

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.

35TH YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

The Old, Old Home.

BY EDWARD C. JONES.

When I long for sainted homelands,
Like angel troops they come,
It folds my arms to you far,
On the old, old home,
The heart has many passages,
Through which pure feelings roam,
But its middle niche is sacred,
To thoughts of old, old home,
Where infancy was sheltered,
Like rose-buds from the blast,
Where boyhood's brief epiphany,
In joyousness was past;
To that spot of spot forever,
As to some beloved dove,
Life's pilgrim bends his vision;
'Tis his old, old home,
A father sat low proudly
By that dear hearth-stone's rays,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's day,
And one soft eye was beaming,
From child to child 'twould roam;
Thus a mother chid her treasures
In the old, old home,
The birth-day gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn,
Some dear ones who were swelling it
As with the Scorpian;
The fond "good night" at bed time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us altogether,
In the old, old home,
Like a wreath of scented flowers,
Close intertwined each heart,
But time and change in concert
Have blown the wreath apart;
But sainted, sainted memories,
Like angels ever come,
If I fold my arms and powder
On the old, old home.

Select Miscellany.

What Pride Costs.

An Illinois farmer, writing to a Chicago paper about the expenses of a settler, says "his living will vary according to the size of his family, and their propensity to gratify pride, which is always an expensive article in a new country." The good farmer might have added that pride was an expensive article anywhere. Certainly, it is none the less costly in our great Atlantic cities, which are full of ruin caused by pride. Thousands are annually beggared, and tens of thousands straightened in circumstances by this same pride. It is pride that makes the father dress his daughter beyond his means. It is pride that induces the mother to do the kitchen work, that Mary Ann may sit in the parlor and practice music. It is pride that leads families to live in houses finer than they can afford, to give showy parties, to waste the surplus of their income in a summer excursion. It is pride that has French mirrors, French lace, French China, French knickknacks of every sort. It is pride, in short, that is at half the extravagance of the age. Truly did the wise man say, "pride goeth before destruction." Embarrassment and ruin are what pride costs.

She Never Leaves Him.

Look at the career of man as he passes through the world—of man, visited by misfortune! How often is he left by his fellow men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third perhaps betrays him; but woman follows him in his affliction with unshaken affection; braves the changes of his feelings, of his temper, emboldened by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtues; in resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distress, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty or compassion to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow come together, she follows him to the tomb, with the ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

Importance of Fresh Air.

Dr. Griscom, lecturing in New York upon the importance of air, a fact of which builders do not seem to be sufficiently aware in the construction of houses, says the lungs can contain about twelve pints of air, though nine and a half pints is as much as is inhaled at a single inspiration. In ordinary and placid breathing we inhale about one pint at an inspiration; called, singers, when they "take breath," as it is called, inhale from five to seven pints. Eighteen respirations take place in a minute; it takes, therefore, eighteen pints of air every minute, and fifty-seven hog-heads every twenty-four hours to supply the lungs. Seventy-two pulsations occur in one minute, and one hundred and three thousand six hundred and eighty, in twenty-four hours. The dark venous blood passed and repassed from the veins through the heart, to be purified into vermilion-colored arterial blood, by contact with fresh air in the lungs, amounts to twenty-four hog-heads in twenty-four hours. It is then sent through the arteries to nourish the whole system, distributing its vitality, to be recovered again from fresh air in the lungs. From the construction of some of our public buildings, it would seem that the builders thought that pints of air were sufficient, in place of hog-heads.—The Cincinnati.

The bravest heart of contains the most humility.

The Sailor and the Widow, or Nothing Lost by Kindness.

Nearly half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, one forenoon, when a little past Bishopston, a lady in the coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired, and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it.

When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired of the boy, what was his object in coming up there. He said he wished to be a sailor and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him a half crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well.

Twenty years after that, the coach ran to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road. When near Bishopston, a sea captain observed an old widow lady on the road, walking very slowly, fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her.

Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopston, the passengers were sauntering about except the captain and the old lady, who remained in the coach. The lady thanked him for his kindly feeling toward her, as she was now unable to pay for a seat. He said, "He always had sympathy for weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago, near this very place, when a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat."

"Well do I remember that incident," said she. "I am that lady, but my lot in life is changed. I was then independent. Now I am reduced to poverty, by the doings of a prodigal son."

"How happy an I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprise, and am returning home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum till your death."—British Workman.

Dreaming on Wedding Cakes.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience:

We put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant blissfully, with an easy conscience, and soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh, that the dream had broken off here! But no; some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have a pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we, fondly, "did you make this?"

"Yes, love, ain't it nice?"

"Glorious! the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my wife.

"Oh, no, dearest, bread pudding; I always was fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding?" exclaimed my wife, while her lips curled slightly with contempt.

"Certainly, my dear; reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood-House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad; plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir; and my pretty wife is blow flushed with excitement."

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry. I'm sure it's very good, if it is bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely rejoined my wife, in a higher tone, "you know it's a plum pudding."

"Then, ma'am, it's so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself would not know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding!" shrieked my wife, and she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

"Bread pudding!" gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din, and I had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smash across my head.

"Bread pudding!" we groaned in a rage, as the chicken left our hand, and, flying with a swift wing across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gray dish took us where we had been depositing the first part of our dinner, and a plate of beets landed upon our white vest.

"Bread pudding forever!" shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen, and falling under its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled our amiable spouse, as, noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon us dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession followed the war cry, "Plum pudding!" she shrieking with every dish.

"Bread pudding!" in smothered tones came up in reply. Then it was "plum pudding" in rapid succession, the last cry growing feebler, till just, as I can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper, "plum pudding" resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down, when, thank Heaven, we awoke, and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again; that's the moral.

Singular Fact.—Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have doubtless been struck with surprise at the great number of horses just seven years old. A shrewd Scotch jockey, whom I once employed to aid in the selection of a horse, as he examined the animal's mouth, inquired of the seller, "How old is he?" "Seven years." "Ah," said Johnny, "that seven years ago was a tremendous year for colts."

Punctuality is, no doubt, a quality of high importance.

Getting an Invitation.

There was a rich farmer in a county, who had four or five fine orchards of apples, pears, peaches, and other fruit. He had taken up amateur farming after having been a "learned" man, and a successful money-making lawyer in the city. Now he was of a close nature, and did impart but little of his fruits or his substance to his friends and neighbors in the region round about him—He would walk about with his men in the mellow autumn-time, picking his luscious fruits, but seldom would he offer any to the hungry passer-by who might look longingly upon his luscious treasure. He would even with his long-knife, cut from a half decayed peach, or apple, or pear, or apricot, the diseased part, and put them in a basket by themselves, that nothing might be lost.

Now there was a plan formed by five or six of his neighbors' sons, whereby to make him more generous to others of the fruitful bounties of Nature wherewith he had been blessed. This was an appeal to his vanity of vast "earning." One afternoon, while he was in his orchard, picking apples and pears, near the roadside, he saw five or six of his neighbors' boys approaching in the main road. They were apparently wrangling concerning some question then at issue between them.

"Well, let us leave it to Mr. B.—" said one; "he knows, because he has been a lawyer; he is a learned man, and a man who understands grammar."

"Agreed!" said they all; "we will leave it to Mr. B.—"

"What is the question in dispute?" asked Mr. B.—"as he approached the corner of the fence which led along the road."

"It is this," said the head wag of the party: "Is it proper to say—would it be proper to say, to us, for example—we six—would it be proper for you, supposing a case, to say to all of us, 'Will you take a few apples and pears?' Shouldn't the question, to be grammatical, rather be, 'Will you take some pears, apples, or apricots?' As a grammatical question, how should you put it, Mr. B.—?"

"The case," said Mr. B.—"is perfectly simple. You is individual, ye includes many; as, for example, Saint Paul: 'Ye men and brethren' etc. Oh, yes, it's a plain case. I should, of course, ask your question in this way: 'Will you take some pears, apples, and apricots, gentlemen?' That would be—"

But before he could get another word out, they all replied:

"Certainly, Mr. B.—certainly, and much obliged to you besides." "I am very fond of apples." "I affect no fruit so much as a good pear." "I go in for apricots—the most delicious of all fruit that grows on a tree!" And each man jumped over the fence and helped himself, having been invited to do so in a courteous and entirely grammatical way!

George the Third.

It is said the King, after the close of the American Revolutionary war, ordered a thanksgiving to be kept throughout the United Kingdom. A noble Scotch divine, in the presence of his majesty, inquired:

"For what are we to give thanks, that your majesty has lost thirteen of his best provinces?"

"No, an'wered the King.

"Is it, then," the divine added, "that your majesty has lost one million lives of your subjects in the contest?"

"No, no," said the King.

"Is it, then, that we have expended and lost a hundred millions of money, and for the defeat and tarnishing of your majesty's arms?"

"No such thing," said the King pleasantly.

"What then is the object of the thanksgiving?"

"To give thanks that it is no worse!"

Durability of Timber.

The following instances show how extremely durable wood becomes, when kept immersed in water. The piles under London bridge have been driven six hundred and fifty years. On examination, in 1756, they were found to be but little decayed; they were principally of elm. Old Savory place, in London, was built about the same time; i. e., about six hundred and fifty years ago, and upon recent examination, the wooden piles, consisting of oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, were found to be perfectly sound.

But, the most striking example of the durability of timber in a wet state, is afforded in the piles of the bridge built by the Emperor Trajan, over the Danube. One of the piles was taken up, and found to be petrified on the surface to the depth of about three-fourths of an inch; beneath this the rest of the wood was not different from its original state, though sixteen hundred years had elapsed since it was driven!—The Cincinnati.

The finest idea of a thunder storm extant was when Wiggins came home tight.—Now, Wiggins was a teacher, and had been to a temperance meeting, and drank too much lemonade or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters; and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell upon the floor. After a while he rose and said: "Wife, are you hurt?" "No." "Girls, are you hurt?" "No."

"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

A man may think well, and yet not act wisely. The power to see what is right is very different from the power of doing it. A man of moral energy will accomplish more with a little knowledge, than a man of inferior will with much. And strength of will is generally acquired by struggling with difficulties in early life.

Revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uneducated. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime-civilizer, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to enable man; and he is debased by revenge.

It is now satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought that the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband, it will remove one of her wrinkles.

Never joke with ladies on matrimony or bread-making. It is very wrong. One refers to the affections of the heart, and the other to those of the stomach. Young men will please chalk it down in their bats.

A Brave Boy.

The Placerville Democrat relates the following incident of the recent fire in that place: "When the alarm of fire was given, the inmates of the Iowa House rushed out of it in the utmost haste and confusion. The Chief Engineer, Alexander Hunter, Esq., accompanied by Master-Jackson L. Ober, an *attache* of the Neptune, a youth only fourteen years old, son of Dr. Ober, promptly repaired to the burning building, when they were appalled at hearing Mrs. Rockwell, in the extreme of agony, crying that her youngest child had been left lying asleep in one of the rooms of the burning building. The danger was imminent—the risk fearful; but our little hero, nothing daunted, boldly pushed his way, through flame and smoke, to the room where the child lay, sleeping unconscious of its danger. He took up the child in his arms, and cautiously wending his way back, escaped, and placed it in its mother's arms, uninjured, just as the burning building fell in. His clothes were scorched and his arm slightly burnt. Such heroism in a youth deserves something more substantial than a mere notice in a newspaper, and we hope our citizens will present him a suitable testimonial for his intrepid conduct. He is an intelligent, modest, gallant, little fellow, and should be sent to West Point or the Naval School at Annapolis.

There has lately occurred in Germany, before a Rhenish court, a trial in which the judgment finally delivered on appeal would seem to conflict literally, if not essentially, with the old common law maxim, that a landholder owns from the soil upwards, even to heaven. The case and proceedings are thus reported:

"A man possessed some nut trees, of which the branches hung over the ground of a neighbor, who picked up the ripe nuts that fell from the tree, and also broke some branches. For this the latter was prosecuted for theft and trespass, but acquitted, on the ground that he was entitled to profit by fruit growing over his own property. Appeal was made from this decision, and the judgment reversed by the superior tribunal, because the principles of civil law ordain that all fruit and branches belong to the stem, and the stem to him upon whose ground it is planted; and that the right of property of the latter does not cease with the extension over the neighbor's ground, no matter how far this extension.

The accused was consequently condemned on both counts."

An Albany paper states that a specimen of the Grenoble Hose has been sent to the foreman of one of the fire companies in that city.—This hose is manufactured in Grenoble, France, is made of hemp, and is seamless. It is said to be impossible to burst it, so very strong is it woven. Its cost is 40 cents per foot, whereas leather hose costs, we understand, 80 cents per foot, or twice as much. Some of our firemen consider it an improvement on leather hose, and if this is so, it would be well for our city authorities to order a quantity. If it is better, and the cost one half, there is no reason why they should not do so. It is said to be cleaned much easier, and no "slushing" with grease is required. The authorities of New York have ordered some 5,000 feet.

Hoof Expander for Horses.—Horses that are hoof-bound may be easily cured in a short time. First, let the smith pare down the heel of the hoof till it is as flat and natural as a colt's; then take equal parts of pine-pitch and butter, simmered together, and anoint the heel only. The hoof of any horse may be grown out in three months, by applying faithfully this simple remedy.—*Soil of the South.*

American Oaks.—Last year one hundred and twenty-seven American oaks, each thirty-five years old, were planted on the *Quai des Tuleries*, in Paris. Of these, eighty-seven took root, and are now green and flourishing. The rest, 33, are dead.

Railroads.—The "United States Railroad Directory" states that the railroads in the Union are over 500 in number, besides some 80 branches, and the amount of capital invested in them exceeds seven hundred million dollars!

Lucky Shot.—During the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill, without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water.

A Western "poet" gets off the following explosion:

"The engine groaned,
The wheels did creak,
The steam did whistle,
And the boiler did leak;
The boiler was examined,
They found it was rusted,
When all on a sudden,
The old thing busted."

Dr. South says: "The tale bearer and the tale hearer should be hanged up both together, the former by the tongue, the latter by the ears."

Why are the ladies of the present day like the lilies of the Scripture? Because they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them."

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will."

An incorrigible wag, who lent a minister a horse, which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in spreading the gospel!"

Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit? asked a sabbath school teacher of his class. Because, replied one slyly, they thought it a good opening for the young man.

Why is the life of an editor like the Book of Revelation? Because it is full of "types and shadows, and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters, ever saying to him 'write.'"

The Democratic Nominees.

THE MEN FOR THE TIMES!

We compile the annexed succinct sketches of the life and career of the nominees of the Democratic party for the Presidency and Vice Presidency from the most authentic sources of information accessible to us:

Mr. Buchanan is in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and exhibits a hale, substantial, physical condition; that his intellectual vigor corresponds with it, his country has the best evidence in his public services. He was born in Franklin county, Pa., of comparatively humble, and industrious parents.—He received a good education, academical and classical, and then became the chief architect of his own fortunes. He studied law in Lancaster and there established his home. In 1814 he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1820 was elected to Congress, where he served as a member of the House of Representatives 10 years. He returned to Congress in 1829, and as chairman of the judiciary committee distinguished himself by his professional ability. He was the steady and trusted friend of Gen. Jackson, who in 1831 tendered him the mission to Russia, which he accepted, and signaled his efficiency by negotiating the first commercial treaty between the United States and Russia, which secured to our commerce the Russian ports in the Baltic and Black Seas.

Shortly after his return from Russia, the Democrats in the Pennsylvania Legislature made him their candidate for United States Senator, and elected him. He remained in that body until his resignation in March, 1845, when he accepted from President Polk the first seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of State. Of the ability with which he discharged the duties of this responsible office the public can determine. At the close of the Polk administration he retired again to his home in Pennsylvania, but continued to take an active interest in the political events and questions of the times.

On the accession of Mr. Pierce to the Presidency, Mr. Buchanan was selected to fill the leading foreign mission—that to the Court of St. James. How he has acquitted himself as the representative of the republic in England—with what plain republican dignity, and attention to his country's interests and honor, and with what prudent and consummate diplomatic skill he met and mastered the arts and cunning of Palmerston and Clarendon, are matters of too recent occurrence and of too notorious a character to require detailed statement. The distinguished manner in which he conducted the difficult and delicate questions committed to his care raised him even higher than he had been in the estimation of his countrymen, and pointed him out to the party with which he is identified as the man qualified to hold the helm and guide the ship of State.

The Convention completed its labors by unanimously nominating John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, as the candidate of the Democracy of the Union for the Vice Presidency.—The selection is in every respect an admirable one, and will unite in the firmest bonds of confidence and fraternal regard the Democracy of the whole country in the most enthusiastic support of the nominations. Mr. Breckinridge is yet a young man, being scarcely more than thirty-eight, but has won an enviable name as a gentleman of cultivated intellect, possessing rare qualities of statesmanship, gallant, generous, and whole-souled, the idol of the noble Democracy of Kentucky, and the bold and daring champion of Jeffersonian principles on the hustings and in the halls of Congress. He comes of a good old stock, and inherits all the lofty and patriotic impulses of a family remarkable for its great talents and close identification with the history of the country. His grandfather was a U. S. Senator from Kentucky, afterwards Attorney-General of the United States under Mr. Jefferson, and the author of the memorable resolutions of 1793; and his relatives have always borne a conspicuous part in public affairs, in the councils of the Nation, in the pulpit and at the bar. John Cabell Breckinridge, the Democratic nominee, was educated at Centre College, Kentucky, and entered upon a brilliant career at the bar at Lexington. In 1847, influenced by a call which ever found a hearty response in the heart of every Breckinridge, he abandoned his profession, then largely lucrative, and accompanied the Kentucky Regiments to Mexico, serving throughout the war as a Major of Infantry, enjoying immense personal popularity, and winning the most undivided regard of officers and men for his coolness and intrepid bravery. In 1851 he was elected to Congress by a majority of over 600 over the heretofore invincible Gen. Leslie Combs, in the Ashland district, which had never before elected a Democrat, and in 1853 was re-elected by a majority nearly equal over ex-Gov. Letcher, who was brought out as the Goliath of the then Whig party of Kentucky, for the sole purpose of defeating Mr. Breckinridge.

He served with rare distinction in Congress, beloved and honored by every coming in contact with him, and proving himself a gallant champion of Democratic principles.—Previous to the expiration of his term, the mission to Spain becoming vacant by the return of the Hon. Pierre Soule, that important position was offered him by President Pierce, but declined, and on the expiration of the 33d Congress, Mr. Breckinridge retired again to private life, and resumed his profession. Manly in every sense, intrepid, fearless; the soul of honor, proud of the eternal principles of his party, zealous in defence of the honor of his country, ambitious to add to her greatness and grandeur, in his private life the talented and able, and in private life the charm of every social circle, and yet wholly unspotted; educated, patriotic, sagacious, he deserves the unanimous and highly honorable call to the second highest office in the gift of the nation which the National Democracy have extended to him, and will reflect honor upon the position and the country.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has the following interesting article, descriptive of the closing scenes in the Democratic National Convention:

The copious reports of the proceedings of the Convention, to be found in to-day's Enquirer, will give our readers a faint idea of the unanimity and enthusiasm with which James Buchanan, received the Presidential

nomination. We say faint, for the scenes that transpired during the call of the roll on the last ballot, the brief and eloquent responses of the chairmen of the different delegations as they gave in their votes, must have been seen and heard to its utmost capacity with representatives from every State in the Union, and the singleness of purpose with which they were all actuated, and the enthusiasm by which they were animated, was glorious indeed to every lover of his country.

"Hand grasped hand in cordial embrace; California responded to Maine, and Georgia to Wisconsin, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico went up a shout for James Buchanan. All the divisions in sentiment which had previously existed, and personal preference for other men, were forgotten or thrown aside in a unanimous determination to stand by the nominee and thus uphold the great principles of our organization.

"In a spirit of magnanimity and devotion to the Democratic cause worthy of them, Messrs. Pierce and Douglas withdrew their names from the contest after it had been demonstrated that Mr. Buchanan was the choice of the majority, and most heartily confirmed it. Neither they nor their friends were willing to be placed in a position of factious opposition to the will of the majority.

"The unanimous nomination of James Buchanan by the Cincinnati Convention settles the Presidential contest in our favor. He will, in all human probability, receive the electoral vote of nearly every State in the Union. The North and the South, the East and the West, will vie with each other in the cordiality of their support. All opposition to his election will be as idle as it would be to stem the torrent of Niagara. He will be borne into the Presidential Chair upon a wave of popular fervor that will sweep everything before it. Black Republicanism and Know Nothingism will be literally 'crushed out,' and leave behind them not a vestige of their ancient vigor."

Mr. Sumner Calmly Reviewed.

The St. Louis Morning Herald, edited, we believe, by a gentleman from New England, has the following very just remarks in relation to Mr. Sumner, to which we ask the attention of our readers:

"Still, speech in deliberative bodies should be well-weighted and well-guarded. 'Words are swords.' Epithets, allusions and reflections needlessly, unjustly and injuriously applied to antagonists in debate, provoke passions, which may explode in sales of violence to limb or life. Mr. Sumner's case is not that of a calm, sound-judging statesman, assailed while keeping within the bounds of legitimate controversy. It is the case of a rhetorician, ambitious of causing a sensation by the polish and pungency of his periods. He is like the dramatist, who works up his theme so as to produce the most startling effects. He may, he doubtless does—think that he is right in the free use of the high coloring, which gives such a glare to his pictures. And just there is the mistake he makes. Just at that point he betrays his want of judgment. Just there is exposed his lack of the highest attributes of that statesmanship to the fame of which he aspires.

"He is a rhetorician—if you please an orator—but he is nothing better and nothing more. If he had the cool, calm, moderate temper—the sober judgment—and freedom from vanity and love of display—which characterize the highest statesmanship, Mr. Sumner would scarcely, if ever, meet the rebukes which have been so often dealt out to him by his fellow-Senators, and much less provoke shameful indignities to his person. In his latest ebullition, he is said to have been absolutely slanderous of his peers in the Senate, uttering taunts and indulging in personalities which, however, set off and garnished by tricks of rhetoric, should be left to such men as he professes to despise.

"How is it that a great cause—admitting the anti-Nebraska side of the question to be such—how is it that a great cause cannot now be advocated or defended by Massachusetts men in the Senate without provoking personal bodily assaults? It was not so once. Such predecessors of Sumner, as Harrison Gray Otis, Isaac Bates, James Lloyd, Daniel Webster, John Davis and Robert Rantoul engaged in the discussion of questions, which agitated the nation and divided public opinion. They addressed themselves to those questions manfully and often against the prejudices and opinions of the South. But they did it, like grave statesmen, and not like mere orators. They did it, not so much thinking how they might display themselves as how they might advance their cause. And this cause they approached, holding views, which did not revolt by their extravagance, and speaking a language which did not offend by its injustice. How different is the case of Mr. Sumner, and how easy under this view to explain the differences between the treatment which Mr. Sumner's predecessors received and that which he is himself receiving.

Shameless Inconsistency and Hypocrisy.

The New York Day Book says it is well known that the Abolitionists have the press on their side. If any one doubts it, let him mark what thunders of indignation roll over the land when anything like an outrage is committed which they can turn to political advantage. Last summer the editors of these papers worked themselves into a perfect rage over the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, and were going to tear the country to pieces on account of "this outrage of the slave power." Now, the thunders roll again because Mr. Senator Sumner has been attacked, and "indignation meetings," &c., are held all over the country where their influence extends. Yet the shooting of a sheriff, in the performance of his sworn duty, is even defended by some of these papers as justifiable, while not one of them visits it with anything like reprobat! To come nearer home, an editor on Staten Island was brutally assailed by a Black Republican leader the other day, and struck over the head with a heavy cane, and (will it be believed!) the Tribune and Times have not mentioned the outrage! Here is a case of an attack on the freedom of the press, right by our own doors, yet these immaculate journals suppress it entirely from their readers! Their sole desire seems to be to lash their readers, if possible, into just such a state of excitement as they have produced in Kansas.

As sure as runs the river Shannon, We'll beat the isms with Jim Buchanan.