

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL FAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

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

38TH YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

My Old Companion

BY ELIZA COOK.

My heart has yearned, like other hearts,
With all the fervor youth imparts.
And all the ardor that feeling lends,
Has frolic cherished "troups of friends."
A change has passed o'er them and us,
We are not as we used to be.
My heart, like many another heart,
Sees old companions all depart.
I mark the avenues of more than one,
But rest them on the cold white stone,
And stand that followed where mine is,
Now on the face of death's cold zone.
The world has warped some sons away,
That once were honest as the day;
Some dead, some wandering, some true—
O, old companions, faithful still!
But there are green trees on the hill,
And blue flags sweeping o'er the rill;
And there are daisy's peeping out,
And dog-rose blossoms round about,
Ye were my friends "long, long ago,"
The first bright friends I sought to know;
And yet ye come, where'er I will,
My old companions, faithful still!
And there are sunbeams, rich and gay,
As cheering as the ever new;
And there are fresh winds playing by,
As freely as in days gone by;
The birds come singing as of yore,
The waves ret ripple to the shore;
How'er I feel, rove where'er I roam,
I nothing see that to me's strange.
I'm glad I learnt to love the things
That fortune neither takes nor brings;
I'm glad my spirit learnt to prize
The smiling face of sunny skies;
I was well I grasped with loving hand,
The honey with flowers of the land;
For still ye live in friendship sure,
My old companions, bright and pure.
Though strong may be the ties we see,
The strongest earthly ties we break;
Though warm the hearts that love us true,
They may, perchance, forsake the true.
We see sad death and ev'ning fate
Fling shadows on life's daylight;
Noting the hours when dark shades glide,
And old companions leave our side.
But be we sad, or be we gay,
With thick curls bright, or thin lockgray,
We never find the spring bloom meet
Our presence with a smile less sweet.
O! I am glad I learnt to love
The tangled wood and cooling dews;
For these will be, in good or ill,
My old companions, changeless still!

Select Miscellany.

A Model Widower.

He begins to think of No. 2 before the weed on his hat loses its first gloss. My be seen assisting young girls to a seat in church; or order carts off dry crossings, for perjury feet are waiting to cross over.—Iscovineed he was never made to live alone.—His children must be looked after, or if he isn't any, he would like to be looked after—himself. Draws a deep sigh every time a dress rattles past him with a female in it. Is very particular about the polish of his boots or the fit of his glove; thinks he looks very interesting in black. Don't walk out in public with his children; when he does, talk to be youngest! Revives his old taste for moonlight and poetry; pines single men with all his heart; wonders how they contrive to exist. Reproves little John for saying "Pa!" so loud, (when he means him in the street.) Sets his face against the practice of women going home "alone and unprotected" from evening meetings. Tells the widows his heart aches for 'em! Wonders which of all the dancels he sees, he shall make up his mind to marry! Is sorry that he shall be obliged to disappoint them all but one! Has long since preferred orange blossoms to the express wreath. Starts some fair day and re-furnishes his house from garret to cellar; hangs his wife's portrait in the attic, (surrounded in old blankets,) and marries a playmate of his eldest daughter.

The Model Widow.

She wouldn't wear a veil on any account. Thinks her complexion fairer than ever, in contrast with her sables. Sends back her dress like the fold of craps on the new skirt isn't deep mourning enough.—Steadily refuses to look in the direction of a dress coat for one week. Wonders if that handsome Tompkins, who passes her window every day, is sane enough to think that she will ever marry again! Is very fond of drawing off her glove and testing her little white hand on her black bonnet, thinking it would be suggestive of an early application for the same. Concludes to give up housekeeping and try boarding at a hotel. Accepts Tompkins' invitation to "attend the children's concert," just to please little Tommy! Tommy is delighted and thinks Tompkins is a very fine gentleman to give him so much candy and so many little bonbons. His mamma begins to admit certain little alterations of her sorrow, in the shape of protracted conversations, walks, rides, cats, &c.
She cries a little when Tommy asks her if she has not forgotten to plant the flowers in a certain cemetery. Tompkins comes in and thinks her lovelier than ever, smiling through her tears. Tommy is sent out into the garden to make "pretty dirt piles," (to the utter denunciation of a few frock and trousers,) and returns very unexpectedly to find mamma's cheeks very rosy, and to be tossed up in the air by Tompkins, who declares himself his "new, new papa!"
Dresses—What a mysterious thing is a blush! That a single word, a look, or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or the sock which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul. There may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of his blind doctrine of chance.

Difficulties dissolve before a cheerful spirit like snow-drifts before the sun.

The Lost Saved.

Several years ago, says the editor of the N. Y. Evangelist, we were crossing the Atlantic Ocean. One afternoon the passengers were sitting in the cabin, when we heard a cry, the most fearful that ever rings through the ship, "A man overboard!" We flew to the deck, and there saw struggling in the water, a cabin boy who a few minutes before had gone out on the bowsprit to bring a seaman's clothes, and had been swept off by a powerful wave. He saw it coming and tried to hold on, but his little arms were too weak for a mighty billow. The wind was blowing almost a gale, the sea ran high, and the waves were roaring. As the ship flew before the blast, the boy was every instant drifting farther from us. The scene at this moment baffled description: The whole ship's company, four hundred persons, were gathered on deck—women crying and all in consternation, that they could not instantly snatch him from a watery grave. The voice of the captain rang through the ship, ordering the boats to be let down, and the ship to be put about. The mate and a couple of stout sailors sprang into the boat, and it was lowered away. In an instant she touched the sea, and with swift strokes of the oars, the seamen drove her through the water. It was a pull for life. The boy by this time had drifted perhaps half a mile astern. We saw him afar off, a mere speck upon the water, now altogether lost from sight, and now tossed into view by a wave. The boat grew smaller in the distance.

Rising and falling with the waves, it sometimes almost sank out of view. Never shall we forget the anxiety with which we followed the boat. At length it seemed to approach the distant speck, a motion was made as if the men were catching at something in the water, as if they were pulling things on board. And then the boat turned its head toward the ship. As yet we could not see distinctly whether the boy had been picked up or had sunk.

The boat came along side, and was hoisted up by the side of the ship with the hearty pulls of almost all on board. We are not quite sure of the result till we saw the mate step on deck, wrapped in his strong arms, a wet, shivering, almost dead boy. Never did we experience such feelings of relief as at that moment. A murmur of joy and approbation, though almost choked with tears, ran through the ship, a thrill like that which runs through heaven when a soul shipwrecked, and about to perish, is rescued and brought back to God!

A Runaway Steamboat.

An eccentric but most amusing cruise was recently made by a steam tow boat in the waters of Southampton harbor in England, the particulars of which are related by a correspondent who was an eye-witness of the whole affair. It seems that the Belmont, a regular steam tug, had taken in tow the ship Walter Hood, bound from Southampton to Australia. On reaching the lower bay the sails were set on board the ship, and at the same time the tow boat cast her off with the intention of returning to Southampton for another vessel; but by some accident the ship ran into the steamer, a violent crash followed, and in the confusion all hands, including the captain and cook of the latter, jumped on board the sailing vessel, leaving their boat in charge of a dog and two cats—a strange crew for a steam-giving craft. But her steam was up, and after a succession of plungings and crashings she succeeded in shaking herself clear of the ship, and the next moment was seen "going it alone," starting off at a terrific speed, and in anything but the right direction.

For a few moments her captain and crew, engineer and all, were struck with dismay; the long tiller of her rudder was seen dashing wildly to and fro, while the fierce barking of the dog, who evidently knew little of navigation or steering, rendered the scene at once absurd and terrific—ludicrous and frightful. Meanwhile the captain of the steamer, having recovered his presence of mind and composure, obtained a small boat, and with his men started in pursuit of his absconding craft—but ere he was well under way she had altered her course, and from some cause or other came round and set out for the point whence she had started, thus making or describing a complete circle. The men bent lustily to their oars, but the chased steamer dodged, shied, and circled about in the most erratic manner, the dog keeping up an incessant barking and howling, as though endeavoring in this way to head her off or bring her to reason.

Soon she shot off in a new direction, and now made directly for a light-ship in the outer harbor. Here the men on the look out deserted her, position, and having manned their own boat also started in pursuit. The race now became truly exciting, the course of the steaming boat becoming more and more uncertain, as she shifted to and fro at the sport of the waters of the channel. By this time, however, she had nearly run her race, her steam was getting low, and, at length, her speed gradually diminished, her paddles stopped, and she ultimately gave in from sheer exhaustion. The crew from the lightship were the first to board her, her own crew coming up about twenty minutes after. She was at length got into working order and brought safely into Southampton dock, where she was sentenced to undergo complete repairs after her frolic.—It is said that the crew were fully justified in leaving her as they did, she being in imminent peril of going down.—New Orleans Pioneer.

A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings, no art can mend and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others can see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

A leap year party, consisting of nine couples, were crossing the river from Rushville to Beardstown, Ill., in a sleigh. The sleigh sunk near the centre of the river, and all were lost.

Old bread may be made as good as new, by dipping the loaf in cold water, then putting it in the oven after the bread is drawn, or a stove, and let it be well heated through.

Not a Drop More.

Twenty years ago this was the custom in north-western Georgia, as indeed throughout the southwest, for dry goods dealers to keep a barrel of "spirits" in the back room, and to treat liberal customers to a glass whenever desired. "Fillens and Dewberry were such dealers in one of the small towns indicated; and they had for a customer a clever frolicking old fellow, named Joe Denny, who drank whiskey in preference to water always, and whose wife was "flesh of his flesh" in that particular. The old couple would come to town, trade quite freely, and quite freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have named. On one occasion both the old man and old woman continued their potations inordinately; and as Fillens observed that his goods went better the drinker the old woman became, he pressed her to drink.

At last she refused unless he "would sweeten it with a little sugar." Fillens indulged her, and when the old people started home in the evening late, the old man could scarcely mount his horse, and the good wife had actually to be lifted and placed on the willow behind him. Happily she leaned one way, and her husband the other, so that the gravitating point was between them; and as she clung to him instinctively, they passed out of the village safely.

Before reaching their home, however, they had to cross a small creek, and when they stopped in it to drink, the old lady having reached unconsciousness, releasing her hold, slid quietly into the stream below. Occupied with his thoughts, the old man did not perceive his loss, but jogged slowly homeward. Arrived there, the children inquired anxiously for "mamma," but the old man could only say that she had kicked on the "critter," and the "critter," hadn't kicked nary time; so he couldn't say where she must be! and threw himself stupid on the bed.

Girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling "mamma! mamma! mamma!" but, of course, no mamma responded.

When they arrived at the creek, the oldest girl shouted, "there she is setting down in the creek!"

And there she was seated comfortably in the water, which came nearly up to her mouth. As she swayed back and forth, now yielding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now resisting it with some success, the muddy fluid would occasionally wet her lips, and each time it did so, she would faintly exclaim with a grim effort to smile: "Not a drop more, Mr. Fillens, thou't it's sweetened." And it is to this romantic little incident in the life of the venerable Mrs. Joe Denny, that we are indebted for one of our popular colloquial phrases.

Mr. Grip Attends Divine Worship.

The Police Tribune elucidates excessive meanness in the following story: Mr. Grip is one of our best known citizens. Mr. Grip, is a worshipper of money, and never allows a dollar to pass out of his hand without giving the "squeezing" that makes him hiss like a gander. Mr. Grip is a church member, who attends divine worship with becoming punctuality. Although Mr. Grip is a man of wealth, he makes it a point never to put over five cents on the plate, even for the benefit of "Central Africa." This piece of coin he places in the right hand pocket of his vest, on Saturday evening, so as to "prevent mistakes."

A few Sundays since, Mr. Grip in dressing got on the wrong vest. He did not discover his error till the "man with the plate" commenced taking up the collection. The moment Mr. Grip saw him, he commenced chasing up that five cent piece. It was no go, however, for the smallest piece of money he had was a half dollar.—He, of course, could not think of "throwing away funds" in that manner. He applied to his wife: "Mary, have you got any small change?" "Not a cent."

He then turned to his son: "Got any small change, George?" "Nothing but a shilling." "Well, hand it here, and give me your knife. I'll stick him on four cents any way." Saying this, Mr. Grip took the knife and drew it across his son George's shilling. By this means, Mr. Grip reduced its value to eight cents and felt better for the next two days. Mr. Grip is a character. To do another out of four cents, affords him as much pleasure as to make two shillings in any legitimate manner.

A Cold Greeting.

"Good mornin, nizz," said a curled up, shivering Jarky as he encountered a half-frozen "kullid" acquaintance in the street. "Don't, don't, call dis a good mornin," retorted the latter; "dis is de wuz mornin I be'er encountered in all my travels. Wot you think is de cause of dis extraordinary spell ob wedder?" "I can't splain it on any philosophical principles I had about me just now, but I heard a white man say dat de world, which in oratory terms rebobs on its axle, has dis year turnd' only half round, and dat de cold side has stuck fast on our way."

"Dat must be de way ob it—dat's a satisfactory explanation. The big wheel on which de world rebobs has probably friz up, but I hopes dey'll thaw it soon."

And the two darkeys went their way marveling.

PRETTY RAPID.—An old man and his son, neither of them very well informed as to railroads and their use, chanced one day to be at work in a field near a railroad track. Railroad workers were novel "institutions," to them, and when a train of cars shot by, a thought was suggested to the lad, who said to his parent: "Dad, why don't you take a ride in the cars, some day?" "Take a ride in the cars? Why, I haint got time, my son."

"G't time! Thunder! You can go any where in the cars quicker than you can stay at home!"

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter, "I have come to want a young man."

A Wolf Story.

A friend from Wetzel county, Virginia, has communicated to the Editor of the *Richmond Daily Dispatch* an interesting account of a rather remarkable wolf, who has made that region of country the theatre of his exploits. He made his first appearance in Wetzel some four years ago, and has ever since that time been constantly increasing and enlarging the circle of his acquaintance. He seemed to possess some fascinations of manner unusual in a wolf, for he managed to ingratiate himself so thoroughly with the dogs of the neighborhood, that they became his associates and friends, and all jogged on together on the most intimate and confidential terms. His influence over his natural enemies was very great, and they soon began to look up to him as their leader and master. So long as they manifested a kindly and loyal spirit, he condescended to be good humored and friendly with them; but so soon as they became peevish or discontented, a simple clench of his jaws, crushing them through the body, and producing instant death, imbued their companions with a thorough conviction of the value of cheerfulness and contentment. This formidable animal seemed to regard it as a perfect pastime to be pursued by the largest pack of hounds, and by bull dogs, cur dogs, and all the rest of dog kind. The hunters of Wetzel, however, inspired by an offered reward of \$200, organized themselves under the command of an experienced leader, and commenced a regular campaign against his Wolfship, in the month of December last. The campaign lasted thirty days, and was kept up amidst the intense cold of that region, the assailants suffering much from frost and the want of food. The wolf, however, successfully defied their attack, and, in fact, appeared to hold them in so little fear, that he contrived, during the chase, to pay a visit to the house of a farmer, with whose dog he had, on a former occasion, formed an agreeable acquaintance. His social impulses, however, proved his ruin, for the master of the dog received him most hospitably with shot from a rifle; and on his retreating indignantly to a neighboring forest, he unfortunately encountered a Nimrod, who gave him his death wound. The destruction of this wolf has caused great rejoicing in Wetzel county, whose people had lost not less than two thousand dollars worth of property from the ravages of this monster.

Death of a Son of Molly Pitcher.

The *Carlisle Democrat* notices the death in that place, on Thursday of last week, of Sergeant John L. Hays, an old resident of Carlisle, and a soldier of the war of 1812. Sergeant Hays was born on the day of the battle of Lexington, and was consequently 85 years of age. He was the son of the celebrated Molly Pitcher, who distinguished herself at the battle of Monmouth, and of whom Heady in his "Life of Washington," gives the following account:

"It was during this part of the battle," (when Gen. Lee was struggling nobly against the overwhelming numbers that pressed on him), "that an Irishman, while serving his gun, was shot down. His wife, named Molly, only twenty-two years of age, employed herself, while he loaded and fired his piece, in bringing water from a spring nearby. While returning with a supply she saw him fall, and heard the officer in command order the gun to be taken to the rear. She immediately ran forward, seized the rammer, declaring that she would avenge his death. She fought her piece like a hero to the last. The next morning, Greene, who had been struck with her bravery, presented her to Washington, who immediately promoted her to a sergeant, and afterward had her name put on the half-pay list for life. Previous to this, she fired the last gun when the Americans were driven from Fort Mifflin."

At the close of the Revolution, Molly Pitcher took up her residence in Carlisle, where she was known as Molly M'Cauley. She lived to an advanced age, much respected by all, and was buried with military honors.

Preservation of Wheat from Weevil.

Numerous remedies have been proposed to protect wheat from the ravages of weevil, but the most of them have been, impracticable or too expensive. M. Cailat, in France, recommends the use of tar as a certain and economical agent for their destruction. He says: "The efficacy of tar in driving away the weevil and preserving the grain, is an incontestable fact. My father had, a long time ago, his granaries, barns and the whole house infested with these insects; so much so that they penetrated into all the chests among the linen. He placed an open cask, impregnated with tar in the barn, and then in the granaries; at the end of some hours the weevils were seen climbing along the wall by myriads, and flying in all directions from the cask. On moving the tarred vessel from place to place, the premises were in a few days cleared of the troublesome and pernicious guests. The weevil, as soon as he perceives their presence, imitates the surface of some old planks with tar, and there place them as if required in his granaries.—Care must be taken to renew the tar from time to time in the course of the year, so prevent the return of the insects."

An anecdote is told of Finney, the revivalist, and a cannibal, to the following effect: He was "holding forth" in Rochester, and in walking along the canal, one day, came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Going up he confronted him, and abruptly asked, "Sir, do you know where you are going?" "The unsuspecting boatman innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the boat 'Johnny Sand.'"

"No, sir, you are not," continued Finney, "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat can convey you."

The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the question: "Sir, do you know where you are going?" "I expect to go to heaven."

"No, sir, you are going in the canal!" And suiting the action to the word, he took Finney in his arms and tossed him in the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

An experimenting Yankee, named James S. Shute, of Woburn, Mass., whom the *Boston Traveler* calls an "amateur zoologist," has kept a tortoise two years and six months without food. It was an interesting experiment—to the "amateur," but how would he like to have it tried upon himself.

President Polk's Monument at Nashville, Tennessee.

On a beautiful lot in the vicinity of the capitol stands the residence of the late President Polk. His widow still resides here. In front of the house, looking towards the city, you may see a modest monument, built of the native limestone, bearing the following inscriptions:

On the entablature—
JAMES KNOX POLK, Tenth President of the United States, born Nov. 2, 1795, died June 15, 1849.

On the 1st side of the monument—
The mortal remains of
JAMES KNOX POLK are resting in the vault beneath. He was born in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and emigrated, with his father, Samuel Polk, to Tennessee, in 1806.

The beauty of virtue was illustrated in his life. The excellence of Christianity was exemplified in his death.

On the 2d side—
His life was devoted to the public service. He was elevated successively to the first place in the State and Federal Governments; a member of the General Assembly;

A member of Congress and Chairman of the most important Congressional Committees; Speaker of the House of Representatives; Governor of Tennessee, and PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the 3d side there is no inscription. On the 4th side is the following:—

By his public policy he defined, established, and extended the Boundaries of his country. He planted the laws of the American Union on the shores of the Pacific. His influence and his counsels tended to organize the National Treasury on the principle of the Constitution, and to apply the rule of Freedom to Navigation, Trade and Industry.

April Fools.

There are a great many April Fools in the world, says the *Philadelphia Sun*. The individual whose ingenuity is taxed in adorning nothing good, nor weeding his mind of evil; he who has been heaping up gold, and thereby gained as many cares and inquietudes as there are coins in his strong box; he who has reduced himself from affluence to poverty—are all fools—April Fools.

He who has suffered himself to be lifted to a station for which he is unfit, does not stand upon a pedestal to show the world an April Fool. The gray haired man, who has sought the joys of wedlock with a girl in her teens; and the young girl who has wedded an old man for his wealth—are a pair of April Fools. The married couple, who have linked themselves for life upon a week's liking; the ill-matched pair, who turn their backs towards each other, instead of making the best of a bad bargain; the lover who is downcast for a dancels' fickleness—all are April Fools. The farmer who has left a happy homestead to migrate to the "far west," the fresh-cheeked youth who has ruined his health with dissipation; the young lady who indulges in novel reading when there is a shocking hole in her stocking, or while her weary mother is scrubbing the door step; the young man who drinks, smokes, chews and swears, yet wonders why he is repudiated in good society; the man who don't advertise his business, yet wonders why his neighbor over the way prospers so well, who does advertise; the man who won't spend a few cents a week for a newspaper for his children, yet spends twelve times that amount a week in tobacco—altogether form quite a motley of fools. But the greatest fool of all is the man who inflicts a wound on his own conscience.

First of April Hoax.

The *New York Times* serves up a fine fresh poison d'heril. A young and pretty woman, rather thinly dressed for these raw spring mornings, was seen turning the corner of Second avenue and Thirteenth street, on Tuesday, at an early hour, bearing under her shawl a large bundle. She moved along the flagging at a rapid pace, until she stood before the door of a physician, who lived in the neighborhood. Casting a quick glance around, and a more careful one at the closed shutters of the vicinity, she dropped her burden into an ash-barrel, and hurried on. JOSEPH E. KEOUGH, Esq., observed the movements of the woman, and suspected the bundle was no right, gave chase to her, shouting "Police," contrary to the rule, secured the services of a star, and, by this time pretty well escorted by rag-pickers, school boys and passing men, led the poor shivering female back to the ash-barrel. She sobbed terribly; and protested it was nothing; but the policeman agreed with Mr. Keough that infanticide was to give a crime to go unpunished. The crowd gathered around the barrel to investigate the contents of the bundle. It was found to consist of an old silk apron wrapped around a body some twenty inches in length, and which must have died some days before. Feelings of indignation and shame for our poor fallen humanity gave place to an earnest desire to get out of the crowd as a forward urchin snatched up and swung the dead cat around his head, and the distressed female sobbed into Mr. Keough's ear—April fool.

Gov. Pollock has vetoed the bill for the election of a Public Printer.

Philadelphia Whigs.

Hon. CHARLES GULPIN, for many years Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, and always a Whig till the bulk of his party ran off to the Know-Nothing holes, has joined the Democracy. He has made speeches at several Democratic meetings, recently held in Philadelphia. At the last meeting he addressed, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That standing, as we do, upon the eve of one of the most momentous Presidential canvasses in the history of the nation, it is with no ordinary feelings of solicitude that we look around for a fitting person to occupy the position of Chief Magistrate. That as Pennsylvanians we feel proud in the fact that the man who seems best qualified for that great office, is to be found within the borders of our own State, and that we cordially endorse the sentiment expressed by the late State Convention, that the Hon. James Buchanan is the man whom the wishes of the people and the good of the nation, demand for the office of President.

The *Philadelphia News*, which gives a strong support to Fillmore, accuses Hon. Wm. B. Reed, the distinguished District Attorney of that city, with having declared himself in favor of Mr. BUCHANAN. We have no doubt the charge is true; and we imagine that if the *News* pursues its investigations, it will find plenty more prominent and even distinguished Whigs who have cast their last vote against the Democratic party. It is safe to say that in the event of Mr. BUCHANAN's nomination for the Presidency, twenty thousand Pennsylvania Whigs, the best men of the old Whig party, will vote for him against any Know Nothing, or Black Republican, or "mixed breed," on the face of the earth.—*Fal. Spirit.*

Henry Clay on Catholicism.

The following letter from Kentucky's—America's eloquent son was addressed to Gardner Jones, President of the University of Notre Dame de Lac, near South Bend, Indiana:

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—I have received and attentively perused the letter which, at the instance of the president and faculty of the University of the Notre Dame de Lac, you addressed to me the 4th inst. In that letter they have done me the honor to express their approbation of a speech of mine in the Senate of the United States, the object of which was to heal all differences, and amicably to adjust all controversies, arising out of the existence of slavery in the United States. Such testimony proceeding from a highly respectable body of gentlemen, retired from the world, and regarding justly the interests which belong to another and future state of existence as paramount to all others, affords me an inexpressible degree of satisfaction.

Now this is all distinguished by the fact, that we happen to profess different religious creeds; for I have never believed that that of "the Catholic" was anti-American and hostile to civil liberty." On the contrary, I have with great pleasure, and with sincere conviction, on several public occasions, borne testimony to my perfect persuasion that Catholics were as much devoted to civil liberty, and as much animated by patriotism, as those who belong to the Protestant creed. I am not surprised that, in the exclusion of those whom you represent, great solicitude should be felt for the safety and preservation of that Union which is our surest guarantee of peace, order, liberty, and public happiness. I hope and believe that dangers which appeared to threaten it have diminished; but there is still great occasion for the exercise of a spirit of concord, mutual concession, and harmony. I request you to present to the president and faculty assurances of my respectful acknowledgments, and accept those of your respectful and obedient servant,
H. CLAY.

DOUBTLESS.—Major Donelson says, that if General Jackson were alive he would be with him (Major D.) Doubtless. But then if General Jackson were alive Major Donelson would not be where he now is. He would be a Democrat. And so he and General Jackson would be together. Or, if not, General Jackson was death on traitors, and Major Donelson would be nowhere.

ONE OR THE OTHER.—Joseph A. Gilmore has sued John B. Clark, editor of the *Manchester, N. H. Mirror* for a libel, demanding \$20,000 damages. E. J. M. Hale has also commenced another libel suit against said Clark, demanding \$30,000 damages. Either Editors are very rich down in New Hampshire, or Messrs Gilmore and Hale will have their labors for their pains, even should they recover.—*Eric Oberver.*

DEATH FROM THE PHILADELPHIA NOMINATIONS.—The *Portsmouth Daily Herald*, one of the half dozen papers in Ohio, which hoisted the Fillmore flag, has died out for want of support.

GEORGIA AND HER RAILROADS.—Georgia is nearly checkerboard by railroads, and yet she stands before the world with a debt of only two millions six hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred and twenty-one dollars against her on the balance sheet. No other State in the Union can point to the same amount of works of internal improvement, and show so small an indebtedness.

A man and his wife have been arrested, in Boston, for "sweating" Spanish quarters. This operation netted them about five cents on each piece, as they put the coin into a machine, and clipped the entire edge of a thin strip.

The Wyandotte corn, whose prolific qualities have been heretofore noticed, is pronounced at the Patent Office to be comparatively worthless, either for distillation or fattening purposes. For fodder it might be valuable.