The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1855. NO. 18.

D. M'CONAUGHY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

(Office removed to one door West of Buehler's Drug & Book-store, Chambersburg street,)

Attorney & Solicitor for Patents and Pensions,

BOUNTY Land Warrants, Back-Pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.: also American claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given.

Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois, and other Western States; and lands for sale there.

☞Apply to him personally or by letter.

Gettysburg, Nov. 21, 1853. 1y

E. B. BUEHLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. *He speaks the German language.* Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's Drug Store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's Store. [March 20.

WM. B. McCLELLAN,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE on the south side of the Public Square, two doors west of the Sentinel office. Aug. 22, 1853.

W. A. M'GINLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in the south-west corner of the Square, formerly occupied by D. McConaughy, Esq. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

Gettysburg, May 15, 1854.

DOCTOR
JOHN A. SWOPE,

HAVING located permanently in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the public. Office and residence in York street, opposite the Bank.

Gettysburg, April 24, 1854 1y

J. LAWRENCE HILL, M. D.,
DENTIST.

HAS his Office one door west of the Lutheran church, in Chambersburg street, and opposite Grammer's store, where those wishing to have any **Dental Operation** performed are respectfully invited to call.

REFERENCES:

Dr. D. Gilbert, Dr. C. N. Berluchy, Dr. D. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D.D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D.D., Rev. Prof. William M. Reynolds, Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stœver.

Gettysburg, April 11, 1853. tf

DIAMOND TONSOR.

JOHN W. TIPTON, *Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser*, can at all times be found prepared to attend to the calls of the people, at the *Temple*, in the Diamond, adjoining the County Building. From long experience, he flatters himself that he can go through all the ramifications of the **Tonsorial Department** with such an infinite degree of skill, as will meet with the entire satisfaction of all who may submit their chins to the keen ordeal of his razors. He hopes, therefore, that by his attention to business, and a desire to please, he will merit as well as receive, a liberal share of public patronage. The sick will be attended to at their private dwellings.

Gettysburg, Jan. 8, 1855. tf

TAX APPEALS.

THE COMMISSIONERS of Adams county hereby give notice that they have fixed upon the following times for the holding of appeals for the several Boroughs and Townships of Adams county, at the office of the County Commissioners at Gettysburg, when and where they will attend to hear appeals, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

For the townships of Mountjoy, Germany, Union, Conowago, Mountpleasant, Berwick, Oxford, Straban, Hamilton, Reading, and Tyrone, on *Thursday, the 25th of January next.*

For the townships of Huntington, Latimore, Menallen, Butler, Franklin, Hamiltonban, Liberty, Freedom, Cumberland, and the Borough of Gettysburg, on *Friday, the 26th of January next.*

JOHN MICKLEY, jr., JAMES J. WILLS, GEORGE MYERS, } Comm'rs.

Attest—J. AUGHINBAUGH, Clerk.

Dec. 18, 1854. td

NOW IS THE TIME.

S. WEAVER respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Gettysburg & vicinity, that he has resumed the Daguerreotype business, at the old stand, in Chambersburg street, where he will be happy to receive visitors desirous of securing perfect Daguerreotypes of themselves or friends.

Being furnished with an entirely new and costly apparatus, he is prepared to take pictures in every style of the art and insure perfect satisfaction.

☞Charges from 50 cents to $10.

☞Hours of operating from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

☞In dress avoid light, red, blue, or purple. Dark dress adds much to the beauty of the picture. Sept. 18, 1854. tf

NOTICE.

AS I have rented out my Foundry, to take effect from and after the 1st day of April next, and being anxious to close up the business of the same, I hereby give notice to all persons having claims against me, or the late firm of "T. WARREN & SON," to present them for settlement, and those knowing themselves to be indebted to me, or said firm, in money or trade, are requested to call and make settlement by that time, as after said date I shall be away from the foundry. I intend this to be the only notice I shall give, and all persons, interested in the same, will do well to give it their *immediate* attention, as after the above date I intend to place all my claims in the hands of an officer for collection.

Jan. 1, 1855. T. WARREN.

☞On the wane—Know Nothingism.

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

☞*The Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, 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 WORK done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

☞Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

Choice Poetry.

From the Sentinel.

"OUR EDDY!"

BY B. H. HUNT.

(In Ever-Green Cemetery may be seen a tomb with the simple but beautiful inscription "OUR EDDY!" It speaks to the heart. It may be, the beauteous child was the only bud of a mother's hope—the solace of a father's care. Ah! 'tis indicative of a true and tender heart THERE to sigh in sadness and weep the tear of sorrow.)

Ah! EDDY, sweet boy! thou art dead,
Cut down in the pride of thy bloom;
The dove from our bosom hath fled,
And sleeps in the cold quiet tomb.

We loved thee, we loved thee, how dear!
Yet mourn not, for thou art at rest,
Where grief shall not come with a tear,
Nor sorrows inhabit thy breast.

But mem'ry unto us will bring
The happiness past that was given,
And Hope with bright pinions will wing
Our thoughts to you, dearest, in heaven.

Sweet Heaven! abode of the pure,
Bright mansion of bliss and of truth—
For griefs and for sorrows a cure,
Thy guerdon perennial youth.

'Tis there a pure spirit he dwells,
Where anthems unceasingly roll,
And waters flow over green dells,
And music enraptures the soul.

Beyond those bright stars in the sky,
'Mid fields of celestial delight,
He shineth a cherub on high,
And dwelleth an angel of light.

Then rest thee, then rest thee in peace,
From tempests that over thee rave,
But when the stern winter shall cease,
The wild rose will bloom on thy grave.

Then over thy tomb we will shed
Fond tears of affection alone,
And softly above him will tread,
For EDDY lies under the stone.

PENNA. COLLEGE.

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he!
He caught the first accent that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray.
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
Many traces of sorrow be seen!
Oh well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother so near,
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

Select Miscellany.

Learn all you Can.

Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said, that even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know.—Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent, among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talk with the first you meet.

Leisure Hours.

In what way can your leisure hours be filled up, so as to turn to greater account, than in profitable reading? Young men, do you know how much is depending on the manner in which you spend your leisure hours? Ask the inebriate where he first turned aside from the path of sobriety, and if his memory be not gone with his reason, he will dwell with painful recollections upon the hours of leisure he once enjoyed. Ask the victim of crime when he took the first step in his reckless career, and you will probably remind him of the leisure hours he enjoyed in his youth. On the other hand, do you see a man who was once in the humble walks of life, now moving in a sphere of extended usefulness? he husbanded his leisure hours. Multitudes whose names look bright in the constellation of worthies, owe their elevation to the assiduity with which they improved the interval of leisure they enjoyed from the pursuits of the plow, the awl, or the anvil. They substituted the study of useful books for those trifling amusements, which insidiously lead the unwary into the paths of profligacy and vice.

☞The circle of domestic happiness is frequently comprised in that of a little Button! The loss of the one in time follows the constant loss of the other. Man's affections hang but too often on a thread, and it should be woman's watchful care that that thread never becomes broken.

☞How to get a good wife—get a good girl and go to the parson's.

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A Tale of the Carolinas.

BY J. M. SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife, and an only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said—

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable: ah! me, I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me; but for it, I should be now shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed inquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's gaze for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he exclaimed warmly:

"David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much? Why, my son, I am ashamed of you.

Twice before this I have spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit! What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely? For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army."

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth; then do not speak so harshly to him. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against your country's enemies.—Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! such *boys* as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced, I could name a host of them!—why, were it not for the boys of this land, where would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of David's age?"

The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word he had ever used to his boy.

David rose and left the house. He walked some distance, apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do?" he at last muttered. "Here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what? why, to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice: but now I will be myself again! What did he call me? was it not a *coward?* Now, by Heavens, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away, then, with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, no longer dream! Ere another fortnight my father shall hear of me or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart: the light showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her of his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl with an effort to smile. "I know I have done wrong to persuade you to stay: but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and may God be with you. My prayers shall attend you night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far northward: but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he know there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm-house, to which he proceeded boldly, in pursuit of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The royalist produced his cider after supper and insisted that David should join him in his potations: this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint, and became more and more communicative. To his horror, David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by Major Wilson, celebrated for his toryism and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partizan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the Major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross-examination.

"Why, you see," said the host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the Major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty they say, and the Major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now. Thank Heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest loyalist from doing as he pleases to those rascally rebels. But yonder is the Major now," suddenly said our host starting up. "I will introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow you will find him. Lord love you he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the tory's plans, and find means if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly; pledged him immediately in a bumper, and so contrived to make the loyalists believe that he was anxious to join a troop, and take part against the rebels. This induced the Major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain was concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night. He pretended that several others of his friends were disaffected and desirous of joining the royalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took; the Major promished him a command in his troop, in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread discovery had been constantly before our hero during the arrangement of this negotiation, for his person was well known to many of the Major's troops, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not protect him from detection. He wished to get off that night as he proposed: but to this neither his host nor the Major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning.—What was his anguish to hear that the Major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hearty breakfast, and, mounting his horse, rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the highroad, he turned aside into a more narrow and more circuitous by road.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, and dashing into a gallop. "I pray God I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads, and march to the Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen, as they had expected, before the tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march in the woods, it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but were enjoying themselves in fancied security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the tories, "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house, by way of introduction: we will then surround the house and enter it."

At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang on their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the Major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the windows were shivered, and the tories yelled like savages. In an instant the light in the house was extinguished—the violin as quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the tories fell, fatally wounded. Another report succeeded, and another tory fell. Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and beneath this the tories shielded from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it into pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The brothers were powerful men, and courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the whole tory force. The door being small, they stood their ground for half an hour, felling during that time, some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overpowered them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The tories inflamed to madness at the resistance which had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of their victims, when the Major addressed his men:

"Now friends, as soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to the house—the old woman there," he said, with a brutal laugh, "may be left inside, but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hist!" cried one of the men, in a loud voice. The Major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listener distinctly heard. "when I say fire give it to them!"

A man with blanched cheek now rushed into the house, exclaiming—

"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard.—A general volley succeeded, and so well had been the aim directed in the door that several of the tories fell, either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room, they had just left, and cut the ropes that bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this," cried one of the Bunkers.

The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle.

The tories fought for life; the others for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost exterminated. The Major fell by the arm of our hero, who had sought him out in the hottest of the fight and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotion of David as he pressed his betrothed wife to his bosom, and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but her's was silent and tearful, yet how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him when they met, "but you are chip of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not?—You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him in a few weeks, more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the end of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

The Heart Goes to School.

Think not that your work is done and your contract fulfilled when you have made your pupils expert arithmeticians and skilful grammarians; the heart has come to school to you as well as the head, and takes lessons as regular, and often more impressive and abiding, than those you assign to the intellect. You yourself feel the conviction of this daily stealing over you. Why is it that you almost involuntarily suppress the careless jest, the look of levity, or the scurrility you, alas, may elsewhere indulge in, and put on the air, at least, of candor and virtue, in the presence of those little children? Is it not that you feel that eyes bright with faith and affection are scanning every moment your actions, and imitative and impressible hearts are continually drinking in the manifestations of your mind and spirit; that your very breath, if laden with profanity, would stain their souls with quick and indelible pollution?—[Michigan Journal of Education.

A NOBLE HORSE.—Grant Thorburn says, I once saw a horse in the neighborhood of York, dragging a load of coal (twelve hundred weight) in a cart. The lane was very narrow, the driver was some distance behind, conversing with a neighboor; the horse, on a slow walk, came up to a child sitting on his hind quarters in the middle of the road, gathering up the dust with its little hands, and making "mountains of molehills." The horse stopped—he smelt the child; there was no room to turn off. With his thick lips he gathered the frock between his teeth, lifted the child, laid him gently on the outside of the whole track, and went away rejoicing; and well he might rejoice—he had done a noble deed.

☞Pompeii, the buried city, was overwhelmed by a volcano, A. D. 79. For eight days and nights, mount Vesuvius poured forth showers of stones and ashes, mingled with streams of mud and hot water, completely burying the cities of Stabiæ, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. In 1755, the disentombment of Pompeii began, and has gradually been carried on more and more ever since. And now the traveller may wander through the streets, and gaze upon the works of art and shops and houses and temples and courts of justice and prisons, once filled with life, but now silent as the tomb itself. Here is seen the skeleton of a man grasping bags of money, and with keys in his hands, as if struck down in the very act of escaping with these valuables. And here, in this city, perished Drusilla, the wife of Felix the Roman governor, spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, and who said to Paul, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee!"

☞A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. Bob promptly responded—"rosin and alum, Sir!" "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "de alum to draw de parts togedder, and de rosin to sodder um." The patient eventually recovered.

☞Mrs. Partington, reading an account of a railroad accident, was much surprised to learn that the locomotive had been driven off the track by one of the switches. "She shouldn't have thought," she said, "that the great iron engine would mind such a little thing as a switch." "Yes, but you must remember, mama," said Ike, gravely, "the locomotive has a *tender behind!*" "Oh, that, indeed," replied the old lady, resuming her paper, "well, you needn't talk about it, my son, go on with your lesson."

A WHOLESALE THIEF.—The Whitehall (N. Y.) Chronicle says: One night last week Mr. Sidney Degolyer, of West Fort Ann, was robbed of an orchard of young apple trees, some 200 in number, the trees being dug up by the roots. They were afterwards found about a mile from their owner's with their roots nicely buried, it no doubt being the intention of the thief to transplant them in the spring. The fellow that stole them may be set down as a go-ahead agriculturist. We expect to hear next that he has stolen a stream of water and a saw-mill.

☞An Indian had to go to Albany one cold winter's day, and got very drunk.—On his way home, he became completely overcome, laid down and was frozen to death. His tribe was at that time much disposed to imitate the habits of white men, and accordingly held an inquest over the body. After a long pow-wow, they finally agreed to the verdict, that the deceased came to his death "by mixing too much water in his whiskey, which had *frozen in him and killed him.*"

☞The *Times* advises everybody to keep out of debt. Good sense, but deuced hard to live up to, especially by those who have nothing to do, and a large family to take the proceeds. The advice of the *Times* reminds us of that of the French landlord. "By gar when a man gets too poor to pay his rent, he should buy a house for himself."—*N. Y. Dutchman*

☞The late venerated Dr. Sharp (himself an Englishman) was reported to have made the following remark, during his last and only visit to his native country, to some one who spoke slightingly of the statesmanship of America: "If you can point me to a succession of as talented and virtuous Sovereigns of England as you find in the eleven men who have filled consecutively the Presidential chair of the United States, then I will yield." There was no reply to this.

TO RESTORE COLOR IN SILKS TAKEN OUT BY ACIDS.—Sal volatile or hartshorn will suffice for this purpose. It may be dropped on silk without doing any injury.

A Deep Furrow.

Judge Coulter, of Virginia, when first appointed to the bench, had jurisdiction over one of the mountain counties. The district was made up of many wild and unruly fellows. One of the Judge's first acts was to impose a heavy fine, by way of example, upon a rough and hardy backwoodsman, for disorderly conduct. As the man was leaving the court room, in charge of an officer, he turned and addressed the Judge—

"Your name is Coulter, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I have to say is, that you are setting your *coulter* rather too deep for a man who is plowing new ground."

It is recorded that the fellow's wit saved the fine.

NO CHANCE.—Never let us say of anything whatsoever that it happeneth by chance; there is nothing that hath not been concerted—nothing that hath not its own particular design and end, by which it forms a link in the chain of appointed order. There is no such thing as chance. It is only the blindness of ignorance that talketh of things being strange and unaccountable and unlucky.—*St. Basil.*

DEAR REVENGE.—A farmer named Abram Rose, in Ottowa county, Ohio, having suffered from the killing of his catile by the trains on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, to revenge himself, placed obstructions on the track. In consequence, he was arrested, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

NEWSPAPERS.—It was not till Queen Ann's time, 1709, that London had a daily journal. Scotland had a newspaper in 1653; Ireland, in 1641; Germany, in 1612; the American colonies, in 1704. Italy had newspapers earlier than any other country.

VALUABLE PRESENTS.—Some one speaking of new-year's presents, says, "The best to give to your enemy is, forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your children, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, love; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God, obedience."

ORANGES AND LEMONS.—These fruits are now hawked about the streets of New York at very low prices, which is the more remarkable from the contrast with the high prices of almost every thing else that is eatable. Sound oranges are sold at ten cents a dozen, and sound lemons at six cents a dozen.

OYSTERS.—If you open an oyster and retain the liquor upon the deep shell, on examining it with a microscope you will find it full of little oysters floating about, 130 of which only cover an inch; you will also perceive in it a variety of animaculæ, and myriads of worms of three distinct species, gamboling in the fluid.

☞Daniel Webster used to relate that in a suit he received eighteen dollars for a vast amount of labor, but afterwards was employed in an exactly similar case, and received a fee of five thousand dollars, though he used the same brief that he had prepared for the first case.

☞An Irishman in recommending a cow said she would give milk year after year, without having calves. "Because," said he "it runs in the brade, for she came of a cow that never had a calf."

TITLE OF D. D.—The New York Post says the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church has adopted a rule in the Synod that the title of D. D. shall not hereafter be attached to the names of any of their ministers.

☞Fidelity, good-humor and complaceney of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

☞Some one has defined love—or rather what is commonly called love, thus:

"A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of—lying."

☞A Western editor thinks that Hiram Powers, the sculptor, is a swindler, because he chiseled an unfortunate Greek girl out of a block of marble.

☞As a proof of the hardness of the times, there is a man in Ohio who kills only half a pig at a time.

☞Plum puddings, well boiled, with the cloth left on, are now sent from England to the army in the East.

DOWN-EAST PROPHET.—Brigham Young, the present leader of the Mormons, and, as he has it, "by the grace of God" Governor of Utah, is said to be a down easter, a native of Oxford county, Maine.

☞Mrs. Hollyhock thinks it "rather queer," that the falling of a little quicksilver in a glass tube should make the weather so awful cold.

☞The thermometer was below the freezing point in New Orleans several times last month, and ice of a very respectable quality was formed—being in some places, an inch in thickness.

☞The editor of the Easton Argus has resolved to adopt the cash system after the first of February.

☞"What to cook and how to eat it," is the title of an article going the rounds of our exchanges. An article on what to eat and how to *get* it, would be much more acceptable these hard times.

☞Mrs. Applejack says it is all very well to *remember* the poor, but it is much better *to do* something for them.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been for some time in hot water.

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.—Couldn't somebody invent a soap which would enable Mammas to get their daughters off their hands.

DOING AS WE PLEASE.—No one has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

A TRUE SAYING.—According to Lacon, men will wrangle for religion: write for it; fight for it; die for it: anything but—*live for it.*

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.—The Illinois Senate have passed Resolutions instructing the members of Congress from that State against a change in the naturalization laws—yeas 18, nays 6.