

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"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, MARCH 19, 1855.

NO. 25.

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 WORK done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

STILL THEY COME!

FARMERS, look to your interests! If you want to get back the money you lost, just call at the Northwest corner of the Diamond, where you will save at least 25 per cent, and get the full worth of your money, and where you will not have to pay for those who don't pay. Don't forget to bring your money. Also bring along anything and everything you have to sell—such as BUTTER, EGGS, BACON, LARD, RAGS, and everything you think will sell—and I will buy at what they are worth. Just call at the People's Store.

The Stock consists of **DRY GOODS, Groceries, Clothing made to order, &c.**
New Queens-ware and Cedar-ware.
JOHN HOKE.
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1855.

New Firm in the Shoe and Hat Business.

PAXTON & COBEAN
HAVE commenced business at the well known stand of W. W. Paxton, which has lately been fixed up anew. Business to be done on the principle of "quick sales and short profits," for Cash or Produce. We will keep a good stock and sell cheap. To satisfy yourselves, call and see our assortment. We intend to give our constant personal attention to the business. Our stock consists in part of **Gentlemen's & Ladies' GAITERS, Bunkies, Jenny Linds, Oxford Ties, &c., Children's Shoes, &c.**

BOOTS and SHOES made to order whenever required, on short notice; Philadelphia make of **SILK HATS, Citizens', Cuban, Know Nothing, Wide Awake, Kossuth, and Old Men's Fur and Wool Hats, together with Men's, Boys', and Children's HATS and CAPS** of all kinds and sizes.
W. W. PAXTON,
ALEX'R. COBEAN.
February 19, 1855.

Notice in Earnest.

THE subscriber has quit business on his own hook, for the express purpose of settling up his books. Those who are indebted to him are hereby notified to call immediately and make payment, as his entire business must and will be settled up this season. Those whose accounts are of long standing need not expect further indulgence, and if any other person calls for the money, don't blame me. My books will be in my own hands, in the store of Paxton & Cobean, at my old stand, until the 1st of April next; then it may be necessary to put them in the hands of an officer for collection.
Feb. 19, 1855. W. W. PAXTON.

Choice and Valuable Books.

I HAVE just received from Philadelphia and New York, the best English and American editions of the best Authors in every department of Literature, known as standard Authors of value, and BOUND IN A MOST SUPERIOR MANNER, in the choicest library styles of calf extra, half calf gilt and antique, Turkey Morocco, &c. &c., forming altogether the most superb collection of Books which I have ever had the pleasure of offering to my numerous friends and customers; and which, together with an unrivalled stock of **Elegantly Illustrated Works,**

PRAYERS and Hymn Books, Superbly Bound Books, and best Editions in Library Bindings, now displayed in tempting array on numerous loaded counters, form altogether an endless variety from which to select Christmas and New Year Presents, as to fully keep up our well-known reputation of offering the finest assortment of desirable Books in the richest and most substantial binding. The undersigned invites the attention of every individual in Adams county to call and visit now, while the assortment is full and complete.
Prices to suit the times.
KELLER KURTZ,
Bookseller and Stationer,
S. E. Cor. Centre Square.
Dec. 18.

Removal.

I HAVE REMOVED from 122 West Lombard street to the new and commodious Warehouse, No. 11 West Pratt street, near Light, opposite the Malby House, and will continue my GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS, for the sale of TOBACCO, GRAIN and COUNTRY PRODUCE, of all kinds; and will attend to the execution of orders for purchasing.

I shall continue my **Guano Agency**, having increased facilities for supplying the best article, as usual, at the government's lowest price—the ton of 2240 lbs.—with a moderate charge of commission for purchasing and forwarding.

I am having manufactured **Phosphate of Lime**, a superior article, which I will warrant to be pure.
I have connected with my business, and shall at all times be supplied from the most celebrated manufactory in the Union, a large supply of **Agricultural Implements**, of every description, warranted, to which I ask particularly the attention of Farmers and dealers. Trusting, by strict attention to all business confided to my charge, I shall merit the patronage of the public.
B. M. RHODES.
Balt., November 27, 1854.

QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES.
A. ARNOLD is now receiving a large lot of Queensware, which he will sell low. Call and see.
Oct. 2.

CHEWING TOBACCO.—A first-rate article, on hand and for sale, by
MARCUS SAMSON.

PERFUMERY of all kinds will be found at
SCHICKS.

Ever Green Cemetery.

LAST NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS OF STOCK.

THE last instalment of the subscriptions to the Capital Stock is now due, and immediate payment in all cases is required in order to the completion of the improvements contemplated, and to the meeting of the engagements of the Company.

ALEXANDER COBEAN, appointed Collector of the unpaid subscriptions, will call upon all in arrears; and it is hoped that the response will make any further steps unnecessary.
Orders are ready for delivery to all such purchasers of lots as have not yet paid purchase money, and it is requested that they make payment and lift them.

The thanks of the company are tendered to all who have already made payment.
D. McONAUGHY, Pres't.
H. J. STAHL, Sec'y.
Feb. 5, 1855. If

Notice of Inquest.

NOTICE is hereby given to the heirs and legal representatives of JOSEPH SHAFER, late of Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, viz: The widow, and issue, four children, to wit: Mary, intermarried with Conrad Alwine;—Shaffer, Susanna Shaffer, and Peter Shaffer;—that AN INQUEST will be held on a Tract or Piece of Land, situated in the townships of Oxford and Berwick, Adams county, adjoining lands of J. B. Roland, Henry Gitt and others, containing 41 Acres, more or less, on which are erected a Log Roughcast House, Log Barn, Hog-pen, with other improvements;—also a Wood Lot, on the Pigeon Hills, in Adams county, adjoining lands of Jacob Diehl, Esq., and others, containing 5 Acres, more or less, on Friday, the 30th day of March inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., on said premises,—to make partition thereof to and amongst the heirs and legal representatives of said deceased, if the same will admit of partition without prejudice to or spoiling the whole thereof; but if the same will not admit of such partition, then to inquire how many of the said heirs it will conveniently accommodate, and part and divide the same to and among as many of them as the same will accommodate; but if the same will not admit of division at all without prejudice to or spoiling the whole thereof, then to value and appraise the same, whole and undivided—whereof all persons interested are hereby notified.
HENRY THOMAS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg,
March 5, 1855. 3t

Great Inducements!

THE Subscriber, in order to make room for Spring and Summer Goods, is determined to dispose of his extensive stock of OVERCOATS at prices that will really astonish the closest buyers. This affords an excellent opportunity to persons who are in want of the above articles, and are desirous of buying cheap.
MARCUS SAMSON,
Feb. 26. Opposite the Bank.

Carriages! Buggies!

THE undersigned take this method of informing their friends and the public generally, that they have entered into partnership in the Carriage-making business, and are prepared—at their establishment, in East Middle street, one and a half squares from Baltimore street—to put up CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c., in the very best manner. Their work, as they are determined, shall not be surpassed in the place, either for beauty or durability—and their terms will be as easy as at any other establishment. Repairing done low and with short notice.
D. B. LITTLE,
J. A. LITTLE.
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1855.

Marcus Samson

HAS just received and opened one of the largest and best selected stocks of PAINTS ever brought to this county, some of which in quality and workmanship equal any custom work that can be obtained in this or any other place; also a rich variety of VENIS, of all qualities and prices; together with a first-rate assortment of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, such as Gloves, Suspenders, Shirts, Shirt Collars, Cravats, Stocks, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Hair Brushes, Umbrellas, &c. &c. And I do assure the public that no person wishing to purchase, need leave my store without being suited, as I am enabled and determined to sell at the very lowest prices. Don't forget the place, in York street, opposite the Bank.
[Feb. 26.]

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.

Last Notice.

IN retiring from business, the subscriber desires to return his grateful acknowledgments to his friends, and the public generally, who have so liberally patronized him during a period of a quarter of a century, and solicit for his Sons, in the New Firm, the generous support so long extended to him. As it is necessary that his business be closed, he hereby gives notice to all persons knowing themselves indebted to him by note or otherwise, that his accounts have been placed in the hands of H. G. McCreary, Esq., for collection, to whom all persons indebted will please make immediate payment. He hopes this will be the LAST NOTICE required, as the long indulgence given them should prompt them to discharge their obligations immediately.
SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK.
Jan. 15, 1855.

TRUNKS & CARPET BAGS.—I have bought a large lot of the above articles at auction, which I can and will sell cheaper than any other House in this town dare. Remember that SAMSON gets and gives Bargains.
Feb. 26.

Choice Poetry.

For the "Republican Compiler."
DIRGE
TO THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER.

By S. J. VAN DERLINDT.
Al! brother, sweet brother, they've borne thee to rest,
And assigned thee a bed in the earth's sleeping breast;
The form is decaying—'t is not yet decayed—
To the dead, heavy dust, from whence it was made,
Tears to thy memory have ceased to be shed,
Since we know that thou'lt live—thou'rt earth's throned dead;
And the tears that suffused sweet memory's face,
Have woven forever thy name in its place.
Like the dew of the morn', or spring's falling rain,
Thou hast lived but a season, and died in the prime;
And now thou'rt laid 'neath the withering sod,
A sad lot to earth—a sweet offering to God.
As we head of the spot where life's languid lamp
Hath bid the sweet form—thou'rt to thee it was gain—
We do feel the weight of affliction entwined,
Its fragrance and dew-drops 'round memory's shrine.
No huge weeping-willow, or rose's perfume,
Decks the mound or the marble that covers thy tomb;
And the epithet which is written on thy stone,
Is the lone sound that o'er thee their music pronoun.
Yet the bloom of a kindred heart's truest love,
In a court where the roses of love o'er their waste;
Who's the willow of mourning bends down to its head,
And weeps tears with his leaves—thou'rt to us "THOU'RT DEAD"

Select Miscellany.

The Robber and his Horse.

AN ENGLISH LEGEND.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, of England, a famous freebooter infested the Isle of Sheppey, in the county of Kent, and made frequent incursions into the interior of the country. A nobleman by birth and under the sentence of outlawry, he entrenched himself in his stronghold, whither he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the traveller's purse had obtained. By adopting the often practised ruse of shoeing his horse's feet the wrong way, he frequently escaped detection; and even when holy pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode preserved him from his enemies, and carried him to a place of security. Thus the horse nearly rivalled the fame of its rider, whose exploits became so frequent and daring, that the whole country rose up against him, offered such large rewards for his apprehension, that at length he found himself so closely beset in his island that, hopeless of extrication or relief, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then on a visit on board the admiral's ship at the Great Nore. The Queen, not disinclined to show favor to a man whose personal valor, determined perseverance, and fertility of resource, were qualities highly estimated in those semi-civilized times, and interested by the air of romance that characterized his adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawless career. These conditions were that he should swim on horseback three times round the ship which the high admiral commanded; and should he escape the perils incidental to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed, and a general pardon extended to all his offences. Curiosity to see the feats of this celebrated horse, and a calculation of the chances which, in all probability, would save the outlaw from the labor and death of the gallows, induced the Queen to make this proposal to the daring freebooter. It was instantly accepted. Armed at all points, the intrepid bandit mounted his faithful steed, whose spirit he invigorated with a copious draught of brandy. Plunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and horseman swam gallantly round the destined ship; the second extraordinary evolution was performed with equal bravery and resolution; but at the third, little more than the heads of the horse and his rider could be perceived, buffeting with the waves, which seemed at every instant to threaten their mutual annihilation. Straining every nerve and sinew to the utmost, the gallant animal ceased not to struggle until the painful pilgrimage was completed, and his weary hoofs rested on the solid shore. At the moment that the exhausted courier gained a firm footing, a withered and decrepit hag, whose tangled elf-locks and tattered weeds streaming in the wind hid concealed the hideous deformity of her squallid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and raising the shrivelled finger with which she had traced unhallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked out an ill-omened prophecy—"Beware of that horse," cried the bandit, with a triumphant laugh of malice! "Although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause of your death." "Thou liest, fiend of mischief," cried the Knight of Sheppey; "thus I falsify the dark prediction." "Accused by superstitious fears, the natural ferocity of his temper overcame every sentiment of gratitude and affection; hastily dismounting, he drew his sword, and plunged it into the heart of the peering animal, who instantaneously deprived of life, fell motionless on the ground.

Restored to the favor of his sovereign, and permitted the quiet enjoyment of his ill-gotten wealth, the Knight of Sheppey lived for several years in uninterrupted prosperity.—One morning, anxious to show a friend the scene of his most wonderful adventure, he descended to the beach; the skeleton of the slaughtered horse, bleached by the storms of successive winters, still lay extended on the sand. Repeating the prophecy of the witch, he spurned the head with his foot, and severed it from the body by the stroke. At first he did not perceive that in the act a small sharp bone had penetrated his bosom; the wound was considerable and disregarded, but becoming more serious, it ended in a mortification, which speedily carried him to his grave.

His remains were deposited in the vault of his ancestors, and over them was raised a monument, in which the rude sculptor of the times attempted to delineate his history.—It is still to be seen in the church of Minster; a warrior clad in armor lies extended on the tomb; and at his feet is deposited the head of a horse; the wane of the weathered oak on the church steeple is likewise formed of a horse's head, which renders it probable that the story, though no doubt exaggerated into the marvellous, had some foundation in fact.

Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Women," remarks with some truth, that "beauties generally die old maids."—They set such value on themselves," he says, "they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single, and they spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

A pleasant walk—to the Cemetery.

Anecdote of Gen. Taylor.

If there was one thing that the late President valued less than any other, it was dress. This indifference to the fine arts of the tailor, as might have been expected, led to a great many amusing blunders on the part of his subordinates. On the day after the battle of Monterey, the General was in company with two other officers, in an address, "talking over matters," in the dining room of a cafe. The General was dressed in a white jacket, straw hat and narker continuation. The party had been in close conversation but a few minutes, when a young Lieutenant, fresh from Iowa, made his appearance. It was his first day in camp, having arrived that morning by the way of an up train from the Rio Grande. He was of course, unacquainted with any body. After looking about him for a few minutes, he took his seat at a marble-topped table, and commenced "ordering up."

"I say, shorty, pass the bill of fare."
"This was addressed to the General."
"Humm! the joke, General," whispered one of the officers, "he evidently takes you for the waiter."
"Well see!" said the General. "What do you want?" he inquired.
"A mutton chop and cup of coffee, and suddenly, too," responded the Iowa officer.
"James, get the gentleman what he desires," said the General to one of the real waiters.
"No sir!" energetically and quite indignantly responded the subaltern, "that won't do. If I wanted James to get my dinner, I would have given my orders to James. I want you, old fellow," he continued, rather facetiously, "to attend to the matter. It would do me good to see a man of your build fly around. Ha! ha!"

"But I am engaged, sir, and cannot possibly attend to you. James must wait upon you, or you must wait upon yourself," replied the General.
"Well, let James go," the subaltern replied. "Queer people, these," he muttered half audibly, "two big lubbers to get one mutton chop! No wonder they cannot resist invasion." James attended to the order. The Lieutenant partook of his mutton chop and coffee; paid his bill, picked his teeth, adjusted his cap, and sauntered forth to take a look at things. The first person he met on reaching the piazza, was "shorty," the waiter, arm-in-arm with General Quitman and Col. Dunsmuir.

"Well, if this ain't rushing things, you may shoot me!" exclaimed the surprised subaltern. "A getter up of fried potatoes supported by a live General and a Colonel of Artillery. I wonder who the duce he is, and where he got his impudence. My friend," he continued, addressing another officer, "can you tell me who that little, old fellow with a white jacket is, and what he does for a living?"
"What! the one supported by Gen. Quitman?"

"Why that's old Zachariah, and he makes his living by wallowing folks," answered the interrogated.
"What Zachariah do you mean?" asked the Iowa subaltern.
"Why, old Zachariah Taylor, the commander of the Rio Grande army."
"You don't say so! Not General Taylor? Je-rusalem!" exclaimed the dumb-founded subaltern, and left.

An Impatient Darkey.

Some fifteen years ago, a gentleman of color resided in Stonington, Ct., called in familiar phrase, "Old Cuffy Longhead." He was a noted preacher in his day, and could pound the temporary pulpit in the country school house mightily. Cuffy had been in a state of widowhood two or three years, when he became acquainted with a buxom and spicy damsel who was a domestic in one of the first families in the town. A match was soon bargained for by the worthy couple, and Dr. P., in whose house the damsel was employed, proposed to make a grand party, invite a house full of company, and "put the wedding through" in good style. The Rev. Mr. Longhead and his intended were of course pleased with the arrangement, which was to give so much eclat to their nuptials. Esquire Trumbull, Justice of the Peace, was invited to tie the fatal knot, and as he had a piece of waggery in his composition, he determined to make the ceremony as imposing as possible.

The company consisted of all the friends and relations in the borough, and when the couple stood up to receive their sentence, Mr. T., who was gifted with an unusual command of language, commenced a long harangue to the parties upon the nature of the contract upon which they were about to enter. The company preserved their gravity indifferently well for about half an hour, but the dusky couple began to wax restless. They were dressed up within an inch of their lives, and the sweat poured from their faces in torrents, during the unusual and lengthy exordium. At length Cuff's impatience burst forth and overhelmed the gravity of the Justice and audience, as he roared out, "Massa Trumbull, it 'pears to me you have too much preangulation. De company can't wait all night for de good things I needer." The ceremony was quickly finished after this outburst—and tradition saith, that more champagne was uncorked on that occasion, than at any wedding in the town before or since.

The Post Office Agent.

Some days ago the editor of the *Herald* asserted that the Hon. James Campbell had appointed a foreigner, by the name of PATRICK McGINN, as a secret agent of the Post Office Department, and that he was a Roman Catholic. We should have noticed this matter at the time, but overlooked it. Mr. McGinn was first appointed by President Fremont, to this post, and because he was found a most excellent and trustworthy officer, Mr. CAMPBELL retained him. He is no foreigner. His father was born in Maryland, as was also his grandfather, and this is more probably, than can be said of the editor of the *Herald*.

We have watched these sly and malicious insinuations, made by the editor of the *Herald* against Mr. CAMPBELL, to get alive that spirit of religious intolerance which has been engendered in this country, and has been astonished to see with what reckless disregard the editor perpetrates truth. He is a worthy disciple of "Sam," and is admirably fitted to carry out the principles of the order—deception and hypocrisy.—*Dem. Union.*

UNAVOIDABLE INCIDENTS.—An editor "out west," (of course,) said that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns; but unfortunately, a thaw broke up the wedding, and the doctor got sick, so the patient recovered.

The New Bounty Land Law.

The Commissioner of Pensions has issued the following instructions for carrying into effect the new Bounty Land Law:
Where the service has been rendered by a substitute, he is the person entitled to the benefit of this act, and not his employer.
In the event of the death of any person who, if living, would be entitled to a certificate or warrant as aforesaid, leaving a widow, or if no widow, a minor child or children, such widow, or if no widow, such minor child or children, is entitled to a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land such deceased persons would be entitled to receive under the provisions of said act, if now living.

A subsequent marriage will not impair the right of any such widow to such warrant if she be a widow at the time of her application. Persons within the age of 21 years on the 3d day of March, 1855, are deemed minors within the intent and meaning of said act.
To obtain the benefits of this act, the claimant must make a declaration, under oath, substantially, according to the forms hereto annexed. The signature of the applicant must be attested, and his or her personal identity established by the affidavits of two witnesses, whose residence must be given, and whose credibility must be sustained by the certificate of the magistrate before whom the application is verified.
No certificate will be deemed sufficient in any case unless the facts are certified to be within the personal knowledge of the magistrate or other officer who shall sign the certificate, or the names and residence of the witnesses by whom the facts are established be given, or their affidavits, properly authenticated, be appended to the certificate.

The official character and signature of the magistrate who may administer the oath must be certified by the clerk of the proper court of record of his county, under the seal of the court. Whenever the certificate of the officer who authenticates the signature of the magistrate is not written on the same sheet of paper which contains the signature to be authenticated, the certificate must be attached to said paper by a piece of tape or ribbon, the ends of which must pass under the official seal, so as to prevent any paper from being improperly attached to the certificate.

Applications in behalf of minors should be made in their names by their guardian or next friend.—Where there are several minors entitled to the same bounty, one may make the declaration. The warrant will be issued to all jointly. In addition to proof of service, as in other cases, the minor must prove the death of his father, that no widow survives him and that he and those he represents are the only minor children of the deceased.

If a party die before the issue of a warrant to which he would be entitled, if living, the right to said warrant dies with him. In such case the warrant becomes void, and should be canceled, and the party next entitled in right of the service claimed should make an application; and if there be no such party, the grant lapses under the limitation of the beneficiaries to the bounty. If the claimant die after the issue of the warrant, the title thereto vests in his heirs at law in the same manner as real estate in the place of the domicile of the deceased, and can only be assigned or located by said heirs.

Applications made by Indians must be authenticated according to the regulations to be prescribed by the commissioner of Indian affairs.
Accompanying the above instructions are the necessary forms of declaration, together with an official copy of the law.

A First-Rate Notice.

Jacob Ziegler, Esq., editor of the *Harrisburg Democratic Union*, thus notices the retirement from office of a certain Capt. Jake Ziegler, with whom he appears to be of very intimate terms:

Under the late administration, there was a gentleman who held the situation of Chief Clerk in the Secretary's office, by the name of Jacob Ziegler, sometimes called Capt. Jake, for short, and by his intimate friends Uncle Jake, from friendship. Mr. Curtin, who has been appointed by the Governor as Secretary, in a very polite manner, and with serious regrets no doubt, gave this gentleman leave to retire from office. It is supposed this conclusion was come to, because Mr. Curtin being one of those good-natured men who have a kindly regard for others, thought it would be a relief to Mr. Ziegler if the responsibilities of the office were conferred on some other person. We are directed to say, that this kindness on his part has been duly appreciated, and will ever be regarded as a subject of grateful remembrance.

Capt. Jake is a man, take him all in all, the Secretary's office shall never look upon his like again. Exceedingly clever, and available to a fault, the world was disposed to regard him as "some pumpkins," and it is to be hoped the world will not be so uncharitable as to think aught else of him now. He retires from office with the respect of all, and many a tear will be shed when those who have business in the Secretary's office shall miss his smiling face. It was our pleasure to know him long and well, and we say it with the utmost sincerity, no one loves him better than we do, or values his services more highly.

Farewell, Jake! dear Jake, farewell! Replies are ungrateful. We hope Col. Curtin's Chief Clerk may be as amiable a gentleman, if for no other reason, than to keep up a lively remembrance of his illustrious predecessor. We are not in the habit of putting men, but being under many, very many, obligations to Mr. Ziegler, we consider this notice at our hands, but an act of justice to one whom we esteem so highly.

Baby Show.—The people of Ohio have become quite excited upon the subject of baby shows. The matter has been carried to such an extent as to call forth the following remarks from the *Cleveland Herald*:
"The thing is getting to be disgusting, when the contents of the cradle and the hog pen are judged by the same standard, when the babies are estimated by the pound, like fat calves in the shambles."
True, to the very letter.

The Mormon Temple, begun at Salt Lake City, will be much larger than the temple built by the Mormons at Nauvoo. It will require years to complete it, and will cost several millions of dollars.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberality.

Pulpit Politicians.

When the two thousand and one New England Clergymen forwarded their famous petition to Congress against the passage of the Nebraska Bill, every sensible man regarded them as intermeddling fools. A similar estimate is put upon every one who attempts to preach politics from the pulpit. More than once in the history of our country, during times of great political excitement, the clergy have tarnished the purity of their robes by converting their pulpits into platforms from which they declaimed frothy political tirades against one or the other of the parties of the day. From various manifestations exhibited in different parts of the country, we fear another general outbreak of a similar character is about to be attempted. From such a calamity we say devoutly, "Good Lord deliver us." Parties are sufficiently distracted and disorganized, political hostility is already bitter and malignant enough, without the introduction of this annoying and vexatious element. The cup of bitterness is full enough now without adding this drop to make it overflow.

Without stopping to enquire the cause, we have a word to say of the manifest impropriety of this clerical interference in political matters. No clergyman was ever sent to preach politics, and whenever he does it he is perverting his sacred mission to a purpose from which unmitigated evil alone can flow. In every religious sect, denomination or society in this land, there are earnest, devout, conscientious Christians, who entertain directly opposite views upon all the political issues of the day. And this is reason sufficient to show that clergymen have no right to meddle with such subjects in their public ministerial capacity. They have, like all other citizens, the undoubted right to entertain their private individual views of the expediency or inexpediency of this or that political measure, and to express those views, if they choose so to do, at the ballot box, but what right have they as ministers of God, as representatives of Divine power, to denounce or approve any measure about which men may differ, and differing still be Christians? They have no warrant to do this. It is nowhere written "go forth and preach politics." But he who is wise as serpents and harmless as doves, "Preach the Gospel to all nations," are the divine commands. The great author of christianity came into the world not to legislate for nations, not to command armies, not to sit on the throne of universal monarchy, but to teach religion, establish truth and holiness. The christian ministry has for its purpose men's spiritual improvement and salvation, and for this end is entrusted with weapons of heavenly temper and power, but when those weapons are wielded in the arena of politics, the very religion of peace is made a torch of discord, and they who do this are serving another master than him whose robe they wear. Mark the man who with the stamp of a scour-dog visaged piety impressed upon his face, ascends the pulpit and tacks a political diatribe to a tortured text of Scripture—mark him, we say, for he richly merits the anathema of the poet, as "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." Let no such man be trusted. We have but little respect for the minister who is continually brandishing the weapons of controversy even about religious differences, who would turn his pulpit into a battery for the perpetual assault of adverse sects, for we believe he may be faithful to truth without doing this, that there is a silent, indirect influence more sure and powerful than direct assault on false opinions, that the most effectual method of expelling error is not to meet it sword in hand, but gradually to instill great truths with which it cannot easily co-exist, and by which the mind outgrows it, and that the minister should therefore labor to fix and establish in men's minds the primary, essential and all comprehending principles of christianity, as the standard by which mere partial views are to be tried, but if controversy be his element, and he cannot live without it, if a war of words he must have, why then let him discuss theological riddles and contradictions, but in christian charity, let him have politics to politicians.—*Amphipolis Republican.*

Shriner's Cough Syrup.
In this age of arrant humbug, when humble merit is overlooked and the grandeur of gilded impudence, and shameless impositions, inventions and discoveries of usefulness unblazoned to the world by the trumpet of bought-up praise, are too often unnoticed. Puffs make men and fortunes, and those who can puff but illy, share badly. Gold moves and governs the world. But we don't mean to moralize—we wish to call the attention of our readers by this flourishing prelude, to a discovery in medicine which has won its way to favor fairly and honorably, without the aid of adventitious circumstances. It has merit—it proposes not to be a cure-all—but it cures what it proposes to do. Abundant, reliable, and unsolicited testimonials certify to the fact of its great value in coughs, colds, and asthmatic affections generally. Dr. Lamborn has purchased all the right, title and claim of the former proprietor, Mr. Shriner, and is largely engaged in its manufacture. His laboratory has been fitted up with every necessary appliance, and he devotes his whole attention and professional skill, to his medicine. Its worth has been severely tried and professionally acknowledged, and all who suffer should at once avail themselves of the excellent means offered them of relief. By timely caution, serious consequences may be avoided—and many a victim snatched from the jaws of that relentless tyrant, consumption.

We hope the Dr. may meet with the generous patronage he deserves, and be rewarded for his philanthropic efforts to cure some of the most dangerous ills to which flesh is heir.

Gov. Wright, of Indiana, has withdrawn from the Methodist Church, assigning that his pastor was a Know-Nothing. That's right! No honest man can be benefited, says the *Harrisburg Democrat*, by the teachings of a pastor who, as a know nothing, has solemnly sworn to tell a base falsehood whenever questioned about his connection with the Order.

The members of the Legislature who bolted the Know Nothing Caucus, modestly inform their constituents of the whig and democratic party who elected them that the old parties had become corrupt and therefore they had sought a better and more virtuous one in the "American organization." According to the specimens which have been exhibited at Harrisburg this winter, we fear they have got out of the frying pan into the fire.—*Harrisburg Democrat.*

A very poor look-out—a jail with...