated countenance to the glowing detail of blessings likely to be realized from the proposed railroad. The agent made an elegant palaver, and thought he had won our friend and his money, when he suddenly got his eye-teeth out in this wise:—

"Why, yes," said the good old farmer, "I know it is wonderful, it must be a powerful thing, them air railroads—they run like Jehu. Surely, I go in for it; I subscribe something 'illars to such things."

"How much stock will you take, sir?" said the elated solicitor.

"Why, you may put me down fifty cents," was the magnificent reply.

An Indian Prince astonishing the Natives.

Prince Maharajah Murrander Sing, Malinder Bahadur, of Pataliala, India, said to be the wealthiest man in the world, has been astonishing the people of Paris, on the banking house of which city it is said he has letters of credit for twelve million of francs. Some of his freaks are thus recorded: On his first landing at Bordeaux, he bought up all the umbrellas of the place, as it was a rainy day, and had them presented to the population in the streets. On arriving at Paris, he went to the theatre, and seeing a large audience of bare heads, he dispatched his numerous attendants immediately for such number of hats as would cover the destitute thousands before him. The day after, he stationed himself opposite the large carriage-stand on the Boulevards, and employed himself with begging every young lady, who passed on foot, to take a ride at his expense. A subsequent enterprise has been to ride through the city, followed by a load of ready-made cloaks and over-coats, and stopping every ill-clad or plainly dressed person, to beg his acceptance of the article he seemed to need. He is said to have negotiated for the hire of a whole theatre and performance, to stand himself at the door, and beg the passers-by to go in free. At the restaurant where he once dined, he sent a choice dish and a bottle of wine to each other person dined in the room. There is an expensive class of Parisian beauties on his track, who, it is thought, will greatly assist in the propagation of his East Indian sentiments.

American Fare in Paris.

A New York correspondent of the Boston Journal says:—

Lime as a Generator of Ammonia.

Mr. Error.—Being one of the old school class of farmers who have strong faith in the efficacy of Lime, I have been waiting with some anxiety to see whether the "progressive" spirit, so rife every where, would not attempt to rule it out of use. So fierce an onslaught was made upon it a few years since, that many who knew of the value of Lime by reputation only, and not from an actual practical test, were led to look to other sources for the means with which to improve the character of their land. I am pleased however to observe that a reaction is taking place, and the hope may now be reasonably indulged that Lime will once more hold its original position in the affections of the farmers. Having used it largely upon clayey limestone soil for many years with decided advantage, I have so much confidence in it, that I know of no other substance with which I could replace it, with equal advantage. In the following extract from an English periodical, I see that a new (to me at least) period is produced by an effect diametrically the opposite of that which it has hitherto supposed to exert, viz., a generator of ammonia, instead of a dissipator of it:

"It may be asked how it is possible that ammonia can be engendered by the addition of lime, when it is a notorious fact, that lime dissipates ammonia, and drives it out from the soil? But facts are true. Whenever either quick or slacked lime is mixed with a soil containing ammonia, in its salts, the ammonia is volatilized (driven away); but when the lime once becomes mild, that is, converted into carbonate, it ceases to expel ammonia from its combinations in the soil: it does not however in this state, cease to act on the vegetable matter of soils, but assists greatly in the formation of ammonia, and also of nitrates. The presence of mild lime assists especially in the formation of nitrates, from the influence of the nitrogen contained in the ammonia. It is well known that the production of nitre and saltpetre, depends upon certain properties of lime, whereby nitric acid is engendered from vegetable matter. In old compost heaps, nitrate of lime is always to be found, and this salt is a most valuable manure. This explains a common practice among farmers, for many of them are in the favor of applying lime soon after dressing of farm-yard manure. Now, however objectionable this may be, and nothing indeed can be more so, than to mix quick lime with well fermented manure: with manure therefore, which contains the largest amount of ready formed ammonia, the case is greatly altered when lime is mild. It then actually aids in retaining or keeping in the ammonia by turning it first into nitric acid, which unites with a portion of the lime, forming nitrate of lime, and in this way retaining whatever is valuable in the ammonia, without in the least degree impairing its efficacy for promoting vegetation: for if nitrates are not valuable, how can we account for the marvellous effects of the nitrate of soda, as a top dressing for corn (wheat &c.) crops?"

J. F. II.

Lancaster co., Pa.

The Ohio "Cultivator" publishes letters from various counties in Ohio, embracing the principal Wheat growing sections, and the letters all concur in saying that the breadth of ground covered with wheat is from one-third to one-fourth less than an average. This is accounted for by the fact that the long drought of last summer and fall prevented the ploughing of sod lands, and fall sowing was therefore confined to stubble and corn lands. Resort will be had as far as possible, to the sowing of spring wheat; but as the growing of that variety of wheat has not been common in Ohio, seed is scarce.

Gettysburg, May 7, 1855. 6m

Manure Excavator.

The subscriber, having purchased the Patent Right of HURSH'S PATENT MANURE EXCAVATOR for all of Adams county excepting Oxford, Conowingo, Berwick and Mountjoy townships, will sell either the machines or township rights, as purchasers may prefer. The Excavator also answers an admirable purpose in unloading hay, by horse to unload a load of hay in ten minutes, and to carry it to the highest part of the barn. The improvement is in it one of the cheapest and most useful agricultural implements ever introduced.

H. G. CARR.

Gettysburg, May 7, 1855. 6m

Trepassers, Beware!

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant. While its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed; not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapor.

BEGIN RIGHT.—If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin right, otherwise you will have to take it in pieces, and do it over again. Now, you are starting in life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong you will be all the time going out of the way. You have a life-work to do; but if you begin wrong, all your labor will be lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but to undo what you have already done.

THE WORD "ITS."—Through the whole of our authorized version of the bible "its" does not once occur: the word which it now performs being accomplished by "his" or "her" applied as freely to inanimate things as to persons, or else by "thereof," or "of it." Trench remarks that "its" occurs but three times in all Shakespeare, and doubts whether it is in Paradise Lost.

There are people in this world quite as much given to slander as a hen is to cackling. The following, for example:—"Perjury is an article that indolent young ladies make use of, to supply the place of clean water and soap."

The notes of all the suspended free banks of Illinois are now redeemed at par by the Auditor of the State, he having sold the stocks which were pledged for the security of the notes. The suspended bank notes of Wisconsin are also redeemed at par.

An medical man advertising his "practice" for sale, winds up, after stating all its advantages, with the following additional recommendation:—"Bedad, but ye did, there's the saw, sir, now, sir." "Oh you want the saw, why the deuce didn't you say so!"

Resignation of Hiss, the Know-Nothing Inquisitor.

It will be seen, by the following extract from the proceedings of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on Monday, that Mr. Joseph Hiss, the moral member of the illustrious Nunnery Committee, has attempted to escape the exposure and just condemnation of his infamous conduct, by tendering the resignation of his seat in the Legislature. It was not accepted, however, but referred to a Committee, who will report upon the propriety of allowing the gentleman thus to steal away from the censure or expulsion which may await him. Mr. Hiss gives, as a reason for resigning, the desire to save "the American party" from the injury which "a corrupt political press" is endeavoring to inflict upon it, through him. We suppose, therefore, that his brethren in the faith will raise him to a place next to Bill Poles in the calendar of K. N. martyrs!

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Monday, April 23, 1855.

The Speaker read the following letter:—"Boston, Saturday, April 21, 1855.

Hon. Daniel C. Eddy—Sir:—The house of representatives having to-day, for the first time, refused to receive the evidence relating to certain slanderous charges made by a venal political press, of criminal conduct on my part while a member of a committee of the house, subsequently voted that "said charges were not sustained."

In view of these facts I consider my personal honor entirely vindicated, and that further action on my part might seem unnecessary. It is evident, however, that a corrupt political press, aided by the personal enmity of individuals, by continued agitation of the subject, design to injure, through me, the American party, of which I am an humble member, and to delay the business of the session.

I therefore respectfully resign my seat as a representative from the city of Boston.

It was my intention to have resigned at an earlier day. I desired, however, to retain my seat until all the facts in the case were made known to the public. In resigning, permit me to express my respect for the members individually, and my earnest hope that their action in all respects may redound to the honor of the State of Massachusetts and the American cause.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant, JOSEPH HISS.

Mr. GRIFFIN, of Charlestown, said he had a few words to say in relation to this matter, and he should subsequently move that this letter be not accepted. It was not proper that the house should accept the resignation of Mr. Hiss; and the house owes it to itself to dispense with his services in some other way. It had been said that suicide was confession—in this case it may be alleged that resignation is confession; and it is because of the damnable evidence that has been produced that Mr. Hiss has sent in his letter of resignation.

Mr. Griffin, after these brief prefatory remarks, proceeded to give the reasons of his opposition to the acceptance of the resignation of Mr. Hiss:—

First—Joseph Hiss went to Lowell on official business in the name and at the charge of the Commonwealth, on March 20th, 1855. Before reaching the Washington House, in Lowell, he was seen in conversation with a woman.

Second—He registered the name of a Mrs. Patterson at the hotel, though she did not accompany him thither, but subsequently came.

Third—He requested that she might be furnished with a good room.

Fourth—As usually is done at public houses in cases where gentlemen are accompanied by ladies, the clerk or other person who assigned rooms to this party, gave Mrs. Patterson No. 12, and designated No. 13 to Mr. Hiss—these rooms being adjacent.

Fifth—Mr. Hiss cannot remember, he said, when inquired of in committee of the whole, whether he asked that this woman's supper should be sent to her room, to be eaten in private or not; but the clerk at the hotel, had been interrogated on that point, would have testified that he did make such a request.

Sixth—Although Mr. Hiss knew that he had registered Mrs. Patterson with the committee, and although he was asked by the clerk if the bill he contemplated should be made to the State should include the whole, Mr. Hiss replied affirmatively, and never intimated to the bar keeper or anybody else either that Mrs. Patterson was to pay for herself, or that she was not to be made a charge to the Commonwealth.

Seventh—No other person except Mr. Hiss ever appeared at the hotel to settle Mrs. Patterson's bill, nor did the unknown gentleman fall into by Mr. Hiss, nor Mrs. Patterson, ring up the landlord or his servants, in order to settle the same.

Eighth—The bed of Mrs. Patterson, the committee even were compelled to find, upon the facts, had been invaded by a man during the night.

Ninth—The adjacent couch assigned to Mr. Hiss and open to his occupancy, although in some measure disturbed, as feeble-minded cunning even would dictate, did not look as though it had a permanent tenant during the night.

Tenth—Now this woman with whom he was seen to converse, the woman whom he designated as Mrs. Patterson on the register, and who occupied No. 12 at the hotel, was one and the same person; and a woman, as the committee found in the testimony before them, of notorious evil virtue.

Eleventh—Although Mr. Hiss said in the committee of the whole, that he knew the man who had this woman in charge, and who, as he must have intended, we should believe occupied the room with her, thus accounting for the disturbed condition in which the bed was found, he refuses to disclose the name because he promised not to do so; but says he will tell the name to the committee, if they will give him assurance that it never shall be disclosed.

Twelfth—If this apology be heeded it plunges him who offers it still deeper in difficulty, because if he acted as the purveyor to the depraved appetite of his friend, and connived at and made arrangements for the commission and protection of his crimes, he disgraced himself and the legislature of which he is a member, quite as badly as though he himself had fallen by a lion-like temptation stringing suddenly and powerfully upon his passions, and overcoming his virtue before resistance could begin.

stances of monstrous aggravation. It is idle to say these facts point only to harmless "impropriety." They are the outward insignia of unequalled dishonesty and disgrace. They are the evidence of unexampled shame. I cannot doubt, therefore, upon careful reflection, what ought to be done. If we would avert from ourselves dishonor and shame to ourselves to be borne, we must cut off this offending member. If we would not attitudinize ourselves before the virtuous and intelligent people of the state, the nation and the civilized world, we must cut off this offending member. If we would avert from ourselves the odious reputation that must attach to those who wink at the commission of notorious immorality or crime, we must summarily cut off this offending member. If we would not encourage in the servants of this Commonwealth practices that we visit by our laws with the fiercest penalties, we must cut off this offending member. If we would not put the moral power of example, melancholy in all its aspects, say to our fellow citizens that the thunder of the law we make rolls innocuous to us, we must cut off this offending member. And, indeed, if we would not disgrace the sense we hold, and make the hearts of the virtuous population of Massachusetts bleed as never before, we must cut off this offending member. And finally, if we would not entail upon our ancient Commonwealth a reproach which the past, fraught with its glorious memories, and the future, laden with its trust with more radiant hopes, can never efface, we must cut off this offending member.

Mr. Griffin then moved that a committee of five be immediately appointed to take into consideration the letter of Mr. Hiss.

The motion was adopted, and the committee, appointed, as follows, Mr. Griffin, at his request, being excused from serving—Messrs. Williams, of Cambridge, Phelps, of Boston, Grammer, of Woburn, Kimball, of Salem, Thayer, of Ashland.

Mr. Neal, of Boston, was appointed in place of Mr. Williams, excused, and Mr. Phelps declined serving.

Who is Joseph Hiss?—The Boston correspondent of the New York Evening Post answers this question in the following satisfactory style. We commend it to the serious reflection of the well-meaning but misguided Protestant Christians in this vicinity, who have been misled by embarked in the K. N. venture, under the delusion that they would thereby advance the cause of true religion:

"This worthy champion of Protestantism, whose zeal and activity against the harlotries of Rome is so conspicuous, is a tailor, a journeyman tailor, who when not employed in legging for Massachusetts, or in reforming the neries, occupies himself in cutting of garments to which a peculiar branch of the art of tailoring is devoted. He formerly lived in Barrington State, which place he left suddenly to the grief of a large array of creditors. He is a great man among the Know Nothings, and their consternation at his improper conduct is irrepressible. He was secretary of their grand State Convention last fall, at which Gov. Greneyer was nominated. He is also Judge Advocate of the illustrious order of Massachusetts, or, as I believe, they now call it, the State State Marshal of the Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner. His duty is to preside at the formation of lodges of councils, and to formally inaugurate them."

"The detection of the true character of such a dignitary, is, of course, making a great row in the Protestant ranks, and starts not a little the weaker brethren among the pious dead and clerical men who have headed and begun to go that, after all, a man is not necessarily a good Christian because he is loud in denouncing the Papists, or active in organizing the Protestant movement. The shrewder members of the party seem to have caught up their minds that, as Joseph has been caught, he may as well be used as a scape-goat. In the House, this morning, a resolution was adopted, authorizing a formal inquiry into Mr. Hiss's doings at Lowell, and there is much talk of expelling him from the Legislature."

This man shall be a fitting and a worthy subject of expelling him from the Legislature. When Peeping Committees go snuffing around the couch of some Convention talker, what wonder, as for the worst could be found, as a living, personified Hiss!

Forcibly Said.

Mackenzie, of the *Kentian Venture*, writes down the following truths forcibly:—"Know-Nothingism is the best exposition of the practical atheism of the times. Who, recognizing a God in religion, and a reality in the faith of Christ, can conscientiously call in the aid of secret, sworn societies to put down what they think a false religion. If they believe that 'true religion' is incapable of sustaining itself without unchristian aid; they can have little confidence in Christianity. If they think God needs such aid to keep His worship pure, they must have but little belief of His presence. What is wanted among religious people are not professors to put down false religion, but men disposed to determine which sect is correct and which is not;—is it being Christians and not hypocrites; or their practicing charity and not hatred, under the cloak of religious sanctity.—What is wanted is more real and intelligent religion, and then Christian men would not feel the need of making pitiful appeals to Know-Nothingism or any other outside influence to keep up the true Church of God. A church and a religion which is only protected and sustained by such influence, is scarcely worth having or professing."

We trust that the sober sense of our religionists—that the intelligence of those outside the Church—will yet unite to crush and put down an order of politicians who require secrecy as a means and darkness as a cover, and who, while making good professions, can have no better than the bad means they employ."

HEART-RENDING ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Fassett, widow of the late Joshua Fassett, of Fulton county, Ohio, lost her infant son, about six months old, on the 6th inst., under appalling circumstances. She left him asleep in the cradle, and was absent at the barn, some ten or fifteen rods distant, only a few minutes, when on her return, what was her horror to find that the stove had fallen down and communicated fire to the cradle, and her child so badly burned that it could not have been recognized, and already dead.

Specie is so scarce in Schenectady, that a man was arrested on suspicion of being a bank robber, because he had three shillings and sixpence.