

# 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.

37<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, SEPT. 24, 1855.

NO. 52.

## TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

The Republican Compiler is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum 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.

## Public Sale

### OF A DESIRABLE FARM.

THE Subscriber, Executor of the last will and testament of DAVID DEARDORFF, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on Saturday, the 15th of October next, the following described Real Estate of said deceased, viz: A FARM, situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Samuel Bucher, Benj. Deardorff, Albert Vandyle and James Ewing, containing 100 ACRES, more or less, in good cultivation and under good fencing. The improvements are a Two-story Weatherboarded HOUSE, a good Log Barn, an excellent Well of Water at the door, and a thriving young ORCHARD, of choice Fruit. The tract is well watered.

Should the property not be sold on said day, it will then be offered for RENT at public outcry.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P.M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JACOB DEARDORFF, Ex'r.

August 27, 1855. id

## Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber, intending to relinquish farming, offers at Private Sale, on very favorable terms,

HIS FARM, situated in Butler township, Adams county, Pa., on the public road leading from Hunters-town to the Pinegrove Furnace, about 3 miles from the former place, adjoining Abraham Fisher's Mill, and lands of Adam & William Gardner, John Dull, and others, containing 135 ACRES, about 30 acres of which are Timberland, with a due proportion of Meadow; the balance in a good state of cultivation—part of it has been limed. The improvements are a two-story STONE HOUSE, with a Back Building, a large Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Carriage House, and other outbuildings; running water in the barnyard, a well of excellent water at the house, and running water thro' the farm; also a thriving young Orchard of choice fruit.

This property is very handsomely and conveniently situated, and offers rare inducements to purchasers. It will be shown and terms made known by the subscriber, residing on the farm.

JEREMIAH DIEHL.

July 30, 1855. id

## Valuable Farm at Private Sale.

THE subscriber, intending to remove to the West, offers at Private Sale,

HIS VALUABLE FARM, situated in Reading township, Adams county, Pa., on the banks of Big Conowingo creek, being the best of Conowingo land, and in a high state of cultivation. It contains 136 ACRES, more or less, and adjoining lands of Dr. C. Blish, Wm. Pickering, Henry Spangler and John Laydon. The improvements are a two-story BRICK HOUSE, (nearly new,) a Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Granaries, an excellent well of water between the house and barn, and several springs on the premises. The land is under good fencing, and well watered; part of it has been limed; with due proportions of Woodland and Meadow, and all kinds of fruit—and is within a mile of two Grist Mills. There is upon the premises an excellent LIME KILN, and a FLAGSTONE QUARRY not to be surpassed in the State. This property offers unusual inducements to purchasers.

Persons wishing to view the farm are requested to call on the subscriber, residing thereon.

THOMAS N. DICKS.

July 9, 1855. 4m

## Register's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the Administration Accounts hereafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphan's Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on Tuesday, the 25th of September next, viz:

70. The first and final account of Valentine S. Fehl, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Fehl, late of Menallen township, deceased.
71. The second and final account of Valentine S. Fehl, Executor of George Fehl, late of Menallen township, deceased.
72. The first account of Thomas T. Wierman and Hamilton Everett, Executors of Isaac Wierman, late of Butler township, deceased.
73. The Guardian account of Henry Bittinger, Guardian of Charles L. Bittinger, minor son of Joseph Bittinger, late of Berwick township, deceased.
74. The first and final Guardian account of Henry Bittinger, Guardian of Ann Maria Bittinger, minor child of Joseph Bittinger, late of Berwick township, deceased.
75. The first account of William Bittinger, testamentary Guardian of Howard N. Bittinger, minor son of Joseph Bittinger, late of Berwick township, deceased.
76. The first and final account of Philip Beamer, Jr., Executor of Philip Beamer, Sr., who was Guardian of Samuel, Mary, Isaac and Anne Orser, minor children of Felix Orser, late of Menallen township, deceased.
77. The first and final account of Michael Dietrich, Executor of the last will and testament of John Ziegler, late of Straban township, deceased.
78. The first account of Joseph Fink, Administrator of Jacob Best, late of Germany township, deceased.
79. The first account of John C. McCullion, Administrator of Cornelius McCullion, late of Liberty township, deceased.

W. M. T. WALTER, Register.

Register's Office, Gettysburg.

Aug 27, 1855. id

SODA, Sugar and Water CRACKERS. Ginger Nuts, Soda and Family Lard. Also, the best of all kinds of goods, for sale by the pound or by the barrel.

GILLESPIE'S.

## Choice Poetry.

### THE BATTLE OF LOUISVILLE.

—Congratulate you on your glorious victory!—MAYOR BARBER'S SPEECH.

It was an August evening,  
The bloody work was done,  
And 'neath the stars and stripes,  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sitting on a stool,  
His little grandchild, William Poole \*

They saw the dead, with ghastly wounds,  
And limbs bent off, borne by;  
And then old Sam he shook his head,  
And with a holy sigh,  
"They're only Dutch and Irish," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory!"

"Now tell me what 'twas all about,"  
Young William Poole he cried,  
While looking in his granddaddy's face,  
With wonder waiting open;  
"Now tell me all about the war,  
And what they killed the Irish for?"

"They were Know-Nothings," Samuel cried,  
"Who put them all to rest;  
But what they shot and burned them for,  
I could not well make out;  
But Mayor Barber said, 'twas a good he,  
'Twas 'twas a glorious victory!"

"The Dutch and Irish loved in peace,  
You'll never see them fight;  
The Irish live at their millings down,  
And they are good to you;  
So with their wives and children on their feet,  
Nor had they whine to rest their head."

"With fire and guns the city round,  
Was smelted far and wide,  
And many a Irish noble head,  
And many a noble die;  
But Mayor Barber said, 'twas a good he,  
'Twas 'twas a glorious victory!"

"They say it was a shocking sight,  
After the day was done,  
For twenty bloody corpses there,  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At a Know-Nothing victory!"

"Great glory George D. Prentice won,  
America shall make it;  
Why 'twas a very wicked thing,"  
Quoth Samuel's little son,  
"May, may, my little boy," said he,  
"It 'twas a glorious victory!"

"Named after the great prize-fighting bully, who was canonized in New York, and followed to his grave by thirty THOUSAND MEN!"

## Select Miscellany.

### LOVE AND RATTLESNAKES.

We are not aware (says the St. Louis Republican), that there is any similitude between the bite of a rattlesnake and the feeling that prompts man to "woo and wed." The venom of the serpent, we should hardly think, would suggest the sentiment of love, yet it may be traced to that fatal fascination which this identical animal had over our great grandame, Eve, under whose tempting influence she bit

Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world, and all our woe, With loss of Eden, &c.

Be that as it may, our speculations stop here, and we leave more competent persons to trace the singular divination that, in the first creation of the world, existed between the serpent and the woman, and come to an instance in our own day and generation, when the same potent influence has been illustrated between a rattlesnake and a man.

The great difference between the serpent that Moses wrote of and the beast we have to record is, that the former fascinated by its speech, while the rattlesnake we write of inspired by its deadly fangs. We were sitting day before yesterday in the office of the Clerk of the County Court, when a man came limping in, whose entire "togger" plainly indicated that he was from the "rural districts." His foot was bound up with many cloths, and looked, so huge were its proportions, like the inverted end of a hominy mortar. As soon as he had entered, he abruptly broke forth with the remark:

"Gentlemen, I have been bit by a rattlesnake."

An involuntary shudder passed through the whole crowd; but he resumed—

"Taint much the matter now—'twas orfally swelled at first—in fact so big I couldn't git it into a horse trough."

We looked at his huge pedal extremity, and fancied it resembled the base of one of the pillars of the Court House.

"But," said he, "I got it in a good cause. I was out in the prairie in the evening, with the spiddest specimen of a Sucker gal that ever milked a cow or waded Cahokia. She is a screamer, and no mistake, and as for as any heifer you ever saw in a pasture. Presently I heard a noise, and I know'd that noise as soon as I heard it, says I, 'Betsy, stand back till I brain that infernal varmint.' She know'd what it was, too, and didn't stop to ask no questions, 'cause she was heartfot. I don't know how it was, gentlemen, but I got the heaves, and determined to immortalize myself right there. In Betsy's presence, by pinning that rattlesnake's head, with the head of my boot, into the rich side of Belony. I draw'd a sight on him, with his forky tongue hekin' out of his 'mouth, and the rattles on his tail shiverin' like a gourd full of beans with the agy, and shot my right foot at his head; but the agy—miss'd the mark—and my old brogan went plump within six inches of his head. Them sort of snakes ain't idle—they're hair trigger animals, and go off instanter; so, before I could draw my foot, he whacked it right into my little toe, through the cowhide boot, twice. By thunder, it sting, and I know'd if something wasn't done, I was in a funeral."

"Betsy saw it in an instant, and said, 'Jakes, are you bit?' 'Ain't I though,' says I, 'I am blossoming for the tomb d—d fast.' I fell right over; she caught me in her arms, and laid me on the grass, and had my boot in a jiffy. She was a gal that know'd something about medicine in the way of roots and I yarbs, and in less than no time she had some ginseng leaves and other vegetable truck, and commenced banding 'em around my toe."

"I tell you what it is, gentlemen," said he, "as soon as her hand touched my foot—lor I had her sex on—I felt I was like a telegraph pole, and that the battery had busted, the sparks went all over me, and I felt so good and bubbled that I bawled right out. I thought Betsy never looked so pretty as when she was doing my toe. By-me-by we got up to go home, and my foot was sore, I had to lean

on her—and what a lean—I thought she was melting away under me, so all-fired queer did I feel. I wished a rattlesnake would bite me on the other foot, so she would have to bind it up and tote me—It's no use a talking; I was in luck, and I don't blame the snake a darned bit. Now I want to marry that gal, and I spose the Clerk of the Court can wax and end us together—can't you?" appealing to the good-natured countenance of our anatomical friend Thornburgh. The latter, however, told him it was out of his power, but directed him to the office of Squire Wait. He looked somewhat disappointed, but started off.

We felt some curiosity to learn the denouement of this transaction, and repaired to the office of the Squire, where the following colloquy took place:

Jake—"Squire, I've been bit by a rattlesnake."

Squire—"Sorry to hear it; but I'm no doctor."

Jake—"That's nother here nor thar. I want to get married."

Squire—"Ah! (with an eye to business) that's a different thing."

Jake—"Well, Squire, I want you to join Betsy and me. What do you charge?"

Squire—"Well, as you have been bit by a rattlesnake, I'll put it low—say, two dollars and a half."

Jake—"Whew! I can get the thing done for fifty cents in Belleville, only I thought that I would sorter like to have it done up in city style."

He started for the door; and after making a few steps, turned around and said—

"I say, Squire, let's split. I'll give you a quarter." But receiving no encouragement, he limped slowly on, ejaculating that this was "the most extravagant town" he ever saw.

Should any doubt the truth of this narrative, we can refer them to several gentlemen who were present.

OLD HUNDRED.—The history of this psalm tune, which almost everybody has been accustomed to hear, ever since they can remember, is the subject of a work recently written by an English clergyman. Martin Luther has generally been reconed the author of "Old Hundred," but it has been discovered that it was composed in the 16th century, by William Franke, a German. In the course of time, it has been considerably changed from the original, and it is said that, as it first appeared, it was of a more lively character than at present.

THE FASTEST YET.—A party of railroad engineers, at Utica, N. Y., were, recently, boasting of the rate at which they had run their respective locomotives, and some of these yards had been unannouncedly tough, when a quiet individual, who had listened with a great deal of attention, without saying anything, "look the hat" with the following specimen of fast running: "Why, gentlemen," said he, "the last time I run the Bluebird from Syracuse, we went so fast that the telegraph poles on the track looked like a fine tooth-comb."

A DIRECT APPEAL.—The Albany (N. Y.) State Register says that the spirit of Hinduism "appeals directly to the hearts of the people." To which the Knickerbocker, of the same city, replies—"It does indeed. But we regret to say the 'appeal' is commonly made with a bowie knife. For further particulars, read the Louisville massacre."

W. C. Bryant, the poet, in writing from the East, says that the Mohammedans are fast becoming Europeanized. They are becoming careless of the marriage vow, beat their wives, bruise their children, associate with infidels, and in fact are getting to be almost like Christians!

Down east somewhere, a pious old lady was summoned as a witness in an injurious case. Being told that she must "swear," the poor woman was filled with horror at the thought. After much persuasion she yielded, and exclaimed: "Well, if I must, I must—Dam!" The Court adjourned immediately.

Speaking of double blessedness, did ever any one hear anything so utterly audacious as the last "gift-entertize" scheme—the highest prize a "marriageable young woman" and 20,000 dollars? Every girl, with a handsome dowry, is a prize to the man who wins her, and marriage is in some sort a lottery. But the idea of a young lady being willing to take any one of forty thousand ticket-holders for better or worse, is, as Dominie Sampson says, "prodigious!"—*Baltimore Pictorial*.

A witty gentleman of this city, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone." "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."—*Buffalo Express*.

A SLOW READER.—A man was asked why he did not take a newspaper.

"Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I haven't read them through yet."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—Class in the Catechism attend.

"Where was John Rogers burnt?"

No answer, till Jake at the foot of the class sings out:

"I know, sir."

"Well, where was John Rogers burnt?"

Jake, throwing up his chin and taking an extra breath of wind—sings out in a double octave fortissimo,

"In the fire!"

"You say, Mr. Jones, that the prisoner stabbed the deceased. Was it in the thorax or the abdomen?"

"No, sir, it was in the street—I see it with my own eyes."

"That will do. Call the next witness."

Fantastic wants to know whether the laws in relation to thefts apply to those young men who "steal" away about daylight from a young woman's window.

Every tree is known by its fruit, except dogwood, which is known by its bark.

WING WOMAN.—Three bushels of salt to the acre will destroy the wire worm, besides adding greatly to the fertility of the soil. Refuse salt from the meat or fish barrel, is best.

Mrs. Jane C. Washington, widow of the late John Augustine Washington, of Mount Vernon, died at Bladensburg, in this county, Va., on the 6th inst., at aged 99 years.

## America—Its Age and Antiquities.

The only knowledge which the present can obtain of the past, anterior to written history, must be gathered from the lessons taught by the monuments that have survived the devastating wars of ignorant and infuriated men, the crash of the elements, and the slow corroding power of untold time. The two continents of this Western Hemisphere abound with these mute, enduring records. The labors of the antiquarian in Asia, Africa and Europe, have disclosed monuments of art, now in ruins, that were reared by a people whose history has passed down to us in written records. With the general history of the Assyrians, the Israelites, the Egyptians, the Carthagonians, the Greeks and the Romans, we are already acquainted, and all the discoveries made by antiquarians in their researches in those countries, among the ruins of ancient palaces, temples and cities, serve but to illuminate some portions of written history that are now dark, or illustrate others that are imperfectly detailed. But such is not the case in America. The antiquities of America extend from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the great lakes and British Provinces to Peru and Brazil, in South America. These ruins are not illustrated, nor even alluded to, by any written history. Their origin is lost to view behind the impenetrable veil imposed by unnumbered cycles of unchronicled centuries. Immense forests growing over the ruins of large cities, and the gigantic size of the trees, with indications that other generations of trees sprung up and grew and decayed before them, prove that these ruins preceded the Christian Era. Neither history nor tradition indicate the origin or the rise of those vast mounds that are scattered over the North American continent. They stand in silent grandeur, monuments of a race of people who have long since passed away, leaving no other trace of their existence. It is fashionable to speak of the Eastern continent as the Old World, yet it is not known to be entitled to this appellation. Who can say that the Andes and the Sierra Nevada are not the seniors of the Alps and the Himalaya? Who is prepared to prove that the pyramids of Uxmal and Palenque, and the pyramids of Cholula, in Mexico, do not take the precedence in age of the spinxes and pyramids of Egypt, and the winged lions of Assyria? History traces the rise and fall of Nineveh, of Babylon, and of Thebes; but we have no record of the rise, progress or fall of those great cities in Central America, which the laborious researches of Stevens and Catherwood brought to light. The human-faced bulls and the winged lions of Nineveh find no equivalents in the grotesque carving in stone of hideous forms of men and animals. Who can say that these rude sculptures of America did not precede those of Asia? But we will not speculate on a subject that offers no basis on which even a plausible argument can be erected. The existence of numerous and immense ruins in America of what were once large cities is a fact, and we must be content to remain in utter ignorance of the epoch in which they flourished. The most extensive of these ruins are to be found at Uxmal and Palenque, in the southeastern part of Mexico. At Uxmal are immense pyramids, coated with stone, and quadrangular stone edifices and terraces. The highest of these pyramids is one hundred and thirty feet, and on the summit it supports a temple; on one of the facades of the temple are figures cut in stone with great exactness and elegance. The hands are crossed upon the breast, the head is covered in something like a helmet, about the neck is a garment of the skin of an alligator, and over each body is a figure of death's head and bones. At Palenque are immense ruins—a city of great extent, with the remains of a royal palace. One temple, that of Copan, was 520 feet by 650, and is supposed to have been as large as St. Peter's at Rome. Another temple of great dimensions is here, having an entrance by a portico 100 feet long and 10 feet broad; it stands on an elevation of 60 feet. The pillars of the portico are adorned with hieroglyphics and other devices. Different objects of worship have been found, representations of the gods who were worshipped in this country. These temples, with fourteen large buildings and many other objects of curiosity, stand as monuments of ancient greatness, to remind us of the remote origin of a mighty Empire. This city has been described as the Thebes of America, and travelers have supposed that it must have been sixty miles in circumference, and contained a population of 3,000,000 souls. The pyramid of Cholula in Mexico, is described as covering forty-four acres of ground. On its summit was a temple, and in the interior has been discovered a vault, roofed with beams of wood, containing skeletons and idols. Several smaller pyramids surround this large one. It appears to have been formed by cutting a hill into an artificial shape. Its dimensions are immense, being nearly three miles in circumference and about four hundred feet high. It is divided into terraces and slopes, covered with platforms, stages and bastions, elevated one above the other, and formed of large stones skillfully cut and joined without any cement. In some respects the style of the architecture resembles the Gothic, being massive and durable; in others it resembles the Egyptian; yet the general construction, manner and style of its architecture are different from anything hitherto described in the world.—*Louisville Journal*.

POETIC PRIZE.—The Knickerbocker Magazine has for several years had up a standing reward of a brass quarter, to be awarded to the first man who rhymes to window!—The following takes the prize. Exchanges please copy:

YE EAKER.  
"Ye Baker stumbled o'bye Troffe,  
Where hee was kneading in Dough,  
Hys Ladye Love began to loffe,  
Assie peeped thro' ye Windowe."

YE LAST BEING SPEECH OF YE BEETLE.  
"Ye crust being a Beetle booke,  
Against ye wall hym pyimed—oh!  
Then spake ye Beetle to ye Crowde,  
"The me stuck up! I am not proude!"  
And hys soule flew out ye windowe."

In old times, at the South, it required a fine of 40 pounds of tobacco to make a man serve as constable.

M. Thomassay thinks salt can be made from the evaporation of sea water at two cents a bushel.

Do not ever sleep deep and if not, what will be the use of having a bed in the sea?

## Proficiency at West Point.

We recently heard from the lips of one of the Board of Visitors at West Point, a fact which illustrates the remarkable proficiency of the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the science upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with the guns at the close; military movements would be illustrated by the cadets acting as a corps, and the art of horsemanship would be practically exemplified by exercises in the riding school, &c. On one day there had been examinations in engineering and road building, and the Board of Visitors were invited to proceed to the river at half-past five in the afternoon, to witness a practical illustration of the examination. At the word of command the cadets proceeded to construct a bridge from timbers prepared for the purpose, and in twenty-four minutes a bridge one hundred and fifty feet long, extending into the Hudson, and resting on pontoons, where the water was deep, had been put together, and made passable for artillery and troops. The cadets were then required to take up the bridge. The bridge was taken down, and the various timbers of which it was composed piled in an orderly manner, so as to be ready to be put up again in an equally short space of time. This was accomplished in exactly nine minutes! Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the bridge used upon this occasion was one which was in the train of General Scott, in his celebrated march to the city of Mexico.—*Boston Journal*.

## The Party of Contradictions.

The citizens who are to vote at the coming elections should demand the Know-Nothing oracles to solve the following singular mass of contradictions:

Know-Nothingism is national in the South and sectional in the North; is secret in New York and open in Georgia; Catholic in Louisiana and Protestant in New England; black in Maine and white in Virginia; it swears the son to proscribe the foreigner, even if that foreigner should be that son's father; it opposes the caucus, and settles its candidates in packed caucals; it elevates the negro and degrades the adopted citizen; it curses all monarchs, and adopts the creed of George the Third against emigration; it abuses the Pope, and declares itself infallible; it assails the Spanish inquisition, and imitates its clandestine persecutions; it professes Christianity and proscribes its neighbor; it adores the Bible and shoots down moulting citizens; it adores the constitution, and sets up a test by that constitution prohibited; it pays a premium for treason to all who refuse to obey its obligations; it asks for free schools, and proscribes poor, helpless female teachers; it repudiates the Catholic and admits the infidel;—to crown all, it persecutes the most eminent native citizen who does not approve its immunities, and protects the lowest of ruffians—it discards an Edward Everett for a William Poole.—*Washington Union*.

GEN. HOBSON AND HISTORY.—General Sam Houston, in giving in his adhesion to the "secret order," justifies his course by saying the first secret political society formed in this country was the Cincinnati Society, that General Washington was one of its members, and that no man was eligible for membership in the society unless he was an American. General Houston's knowledge of the history of his own country must be rather deficient for one who professes so much native patriotism. The Cincinnati Society was not political at all, nor was it a secret organization. It was formed by the officers of the revolutionary army, to perpetuate their long-cherished friendship and social intercourse, and that they might at regular annual periods, communicate with each other, and revive a recollection of the friendly bonds by which they were connected. A fund was also provided to relieve any of the officers who might become unfortunate. Such "native-born citizens" as Lafayette, Sturben, and Kosciuszko, were members of the society. Sam Houston must go far off the track if he wishes to "succeed" as the leader of "Young America," for youth can scarcely excuse ignorance or perversion of the history of one's native country.—*Ledger*.

THE BROTHERHOOD IN CHINA.—Dr. Wentworth, a Methodist missionary, writing from Shanghai under date of June 8th, says:

"At Canton the chief amusement of the imperialists is cutting off heads. Lieutenant Jones, of the United States Navy, told me he saw one hundred and fifty decapitated there in one day recently. This is equal to the French guillotine or a Cincinnati slaughter house."

Mr. Williams writes from Canton that executions proceed at a "frightful rate." Nearly a thousand men were butchered there besides five or six times that number at Shanghai, the place of the capture of the most of the unhappy victims of this indiscriminate murder.

To show what lengths the Know-Nothing Abolition presses of New England carry their reasonable, blasphemous doctrines, we make room for the following extract from a late number of the *Vermont Freeman*:

"Wherever slavery is found we claim the right to assail it; and whoever or whatever comes between us and slavery to defend it—whether President Pierce with his Constitution, or President Lord with his Bible—finds no quarters."

We HOPE NOT.—It is said that ex-Senator Borland, of Arkansas, has joined the American party. His association can do no good to any organization.—*Phila. Sun*.

Solon is in a bad fix. The deprecation of the Sun reminds us of the story of the chap whose soul was refused admission to purgatory, on the ground that it was too wicked even for that locality.—*Buffalo Express*.

"Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other. "For I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

Mrs. Partington's Ike has bought a horse that is so spirituous, that he always goes off in a decaiter.

Hope is like a bad clerk, forever striking the hope of happiness, whether it has come or not.

Do not suppose that any one can assist you in building up a good character unless you lay the foundation yourself.

## THE VASSALS.

From the Frederick Citizen.

"We were assured, a few days since, by one of the VICE PRESIDENTS of the Know-Nothing Ratification Meeting, held in this city on the 16th of July, 'that MANY of the members of the order, in this county, had never taken the degrees according to the established formula of the discipline,—that MANY had never taken the oaths contained in the ritual, either on a Bible or a Cross,—that THESE were the respectable, intelligent and controlling members of the order;—but, that there was another class, in the order, who were SWORN on the Bible or the Cross, and that these were mechanics, laborers, common farmers—men who took no very active part in politics—and that these were the 'VASSALS' of the party, and that they were sworn, in order that the leaders might be able to wield at pleasure, large bodies of men through the moral power of the oaths these numerous VASSALS had taken.'" This VICE PRESIDENT assured us that he "had never sworn on a Bible or a Cross, but had only given his simple promise, and that he had, in this manner, without an oath, gone through ALL the degrees of the order." He informed us, also, that Mr. Joel Hall had joined the order only the day before the meeting of the Convention which nominated him for County Surveyor; and that Mr. Joel Hall had taken no oath but had only given a verbal promise in joining the party." He also stated that "Mr. Nathaniel Nelson, one of the candidates on the Commissioners' ticket, became a member only a few days before the meeting of the Convention, and was induced to join the organization by the promise of the nomination." These are STARTLING facts, if true, and from the manner in which they were communicated to us, we are forced to the conviction that his statements are but too true.—Is there not cause here, then, for serious reflection? Here is an organization consisting of two classes of men—the BARONS and their "VASSALS"—the AKISTOURATIC and the PLEBIAN,—the latter subject to the control and dictation of the former,—mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their MASTERS.—How long will the FREEWILL of Frederick county submit to this DEGRADING position? Shall we have the serfdom of the feudal ages revived in FREE REPUBLICAN America, in this the nineteenth century? Shall the virtuous, industrious, unambitious mechanic—the laborious and diligent cultivator of the soil, who turns the furrow with his own hand—and the honest toiling mass generally, be the OATH-BOUND "VASSALS" of an UP-START aristocracy? Shall a few ambitious, corrupt, office-seekers "lord it uncontrolled over their betters" through the instrumentality of oaths which they impose upon the "VASSALS," but which these noble BARONS (if sworn and repudiate as FIT ONLY to be taken and kept by the "lower classes?" Will FREEBORN AMERICANS submit to be PRE-ETTERED by a band of petty tyrants, feudal despots, Lords rich in some hundred acres, strong in their hundred willing slaves, "only great in that strange spell a name?"

Now will the organs of Know Nothingism tell us how far our informant's statements are correct? Our informant is a gentleman of high character—a Vice President of the Know-Nothing Ratification meeting, and has in his possession certificates from Know Nothings of his high moral character.

From the Frederick Citizen.

## Another Withdrawal.

"We call the attention of our readers to the letter of Mr. S. C. Hamner, of Solihaville, giving his experience in the 'black and horrid den of conspirators.' A few more such numbers will knock the brains out of Know-Nothingism so effectually, that the Monster will not even kick again. Mr. H. is a highly respectable citizen, whose word can be relied on implicitly. Ponder what he says:

TO THE PUBLIC.

SABILLASVILLE, Sept. 7th, 1855.

A week ago, I was induced to join the Know-Nothing Council. When I went in, I was asked "Where I was born and whether I was of Protestant birth," and at last, I took the first degree, and the obligation, "Never to vote or give my influence for any man for any office in the gift of the people, unless he be an American born citizen, in favour of Americans ruling America, nor if he be a Roman Catholic," but all was done with the understanding, that I was to be allowed to inquire further as to the aims and objects of the Order. The initiation was so repugnant to my judgment, that, night before last, I took the Constitution of the United States into the Council with me. I there told them, their oaths and proceedings were contrary to that Constitution. They said to me "The Constitution formed by GEN. WASHINGTON has been destroyed, but WE are going to restore it." I said, I believed the one I had was genuine, for it was signed with his name, and argued with them the illegality and unconstitutionality of their oaths, and told them I did not believe they had ever seen the Constitution, and then read the article "THESE SHALL BE NO RELIGIOUS TESTS," but they tried to stop it, saying, I had no right to discuss any such questions there. I told them I would publish their proceedings to the world; and they declared, I would have the dark and blighting stain of perjury resting on my soul; but if I would apply in person, at the proper time and place, I should have an honorable discharge, when I declared, "Gentlemen, not one step shall I take towards your black and horrid den of conspirators. I don't want your discharge; I will discharge myself." Upon their proposing to me the obligation of the second degree, by which I was to be bound to obey all signs or cries of the Order; and when signs of danger were given TO GO ARMED to the place designated, I at once refused to proceed, and declared my determination, which I now fulfill, to publish and reveal the whole of their terrible proceedings; for as I told them, I could have nothing to do with an agreement, which might force me even to plunge a dagger to the heart of my neighbour, and be unsuspecting it. All I can, and ought to do, is to expose it. I believe such an oath as I took, is to expose, it is not binding; and it is my duty as a good citizen, a law abiding God fearing man, to cast it aside. Such an illegal, sacrilegious and immoral obligation, which conflicts with my duty as a Christian and citizen, to my God and to my Country, and my fellow men, I think must be more sinful to keep than to trample under foot, and despise, as I do this; and I say to all Democrats, all Whigs and all good men, keep yourselves clear from the entanglements of this fearful conspiracy.

SAMUEL C. HAMNER.