

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.

39TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1857.

NO. 30.

Terms of the "Compiler."

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

Tavern Licenses.

The following applications to keep Public Houses of entertainment, in the county of Adams, have been filed in my office with the requisite number of signers, and will be presented at the next Court of Quarter Sessions, on the 20th day of April next.

Harvey D. Watters, Gettysburg borough.

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|-----|
| Benjamin Schriver, | do. | do. |
| John L. Tate, | do. | do. |
| Henry Kohler, Berwick | do. | do. |
| Michael Hoffman, | do. | do. |
| John Bishey, Conowingo township. | do. | do. |
| Jeremiah Johns, | do. | do. |
| Francis Bream, Cumberland | do. | do. |
| Reuben S. Em, Hamilton | do. | do. |
| Pete Shively, | do. | do. |
| Wm. McLellan & Co., | do. | do. |
| Peter Lingenfelter, Germany | do. | do. |
| Joseph Barker, | do. | do. |
| David Newcomer, Hamilton | do. | do. |
| John D. Becker, Huntington | do. | do. |
| Mary Hildebrand, | do. | do. |
| Elizabeth Milky, Oxford | do. | do. |
| Mary M. Brough, Mount Pleasant | do. | do. |
| John A. Dicks, Reading | do. | do. |
| Jacob L. Grass, Straban | do. | do. |
| John A. H. Rether, Butler | do. | do. |
| Samuel Sadler, Tyrone | do. | do. |
| Conrad Moul, Latimore | do. | do. |
| Charles Myers, Menallen | do. | do. |
| David Goodyear, Franklin | do. | do. |
| Hezekiah Latschaw, | do. | do. |

J. J. BALDWIN,

Clerk of Quarter Sessions.

March 30, 1857. 3c

John Stone & Son,

No. 45 South Second street, Philadelphia. ARE now receiving their Spring Importation of Silk & Millinery Goods, consisting in part of Fancy Cap and Bonnet Ribbons; Satin and Mantua Ribbons; Lace and Plain Silks; Marcelines and Florences; Black Modes; French and English Crapes; Tartan; Maline and Blusion Laces, &c. &c. Also, a full assortment of French and American Flowers! which they offer to the trade on favorable terms. March 23, 2m

RISING SUN

NURSERY AND GARDEN, Germantown Road, half an hour's ride from the Exchange by Omnibus. SHADE, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Roses, &c., cultivated and for sale in quantities to suit dealers and others, including an extensive and varied assortment of all the desirable varieties of the above, for sale wholesale and retail. Catalogues can be had on application, gratis.

S. MAUPAY & CO.

N. B.—When addressed by mail direct to Rising Sun P. O., Philadelphia. Our Stands are in the Market, Market st. below Sixth, where orders are also received. March 23, 6w

J. Palmer & Co.,

MARKET STREET WHARF, PHILADELPHIA, Dealers in Fish and Provisions, HAVE constantly on hand an assortment of Mackerel, Shad, Herrings, Codfish, Beef, Pork, Lard, Shoulders, Hams, Sides, Cheese, Rice, &c. March 23, 1857. 3m

Attention, One and All!

GREAT SHOW, "GREAT SEA-SERPENT CAPTURED!" SAMUEL WEAVER having provided himself with an entire new and costly apparatus, is now prepared to furnish

Amortypes and Daguerreotypes, in every style of the art, which will warrant to give entire satisfaction. His long experience and superior apparatus give him advantages seldom furnished by Daguerrean establishments out of the city. He has a large number of specimens at his Gallery, in Chambersburg street, which the public are requested to call and examine.

Charges from 50 cents to \$10. Hours operating from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Gold Lockets, Breastpins, suitable for miniatures, always on hand, at the very lowest prices. Children will not be taken for less than \$1.00.

AMBROTYPES taken from one dollar and upwards, and in the best style. Dec. 22, 1856. 1f

ATTENTION! Those who are fond of music, will find a large assortment of Violins, Accordions, Flutes, Pipes, &c., &c. Cheap at SAMSON'S.

100 Boxes new crop Bunch and Layer Raisins, par. in fancy boxes. For sale by ERNEY & BRO.

Fancy Grocers and Confectioners, York, Dec. 15, '56. 67 West Market st.

GENTLEMEN, do you want to select from a large and handsome variety of Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, &c.? If you do call at SOHICK'S.

CARRIAGE Trimmings can always be bought lower, and a larger assortment than elsewhere is always to be had, at FAHNESTOCK'S.

TOBACCO.—A prime article just received at SAMSON'S.

WALKING CANES, for gentlemen, of various kinds, just received by BRINGMAN & ARCHBURN.

LADIES' Gaiters, Buskins, and Sandles for sale cheap at BRINGMAN & ARCHBURN'S.

2,000 HAVANA Oranges, of delicious flavor. For sale at ERNEY & BRO., Fancy Grocery and Confectionery store, York, Dec. 15, '56. 67 West Market st.

Choice Poetry.

PROSAIC VIEW OF POETRY.

How very absurd is half the stuff called "poetry" now a days! The "sentences" and "epics" are enough to put together a lot of rhyme in a half, and disgust the old hen with their "lays."

There's one insists upon being a "bird," To "fly to his lady love's bowers;" But he knows that the "lady" to whom he referred Don't own such a thing; for (upon my word) In a "syalter" house, up in story the third, She is living at this very hour.

One asks but "a cave in some forest dell, Away from the cold world's strife;" Now the woods in fine weather are very well, But give him a six weeks' rainy spell, And he'll soon "cave in" in his forest dell, And be sick enough of the life.

Another wants his "love to go And roam o'er the dark blue sea;" Perhaps he don't think, if there "comes on a blow," That they'll both be sea sick down below, And a wretched pair they'd be.

Another young man would like to die "When the roses bloom in Spring;" Just let him be sick, and he'll change his cry; His "passing away" is "all in my eye;" Of "dreamless sleeps" he gets quite shy— It isn't exactly the thing.

Another would "die and be laid in a dell, Beneath some murmuring rill;" Now in poetry's jingle it's nice to tell, But it's a nasty wet place—so why not as well Have a nice dry grave on the hill?

One loves—how he loves—"the glittering foam And the mad wave's angry strife;" Just take the young genius who wrote that "poem,"—Where the billows dash and the sea birds roar, And he'd give all he had to be safely at home; He'd stay there the rest of his life.

Another young "heart broken" sals on his "town," To cheer him with her "sweet smile;" Then he follows it up in a love-sick tone, With his "bosom's pangs;" If the truth were known It isn't the "love" that causes his moan, But a superabundance of bile.

Select Miscellany.

Napoleon in Death.

Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed when the face was exposed, "How very beautiful!"—for all present acknowledged that they had never seen a finer or a more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind, whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression, was in the most striking contrast with the recollections of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life. As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, so, even after death, Bonaparte's intimate remains presented a puzzle and a mystery, for notwithstanding his great sufferings and the usual emanating effect of the malady that destroyed him, the body was enormously fat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit had been indomitable. Over the breast bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick, and on the abdomen two inches, whilst the omentum, kidneys, and heart were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small and the muscles flabby, in contradiction of our ideal association, and in proof of the seeming paradox that it is impossible to be a very great man with a very little heart. The seat of the malady of which he died was his stomach, which was ulcerated all over like a honey comb. Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue opened in the arm, and there was a slight mark like a wound in the leg. The chest was not aple, and there was something like feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and smallness of the hands and feet.—The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy forehead.—*Lit. Miscellany.*

"Some years ago," writes a Southern correspondent of the *Kaiserbecker*, "when a sermon was considered short that continued less than two hours, and 'meeting' often held till the small hours in the morning, three ministers of different denominations held a meeting together. It was customary for every minister after meeting to 'call' for members. The first took for his text the words of Peter, 'I go a fishing.' He preached about two hours; then called for members, but received none, and sat down. The second remarked, that as he followed his brother, he would take the words following for his text: 'I also go with thee.' He likewise preached a long discourse—called for members, (as it is called,) and sat down. The third, who was in favor of short sermons, arose, and remarked that he would choose for his text, 'And they toiled all night and they caught nothing.' He rather had them."

"In Wales people are said to think a great deal of pedigree, and the anxiety to appear well in this respect leads to no little 'foaming.' Not long ago a young lady was thrown *hors combat* by her friend offering to bring proof that the ancestor from whom they traced their pedigree was an intimate terms with Noah, and was in the ark during the deluge. This was a blow, but the young lady, who would not have told a fib for the world, replied, to the complete discomfiture of her fair opponent: 'Very likely, miss; I don't doubt that he might have worked his passage with Noah, as a last resource, but we all know from the Herald's College that the time of the deluge my pa's ancestors had a boat of their own.'

Case of *Conscience*.—A celebrated liquor importer in Boston recently had his pocket book containing a large sum of money taken from his pocket while entering church. A few days subsequently he received the pocket book through the post-office (postage unpaid.) Accompanied with a note in which the writer stated that after spending the money, he discovered to his utter horror that he had been making use of funds obtained in the infamous liquor traffic. He therefore returned the pocket book, and would do the same by the money should he be able to again lay hands on it.

A Double Mistake.

A Paris correspondent tells the following singular story:

A very amusing historiette is told of Count M., a young gentleman of fortune, his wife, and a young man who may be designated as Mr. A. The latter, a simple clerk in one of the railroad offices, and the Count are cousins.—The Countess, a very beautiful and rather conciled woman, lived unhappily with her husband. For more than a year past she has been under the idea that young A. was desperately in love with her. Every look the gentleman cast upon her when they met, every pressure of the hand, every new vest, every fresh growth of moustaches—was interpreted as an evidence of ardent, though pent-up love. One night quite late, Mr. A. heard a ring at his door.—Upon opening it, to his great amazement he beheld, in his nocturnal visitor, the fair Countess, attired in a traveling dress, and carrying in her hand her jewel case.

"Henry," said she, throwing her arms around his neck, "I have come to requite your long and faithful attachment."

"What attachment? I don't understand you."

"Your attachment to me! I have read it in your every look for months past. You love me! My husband is a monster. Let us fly to some distant land."

"Nonsense, ma'am! I love you? I never dreamed of such a thing! You must have been dreaming. As to flying to some distant land—you know very well that I am an employe, dependent for bread upon a modest salary. How the deuce are we to live in your distant land, I should like to know?"

"There are my jewels. Our wants will be trifling."

"Pooh! Pooh!—you don't want me to live upon other people's diamonds, do you? Let me beg of you to return immediately home."

The lady sobbed and ought to have been weeping.

"I cannot," she said. "It is too late. I seized the occasion when the Count went to the Opera, this evening, to write a letter avowing—all my love for you, your passion for me—my flight with you. By this time the letter is in his hand, and if I go back he will murder me."

"Goulds" ejaculated the gentleman. "You mean he will murder me?"

Here was a pretty business to be sure. The lady wept and the gentleman burst into a cold perspiration. It was now two o'clock in the morning. Presently a sharp ring was heard at the door. Poor A. turned pale, not doubting that his enraged cousin had come for "satisfaction." Nervous himself to the effort, he hid the Countess in a closet, and went to the door. It was the Count who had pulled the bell, but, instead of being in a violent rage, he only looked anxious.

"Henry," said he, "I want you."

"I am ready," was the stolid reply.

"That's right, old boy! I knew I could depend on you. The facts are these: I went to the Opera, this evening, and ought to have been at home at eleven o'clock; but as I was leaving the theatre, some friends met me, insisted on my supping with them, and have kept me until this moment. You know what a jealous fury my wife is. You must go and make my peace with her."

"Then you have not been home?"

"No."

"What a load was off poor A.'s heart! 'I'll do my best,' said he. 'Go and wait for me at the Portico. I will rejoin you in an hour.'

Off went the husband, and as soon as he was safely at a distance, A. quickly conducted the Countess to her residence, returned to his friend, and gaily slapping him on the shoulder, assured him that "it was all right."

The unconscious Count went home a happy man—and so ended the adventure; but it may be supposed that the lady now entertains anything but a tender sentiment towards her husband's cousin.

"Now, Burton, I'll tell you all about that 'orse. You see when I first arrived, I said to 'Amblin'—'Tom, I want an 'orse; I've always been used to have an 'orse, and I would like to 'ave one.'"

"'Billy,' says he, 'you know Mazepa, he has earned me a great deal of money, and I will not permit him to be misused; but if you want to ride him, you may, and my stage manager, Tom Flynn, will go with you to the stable.'"

"So down I goes to the stable, with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on him."

"On Tom Flynn?" says Burton.

"No, on the 'orse. So after talking to Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted him."

"What, mounted Flynn?"

"No, the 'orse, and then I shook hands with him, and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, d—n it, with Tom Flynn, and then I rode off to the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery theatre but Tom 'Amblin'. So I got off, and told the boy to hold him by the head!"

"What, hold 'Amblin' by the head?"

"No, the 'orse, and then we went and had a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn. Now look here, Burton, every time I say 'orse, you say 'Amblin', and every time I say 'Amblin', you say 'orse. Now I'll be hauged if I tell you any more about it."

Billy felt his dignity insulted, and no coaxing on the part of Burton could induce him to finish the recital.

From the Picayune.

How Tom Jefferson Squared Accounts with Gen. Quitman.

Messrs. Editors:—I have already in my last alluded to the superior honesty of my company, and if we ever did take up a stray pig or visited a hen-roost, not too far from the line of march, the blame must fall where it ought to, on the shoulders of our rascally commissary and quartermaster, who cheated us out of the due allowance we ought to have received from Uncle Sam, through their agency, for volunteering to leave our country for our country's good, and to fight her battles for seven dollars a month, and all the glory we could get. But that, as the saying goes, is neither here nor there.

Our fellow soldiers, the regulars in particular, conceived, a short time after our arrival, a particular dislike to us, partly because we objected to being bucked and gagged, and partly because we kept a sharp look out for No. 1, and never left fish, flesh or fowl for their sensual gratification, when we could help it. They called us the "thieving regiment," and the "hen-roost volunteers," but as we are commanded to forgive our enemies, we done so, and kept on the even tenor of our way, blessing our stars that we were under Quitman and Shields, and not under Twigg and Harney.

Gen. Quitman was deservedly liked by all of us, but by none more than a quondam resident of Franklin Market, who bore the distinguished name of Thomas Jefferson, had been a butcher a little while, a policeman next, a loafer afterwards, and now was a volunteer. Tom was a good fellow, and we were all proud of him. It was to him mainly that we looked out for council and guidance in hen-roost expeditions. In Jalapa he had sold a mule three different times, and in Puebla had managed to absquatulate with a hogskin of aguardiente, on which the whole company got gloriously tight.

When we came from the mountains down to the valley of Mexico, we stopped at a place called Santa Fe, known for the paucity of chickens, and for the badness of the agriculture. What made matters worse was the fact that Gen. Quitman gave strict orders not to allow the men to leave their quarters.—This order was strictly regarded by all except Tom and five of his most promising disciples, who managed by hook and crook to steal out of camp.

Tom, who had a wonderful facility for finding out hen-roosts, proved a trump also on this occasion, and returned laden with the spoils. However, just as he was getting into camp, one of the regulars espied the six volunteers, and, with Tom at their head, they were brought before Gen. Quitman. The General, notwithstanding Tom's great friendship for him, condemned him and his companions to a two hours' drill in the hot sun on the top of the house.

From this hour Tom's friendship for Gen. Quitman ceased, and he transferred his affections to Gen. Shields. About a fortnight later, after the battle of Churubusco had been fought and won, Tom had the following opportunity to get even with Gen. Quitman.—One evening, as he returned, with two pheasants, he met the two orderlies of Quitman and Shields. Quitman's man asked Tom to sell him the fowls for Gen. Quitman. "Never!" replied Tom, emphatically. Then Shields' orderly spoke for his master, and Tom yielded right off. He came into the camp, and told us triumphantly how he had refused to sell the pheasants to Gen. Quitman, and given them to Gen. Shields, and his ardor was only damped when he learned that the two Generals messed together, and that Gen. Quitman would enjoy his share of the pheasants.

Yours truly, PEPPERCOON.

A Question of Life or Death.—According to the Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, the Council of State has under discussion the question of what penalty should be applied to officers who surrendered on the field of battle after being vanquished. There are two opinions—one that the commander is justified in yielding to the painful necessity of a surrender; the other that in the open field he ought to resist till death. The question was upon a modification of an existing article of the military code introduced by Napoleon after the capitulation of Baylen, an article intended to operate in the repression of capitulations in the open field. This article has already been applied in the Algerian campaigns to an officer who surrendered to the Arabs in escorting a convoy of invalids; he was condemned to death, but the condemnation was commuted.

Roland Hill rode a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed to be always so well, he replied—"My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

The woman who undertook to scour the woods, has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap-suds.

The last that was heard of her, she was skimming the seas.

Jack, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?"

"No, father, you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

Winchell, the humorist, tells a story of a dog which undertook to jump across a well in two jumps. There are a great many people just like that dog—folks who think they can jump across a well in two jumps. They that undertake it usually "bring up" down in the water.

A gentleman advertising for a wife says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

From the Farm Journal.

Chinese Sugar Cane.

EDITORS FARM JOURNAL.—As you have done me the honor to insert in December number of the Journal a short extract from an article I had written for our local paper (the *Columbia Spy*), giving my views in relation to this new plant, I will just say in addition that the corroborating evidence of its suitability to "all soils and all climates" from Maine to Florida, which we see published in papers from every section of our Union, fully confirms all that has been said in its favor. Thus for once, I think this will be no "multicolored humberg." I would unhesitatingly recommend a trial of it by every farmer, who desires to "raise his own sweetening," to set apart a quarter or half acre, in his cornfield, and if he can procure the seed at a reasonable rate, to commence the cultivation of it without fear of a failure. Though I have not cultivated it on a scale sufficiently large to enable me to give reliable information to your readers from my own experiments in regard to the quantity of syrup, seed or fodder, per acre, yet from the concurrent testimony of so many who have experimented with it in various and distant sections of the country, there is in my mind proof positive, that an acre well set and well cultivated will produce from three to six hundred gallons of syrup or molasses, and as to quality, my own experiment fully satisfies me that it is superior and more pleasant to the taste than the best of New Orleans or sugar house molasses.—That it will answer for all the uses to which molasses is usually applied, and an excellent substitute for molasses and in many cases even sugar. It will soon be manufactured into dry sugar. Extracting the juice from the cane is the greatest difficulty to be encountered by farmers. After the juice is extracted, it should at once be placed in the boilers, and gradually brought to the boiling point, the foam removed, and the liquor kept boiling until nearly three-fourths is evaporated.—When it begins to thicken, take it out and stow away in clean barrels in the cellar, where the "good wife" will at all times find it a most valuable addition to the stock of culinary articles. Respectfully,

J. R. GARDNER.

Columbia, Pa., Dec. 22d, 1856.

How Much Timothy to an Acre.—It is a well known fact, that if you do not sow grass seed, weeds will occupy the spare ground. It is, therefore, desirable to sow just as much seed as when tilled out, will cover the entire surface. If clover is to be sown with it—as is a common, but erroneous practice, because they do not ripen together—then twelve quarts of timothy to an acre is sufficient. If the mow is to be seeded with timothy alone, use not less than half a bushel of clean seed to an acre.—*Ohio Farmer.*

This allowance appears large.

Double Crop of Potatoes.—Mr. John Milligan, of Greenville, Orange county, New York, in a letter to the Commissioner of Patents, states that he has a new kind of potato, which he raised from the ball, which matures very early, and from which two crops can be raised in one season.

The Patent Office has received some elegant specimens of "Malaga Grapes," from California. It is believed that these grapes can be supplied at a cheaper rate from California, than from Malaga.

California is becoming celebrated for her dairy products. Butter and cheese are made there of the best quality.

To Clean Black Silk.—Take an old kid glove, boil it in a pint of water for an hour. Then let it cool, and, when cold, add a little more water, and sponge the silk with the liquid.

Stove lustre mixed with turpentine is not only more glossy and durable, but prevents rust.

Towels wrung out of hot water and applied to the forehead, in cases of neuralgic headache, will, it is said, afford much relief.

Decimal Currency.—The Canadian Parliament has reduced the pounds, shillings and pence currency to dollars and cents, for the facilitation of trade between Canada and the United States. By and by all the commercial countries will have the same currency based upon decimal fractions. There is nothing the world is so open to as the practical suggestions of common sense.

It was said of an eloquent preacher, that "his congregation, apprehensive that his discourse was drawing to a conclusion, were in continual pain." It is much oftener the case in these days of long winded sermons that pain is produced by an apprehension that the discourse will not come to any conclusion at all.—Wealey thought thirty minutes long enough for a good sermon, and too long for a poor one.

Young Wife.—"Oh, I'm so glad you like birds; what kind do you most admire?" Young Husband.—"Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of dressing, is about as nice as any."

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another replied, "It is impossible that one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself."

Dr. Johnson remarked that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. When Fenelon's library was on fire—"God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

In a late English paper it is stated that "many prayer-books are now sold in London, with a looking glass inserted in the inner side of the cover, in order that ladies may arrange their hair, or admire themselves, while using the book at church."

"See here, my friend, you are drunk?" "To be sure I am, and have been for three years. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission. He lectures and I set a frightful example!"

To reform the world, begin first with yourself, then with your neighbor.

Many of our cotemporaries, we observe, assert that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided, in the "Dred Scott case," that a colored man cannot be a citizen of a State. Our cotemporaries cannot have read the decision in question, or they would scarcely have hazarded so wild an assertion; for Chief Justice Taney explicitly admitted that citizenship of a State, and citizenship of a federal republic, were two distinct things, and thus a man might be a citizen of one without being a citizen of the other. There is nothing in the "Dred Scott" decision to disfranchise persons of African descent whom a State has declared capable of voting for its State officers. The Commonwealth of New York might to-morrow, if it chose, make colored persons full citizens of that State, though it could not make them citizens of the United States, which is a different republic, and which alone has the right to determine who its citizens are. It is important to keep this distinction in mind. A citizen of the United States is a citizen of the thirty-one States, and it would be absurd to decide a negro who cannot, under existing laws, become a citizen of several of the States, a citizen of the Union.—*Argus.*

Not to Vote. As we expected, the Free State men of Kansas have resolved not to vote at the coming election of delegates to the convention to frame a State Constitution. They held a convention at Topeka on the 10th and 11th of March, and such is the import of one of the resolutions adopted. Of course, then, it will be entirely a pro-slavery convention, and the character of the constitution to be formed is no longer doubtful. The Free State men may yet have one chance more to make fools of themselves. When the constitution is presented to Congress and admission demanded as a State, it may be referred back to a vote of the people, as it should have been under the territorial act itself. If in that event the Free State men again refuse to vote, there will of course no longer be a doubt as to "whose fault" it is that Kansas becomes a slave State. But the late Topeka convention was certainly a curiosity in its way.—*Ellsburg Post.*

Voting in Kansas. The telegraph from Washington announces that the administration designs sustaining the laws of Kansas as they exist. This is of course; for the executive has no power to go behind the official promulgation of these laws, and inquire whether they are fairly or unfairly passed or even whether they are constitutional. Such questions belong to other departments—to Congress in part; but principally to the Courts. In connection with this matter we may mention that the telegraph from the west informs us of the determination of the free State settlers not to vote at the coming election, but to hold one of their own. If this is correct it is greatly to be deplored. The country will not sustain any set of men who oppose the laws, especially when by yielding obedience to those laws they might obtain the power to remodel them. We are far from defending the existing code of Kansas, as a totality at least. Our leading U. S. Senators, Democratic as well as opposition, have pronounced it in some respects an outrage on justice and free government. But the correction of this abuse, it must be remembered, is not in the hands of the President—the Constitution giving him no more power to cancel these laws than to a private individual.

But the right of bona-fide settlers to abrogate this code no one denies, provided they go to work in a legal and formal manner.—The free State immigration into Kansas is already enormous and is rapidly increasing, and will still further increase. A little patience, a decorous respect for the constituted authorities, and a proper faith in being sustained by the people of the United States at large, will enable them to quietly revolutionize the legislature and secure the permanent adoption of free institutions. It is a sheer absurdity to suppose that a minority can always rule in Kansas or any where else. But if the free State settlers re-commence the game of agitation, if they refuse to obey the legal authorities, if they hold an election and set up officers of their own, they will lose the sympathies of all law-and-order-loving people, and not only make Kansas a slave State, but keep it such for many years. It is yet time for the free State settlers to reconsider their decision and vote at the approaching election; and we hope for their sake, as well as for the future of Kansas, that they will hasten to do it.—*Ledger.*

The New York Express speaks thus lightly of the founder and great apostle of the Know Nothing party: E. Z. C. Judson, known as "Ned Bundine," has been converted and reformed by spiritualism! A spiritual paper, giving an account of the conversion, says, "He was brought to his knees, and melted like a child." Ned will make an excellent apostle of the new faith.

This (the Dred Scott decision) is an end of the Free Soil party.—*Erie Observer.* Yes; the butt end!—*Warren Mail.* Our idea exactly. It will butt the "brains" out of the Democratic party, unless its leaders repudiate the decision, of which there is not the slightest probability.—*Fredonia Centinel.*