The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

From the Albany Atlas.

"Oh, Let me Sing To-Night, Mother."

Oh, let me sing to-night, mother,
That song I used to sing,
When hope was bright, and my heart was light
As a bird upon the wing!
I know thou'lt miss the voice, mother,
That warbled with the strain,
But let me sing to-night, mother,
The dear old song again.

I know 'twill bring sad thoughts, mother,
Thy tears may fall like rain,
For a loving eye and a fair young face
Thou ne'er may'st see again,
But I'd have thee send each tear, mother,
Back to its secret cell,
And let me sing to-night, mother,
The song she loved so well,
And let me sing to-night, mother,
The song she loved so well.

It will bring bright dreams to my heart, mother,
Bright dreams of the joyous past,
When hope, all rainbow-hued, mother,
Her hold around me cast.
I know the light grows dim, mother,
But still I fondly cling
To the bright dreams that come back, mother,
With the song I used to sing,
To the bright dreams that come back, mother,
With the song I used to sing.

As I sing that song of joy, mother,
Faith upward lifts his eye,
Towards the land of rest, mother,
Where hope can never die.
Where ties that strongly bind, mother,
May ne'er be riv'n in twain;
Where tears are dried, and the heart, mother,
May never know sorrow again.

Then let me sing to-night, mother,
That dear old song of old,
And pray when I sleep at last, mother,
By her side, all silent and cold,
Our spirits may meet ne'er to part, mother,
Where Heav'n-born music ring,
And our voices be mingled there, mother,
In the songs the angels sing,
And our voices be mingled there, mother,
In the songs the angels sing.

Mischief Makers.

Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling.
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling.

'Tis mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mixed with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales: they say,
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray,
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating everything they know;
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them!
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part
To make another bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish:
Then let us ever more be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish!

The Necessity of Fusion.

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY WILSON.

In the American Council at Springfield, Aug. 7, 1855.

Entertaining as I do, Mr. President, the profound conviction that the vote we are about to take will have a decisive influence upon the political relations of men and parties, upon the position of Massachusetts in the coming conflicts of the future, I feel constrained to ask, for a few moments, the indulgent attention of the Council.

The gathering hosts of Northern freemen of every party and creed, are banding together to resist the aggressive policy of the Black Power. Freedom, Patriotism, and Humanity demand the union of the freemen of the Republic, for the sake of Liberty now perilled. Religion sanctions and blesses it.

How and where stands Massachusetts?—Shall she range herself in line, front to the Black Power, with her sister States? or shall she maintain the fatal position of isolation?—Here and now, we, the chosen representatives of the American party of this Commonwealth, are to meet that issue, to solve that problem.

The American party of Massachusetts, dashing other organizations into powerless fragments, had grasped the reins of power, placed an unbroken delegation in Congress, pledged to the policy of Freedom, ranged this ancient Commonwealth front to front with the Slave Power, and written, with the iron pen of History, upon her statutes, declarations of principles and pledges of acts hostile to the aggressive policy of the slaveholding power. When the Black Power of the imperious South, aided by the Servile Power of the faltering North, imposed upon the National American Organization its principles, measures, and policy, the representatives of the American party of this Commonwealth spurned the unhallowed decrees, turned their backs forever upon that prostituted organization, and their action received the approving sanction of this State Council, by a vote approaching unanimity. The American party, as a national organization, is broken and shivered to atoms. By its own act, the American party of Massachusetts has severed itself from all connection with that product of Southern domination and Northern submission.

The American party of Massachusetts has during its brief existence, uttered true words and performed noble deeds for Freedom.—The past at least is secure. Whatever may have been its errors of omission or commission, the Slave and the Slave's friends will never reproach it. Holding, as it does, the reins of power, it now has a glorious opportunity to give to the country the magnanimous example of a great and dominant party, in the full possession of consummated power, freely yielding up that power, for the holy cause of Freedom, to the equal possession of other parties, who are willing to co-operate with it upon a common platform. Here and now, we, its representatives, are to show by our acts whether we can rise above the demands of partisan policy, to the full comprehension of the condition of public affairs—to the full realizations of the obligation which fidelity to Freedom now imposes upon us.

Your Committee, Mr. President, endeavored to comprehend the condition of the country and the position of Massachusetts—to realize the duties imposed upon all of us who are opposed to the domination of the Black Power, and to the policy of its servile instrument—the present Administration. The Platform of principles reported by your Committee embraces the ideas that underlie the American movement—the essential modification of the naturalization laws, to the end that the immigrant may learn something of our institutions before he exercises political power; stringent penalties against the transfer of naturalization papers, to the end that the purity of the elective franchise may be secured; military and political organizations composed of foreigners discouraged, to the end that the sons of the Old World may more readily cast off their national associations, and assimilate with the masses of the American citizens; efficient laws to prevent the deportation of criminals and paupers to our shores by foreign authorities, but a hospitable reception extended to the persecuted and oppressed of every clime; grave diplomatic trusts withheld from men of foreign birth, to the end that the representatives of the Republic abroad may not be swayed by foreign associations or interests; the right to worship God to be preserved to all inviolate, but all attempts of politico-ecclesiastical authorities to acquire political power, to exclude the Bible from the schools, to be sternly resisted.

Sir, the heart of old Puritan Massachusetts beats responsive to these ideas—ideas in perfect harmony with our Democratic institutions. Sir, the American movement is not based upon bigotry, intolerance, or proscription. If there is anything of bigotry, intolerance, or proscription, in the American movement—if there is any disposition to oppress or degrade the Briton, the Celt, the German, or any one of another clime or race, or to deny to them the fullest protection of just and equal laws, it is time such criminal fanaticism was sternly rebuked by the intelligent patriotism of the State and country.—I deeply deplore, sir, the adoption of the twenty-one years amendment. It will weaken the American movement at home, and in the West, and tend to defeat any modification whatever of the naturalization laws. I warn gentlemen, who desire the correction of the evils growing out of the abuses of the naturalization laws, against the adoption of extreme opinions. I tell you, gentlemen of the Council, that this intense Nativeism kills—yes sir, it kills and is killing us, and unless it is speedily abandoned, will defeat all the needed reforms the movement was inaugurated to secure, and overwhelm us all in dishonor. Every *attempt, by whomsoever made, to interpolate* into the American movement anything inconsistent with the theory of our Democratic institutions—anything inconsistent with the idea that "all men are created equal"—anything contrary to the command of God's Holy Word, that "the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself," is doing that which shall baffle the wise policy which strives to reform existing evils and to guard against future abuses.

The platform reported by your Committee pronounces American Slavery to be "the great question of the country and the age"—it expressly declares that "Freedom is National, and Slavery Sectional"—that "the General Government must be relieved from all connection with and accountability for American Slavery"—"the sovereignty of the States maintained inviolate—the prohibition of Slavery in Kansas and Nebraska restored, and the actual settlers protected in their legal rights." Personally, I go further than these resolutions go, but they go as far as the public of the North are prepared to go; and I am anxious to adopt a moderate platform, upon which conservative men, outraged by the repeal of the Missouri prohibition, can stand with us.

Having laid down a platform of principles, your Committee, Mr President, reported the resolutions now pending, which pronounce the position of the present Administration to be one of undisguised hostility to *all* the principles we profess—that the exigencies of the times demand united political action—that we are ready to co-operate with all the opponents of our common enemy, and that a committee be appointed to call a Convention, in connection with other committees, of delegates chosen by the people in their primary meetings, to nominate candidates to be supported at the coming election.

Sir, this is a clear and distinct proposition for the 'fusion' of parties—the union of the people—for placing Massachusetts in harmony with the rallying hosts of the rising North. The member from Newton [Mr. Ely] proposes to strike out the words 'co-operate with' and insert the words 'invite the co-operation of.'

If this amendment, Mr. President, receives the sanction of the Council, the union of the people will be defeated. The people will spurn your invitation. At your last meeting you 'invited their co-operation,' and from one and all, from presses and people, have come no responsive words, but words of disappointment and defiance rather. When this State Council met in June last, Massachusetts expected that we should take measures to secure the united action of men of all parties, who think alike and feel alike, and who are ready to co-operate with each other in the restoration of the Missouri prohibition.

Sir, the occasion was one that gave the American party of Massachusetts an opportunity to place this old Commonwealth at the head of the column in the battles of the future. Sir, it was one of those grand epochs that rarely come to public men. That 'critical opportunity for glory' was fatally flung away. We failed to meet the high-raised expectations of the people. Sir, had the proposition prepared by Governor Gardner, which received your approval and the approval of some of the most sagacious men of the American party, to call a Convention of the People to organize an American Republican party, been adopted, we should this day be in a proud and commanding position before the country.

I retired from that meeting with a sad heart, but with an unconquered soul. I knew the cause of Freedom—aye, of Americanism—would be weakened by that day's proceedings. Shall we here and now repeat the fatal mistake of that day? Shall we again 'invite the co-operation' of others? Sir, the proposition is ungenerous, unmanly, unworthy of earnest, high-minded men. Let us, who are in the majority, be liberal and generous—let us meet men of other organizations at least half way, and extend to them the grasp of hands warm with the blood that courses through generous and manly hearts.

Sir, the member from Boston [Mr. Morse] fiercely denounced this proposition for the union of the people. He is pleased to pronounce it a proposition to sell out the American party to the Know Somethings or Free Soilers. Sir I see nothing in the proposition to warrant any gentleman in the use of such language, and I am greatly mistaken in the tone of this assemblage, if its members see anything in it to justify this talk about buying and selling men in this Commonwealth.

Several gentlemen, Mr. President, have alluded to the Know Somethings in no very complimentary terms. Sir, I am not a member of that organization, and never have been, and never can be while it continues to be a secret political organization, although I mainly agree in the principles, and believe their members to be gentlemen of intelligence and character. The American party is the only secret political organization that I am or ever have been connected with, and I assure you it will be the last. I have long been convinced that the secrecy should be abondoned, and have labored and shall continue to labor, to induce the organization to fling away all secrecy, and stand out in the broad light of noonday, so that the country may see and commend our principles and deeds that are worthy of commendation, and rebuke whatever of fanaticism or folly it may see in our principles or acts.

I believe, Mr. President, that an immense majority of the people of Massachusetts are this day hungering and thirsting after that political union that shall bring together men whose hearts beat responsive to the tones of Freedom. Sir, the instinctive sagacity of the people, wiser than the wisdom of political leaders, sees that by fusion alone can the people of the free States baffle the darling schemes of the Chiefs of the Black Power. If fusion is defeated in Massachusetts—in the North—it will not be the work of the unselfish masses, but it will be owing to the selfish ambition and the criminal folly of political leaders. I warn the political chiefs of all parties against permitting their little petty interests, their unreasoning prejudices, to blind them to the great fact that the people want union, and *will have it, through* your organizations or *over* your organizations.

My friend from Ipswich [Mr. Carey] opposes 'fusion,' because some of the political leaders demand, as a condition, that certain gentlemen of the American party shall be sacrificed. I hope gentlemen of the American party will give themselves no anxiety about these conditions. The people are generous—they demand no sacrifices. The men who permit their little personal prejudices and animosities in this great crisis to control their actions, are not in a condition to dictate to any body of living men in this Commonwealth. Sir, I would say to the politician who asks the question, 'Where am I to go?' who haggles about terms, who demands the immolation of opponents of other days, that the people will settle in their own good time all these disturbing questions. In crises like the present, the politician who seeks to save his life may lose it.

When the Kansas-Nebraska act was forced through a reluctant Congress, by the corrupt appliances of a willing instrument of the Black Power, the people of the free States—Whigs, Free-Soilers, Independent Democrats, and Americans—instinctively rushed together to the ballot-box, to rebuke a faith-breaking dynasty. By their united action the Administration of Franklin Pierce was laid prostrate, and that dishonored Administration lies to-day low in the dust at the feet of the betrayed and indignant freemen of the North. Do gentlemen believe that the people of the free States are now any less hostile to the aggressive policy of the Black Power than when it abrogated the 'Ordinance of Freedom?' Do gentlemen believe that Atchison, Stringfellow, and their hordes of armed Missouri ruffians, have commended the beauties of 'Squatter Sovereignty' to the people of Massachusetts? Do gentlemen think they have forgotten their sons, brothers, neighbors, and friends, whose lives are perilled this day by the violence of border ruffians, and whose rights are invaded by legislators imposed upon them by armed and invading hordes of Missourians? Do gentlemen believe the removal of Governor Reeder will commend President Pierce to the regards of Northern freemen? Do gentlemen believe that the alarming assumptions and arbitrary decisions of Judge Kane, by which he assigned Passmore Williamson to limitless imprisonment, for the crime of informing a woman—a Native American woman—that she was free on the soil of Pennsylvania, are calculated to quiet the apprehensions of the people concerning encroachments on our liberties?

The freemen of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, have combined for Freedom. New York Pennsylvania are moving, Ohio, under the lead of one of the most accomplished statesmen of the Republic, is bravely battling to retain the glorious position by which she sent an unbroken delegation in Congress, by 84,000 majority. I have recently witnessed the mighty gathering of the freemen of Indiana, and heard her gallant sons pledge anew their combined action for Freedom.

The Whig party can oppose no barries to the Black Power, to the Administration.—It lies broken and powerless. Whenever the Administration sees a straight-out Whig movement, it hastens to put its shoulder beneath it, in the hope of being able to raise up that powerless organization; for it feels sure that if it can make the issue with that party, it will easily retain its position. The National American party has gone over to the Slave Power; its head is in the South—its tail is in the North. The American organizations of the North cannot alone carry more than two States against the Administration. By the union of the Anti-Nebraska men of all parties alone can the Administration be defeated in 1856. No one doubts how Massachusetts will vote in 1856, but she owes it to the cause of Freedom to give the force of her example to her sister States, in favor of the union of the people.

If the representatives of the American party reject this proposition for fusion, I shall go home once more with a sad heart—but I shall not go home to sulk in my tent—to rail and fret at the folly of men; I shall go home, sir, with a resolved spirit and iron will, determined to hope on and struggle on, until I see the lovers of universal and impartial Freedom banded together in one organization—moved by one impulse. For seven years I have labored to break up old organizations, and to make new combinations, all tending to the organization of the great party of the future, which is to relieve the Government from the iron dominion of the Black Power.

Sir, gentlemen may defeat this proposed fusion here to-day, but they cannot control the action of the people. A fusion movement will be made, under the lead of gentlemen of the Whig, Democratic, and Free Soil parties, of talent and character. The movement will be in harmony with the people's movements in the North. Sir, such a movement will put a majority of the men who voted with you last autumn in a false position before the country, or drive them from your ranks. I cannot speak for others, but I tell you frankly, that I cannot be placed in a false position—I cannot, even for one moment, consent to stand arrayed against the hosts of Freedom now preparing for the contest of 1856. I tell you, frankly, that whenever I see a formation in position to strike effective blows for Freedom, I shall be with it in the conflict—whenever I see an organization in position antagonistic to Freedom, I shall not be false to the ideas which underlie the American movement. All my hopes for Freedom, all my hopes for the triumph of those American ideas, are based wholly upon the united action of the people.

These avowals are not inconsistent with my past avowals and acts. Never since I became a member of the American organization, have I failed to utter my sentiments frankly, in public and in private. By the unsolicited kindness of my friends, I have been assigned a position in the National Councils——I say unsolicited kindness, for whatever may have been my hopes and desires, I never asked a single human being to vote for me, I never travelled a single mile or expended a single dollar to secure a vote. I see an eloquent gentleman present, who called on me, while my election was pending, to request me to write something to modify my opinions on Slavery. He will remember that I stated fully my views on that question—that I told him my opinions were the matured convictions of years—that I would not qualify them to win the loftiest position on earth—that I should carry them with me, if elected, into the Senate; and that if the party with which I acted proved recreant to Freedom I would crush it to atoms, if I had the power to do it. Chosen to represent Massachusetts in the National Councils without the sacrifice of my Anti-Slavery opinions, I acted and shall continue to act up to those opinions. On my arrival at Washington, I saw at a glance that the politicians of the South—men who had deserted their Northern associates upon the Nebraska issue, were resolved to impose upon the American party by the aid of doughfaces from New York and Pennsylvania, as the test of nationality, fidelity to the Slave Power. Flattering words from veteran statesmen were poured into my ears—flattering appeals were made to me to aid in the work of nationalizing the party whose victories in the South were to be as brilliant as they had been in the North. But I resolved that upon my soul the sin and shame of silence or submission should never rest. I returned home, determined to baffle if I could the meditated treason to Freedom and to the North. Since my return from Washington, I have visited thirteen States, travelled more than nine thousand miles, addressed thousands of freemen, consulted with hundreds of true men, and written hundreds of letters. Southern politicians whose defeats are now flashing over the wires, Northern men by whose treachery the American party was laid at the feet of the slaveholding propagandists at Philadelphia, have their sympathizers even here in Old Massachusetts; but their misrepresentations have not deterred me in the past from giving my humble support to the holy cause of Freedom, and their misrepresentations will not prevent my opposition in the future to 'every kind of oppression over the minds and bodies of men.'

I am not, Mr. President, insensible to the fact that many of my personal friends, friends whose generous manifestations of confidence I shall ever gratefully remember, do not at this time approve of the policy I see fit to support. So anxious am I to prostrate forever the iron rule of the slaveholding aristocracy, to rebuke a faith-breaking Administration, to banish from the National Councils the voice of servile doughfaces, and to inaugurate an era of Freedom, and so confident am I that the union of the people will achieve these desired results, that I am willing to incur even the censure of such friends, if by so doing I am hastening the accomplishments of objects dear to them and me. They do me the justice, I am sure, to believe that I am not influenced in my course by personal interest, for friend and foe cannot fail to see that I can have no other interest in this great question than what belongs to every patriotic and liberty-loving citizen of Massachusetts.

☞ The loveliest valley has a muddy swamp, the noblest mountain a piercing blast and the prettiest face some ugly feature.—The fairest face is most subject to freckles; and the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental lady loves cold pork, and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged.

The kindest wife will sometimes overlook an absent shirt button, and the best husband forget to kiss his wife every time he steps outside the gate, and the best dispositioned children in the world get angry and squall; and the smartest scholar will miss a lesson, and the wittiest say something stupid, and wisest essayist write some nonsense; and stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth heaven.

GREAT YIELD OF RYE.—The Salem Observer has a specimen of rye raised this season upon the town farm of South Danvers, on a piece of land of ordinary gravelly soil measuring seven acres and one hundred and twenty rods, which yielded two hundred and twenty-nine and a half bushels. It weighed fifty-six pounds to the bushel. One hundred and fifty bushels of it were sold for $1.50 per bushel.

Police Courts.

AT THE TOMBS.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

After the usual reprimanding and fining of a score of drunken persons, there was a case of rather peculiar nature came up, which may be called

THE DEAD ALIVE.

This case was one in which Owen Shaugnessy, Patrick Mulholland, Michael O'Shea, Timothy Leahey, Dennis Maroney, Dermot McDermott, Phelim Flannegan, Bridge O'Keefe, Mary McBridge, Ellen Dougherty and Bridget Casey were the defendants. As the Judge called out their names the prisoners severally responded. They were all, as their names would indicate, of Irish birth; the men evidently laborers and the women servants, though on the present occasion they were dressed in their best garments and presented, so far as their clothes were concerned, a very respectable appearance. Their garments in some instances, however, were torn and in other ways disarranged and soiled. The men, and in one or two instances the women, showed bruises about their faces and hands indicating their active participation in a recent scrimmage, from the effects of which they had not had the time, soap and water to enable them to recover.

Mr. Gerald O'Grady, who stands at the head of the bar at the Tombs, and who, under adverse circumstances and strong competition, is enabled by his talents to keep up his tariff of fees, from which he has never deviated, appeared as counsel for the prisoner. Mr. O'Grady has never been known to defend a case for less than fifty cents, unless, actuated by feelings of commendable philanthropy, he has volunteered his professional services gratis. It may be reasonably supposed that his success has excited the envy of the "Shysters," for while they have to sit oftentimes a whole morning beside their respective granite columns at the Tombs without being called upon to defend a case, Mr. O'Grady's presence in the Court room is in frequent demand. Mr. O'Grady had been retained in this case by seven of the defendants at five shillings each, he volunteering his professional services to the ladies without charge. He announced to the Court that he represented the defendants, and that they were ready to have the trial commence.

The witnesses were Sergeant Ferrett and Officers Snap, Clutcher, O'Grasp, Ketchum, Holder, and Van Knabem.

Officer Holder stated that while patroling his beat during Thursday night, the inmates of a house, No. 83 1-2 Pacific-place, began to act very disorderly. From the howlings and noises which he heard he came to the conclusion that there was a wake in the house. Not desiring to stop the disturbance by any violent means, he knocked at the door with the view of telling them that they were disturbing the public peace, and requesting them to desist. No response was made to his knock. He then put his mouth to the key hole of the door and announced to them as audibly as he could that unless they desisted he should have to call other officers and arrest them. No attention was paid to his words. Sergean Ferrett arrived soon after, and inasmuch as the disturbance continued to increase they called in the other officers to make a descent on the place, not, however, until they had first endeavored by their voices to make the inmates of the house understand the consequence to them in case they persisted in their unlawful course. Officer Ketchum, who had formerly patrolled the beat, knew of a rear entrance to the house through an alley, and they accordingly entered the house by that way. They found about twenty persons present, men and women, engaged in a promiscuous scrimmage, howling, drinking and fighting. The orders of the sergeant to cease their disturbance did not avail anything, which decided them to arrest the leading actors in the scene, which they forthwith accomplished after some considerable resistance on their part. They brought them to the Station-house. The remainder of the party subsequently retired or left the place, which was quiet for the rest of the night.

The remaining officers confirmed the evidence of Officer Holder in such of its particulars as they were acquainted with. All of them were cross-questioned more or less by Mr. O'Grady, without, however, eliciting any new facts of material interest.

Mr. O'Grady introduced as a witness for the defense Mrs. Kathelen Hennesy.

Mrs. Hennesy is a lady of about 45 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in hight, weighing about 250 pounds. She has a florid face.—Her dress was remarkable for the extent which it was ornamented with highly-colored ribbons and laces, gathered in fantastic bows.

Mr. Blotter, the Clerk, administered the usual oath, as follows:

You do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God that the evidence which you shall give in this case now pending before the Court shall be the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth kiss the book and stand up before the Judge.

Mrs. Hennesy having taken the oath, the examination was commenced.

Mr. O'Grady—Witness Hennesy, will you state to the Court if you are the proprietor of the house No. 83 1-2 Pacific-place?

Mrs. Hennesy—Av coorse I am and divil a hap'ny is there owin to any man for what's inside of it.

Mr. O'G.—What kind of a house do you keep there?

Mrs. H.—Is it for to insinnivate that the character of me house is not good that yer afther axin' the question?

Mr. O'G.—Misthress Hennesy could ye make it convanient to thrate this Coort wid becoming respect by answerin' the questions that I put to ye for the purpose of establishin' a definse of these ladies and gintlemen, some of whom I am towld are inmates of yer house! What kind of a house, I'll ax ye wonst more, do ye keep?

Mrs. A.—It's a respectable, honest boordin' house; bad luck to the blackgaird that says it's not.

Mr. O'G.—Will you plase to state to the Coort the facts of the unfortunate occurrence that traspired in yer house last night?

Mrs. H.—For the mather o' that there's mighty little for to tell; for it was nothin' moore nor a wake, barrin that the corpse come to life widout showin' the civility of first tellin' the mourners that he wasn't dead at all and saying,' "By yer lave I'd rather not be, av it's all the same to yez."

Mr. O'G.—It's about that Misthress Hennesy that his Honor is a watin' for ye to spake of. Now, thin, will ye relate the facts.

Mrs. H.—Well, plase yer honor, it was yestherday mornin' airly that I heard that Timothy Garretty was up stairs in his room very sick and like to die. I dhressed myself and sent for the doother and went up stairs. And troth Tim was a lyin' there in wan of his fits wid which he had been often throubled befoore; and before the doctor could come to him the circulation of his breathin' had stopped entirely. Well, yer honor, Tim had many friends in the house, and as he was an old boarder we tho' to hoyld a wake over his body. He was laid out and put into a coffin. At night all of his friends come into the room where everything was illegantly arranged for a wake. They had begun to dhrink their whiskey, and was enjoyin' themselves in a ginteel way, whin Pat Mulholland he sthruck Mike O'Shea over the eye for somethin' that Mike had said, and wid that Mike's friends and Pat's friends got themselves mixed up in a free fight together. At that time, plase your honor, who should I see arisin' from the coffin but Timothy Garretty himself, and restin' on his hands. By my sowl I was affrighted, for I thought it was Tim's apparition that was appearin.' Thin Tim spoke up "Back luck to yes," says he, "isn't it a fine thing yes is doin—havin the whisky flowin' free and a free fight too, and keepin' me a lyin' in this blackgaird box on the broad of me back. Wid that somebody who was a strikin' happened to hit Timothy a cloot in the eye which knocked him back into the coffin. "Who the divil did that," sez Tim, as he made a spring from the coffin on to the floor, dhressed all up in his white clothes. "Show me the man who sthruck me in me eye," and wid that Tim he commenced a strikin' out, and he sthruck Dennis Marony under the but of his lug. Whin they saw Tim out of his coffin they stopped a fitin' and fell on their knees and commenced a sayin' their prayers. "What's the matter wid yez?" says Tim. "Are ye not dead?" says Larry O'Brian. "Yez, as dead as a nest of live fleas," says Tim. "Then yer alive," says they. "Try me wid some whisky," says he; and wid that they got up and give Tim some whisky, which he never dhrank wid a bether grace nor thin. Well, as Tim wasn't dead, they couldn't howld the wake, but they agreed that they'd have the spree just the same. Tim was purty wake from his fit, and so it didn't take long to make him dead dhrunk, whin we laid him in his bed.—Afther that, yer Honor, they kept on a dhrinkin' and was fightin' in the most frindly way, whin the M. P.'s come into the door and tuck some of thim off to the station-house. I thin shut up the house and the rest went to bed.

Judge—Mrs. Hennesy, where is Timothy, the corpse?

"Here, Sir," said a cadaverous-looking Hibernian, "a little the worse for dyin' widout bein' very dead."

Judge—I think you're good for a few years, yet if you take care of yourself. Mr. O'Grady, have your other witnesses anything to testify in addition to what Mrs. Hennesy has stated?

Mr. O'Grady—I belave not, yer Honor. The material facts of the difinse are sufficiently proven by Misthress Hennesy's evidence. Av the Coort plase I have a few words to say in behalf of me clients here, which av the Coort will hear me I will make brief and to the point.

Judge—Go on.

Mr. O'G.—Thin, av the Coort plase, I will state the ground of my defince of these gintlemen and ladies against the unfounded charge of their disturbin' the public pace, is that the chairge is untrue in point of fact.—Sir, what are the facts? A man dies, and his friends congregate about the corpse to perform their last friendly offices to his remains, in accordance with a custom justified by thradition, ratified by usage, sanctified by antiquity, villified by these officers of the law whin they call it a disturbance of the public quiet, crucified when they burst in the house of mournin' and interfered wid it in the name of the law; and, Sir, I shall now proceed to establish a defince, *bone fide*, with the soundness of which I belave yer Honor will be satisfied. Sir, the Constitution guarantees to my clients freedom of conscience; the stairs and stripes wave proudly over a land in which religious despotism never dare show its repulsive form; and yet these officers dare to say that a custom which is almost a pairt of the religion of these my clients, is a disturbance of the public pace.—Sir, the institutions of our country air endangered by such preceedin's. And who was they disturbin'? Wasn't every man and woman and child in Pacific Row of the same nationality as these my clients? Air not their ethnological instincts runnin' in the same channels? Was they disturbed? No! Every man and woman and child there would have admired the devotion of these my clients to their ancient national thraditions and customs. There they was wid wan another doin their last friendly offices to their deceased friend in a fraternal fight over his corpse. Sir, what a sublime spectacle for the human mind to contemplate.

Judge—Mr. O'Grady, I think that the fact of the dead having come to life, and having been put to bed dead drunk proves disastrous for your argument, even admitting its soundness.

Mr. O'Grady—Thrue it is yer honor that the wake was precedin without the corpse, as thradition has it, that wonst upon a time Hamlet was played widout the Prince of Denmark, but yer honor, it was the fault of the corpse, and not of that assembly of mourners. If Timothy Garretty had chosen to have remained a dacintly behaved corpse, thin the objection which yer honor has raised could not have weighed against me clients here, and I press it now upon yer honor should my clients here be held accountable for the fickleness of the corpse? I think not Sir.

Judge—I think, Mr. O'Grady, you may dispense with further argument as it would be superfluous. Mrs. Hennesy's house nor its inmates have ever been complained of before that I am aware of, and in consideration of this fact I'll discharge the prisoners, giving them warning, however, in the future that if they are any of them brought before me again, I shall not deal with them so leniently. You may go.

The interesting party left the Court.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Chemical Combinations.

Every farmer should know enough of chemistry, to tell the combination that forms the different vegetable creations. Every plant and vegetable is formed of the same substances, only united in different proportions.—All too, are formed of only fifteen elements. The names of these elements we have often given; but as a valued subscriber has asked us, "What is the best way for a farmer of limited means, to acquire a knowledge of Agricultural Chemistry?" we will repeat what we have often said, by recurring to the first principles of Chemistry; and if our "subscriber," of Sullivan, will learn this lesson fully, he will be prepared to be his own teacher afterwards, by experimental training.

The fifteen simple elements are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine, carbon, potash, soda, lime, alumnia, magnesia, iron, manganese, silex, sulphur, and phosphorus.

Some of these names may be better understood by calling them differently. Thus to call chlorine, muriatic acid; carbon, coal, or the part of a thing that will burn; alumnia, clay, and silex, sand—they will perhaps, be better understood. The other substances are probably understood by their chemical names.

Now, by different combinations of these substances, are all other substances formed. Thus oxygen and nitrogen form the air we breathe; nitrogen and hydrogen combined form ammonia, or hartshorn; chlorine and ammonia combined form sal ammoniac; oxygen and sulphur form sulphuric acid; sulphuric acid and soda form glauber salts; sulphuric acid and magnesia combined form epsom salts; sulphuric acid and alumnia, or clay, form alum; sulphuric acid and iron combined form green vitriol; sulphuric acid and zinc combined for white vitriol; sulphuric acid and lime combined form "Plaster of Paris;" oxygen and phosphorus combined form phosphoric acid; phosphoric acid and lime combined form bones, or phosphate of lime; oxygen and carbon combined form carbonic acid, (so fatal in rooms where burning coals are kept;) carbonic acid and lime united form chalk, and limestone, called carbonate of lime, potash and aquafortis combined form saltpetre; soda and chlorine combined form common salt. Potosh, soda, and ammonia are called alkalis as they possess a sharp, bitter, burning taste. Potash is derived from the ashes of land vegetables; soda from sea plants, and ammonia from animal substances.

Now, by these changes and combinations, all plants and vegetables, as well as animals, are formed. Thus, a stick of green wood is formed by the combination of oxygen and hydrogen; the sap, or water, carbon or coal, and the ashes, or earthly matter, are drawn from the earth. By burning it, the water is changed back into the two gasses, and thrown off into the atmosphere. You have coal, or carbon left. This, though apparently dry, still contains water in the shape of oxygen and hydrogen disunited, and in a solid, dry form. Burn the carbon, or coal, and the balance of the oxygen and hydrogen is driven off, and the remains are earth. Analyze these ashes, and we shall find all of the fifteen elements, except the gases, which have escaped into the atmosphere. To ascertain the amount of gas in a stick of wood, weigh the stick, then char it in a pit, and weigh again; then reduce it to ashes, and weigh them. In the first operation, you get the weight of the gases united into sap, which are thrown off; in the second, the weight of the gases u[illegible] combined, existing in a solid state. So wi[illegible] lime, which united with carbonic acid, form limestone. A bushel of limestone weig[illegible] 142lbs; burn it, and it weighs only 75 lb[illegible] showing that 67 lbs. of carbonic acid and w[illegible]ter have been thrown off; add 20 lbs. of w[illegible]ter to it, and it will crumble into dry po[illegible]der, weighing 93 lbs., showing that [illegible] change of 20 pounds of water into solid c[illegible] substances, has been effected with a loss [illegible] only two pounds.

In analyzing the ashes of wood, we f[illegible] what earth is used in forming the plant [illegible] tree. The apple tree shows a large prop[illegible]tion of alkali and lime; the peach, iron; po[illegible]toes, potash; wheat phosphate of lime; [illegible]ver, lime; and the cranberry, of potash.

When the farmer has got thus far, perf[illegible]ly, he knows what composes his crops, [illegible] that his apple trees need ashes; the pe[illegible] iron scales; potatoes, leached ashes; b[illegible] meal; and clover, lime. When he has c[illegible]pletely learned this lesson, we will, perh[illegible] give him another.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ Rome is at loggerheads with her [illegible] favored and cherished daughter, Spain, [illegible] appears to have dared actually to launch [illegible] thunders against all that is most dignified [illegible] respectable in Sardinia. By an alloc[illegible] addressed to his secret consistory, Pius [illegible] has denounced as "absolutely null and v[illegible] all the acts passed by the Spanish Corte[illegible] specting ecclesiastical property; and has [illegible]manded his Nuncio immediately to quit [illegible] Covrt of Madrid. By the same alloc[illegible] the whole of the illegal and unconstitut[illegible] conduct of the Spanish prelates is form[illegible] approved of, and their example comm[illegible] As regards Sardinia, Roman arrogan[illegible] presumption appear to have proceeded f[illegible] greater and presumption appear to have [illegible]ceeded to still greater and more auda[illegible] lengths. In the same consistory, the P[illegible] "to the incomparable grief of his soul, [illegible]clares that all who have proposed, appr[illegible] or sanctioned the late decrees in the Sa[illegible]ian States, as well as the authors, fav[illegible] counsellors, adherents and executors of [illegible] "*have incurred* the greater excommuni[illegible] and all other pains and penalties of t[illegible]cred canons, and especially of the Coun[illegible] Trent."

☞ By the English papers it is [illegible] that Mr. ex-President Fillmore had be[illegible]ceived at the lakes of Killarney in the [illegible] exquisite style of Irish hospitality. A[illegible] other things, as he was out one day [illegible] at the scenery, he was agreeably smitt[illegible] buglers upon the hills playing "Yanke[illegible] dle." As he passed, the boatmen, g[illegible] in different parts of the avenue, gav[illegible] three hearty cheers as an acknowledg[illegible] of their gratitude to the great repu[illegible] America.

WHITE MAN SOLD AT AUCTION.—[illegible] change states that an Irishman name[illegible] mey McFreney was sold at Decatur, [illegible] State on the 4th inst., for vagrancy [illegible] the vagrants were sold throughout th[illegible] Jimmey would have plenty of com[illegible] *Chicago Press.*