

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, The Markets, Local and General Intelligence, Politics, Advertising, &c.

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Choice Poetry.

The Flag of the United States.

N'er waved beneath the golden sun
A lovelier banner for the brave,
Than that our bleeding fathers won,
And proudly to their children gave;
Nor earth a fairer gem can bring,
Or Freedom claim a brighter scroll,
Than that to which our free hearts cling—
The flag which lights the freeman's soul!

Its glorious stars in azure shine,
The radiant heraldry of Heaven;
Its stripes in beauteous order twine,
The emblems of our Union given;
And trysts, with a trembling gaze,
Survey its bright and meteor glare!
While glory's sea around us blazes,
And rest in fearless splendor there.

Look, freemen! on its streaming folds,
As gallantly they range afar,
Where freedom's bird undaunted holds
The banner of peace and spear of war;
While high and low the rolling stars,
With words which every heart expand,
Within her bosom seal the scars
The badge of our united land.

Flag of the free! still bear thy way,
Undimmed by ages yet to unfold;
O'er earth's proud realm thy stars display,
Like morning's radiant clouds unrolled,
Flag of the skies! still peerless shine,
Throughout earth's azure vaults unfold,
Till every hand and heart entwined,
To sweep oppression from the world!

MEMPHIS APPEAL.

Select Miscellany.

In Debt and Out of Debt.
Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What meanness, what invasion of self-respect, what care, what double-edged sword! How in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how like a knife it will stab the honest heart. And then its transformations. How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how with the evil custom of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness can be found in cold water; what toothsome in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg!—Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo."

And then, for raiment, what warmth in a tumbled coat, if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket; what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a debtor! Next the home sweets, the out door recreation of a free man. The street door falls not a knell upon his heart; the foot of the staircase, though he live on the third pair, sends no spasms through the anatomy; at the rap of his door he can crow "come in," and his pulse still beats healthfully, his heart sinks not in his bowels.

See him abroad. How he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; how meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips, but then this man knows no debt; debt that casts a drug in the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquet of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot in the soap of an emperor; debt that like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a festering prison. (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for); debt that writes upon frescoed walls the handwriting of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the haunted fireside; debt that makes the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him!

Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes can, with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker makes way faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however contentedly it may be offered, in the cup of Sycra; and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, is poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin; a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him, but the debtor, although clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, or creditor?

My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; see thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threepence coat the only wear; and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at rest and the Sheriff offended.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Rather Quick.—Lardner's handbook says that the siren (an instrument for nicely calculating the vibrations of musical sound), when applied to the purpose of noting the buzzing made by wings of insects, shows that a gnat's fans flap at the rate of 15,000 times per second. This is one of the most astounding things in the universe. It is impossible to conceive the tremendous velocity of wings that strike 15,000 times while you say one.

Golden Horse Shoes.—The recently elected representative for the mining district of Woolshed, in Australia, Mr. Daniel Cameron, had the compliment paid to him by his supporters of having the horse he rode on at the time of the contest shod with shoes of solid gold, and was also presented with the sum of £1,500 (\$7,500).

THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

I was on my way to P—, in the year 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N—.

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he stir a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.

I determined to gratify this whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked, and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we are never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I felt unusually lonesome, and if it was not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quickly that on looking at my watch I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting on my bed in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one—its low vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor, and then followed a light and almost noiseless step, of one ascending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements seeming mysterious or suspicious; the sound of steps stopped at my door—then followed one as of applying the ear to the keyhole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if Heaven had elected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly passed on, and I cautiously approached the door of my bed-chamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound, for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door mine seized the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he had heard the sound and waited the repetition; it came not, all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry I caught a glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber through the half-opened door. I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim of a midnight assassin, and he, gracious heaven, a *woman!*

For at that moment a tall fierce looking black approached the bed; and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented; at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to crackling, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my feet caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance.—He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor!

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me!—take all—you cannot, will not kill me, sir!"

The servants now rushed in—all was now explained.

The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who, in after years, called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of the midnight assassin.

A Human Horn.—Dr. Porcher, of Charleston, South Carolina, has in his possession, a horn, about seven inches in length, and in diameter two inches and three quarters, bearing a close resemblance to a ram's horn, which he extracted from the head of a negro, aged about 52, born on a plantation in St. Johns Berkeley. It was removed in December, 1854, and the operation was accompanied with but little pain.

Remarkable Escape.—In the recent Panama massacre, one man showed a remarkable power of endurance, and was generally lucky all round. He was first shot in the thigh, which caused him to fall to the ground over his valise, which contained some \$2,800. He afterwards received some thirty wounds by stabs and gun shots, and laid in-sensible for hours. He finally was restored to consciousness, had his wounds dressed, and was doing well, while his valise was untouched by the natives.

The Heart's Mechanism.

The human heart is a wonderful piece of mechanism: a steam-engine is a clumsy contrivance compared with it. Man has two hearts, and each of these is double; so that he may be said to have four hearts. Two of these are for bright red blood, and two are for purple or dark blood. It is usual in books to call red blood arterial, and the purple blood venous; but each of these two double hearts has its own set of arteries and veins; and the arteries of the one are always filled with red, and the arteries of the other with purple blood. The veins, in like manner, of each are in inverse order—the veins of the red heart being purple, and the veins of the purple being red; for if the blood goes out red it comes back purple, and if it goes out purple it comes back red. It always goes out red from the heart on the left side, and comes in purple to the heart on the right side; and it always goes out purple from the heart on the right side, and comes in red to the heart on the left side. And thus it makes its everlasting round, being converted from purple to red by passing through the lungs. Each heart has its going and returning series of vessels, infinitely numerous and ramified; and the blood is forced through them in such a way that it must go forward, and cannot return, except by going round the circle; for these vessels are all supplied with valves that open only one way and shut the other; and therefore, were the blood to make an effort to return, the valves would close immediately and stop it. The elastic nature of the blood vessels, also, is such that they squeeze the blood in undulations or pulsations along, closing upon it, and then opening to let more forward; and all this they do spontaneously and regularly, the will of man having nothing to do with it, and no power over their movement.

Why Common Sense is Rare.
It is often said that no kind of sense is as rare as common sense; and this is true, simply because common sense is attained by all far more, and is a natural gift far less, than most other traits of character. Common sense is the application of thought to common things, and is rare because most persons will not exercise thought about common things. If some important affair occurs, people try their best, but to very little purpose; because, not having exercised their powers on small things they lack the development necessary for great ones. Hence thoughtless people when forced to act in an affair of importance blunder through it with no more chance of doing as they should than one would have of hitting a small or distant mark at a shooting match, if previous practice had not given him the power of hitting objects that are large or near.

Elements of Character.
An unfortunate traveler.
A Mr. Watson, of St. Louis, commenced an unfortunate career of Railroad travel last summer, at the time of the Gasconade disaster, at which time he nearly lost his life. Scarcely had he recovered from the injuries then received, when he again narrowly escaped death, from an accident which occurred to the train while he was coming east. He was laid up at the Girard House, Philadelphia, on account of the injuries received. As soon as sufficiently recovered, he took passage for Pittsburg. Some gentlemen who intended to go in the same direction, purposely delayed their departure, in order to avoid participation in his apprehended misfortunes. He, it singularly occurred, Mr. Watson's train met with an accident after proceeding a few miles, slight indeed, but sufficient to detain the train for several hours; and before arriving at Harrisburg, a second accident occurred, with a detention of twenty-four hours. In the mean-time, the cautious gentlemen before alluded to, pursuing their journey, overtook Mr. W., and unwittingly got on the same train for Pittsburg. Before reaching its destination, however, the fatal train was thrown entirely from the track by the breaking of a wheel. The passengers alighted, and greatly to their consternation saw Mr. W. on board. Thereupon the whole company became greatly agitated, and respectfully informed the company that it would be utterly impossible to proceed in his company. Our informant states that Mr. W. has succeeded in reaching Pittsburg, and is recovering from his contusions, at the Monongahela House. Mr. W. declares that, once more at home, he will remain there.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Origin of "Brother Jonathan."—George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in the Revolution, was a Mason, as well as all the other generals, with the solitary exception of Arnold, the traitor, who attempted to deliver West Point into the hands of the enemy. On one occasion, when the American army had met with some serious reverses, General Washington called his *brother officers* together to consult in what manner their efforts could be best counteracted. Differing, as they did, in opinion, the commander-in-chief postponed any action on the subject, by remarking—"Let us consult Brother Jonathan," referring to Jonathan Trumbull, who was a well-known Mason, and particularly distinguished "for his sound judgment, strict morals, and having the tongue of good report." It was from this circumstance, and the after use made of it, that the term gained a national application.—*Masonic Magazine.*

Giving a Title.—A Lieutenant in the army, named Broom, was advanced to a Captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him *one* Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having gone so far for the fortieth time, Broom said: "You will please remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name." "Ah," said his tormentor, "so you have; well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

Practical Application.—The liberty allowed under laws of Massachusetts for intermarriages between the white and black races is but rarely taken advantage of in Boston. A few days since a colored man of twenty-eight years, born in Norfolk, Virginia, was married to a white girl of nineteen years. Formerly such marriages were forbidden by law there, but the prohibition had no practical effect.

—A wag, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business *sweet* him.

Why Satan Never Disturbs a Woman.

Mohammedans relate the following story as an authentic and veritable piece of tradition, illustrative of the fact that the devil himself has duties to perform in the world, and he has never to be idle and neglect them, viz:—

In the days of Mohammed there was an Arab who had a very pretty wife. The devil transformed himself into so exact and accurate a likeness of her husband that she could not, for the life of her, tell which of the two was her husband. Both claimed her—i. e. the real husband and the devil in his likeness.

The case excited much interest in the neighborhood; but no solution of the difficulty could be obtained. At length the case was brought before his Majesty, the Prophet, for a solution. Mohammed, after a little reflection, held up an earthen pot in his hand, with a spout like a teapot, and said to them both: "Now, whichever is the *real* husband, will enter this vessel by the spout, and thus establish his claim to the woman."

The devil, having more capacity in that way than the sturdy Arab of real flesh and bones, entered at once into the pot, as suggested. The moment he entered, Mohammed closed the top of the spout and kept him shut in.

But by the time Mohammed had kept his excellency shut up for a few days in that earthen pot, it was ascertained that the world was getting wrong in its machinery. Mohammed was therefore constrained to let the devil out from his confinement, to take his necessary place in the management of the affairs of the world; but before restoring him to his liberty again, Mohammed extorted a solemn promise from him that he would never trouble the "fair sex any more, but confine himself to what he could do among the male sex."

Chemistry and Cosmetics.
Ladies who paint should be wary of going to chemical lectures. At Berlin, lately, an exceedingly brilliant auditory, amongst which were many very elegantly-dressed ladies, attended a lecture on Chemistry, delivered by one of the most celebrated chemists of the age. After witnessing a number of beautiful experiments, and hearing of the marvels of science, a young lady grew fatigued, and requested her husband to lead her from the hall. "My love," said the gentleman, on reaching the landing place outside, "wipe your cheek, there's a large blue spot upon it."

The lady, much surprised, turned to look at her reflection in the mirrored window of a shop they were passing, and was almost petrified to observe that the *rouge* on her cheeks had become blue, in consequence of the chemical decomposition occasioned by the gas the professor used in making experiments.

Against White Freedom.
In a meeting in Boston, which was recently addressed by Benj. F. Hallet, the following dialogue occurred:
"Mr. Sweet—Sir, I do not agree with that; but are you in favor of freedom?"
"Mr. Hallet—Yes, of all freedom."
"Mr. Sweet—I thought you were in favor of slavery."
"Mr. Hallet—That is another of your unhappy delusions. Now, let us test this clamor of anti-Kansas men about 'free-dom' definitions. Allow me to ask, are you, sir, in favor of freedom?"
"Mr. Sweet—Certainly I am."
"Mr. Hallet—Are you in favor of the freedom of the white people of Kansas, Nebraska, and other Territories to settle the question of slavery for themselves?"
"Mr. Sweet—No, sir, I am not."
"Mr. Hallet—Then you are *not* in favor of white freedom, but only *negro* freedom! That is the real point!"

Fast Woman—Bad Family to Merry Inn.
Much excitement has been created at West Milford by the elopement of Mrs. Sarah Courson with David White, of the same place. This is the third time this lady has figured as one of the parties of an elopement. Her first elopement occurred at the age of 20, or thereabouts, when she left her mother's residence with her first lover and went to New York, staid a spell, came back home with a child in embryo, never having been married—or at least it is so said. She became a nun, and resided home about six months or a year, when she went off on a tour with a man named Armstrong, a New Yorker.

She was afterwards married to a Courson, with whom she resided till the 23d of March last, when she again left West Milford to meet the said David White. Before spoken of, at Sloatsburg, where the two took the cars and went West, since which time nothing more is known of them. She left her child by her first companion at West Milford.

This Sarah Jane Courson is one of a family of six sisters, named Ryerson, five of whom have left their husbands and eloped with other men. All six have been married, and not one of the six lives with a lawful husband at the present day; five having eloped and the only remaining one deserting her husband, or refusing to live with him. *Wouldn't it be a case of equal singularity if we could find anywhere in the Union.*—*Patterson (N. J.) Guardian.*

A Determined Suicide.—John Taylor, an old resident of Fairfield county, Connecticut, killed himself lately in a novel way. He was found lying with his face down, in a stream of water of the depth of eleven inches, with a large flat stone upon his back. Apparently he had used this stone to aid in the accomplishment of his purpose.

Peach Tree River Runny.—We saw it stated, two years ago, in an agricultural journal that these pests could be driven from peach trees, by Tansy. We planted it at the roots of some ten or twelve trees, and not one of them has been disturbed, whilst others are injured badly. This spring we intend planting it around all.—*Newberry (S. C.) Sun.*

"That Blessed Baby."—An Epigram—That the "King of Algiers" has scarcely a chance (As some folks declare) to be king of France, Is surely a hasty conclusion; For, whatever may be the varying tide, He's one chance to go in by the regular slide, And a dozen by revolution!

—What fish have their eyes nearest together?
The smallest.

NOMINATION OF MR. BUCHANAN.

In the performance of a duty imposed by the Democratic State Convention of the 4th of March, under the following resolution:—
Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to inform Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN that he is the unanimous choice of this Convention for the next Presidency.

The following gentlemen, viz:—Geo. W. Brewer, of Franklin co., Joel B. Danner, of Adams co., J. M. Porter, of Northampton co., J. B. Gibson, of Allegheny co., Geo. R. Merrill, of Philadelphia, members of the Committee, assembled at Lancaster on Thursday week at 10 o'clock. At 12 o'clock they proceeded to Wheatland, Mr. BUCHANAN'S residence, accompanied by a number of friends. Mr. B. received the party with much cordiality and warmth, many of whom he had not seen since his return from Europe. After a short time spent in conversation, Mr. G. W. Brewer, chairman of the Committee, addressed Mr. BUCHANAN as follows:—

MR. BUCHANAN:—The Democratic State Convention, assembled at Harrisburg on the 4th of March last, appointed a committee, of which I have the honor to be the Chairman, to announce to you formally, that you continue to be, as you have been for years, the first, last and only choice of Pennsylvania, for the office of the Presidency of the United States. We perform this duty with pride and pleasure, because in doing so we speak the voice of a Convention, unanimous, and utter the heartfelt sentiment of a people undivided.

The day of opposition to you has passed away, and the time has come when you are left without a rival in the popular heart. The people of your native State, alive to the tender and natural associations of birth and home, but yet more impressed by the signal services and devotion of a whole life of distinguished ability and national patriotism, would, with one voice, summon you again from the coveted repose of this cherished retirement to the guardianship of a common country, and the vindication of an endangered constitution.

Your fellow citizens, of the loyal and ancient Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, realizing with intense interest the importance and grandeur of the approaching conflict—important, because it will involve the happiness and prosperity of a great Republic—grand, because it will bear before its conquering banners the ark of civil and religious liberty—and not unmindful of the obligations of that duty which they owe to the nation and to the world, to maintain these great issues, and to vindicate their sublime truths, have selected you from a long list of worthy and distinguished names, to lead the Democratic column into victorious battle, and achieve for the country and for mankind the glorious triumph of Democratic principles. Intolerance and sectionalism are now seeking to violate the compromises of the Constitution, and to dismember the sovereign States of this mighty confederacy. But the integrity of the American Union, beautified and bound together by the electric chain of Democratic truth, expanding along the pathway of empire into power and greatness, every new link adorning and strengthening the compact, and every new star cheering and brightening the sky of human freedom, "must and shall be preserved," until, in the accomplishment of its grand mission, the curse of every form of bigotry and despotism shall have been swept from the earth, and the dark habitations of war and tyranny have been turned into the lovely scenes of peace and prosperity. Your life of eminent service and of tried devotion to the cardinal doctrines of the party, is the best and safest pledge for your continued attachment to the Union and fidelity to the constitution.—Yours is no doubtful lineage—no uncertain record—no undistinguished history. Your purity and talents have dignified and illustrated every walk of life and every station of power—your firmness and statesmanship have defended and maintained the national honor and national supremacy at home and abroad.

The approaching crisis demands the most enlarged experience, and the most accomplished statesmanship—the highest integrity and the purest patriotism. All the qualifications for the office of the Presidency, demanded by the sovereign and independent States of the Union, the Democracy find united in you.

And we complete our duty, by presenting to you a copy of the proceedings, and the resolutions adopted by the Convention, with the firm conviction, that you will recognize in them, the principles which have secured to the country the blessings of liberty, religious and political.

MR. BUCHANAN'S REPLY.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you, with all my heart, for the kind terms in which, under a resolution of the late Democratic State Convention, you have informed me that I am your "unanimous choice for the next Presidency."

When the proceedings of your convention reached me in a foreign land, they excited emotions of gratitude which I might in vain attempt to express. This was not because the Democracy of my much loved State had, by their own spontaneous movement, placed me in nomination for the Presidency—an honor which I have not sought—but because this nomination constituted in itself the highest evidence that, after a long course of public services, my public conduct had been approved by those to whom I am indebted, under Providence, for all the offices and honors I have ever enjoyed. In success and in defeat—in sunshine or in storm—they have ever been the same kind friends to me, and I value their continued confidence and good opinion far above the highest official honors of my country.

The duties of the President, whomsoever he may be, have been clearly and ably indicated by the admirable resolutions of the Convention which you have just presented to me, and all of which, without reference to those merely personal to myself, I heartily adopt. Indeed, they met my cordial approbation from the moment when I first perused them on the other side of the Atlantic. They constitute a platform broad, national, and conservative, and one eminently worthy of the Democracy of our great and good old State.

These resolutions carried into execution, with an inflexibility and perseverance precluding all hope of change, and yet in a kindly spirit, will, ere long, allay the dangerous excitement which has for some years prevailed on the subject of domestic slavery, and again unite all portions of our common country in the ancient bonds of brotherly affection, under the flag of the Constitution and the Union.

We annex the resolutions referred to by the

Committee and endorsed by Mr. BUCHANAN:—
Resolved, That in the present distracted condition of parties, in which sectional and partial issues have been allowed to attain a dangerous supremacy, we recognize in the policy of the Democratic party, that which rests upon the Constitution as its basis; and that it is the party which above all others has, in the language of the illustrious Madison, ever continued "to hold the Union of the States as the basis of their peace and happiness; to support the Constitution, which is the cement of the Union, as well in its limitations as its authorities; to respect the rights and authorities reserved to the States and to the people, as equally essential to the success of the general system; and to avoid the slightest interference with the rights of conscience or the functions of religion, so wisely exempt from civil jurisdiction."

Resolved, That by the general consent of the wise and virtuous of all nations, the framers of the Republic of the United States, exhibited in their individual characters and in the result of their public deliberations, a degree of virtue and a practical Statesmanship to which the history of the world affords no parallel; that in no part of the Federal compact is the wisdom of our Fathers more conspicuous, than in leaving the whole question of Slavery to the States in their separate capacities, and that in the provision for the redelivery of fugitives escaped from labor or service, they demonstrated a sense of justice, an appreciation of the value of the Union, an attachment for its preservation, an avoidance of one-sided philanthropy and impracticable theories of government, which present a proper example for the guidance and imitation of our descendants.

Resolved, That we look only to the Constitution, and the exposition thereof which has been afforded by the practices of Democratic administrations, for the chart of our policy. That these constitute, until the fundamental law is changed by methods which itself provides, the highest law of our obedience as citizens; and that we utterly discard that partial and exaggerated sympathy, the attempt to carry which into practice is at the peril of our dearest interests as a nation, and threatens the infliction of evils of tenfold magnitude to those which it proposes to heal.

Resolved, That the equality of the States is the vital element of the Constitution itself, and that all interference with the rights of the States, by those who seek to disregard the sacred guarantees of the past, and by all others, should be rebuked with the same spirit that would denounce and repudiate all attempts to erect odious distinctions between those who are entitled to share the blessings and benefits of our free institutions.

Resolved, That the effort to direct the power of the government by anti-slavery agitators, under the various names and phases of Free Soilism, Anti-Nebraskaism, Fusionism, and Republicanism, and by interfering with the rights of conscience in establishing a religious test as a qualification for office, by the secret oath-bound society of the Know-Nothing, is opposed to both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, and to the earnest teachings and practices of its earliest and most honorable administrators.

Resolved, That we are now as ever unalterably opposed to the doctrines and designs of all organizations which contemplate the overthrow of the civil and religious rights of the citizen, like the equality of the States, is a sacred and unalienable right, never to be interfered with by factious parties and reckless legislation, without a subversion of the primary objects of our political system, and a repudiation of the guarantees of the past, and the hopes of the future.

Resolved, That in the repeal of the so-called Missouri Compromise Act, and the passage of the act organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, free from unconstitutional restrictions, the late Congress performed a work of patriotic sacrifice, in meeting the demands of sectional excitement by unshaken adherence to the fundamental law.

Resolved, That this legislation cannot be deemed unnecessary, but that it was expedient to meet the questions of which it disposed, and which could never admit of a more easy settlement than at present. That we recognize in it the application to the Territories of the United States of the rule of "equal and exact justice to all men," of all sections of the confederacy, which was designed by the framers of our government, and which was defined as one of its essential principles by the immortal Jefferson.

Resolved, That the Democracy of Pennsylvania, as following the counsel of some of the wisest statesmen of the North and South, were ready on more than one occasion in the past to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific, so as to make it the basis of a settlement of the question of slavery in the Territories; but when this proposition was rejected, in 1848, on the ground that it involved an undue concession to the South, by the very men who now clamor for a restoration of the Missouri line, there seemed to but one wise alternative left, and that was to refer the whole question of slavery in the Territories to the people thereof, to be regulated as they may deem proper, and we therefore, cheerfully extend our hearty support to the policy of the government as recognized in the Compromise measures of 1850, embodied in the laws organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska.

Touching a Tender Point.—A few days since the Springfield (Mass.) Argus asked what was to be done with the money which the Kansas lecturers are collecting under the name of "aid for Kansas." The Boston Telegraph, a Black Republican print, replied that it was none of the Argus's business; and the Argus rejoins:—

"It would seem that we touched a tender point when we inquired about the destination of the Kansas fund. The Black Republican papers evidently don't like to tell. Are we right in supposing that none of this money collected as 'Kansas aid' will go to Kansas? that it is to be used as a vast electingeering or 'corruption fund' in the presidential canvass? Or will 'General Pomeroy and other peculiar Kansas patriots pocket it?"

—Mr. Thackeray has been delivering his lectures in Cincinnati, whereas the Gazette remarks that "his talents for saying nothing in a most entertaining manner surpass those of any speaker we ever heard."