

The Republican Compiler

By HENRY J. STAILE.

"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.

38th YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

From the *Lancaster Intelligencer*

BUCHANAN.

BY HIS.

Ho's the man of the age, and his glory and station,
Ho owes not to battle or thunder or cannon:
But the years of head-toll in the cause of his nation,
With fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

For a nation of freemen the time has gone by,
When prudence in frenzied excitement forgot,
That the heroes of battle but rarely supply
The plans of success which a statesman begets.

Let our warriors be honored with titles when due,
With plaudits and love in a perfect ovation,
But the statesmen, the able, the tried, and the true,
Are fitted the best for executive station.

'Mid the great of Old England ho stood unshook,
Determined and faithful, pacific and bland,
And the glory and might of his intellect flashed
The splendor of fame on his own native land.

In the quiet of Wheatland he rests like a sage,
The ablest compact of Webster and Clay,
As injustice to them darkens history's page,
Be true to the great who are living to-day.

In the quiet of Wheatland he rests like a sage,
In repose 'neath the shadow of oak and of elm,
With his vigor of youth and his wisdom of age,
His country hath none of his label at the helm.

Mighty faults may be shown by the demagogue's art,
'Twere better that men, without sin from the blues,
'If he erred, 'twas a fault of the head, not the heart,
For he's true to his country, and true to his fame.

Ho's the man of the age, and his glory and station,
Ho owes not to battle, or thunder or cannon,
But the years of head-toll in the cause of his nation,
With fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

Select Miscellany.

Does the Moon Rotate?

In all the works on astronomy, it is assumed and taught as a fact, that the moon revolves on its axis once in twenty-eight days. J. Symonds, an inspector of schools, in England, wrote a letter to the *London Times*, expressing his surprise that natural philosophers should have maintained such a dogma, and that it should be taught in all schools as a fact of science. "If his conclusions were wrong, it would have been very easy for astronomers to have set him right; but not one of the eminent astronomers in England, have presented a single word and conclusive argument in favor of the moon rotating theory, while some have rather abused the inspector for questioning the old dogma. It is a positive fact, that a great deal of what is taught in schools is assumption, not fact. Assumptions by frequent uncontradicted repetition come to be regarded in the course of time, by students, as facts. This has been the experience of every man of an original mind, and it has thus become the means of clogging the wheels of science. As it relates to the common astronomical assumption, viz., that of the moon's rotation on her axis once in 28 days, how can this be so when it continually presents the same face to the earth? If it has a rotation on its axis, it should present different phases. We perceive that Brian Hopkins, C. E., and David Mashat, M. E., in the *London Morning Journal*, have sustained the views of Mr. Symonds in very able articles.

Form of the Earth.—The earth being round like a ball, it follows that at a certain distance, even though our vision can reach much farther, its form will prevent us from seeing objects even if its surface were perfectly smooth. It has been calculated that at 600 yards an object one inch high cannot be seen in a straight line; at 900 yards, two inches; at 1400 yards, five inches; at one mile, eight inches; three miles, six feet; so that at that distance a man would be invisible. In leveling, it is usual to allow the tenth of an inch in every two hundred yards, or eight inches in a mile, for convexity.

A Novel Enterprise.—A lady in Cynthiaana, Kentucky, is fabricating an "album quilt," as she terms it. The outside, or "patch-work," of the article is made up of small strips of linen, on each of which is an autograph written with indelible ink. Among the names are those of Henry Clay, Jackson, Daniel Webster, Crittenden, Cass, Hunter, Fillmore, Everett, H. Marshall, Cobb, Quimby, Orr, Morehead, and many other eminent Americans. A gentleman who has seen the quilt declares it a great curiosity. It will be exhibited, we understand, at the Bourbon county fair as a Kentucky production.

The Biter Bit.—A poor fellow, who had spent hundreds of dollars at a certain grocery, being one day faint and feeble, and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the reply. "I never make a practice of doing such things." The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me sixpence?" "Certainly," was the reply. The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him. He took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it, replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, and turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence, and said, "Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you—I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill."

A Curious Fact.—It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an arctic region of snow have distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow!

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Pedegree and Ingrain were brothers, children of parents in comfortable circumstances. In size and general appearance, they bore a strong resemblance to each other, but in disposition and manners were totally dissimilar. Each was born with a peculiar eccentricity of character. That of Pedegree was to occupy on all occasions, an elevated position; that of Ingrain, to shrink out of all observation.

No sooner had they learned the difference in positions, than these eccentricities manifested themselves. Pedegree cried to be placed upon the table, Ingrain to sit beneath it. If they were put to bed, the former chose to be put in the latter under it; nor would any persuasion pacify them, until their wishes were gratified.

When they first began to come to table, nothing would satisfy Pedegree, but a very high chair to sit in, and a stool for his plate to stand on, so that he might eat his victuals above all the rest. On the contrary, his brother would not partake of a mouthful unless it was under the table, and upon the very floor.

These whims gave great trouble to the parents, and their virulence increased daily, until at last, Pedegree had to be taken up stairs to eat, and his brother down in the cellar.

This gave increased discomfort to all concerned, and introduced the greatest confusion into the household, especially when company was present—for the smoking dishes perfumed the whole house; one set of servants penmenading through the halls to the cellar, and another to the chambers above.

These eccentricities at length proceeded to such an extent that Pedegree must needs have a dining room built on the roof of the house, and Ingrain must needs have deeper one dug in the cellar.

This put the parents to much trouble and expense; the house was filled with workmen; and confusion reigned from one end of it to the other.

For a time, they both seemed satisfied, but finally, the one demanded a tower on the top of the house, and the other a well underneath it, to gratify their eccentricity.

This gave more trouble than ever, for the one required an expensive windlass to draw himself and victuals up, and his brother another to let his down, and also the attendance of many servants to work them.

Moreover, each year it was found necessary to add another story to the tower, and a deeper cut to the well, until at length, so high was the tower, and so deep the well, that steam-engines must needs be employed to effect the labor of carrying victuals and persons up and down, and to make the necessary speed in doing it. A telegraphic line was also established, to signal for the various dishes, desserts, etc., etc., and a gas establishment to light the subterranean dining-room.

These required increased outlays of money, until, with steam-engines and engineers, and servants, and the cost of the yearly elevations of the tower, and depressions of the well, the father's estate became covered with bonds and mortgages to cover the expense. Money was hired at ten, twenty, and even fifty per cent., and the remainder of the children brought home from school to cheapen the living, in order that these whims might be gratified.

The parents became much distressed for means to meet these extraordinary and daily increasing expenses, and began to grow prematurely old, with the cares and anxieties of endeavoring to keep their property under such absorbing circumstances.

Gradually they were compelled to sell piece after piece, to the grief and mortification of the remainder of the children, who thus saw the tower and well engulging the handsome property they might otherwise have inherited.

Still the work of demolition went on. Each year the tower was built higher, and the well dug deeper, until the whole property was expended, save the family residence.

The parents now thought of entreating the one to come down, and the other to come up, and assume their own mode of living, ere they were all deprived of bread together.

This only enraged the two brothers, who simultaneously declared, the one for a new story to his tower, and the other for a lower deep to his well, which placed an irredeemable mortgage on both house and lot.

Time ran on, when, just before the closing of the mortgage, the parents, seeing the necessity, commanded their children to yield up their whims, lest they should lose house and home, and be in danger of starving. Each declared the other, and not himself, the cause of the ruinous expense; and thereupon commenced a quarrel. The mother took the side of one child, and the father of the other, and the children divided themselves equally on either side.

The quarrel raged without intermission; their boisterous dissensions shaking the whole house, now weakened by the undermining necessary for the well, and trembling under the weight of the tower above, until one night it fell, and crushed them all to death.

The following rich incident occurred, not long ago, in the recitation room of a law school:

One of the professors, to test the ability of a student he was examining, immediately asked him:

What do you think should be done with a man who had committed suicide?

The student was puzzled; he scratched his head, as if to brighten his ideas, and then responded:

Well, it's my opinion, as a professional man, that the man ought to be made to support the child!

Boston adjusters is the name of a new article extensively advertised by our dry goods men. They are doubtless very ingeniously contrived, but we doubt their utility. In the opinion of Dobbs, the only "boston adjuster" worthy of a moment's consideration, is "an honest conscience." The question is—is Dobbs right?

A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that the "pen was mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word for the "scissors."

Some Nost.

The following incident we had from a friend who knew the party:

Deacon C., of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a baguene—in fact, it is remarkable for its great length.

On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the bag seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncouth desire to laugh.

The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed round before, but no such effects had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled.

The secret however, leaked out. He had been afflicted for a day or two with a sore on the end of his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the deacon seeing it, as he stepped on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again.

But alas, for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead, one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read—

"Warranted to hold out 200 yards."—Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.

A Sensible Doctor.

We do not mean, by this caption, to insinuate that sensible doctors are rare. On the contrary, we are happy to state as a fact that we have known, within the last thirty years, at least, a dozen very sensible members of the profession. But the cares and labors of practice seldom permit the M. D.'s of this country to show to the public any attainments outside of their profession, so that, although there may be among them many intelligent and learned men, wits, sages and philosophers, the world is kept in profound ignorance of their whereabouts.—There are exceptions, however, and Doctor Hall, editor of the *Journal of Health*, is one of them.

Having command of a paper, he possesses great advantages over most of his brethren, and occasionally spreads himself to his utmost capacity. He has, recently, written a short chapter on happiness, which stamps him a sensible, practical man. After having experienced all, or nearly all, the ups and downs of life—traversed the land and the waters—explored the bowels of the earth and climbed her highest mountains—gathered shells on the beaches of islands, stalactites in the darkest and most forbidding caverns—experienced slipwreck and hunger—slept in the most superb palaces, in the most humble huts, and of his mother earth, with no covering but the heavens, and no light but the stars—after undergoing and enduring all this, he has given to the world, in a brief chapter, some of the results of his experience, and our readers will do well to profit by them.

"I have found out," says he, "among others, three things:—

1st.—That a man out of money can't be happy.

2d.—That a man out of health can't be happy.

3d.—That a man without a wife can't be happy.

Therefore, I have come to the conclusion that the best way to be happy is to take care of your health, keep out of debt, and get a wife."

We trust that the Doctor will favor us with more of his conclusions in future numbers of his valuable *Journal*.

Waking up Sinners.—We have heard of an old minister in Kentucky, who purchased a whistle, and when his hearers went to sleep, as usual, he emitted from it a very shrill sound. All were awake, and stood up to hear him launch forth thus:

"Well, you are a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't ye?" as he slowly gazed at his wondering people; "when I preach the gospel, you go to sleep; when I play the fool, you are awake, and look like a rush of hoar-frost with a pole in their nest."

"Heals Up."—A tall, rawboned recruit was put on drill by a little cock-sparrow of an officer; at every order given to him he would look down to see his commander, and was as often admonished to hold up his head.

Repeated admonitions of this kind at length had the effect to induce the recruit to raise his head, at least to a level with the setting sun, and the officer ordered him to keep it there.

"What always?" was the inquiry.

"Yes always," was the stern reply.

"Then good bye, lieutenant; I shall never see you again."

Washing Clothes—A Hint.—Mrs. L. W., of Erie, Pa., says:—"I send you the following for your housekeeper's department: I have tried it the last four or five years: 'Whoever will soak clothes from twenty to thirty-six hours before washing them, will find that they can do without patent washing fluids, &c., and save nearly all the wear of clothes by rubbing, too. The clothes may be boiled without rubbing—any more than to rinse the loosened dirt."

Wares.—A correspondent inquires the best feed for heavy horses? I had one two years ago which was very bad. I commenced feeding the first of the winter, out hay, wet and covered or mixed with what grain I thought he needed—a quantity of cob meal, or meal ground from corn in the cob, and he is now as well to appearance as ever.—L. Wilcox, in *Country Gentleman*.

The Wisconsin Farmer says that it will insure your life for a sixpence, against a rat-tooth bite, if you will stir in salt with the yolk of a good egg, until it is thick enough to spread a plaster, and apply it to the wound.

Fanny Fern, in a recent newspaper article, says men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been a short time in hot water. Franny is an observing woman.

Strengthen your body with exercise, and your mind with wisdom. Thus you will be able to execute your plans, and will know how to act in a manner advantageous to yourself.

A bleeding finger is more noticeable than a bleeding heart.

ADDRESS

OF THE Democratic State Central Committee.

The Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania performs a pleasing duty in directing the attention of the people to the nominations made by the National Convention on the 6th of June, 1856.

The incidents which preceded, accompanied and followed that decision of the representatives of the National Democracy, have inspired the felicitations of patriotic men in every part of the country. The voice of the people, faithfully represented at Cincinnati, gratefully responds to the action of the Convention. The result had scarcely been announced before it was welcomed in every State of the confederacy, and the rejoicings of the people confirmed the earnest, all-pervading and deep seated sentiment in favor of our distinguished statesman.

Since the time when the masses proclaimed their preference for the hero of New Orleans, no such demonstration has been witnessed in the United States. The harmonious example of the angust body which selected our candidates was promptly followed by the endorsement of the most distinguished intellects in the Democratic party. The voice of the venerated Cass, first raised at the Capitol of the Union in support of these candidates, was echoed by the patriotic Douglas, and the upright Chief Magistrate of the Nation. The great cities of the North, and of the West, and of the far South, caught up the enthusiasm which ratified the nominations at the Convention itself, and a national ovation, unprecedented in our annals, was crowned with the voluntary tributes to our cause of many of the most eminent men heretofore in the ranks of the opposition.

The people, as if animated by one instinct, flocked from different sections of the Union to the scene of action, to declare their preference for JAMES BUCHANAN. They had followed his record during a long life, until, at last, as one after another the venerated representatives of National doctrines disappeared from the stage of action, he became their spontaneous choice for the highest office in their gift.

At a period when faction reigns supreme in one branch of Congress, and threatens to usurp control in the other; when the most alarming doctrines are asserted and carried into effect in several of the States of the Union; such a man as Mr. Buchanan becomes a national necessity. Thirty-five years of distinguished services to his country in the National Councils, thirty-five years unswayed by a single mistake, thirty-five years of almost constant association with the eminent patriots of other days—thirty-five years of championship of the Constitution—render him peculiarly the candidate for the coming struggle.

Pennsylvania, after presenting her favorite son at the bar of other National Conventions, and after yielding with unremurmed patience to their decisions; finds, at last, that her fidelity to principle has not been forgotten, and that the Nation at large accepts her candidate amid the warmest expressions of confidence and pride.

May we not say, fellow-citizens, to our brethren in other States that when the day of trial comes, the Keystone of the Arch will be found more firmly fixed than ever in her position, and will affirm the action of the Convention by a majority unequalled even in her annals?

The candidate of the Democratic party for the Vice Presidency, the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, is eminently worthy of the universal joy which greeted his nomination. Mr. Breckinridge was thirty-five years of age on the 21st of January last, and is now the candidate for the second office in the gift of the American people. It would be difficult to find a man in whom public and private usefulness so rarely commingled. Notwithstanding the early age at which he will be called to occupy high position, he possesses, in a singular degree, that firmness of character, that directness and purity of purpose, which, whenever exhibited, are always sure to be honored by the most sagacious people in the world. Mr. Breckinridge has served in the Legislature of his State, and was four years a distinguished and eloquent member of the popular branch of Congress. His speeches in the latter body placed him in the front rank of American statesmen, and won for him a permanent place in the affections of his political friends. He was selected by President Pierce as the American Minister at the Spanish Court, which high position he was compelled to decline.

Previous to entering upon his Congressional career, he volunteered for the Mexican war, and, during a long and trying campaign, he secured the respect and confidence of his fellow soldiers. He has never sought public favor. The people have always called him forth; and it is because he has withheld himself from exciting contests for popular preference, that the distinctions he wears so gracefully have been so freely bestowed. In this respect he resembles Mr. Buchanan, whose nomination was the result of no effort of his own, but the offspring of that popular opinion which commanded the respect of the Convention, because it was based upon a motive which entitled it to the highest consideration. The manner in which Mr. Breckinridge refused to become a candidate for the Vice Presidency, his fidelity to the choice of his own State, and his determination to throw no obstacles in the way of that choice, excited in his behalf, a sentiment of admiration which could not be restrained until it found vent in the expression which made him the Democratic nominee for that distinguished position.

It is in vain to describe the spectacle which transpired when Mr. Buchanan's name was finally agreed upon. The rivalry to second, the enthusiasm to support, the eagerness to endorse, the significant unity of sentiment and of action which characterized that interesting period of the Convention, cannot be described. Scarcely had this event been announced to an expectant people, before the discordant branches of the Democracy of New York were brought together, and for the first time in many years, started forward upon their way once more united as a band of brothers. It was amid such auguries, and under such circumstances, that James Buchanan became the nominee of the Democracy for the Presidency.

Before the struggle for the nominations came on, the platform of principles was adopted. It is constructed upon an enduring basis; it is founded deep in undying faith and fidelity to the Constitution; it renews, in language of fervent patriotism, our devotion to the Union of the States; it re-asserts our gratitude

to the sages of the past; it enunciates our duties with respect to coming events, and points out the dazzling destiny in reserve for us on the North American Continent. The unanimous assertion of these doctrines, in advance of the nomination, was an assurance to the country, that with the Democracy, principles are always paramount, and expediency and policy entirely secondary and subordinate.

And now, citizens of Pennsylvania, we have placed before you our principles and our candidates. Freely as the Convention has spoken the candidacies themselves have responded.—Mr. Buchanan, by the record of his life and the recent declarations of his opinions; Mr. Breckinridge, by his manly and beautiful address upon the floor of the Convention. Nothing is left to inference. Intolerance is rebuked; proscription proscribed; abolitionism denounced; the rights of the States re-affirmed; the principle of the Nebraska Bill endorsed. There is a completeness in the dignity and in the emphasis with which all this has been done, which show that it has been the work of men who felt that they were dealing with an intelligent people, and acting as the trustees of an exact and jealous, but, at the same time, confident and conscientious Democracy.

THE ADVERSARIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY HAVE DISSOLVED THE AMERICAN UNION IN ADVANCE, so far as by their own action they can consummate that direful result. They can no longer assemble in National Convention; they congregated at the representatives of a fragment of one half of our happy country, and they arrogate to themselves the mastery of the other half by attempting to consolidate a fierce and fanatical sectional majority in every department of the government. They declare that the country is on the eve of unprecedented convulsions, and they proclaim their purpose to arrest these convulsions by ignoring and insulting fifteen sovereign States of the Union. They talk of peace, and in their Conventions proclaim a policy which must end in civil war. They appeal to Heaven to sanctify a movement, which, if successful, would destroy the fairest fabric of freedom on the globe. They invite our countrymen to support their cause in the midst of the most irreverent blasphemous of the Constitution. They prate of exclusive Americanism, while they accept as leaders, men who profane the sages of the past with inconceivable calumnies. But they deserve credit for their boldness. They do not attempt to conceal their fearful end which, should they succeed, must crown their efforts. True to the history of all sectional parties, they would unite men not by a love of country, but by a hatred of national principles. Their bond of action is a sympathy of antagonisms, not a harmony of patriotic sentiments, and to consummate their purposes they would sacrifice every great national interest of society. They have already succeeded in dividing the Christian Church, and now they would lay their hands upon the bulwarks of our liberties; they would wrest the Constitution from the glorious purpose to which it was dedicated by its founders; and they would erect at Washington a sectional despotism, whose presiding divinity would be hostility to the equality of the States, and the equality of the citizens, and relentless war upon the domestic institutions of the South.

The Democratic party, on the other hand, represents our whole country. Standing upon the firm foundations of the Constitution, its doctrines are the same on the shores of the Pacific and on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It addresses itself to no local feeling; it involves no sectional support; it protects the right guaranteed by the fundamental law, no matter what portion of the people is directly interested in their preservation. Its mission is a peaceful mission. Should the nominations of the Cincinnati Convention be sustained, as we confidently believe they will be, the Democratic party will entitle itself to the renewed confidence and gratitude of the nation by exterminating every element of discord that now disturbs our happy land. Under the guidance of a kind Providence, we shall have in the Presidential chair a patriot who will labor conscientiously and courageously to render his administration worthy of the expectations of his country. This accomplished, he will have appropriately closed his long career, and have made his name a blessed memory and a proud example throughout coming generations.

The Central Committee, in conclusion, direct the attention of the Democrats of the State to the important work of an immediate and thorough organization. The Committee is doing and will continue to do its whole duty; but in a cause like ours, and in a canvass like the present, every individual Democrat should be active and vigilant, every school district should be explored by our young men, and every nook and corner of the State filled with truthful documents. That organization is always the best which derives its vigor from systematized primary associations. Our adversaries are skilled in the work of circulating their dogmas among the people. They long ago enlisted fanatical demagogues and agitators in the ranks, and they boast of having planted some of their most dangerous doctrines in our good old State. If we add to these facilities the dark and secret plots of an oath-bound Order, we shall be able, at a glance, to understand what a foe we have to contend with. Let us, then, arouse the sleepers, if any there be. Let us continue the generous rivalry and patriotic unity which now thrill and enliven our ranks from Maine to Georgia. Let no Democrat deceive himself with the idea that he can do no good. Every effort, no matter how feeble, is a contribution to the cause. And with such a cause as ours, and such candidates, organization is a duty gratefully persevered in, and instinctively and gladly discharged.

JOHN W. FORNEY, Chairman.

There is a shop kept by an old maid in New York, in the window of which appear these words: "No reasonable offer refused." The leaders of the Black Republicans have adopted the same motto.

Great Consumption of Strawberries.—During the session of the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio, there were consumed every day at the Bureau House thirty bushels of strawberries, the cost of which was over \$200, and the picking of which employed thirty women per day.

A western editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applied to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

The Liberty of Speech and of the Press.

The following paragraph is taken from a speech of Senator Butler, in answer to Mr. Sumner. There is a great deal of political philosophy in it:—

"The liberty of speech and of the press is the great conservative element of a republic; it is the political what fire is to the material world—a subservient and affluent minister, when under the control of prudence and intelligence; but when unchecked and unregulated, a consuming fire, withering and blasting everything along its pathway to ruin. Render freedom of speech tributary to the proprieties, decencies and restraints of social life, and you may crown it with all the ministries and supplicancies of intellect and liberty; but release it from them, and it becomes a blind and maddened giant of evil, tearing down the bulwarks of social order, and desecrating the very sanctuary of republican liberty. What would you think of a reckless man who should set fire to his own house, or should go about claiming the privilege of throwing his fire wherever he could among the most combustible materials, and say he had the right to do so on the ground that he was a freeman, and could do as he pleased.—Away with such liberty! Liberty that is worth anything must be in the harness of the law.—Liberty of speech and of the press, must have two restraints. The first is the highest, which will always govern a class of men who cannot violate it—the obligations of honor, decency and justice. Another restraint upon their licentiousness is that a man may speak and publish what he pleases with a knowledge that he is amenable to the tribunals of the law for what he has done.—Congress cannot pass any statute to say that man shall not write against religion, or against the government, or against individuals. Neither can Congress pass a law, nor can any State pass a law, depriving the tribunals of the country of the right of saying whether you have gone beyond the limits of liberty and have used your power, under that name, with original recklessness, with a licentious indifference to the feelings of individuals, and the consequence upon society. I do not wish to live in any community where it is otherwise."

Fremont's Record.

Fremont's record, while in the Senate, is exceedingly meagre and barren. He entered at a late period of the session of 1849-50, and his attention appears to have been principally occupied with what he had the greatest personal interest in—land claims in California. We find him voting, however, on a slavery question against his now found friends Seward and Hale, with Atechison, Butler, Soule, etc. In the second session of that Congress, he believed he was not present at all, but wholly and entirely neglected the business of his constituents, and occupied himself chiefly in the superintendence of his speculations. For this neglect, and other misconduct, the people of California defeated him in his aspirations for a second term in the Senate, it being clearly evident to them that avarice and a desire of self aggrandizement were his ruling passions, and that his soul was too deeply filled with Mammon worship to regard the interests of the people or devote himself to their service.

In the Index of the *Congressional Globe and Appendix*, for the second session of the 31st Congress, we find his name recorded thus:—

"JOHN C. FREMONT."
Not a line added below. We glanced through the votes given upon a number of questions, but his name did not appear on any record of votes and does that came under our notice.—We infer that he was absent during the entire session. Meanwhile his present friends, Seward, Hale & Co., were fighting bravely the battles of Black Republicanism. But where was their leader? He had abandoned them, and he had abandoned the interests of his constituents, as he abandoned the poor unfortunate victims of his rashness in the midst of peril.—*Pennsylvanian*.

The Dayton *Empire*, speaking of Fremont, says: "Is this the man for our country, when foreign nations threaten us with war? If this the man to guide the ship of state through the present complications of our foreign affairs? Is he the man to bring peace and quiet to the country, by a careful and patriotic management of our internal affairs? He is not. It is no time now for Rocky Mountain climbers and Mariposa spirit owners. It is a time for the master-spirits of the country. It is a time for the tried and faithful servants of the people. It is a time for the wise head, the patriotic heart, and the strong, determined character. It is the time for such men as James Buchanan. Disgrace it as you may, conceal it to the utmost extent of your ability, and yet the fact glares you in the face, like an August sun, that James Buchanan is the man for the times."

A Picture of an Abolition City.

The systematic falsehoods, prepared in Kansas, and circulated in the free States, through such mediums as the *New York Tribune*, are satisfactorily accounted for in the subjoined statements, which we find in a late number of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times*:

"Mr. Peace, of this city, who recently went out to Kansas with Mr. Line's company, has returned. He says that Lawrence city presents an unfavorable appearance. There is no thrift, no prosperity, apparent; but whiskey—poor whiskey, too—is poured down every hand. It is dealt out in almost every building. Drinking is the principal business and it is backed up by idlers, the people generally waiting for aid from the East. Sharp's rifles were offered to him, he says, for ten dollars each. The price in Hartford, where they are made, is \$25 and \$28. Exaggerated stories are started in Lawrence City, and sent off to keep up the excitement in the East, and bring up more aid to support the idlers in doing nothing except to drink whiskey, circulate false reports and talk politics. Such is the state of things in Lawrence, the result of unusual efforts to manufacture slavery agitation with reference to the coming Presidential election."

A late Illinois paper contains the announcement of the marriage of R. W. Wolf to Mary L. Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall be bound together, and a little child shall lead them"—after a while.