"TRITH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper---- Denoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, Che Alarkets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, MAY 28, 1855.

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

The Republican Compiler is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STABLE, thumbed to pieces. He had eaten his apples, ness, and, while the old lady clasped the two the author is, ne speaks the words of trust at \$1,75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2,00 drank his cider and cracked some walnuts for hands of the Magdalen, the old man placed his and soberness in a plain, candid, common har being and spake: per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of own; and now sat close as he could draw himthe publisher, until all arrearages are paid. | self to the flames without scorehing his homebeauty of her girlhood—fled with a stranger, 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 Poetrn.

THE DEAD.

AN ABSTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM. The spirits of the loved and the departed,. Are with us, and they tell us of the sky! A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted, A house not made with hands-a home on high! Holy monitions—a mysterious breath—

A whisper from the marble halls of death. They have gone from us, and the grave is strong ! Yet night's silent watches they are near, Their voices linger round us, as the song Of the sweet sky-lark lingers on the ear, When floating upward in the flush of even, Its form is lost from earth, and swallowed up in heaven

FORGIVENESS.

How beautifully falls From human lips that blessed word forgive! Forgiveness-it is the attribute of God-The sound which openeth Heaven-renews again On earth, lost Eden's bloom, and flings Hope's halcyon o'er the waste of life. Thrice happy he, whose heart has been so school'd In the meek lesson of humanity, That he can give it utterance; it imparts Celestial grandeur to the human soul,

Select Miscellann.

From Home Life, or a Peep across the Threshold. THE HAUNTED HEARTH STONE.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died Are haunted houses."

"Do I believe in haunted houses?" said the aged woman, speaking rather to herself than to the fair sweet grand-child, who nestled at her feet and looked up so earnestly into the wrinkled face. "Yes, indeed I do. There's not a tinued she, speaking so slowly that a solemn emphasis seemed to rest on each letter, "yes, yes, there are such things as haunted spots." And then she dropped her knitting, took off her glasses, wiped her eyes, and leaning back in her arm chair, seemed lost in a sad yet holy communion with the earlier passage of life.

It was a dark, stormy, winter's night. The wind howled fiercely around the old farm house, drifting the snow high on the window sills, fastening it to the rough panels of the doors, sifting it through the crevices of the mossy roof, and heaping it up like giants' graves all along the pathways throughout the garden. But inn-doors all was bright, and of a summer warmth. The huge back-log had been dragged in ere twilight, and was now slowly dropping into coals; while the flames from the lighter wood, which every few minutes was cast on with so free a hand, blazed high and ruddy, and cast a genial light and glare in the darkest corner, and scintillated on the time-darkened ceiling like polar flashes on the midnight sky.

It was one of those bitter nights that make the hearth-stone the bonniest spot on all the earth, -a night when the sheltered lift up their hearts in thanksgiving, when the homeless bow in supplication; a night when the children kneel before the fire and read bright prophecies in the living coals: when the aged draw their chairs yet nearer to the blaze and warm their shivering memories: a night when all turn their backs to the darkness, their faces to the light.

It was a night to make ghost stories relish well - "do, grandmother, tell one."

The head of the young girl rested on the knees of the old lady, and, as the latter lost the thread of her dream and looked down, she could see an enthusiastic eagerness pictured in the bright blue eyes, a longing for some tale of romance, that dropping into her heart, should vivify its dormant passions. She hesitated a few moments, and then tenderly caressing the lone pet of her bosom, she said: "I will tell you a story about a haunted hearth-stone; and, Lizzie, it will be no tale of fiction. The plot is drawn from living memories, the scene is laid-here, here." But her tremulous voice now quivered with added notes, and after a moment's stern, but useless effort at self-control, it burst into sobs so loud and wild that they rivalled the cries of the winter wind.

The young girl seemed not much frightened. and spoke no soothing words, but only clasped the hand she had taken as she asked the story, with a tighter grasp. The parexysm did not continue long: but, as it passed away, she rose, and turning her trembling steps toward the dark, cold bedroom, and going in, closed the door, and was absent a long while. The tears streamed down Lizzie's cheeks when left | drawing it a little closer to the fire, there was such a calm, beautiful, spiritual look expressed upon her countenance that you could not but fancy she had conversed with the angels.

down to me, it reads like this :-It was a night-much-like this : forty or more frightened. Beside the same hearthstone, for the house then had tested but thirty in have made their immost nerves awaken. stead of as now seventy and odd winters .- an aged man and his wife sat before the blazing we will keep you too. Stay with us -- stay! fire striving to while away the long evening you shall be to us as a daughter-replace the hours. There was not then, as now, daily mails coming into our little village, freighted with news in every shape. The press did not slie, wildly. "Your daughter was a stainless teem, as now, with magazines and books; it girl. I am dyed in sin! and she shook with: was rare to see a new spaper in this old kitch-; agony.

his wife, whose teeth were sounder than his hand upon her head and spake: rich sweet kernels.

falling from her lap and threatening many a come back ere she repented, as they told us, grease spot on the well scoured floor. Hasten- and died." frightened, he jumped, and came near setting babe coold its little love-song. A cry of ago-his stockened feet upon living coals; but his my burst from the white lips of the stranger, watchful wife, drawing him off the hearth, as loosening the hands that held her, she fell whispered, a little wildly, "Listen now! don't at the feet of those who had been so true.—a von hear it?" "Hear what?" said he, still cry, and then words. half asleep. "Why, the sound like a child "Father! mother! she did not die,—she go to the door." The old man, now fully found child to soused, stood with his hand to his ear, the Let the curtiright one,—the left one had been deaf for many for any, but the sight of God and angels. it? It is a fashion it has when it is cold."

that was certain.

to the door. His wife followed close and fast dared not leave the child, but was forced to on his steps. As he withdrew the little slip keep it to her breast; and worn and wearied heavy, lifeless sound. The wind blew a white Christ, by the voice of the angel on her heart? latch. Half horror, half wonderstruck, they was no word spoken for a long while. Then dragged the course blanket to the hearth, and, the young maiden broke it, saying, "And what unrolling it, discovered a woman and child; become of them all?"

nestling on a mother's 'warm boson. But it the year was out." Another long pause. took longer to bring back a pulse to its pale "Yes, it is a haunted hearthstone, this.

But it was many a weary day ere she could [land." eave her bed; when at last she stole from it. and sat up in the old lady's rocker, and lulled like this, have angels for their guests." her baby with old songs, she seemed to her watchers more like a spirit than a sick, sadd stranger. But gradually, through their tender tended her child, but assisted the old lady in many of her domestic duties. But she said very little-less than they could have wished; for in their hearts they longed to know her that had sinned, suffered and been forgiven. story. They knew she was a sinner, -- knew it by the meek pentient way in which she hung her head when they read the Bible, at she raised to them after each prayer. But they loved her all the more, or rather were stranger lingered, tilling with her little one a after assisting in the morning as had become her habit, she went into the bedroom with her coarse garments they had worn on that frosty

night of their arrival. "Give her one kiss, grandma, and you, grandpa," said she, holding the child first to one, and then to the other's wrinkled face; and now, father, mother, -do let me call you this once! give the unwedded mother one, and we will go, and wherever I go I will pray for you, and she shall be taught too;" and she rushed wildly to the door. They stopped her. caught her child, and pleaded with her to stay. Be to us still what you have been so long. our daughter, and do not take from us our

darling baby; we should die without her."
Great drops gathered on the still pale brow. while tears rushed down her cheeks, and her lips quivered with a fearful agony. She wrung her hands, she beat her heart, she lashed her limbs- she seemed like one who is half mad. ·Give me the child one moment," she exclaimed, and clasping it wildly to her bosom, she bathed its smiling face, with drops wrung alone, and it was evident that the aged relative from its keenest woe, then kissed it passionhad some secret sorrow, over which she ately, and held it out to them. Both stretched mourned intensely. When she returned and their hands, and the little one, with an equal again seated herself in her usual chair, only love, gave to the one its right, and the other its left hand, and, upheld between them.

crowed and screamed in baby glee. "She is the child of sin," said the mother, with a solemnity that awed, for a moment, the Without any allusion to the past, without any carol of her baby; "the child of sin; but her preface, she began, after a silence of perhaps | self pure and holy as the offspring of a wedded half an hour, the promised story. Handed tie. Will you keep her so if I icave her here! If she goes with me, she will not long be an angel, unless, indeed, God takes her; would have passed since its winds blew and its snow he had taken her mother when she was as drifted, since its cold palsied and its darkness young! If she stays with you she may ever be one. Will you keep her?" and she streamed the same only that it was not worn so smooth, the words into their ears, as though she would with "teeth of pearly whiteness," and with

"We will, we will!" said they; "and more: one we have lost; we will be your parents. It shall be home to us four." "I cannot," said

old man had studied that some time, and care- hot as those that had scalded her face, now its not a building.

spun garments, nodding good bye to sky-bound who wood her by false words to a fearful sin sparks. The old lady had rolled up her knit-ting; and, with her broken fork, in those haunts of early years, to spend the remainder days they had not heard of nut-picks-with of our days in a struggle to forget. We cannot her two-tinned fork which had lost one of its forget, but we long since forgave; aye, before members, sat digging out with a patience we heard she was dead. We have learned to worthy of the gold mines of these times, the be happy, even with the memory of trial ever before us. But we miss the hopes that were Suddenly she dropped both fork and nut, and boin with her, and we would cherish you and in another instant started to her feet, her pan your babe as we should her and hers, had she

ing to her husband, she shook his shoulders, The old man's voice was hushed. There saying, "Wake up, quick, and listen." Half- was no sound but that of sobs, save when the

crying. There, there now it goes again. Do lives! I am she-your Lizzie-your lost,

Let the curtain drop. It is a scene too holy

year. "It's the wind, wife; don't you know | "Yes." said the old grandmother, "it was their long-lost, and as they thought, dead Liz-"It wasn't the wind," said she, solemnly, zie. - She herself had forged the story of her with a little nervous agitation yet visible in death, to secure herself in the sin she had her face. I know the cry of the wind; it learned to love. But when, after years of never makes a sound like that. There," and wretchedness and crime, she became herself .-she clung to him quivering like a dead leaf, when she felt upon her breast the touch of pure 'don't you hear it?" He certainly did hear and holy lips-then she became herself again, something that sounded like the cry of a child; and felt how much, how deeply she had sinned, and now it did not die away, as it had when and she longed to have her babe nurtured as his wife had noticed it, with a single sob, but she had been. It was long ere she could eslengthened into screams. But how it could cape from her sinful associates; but she at sound so near, or whence come, was a myste- length succeeded and reached, as I have told ry; for the house stood then far away from you, her father's house. She meant to conceal any other house; but it was a child's cry, herself till they were asleep, and then leave the babe and go away : for she had no hope "I'll go and see," said he, summoning cour- they would cherish her again - for, O, she was age to his somewhat faint heart, and he turned | very vile. But the cold was so intense she of wood that fastened the latch-there wasn't with her long and tedions struggle with the a bolt or lock in the town, and opened the drifts, at length became benumbed, and could door, a bundle, so it seemed, though of what no longer still the cries of her little one; and it was hard to guess, fell into the room with a thus, was brought back to love, to home, to sheet over it ere they could again fasten the The old lady ceased her story, and there

the latter struggling to free itself from its many . The two aged parents lived near a score of wrappers, and screaming with all its night: years, happy in the love of their restored child, buy with your earnings an empty barrel, and around, but that to me is haunted,—none, the former motionless as a corpse, with lips and in the caresses and tender care of her littough, so much as this." "Haunteds" concharity to the babe released to have seened t twelve month, completely revived it; and it to her mother for five-and-twenty years; then lay on its pillow with its little white feet passed away, leaving a little one to make good stretched to the fire, as happy as love could her place. Motherless ere it had seen the face have made it, cooing as sweetly as though of her who gave it birth, it was fatherless ere

protector; and many times did the good Sa- Those aged Christians, that beautiful young maritans turn from her, leaving the sheet mother, that noble Father-they haunted it; drawn over her as we cover a corpse. But a not as did ghosts of olden times, making it a sigh, so faint that it seemed a dying breath, weird spot for the heart, but with such holy it length encouraged them, and they applied memories that the hour spent in communion estoratives until satisfied she would yet live. with them seems like a visit in the better

"Hearthstones are ever haunted, but few,

The anniversary of that bleak winter's night came round. The fire burned as brightly as before, the room was as warm and rosy; but nursing, she recovered strength, and not only the young girl kneeled now before the fire .-There was no lap for her to rest her head upon -the old arm chair was empty. The hearthstone was haunted by another spirit -a spirit

What, about a youngster's dress, is he more proud of than his pockets? Does his morn and night; knew it by the stained face mother forget to insert a pocket in his apron. she is quickly reminded of it, and obtains no peace until the omission is supplied. What all the kinder to her. And though she revived mother ever finished her boy's first pantaloons PEND ON FATHER! memories it was agony to bear, they folded without a pocket on either side? And with her to their affections as they would their own his legs encased in the little cloth tubes, as he lost lamb, had she not gone ere they could struts off, where are his hands? Has his reach her. The winter passed and still the mother lost her thimble, where can she find it? Is anything ever suffered to lie loose on small place in the house, but a large one in the floor, small enough to go in his pocket? neighboring village says she emptied her teen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of brick, one doughnut, a piece of currycomb, one paint brush, three waxends, a handful of corks, a chisel, two broken knives, a skate strap, three buckles, one ball, two primers, five hen's eggs, and a bird's nest.

The editress of the Ladics' Ropository.

talking about kissing, says-"Kisses, like faces of Philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some sweet as honey, some mild as milk, some tasteless as long drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than other sorts. As to proposed kisses, they are not liked at all. A stolen kiss is the most agreeable. We have been kissed a few times, and as we are not very old, we hope to receive many more.'

TAn exchange says -"Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of silk for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled." We do. We held one skein for a pair of red lips, with dample and dark eyed accompaniments, not long since. The consemence was, we got intermingled in-tead of the silk, and somehow or other felt as though to keep entangled wouldn't hurt much. Moral -When you hold silk for young ladies shut your eyes or you may get wound up instead of the silk .- Buff. Republic.

TPA most interesting sight to see, is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies," and cheeks that have stolen the "deep carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of

Locusts have appeared in countries num- I bringing 'em." bers in Lexington district, South Carolina, and it is stated that hogs and poultry are leasting!

en, and rarer any volume, save THE ONE. The And so did those she spoke to, and tears as cided the monentous question, that "a hog pen by Show" to take place in the Museum in June.

fully replaced it,-the Bible did not then as flooded theirs. A while they wept as though | TWe found the following, the other day, now, grow dusty while other books were their hearts would break; then gathered calm- in one of our exchanges uncredited. Whoever thumbed to pieces. He had caten his apples, ness, and, while the old lady clasped the two the author is, he speaks the words of truth

Stand up here, young man, and let us talk

Don't Depend on "Father."

to you -you have trusted alone to the contents of "father's purse" or his fair fame for your influence, or success in business. Think you in comparison of size. that he has amassed a fortune honestly, without energy and activity? You should know f you never earned anything for him, you have no more business with those "rocks" than a gosling has with-a tortoise! and if he allows their value by your own industry, he perpetrates untold mischief. And if the old gentleman is lavish of his cash towards you, while he allows you to idle away your time, you'd be made an imbecile or something worse office, engaged with a partner equally poor, or later you must learn to rely on your own esources, or you will not be anybody. If you have never helped yourself at all, if you have become idle, if you have eaten father's bread and butter, and smoked father's cigars, cut a swell in father's buggy, and tried to put on father's influence and reputation, you might far better have been a poor canal boy, the son of a chimney sweep, or a boot black-and indeed we would not swap with you the situation of a poor, half-starved motherless calf !-Miscrable objects you are, that depend entirely on your parents, playing gentlemen, (dandy loafers.) What in the name of common sense are you thinking of? Wake up there! Go to work with either your hands or your brains, or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to hoast of that you have grown in father's" house-that you have regetated as other green horns! but let folks know that you count one! Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plow handles, the scythe, the axe, the pick-axe, the spade-anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly round and tear your jacket, rather than be the passive recipient of the old gentleman's bounty!-Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potato patch, let yourself to stop hog holes, or watch the bays. and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. If you have no other means of having fun of your own make the old gentleman furnish everything, and you live at your ease.

Look about-you, you well dressed, smoothfaced, do-nothing dropes! Who are they that have worth and influence in society? Are they those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? or are they those that have climbed their way to their position by their own industry and energy? True, the old gentleman's funds, or personal influence, may secure you the forms of respect, but let hun lose his property, or die, and what are you? A miserable fledgling—a bunch of flesh and hones that needs to be taken care of!

Again we say, wake up-get up in the morning-turn round at least twice before breakfast-help the old man-give him now and then a generous lift in business-learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led; and you have no ideashow the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny-and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off then, that ring from your lily finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and, by all means, never again eat, the bread of idleness, NOR DE-

A Tough One.

Dave Constable says there is one advantage about old fashioned frigates. They drag so much dead water behind that if a man falls overboard on Monday, you need not stop till there were no more daughters in the family, so each heart. One bright golden spring morn, And at a later stage of life, when the world's Friday to pick him up again. He never getr goods begin to attract his attention, and that beyond a few yards of the stern post. In condecidedly human nature commences stealing firmation of this opinion he refers us to a well ries outshone those of all others. To be invited babe, and soon reappeared wrapped in the same over him. and his pockets are larger, and he known anecdote connected with Capt. Pompous has more of them, are they less used? Let the of the frigate "Wash Tub." One evening following exposition answer: A mother in a while running up the Mediterranean under a one horse breeze, Pompous came on deck just hopeful son's pockets the other day, and the before sun-down, and entered into the followfollowing articles were brought to light: Six- ing conversation with Mr. Smile, the first lieu-

"I heard a little noise on deck just now, Mr. Smile, what was the cause of it ?"

"A man fell from the fore yard." Without saying another word, Capt. Pompous entered the cabin and was not seen again until next morning at breakfast, when he once more refreshed the dock with his presence, and lars. again entered into conversation with the first

"I think you told me, Mr. Smile, that a man fell overboard from the fore yard. last evening. "I did sir.'

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No. Sir." "Well, you had better do it some time during the morning, or the poor devil will begin o starve."

The lieutenant obeyed orders, lowered a boat about noon, and found the gentleman fore. He was lying on his back fast asleep. We get this from "an eye witness."

Some one tells a good story of a broad backed Kentuckian who went down to New Orleans for the first time. Whiskey, brandy, and plain drinks he knew, but as to the com-

pounced and flavored liquors, he was a Know-Nothing. Reposing on the seats at the court of St. Charles, he observed a score of fashionables druck mint juleps. "Boy," said he, "bring me a glass of that beverage." When he had consumed the coolwas my last remark?" "Why you ordered a

"That's right, don't forget it-keep BARNIM AND THE BLACK BABIES -Mr. Bar-The Supreme Court at Buffalo has de-black babies to participate in the "National Ba- ung a wing on time!

From a California paper of March 23,

Sketch of a California Millionaire. Never was community so convulsed in our has occasion frequently to make decisions, and young State as it has been during the past give explanations and instructions in recard n onth. A true record of events throughout to the School Law. These decisions and exthe State would put the bursting of the South planations are from time to time collected and Sea Bubble, and the annals of old Newgate to published in The Pennsylvania School Journal, the blush, and Benton's "Thirty Years in the at Lancasier, to which magazine we are in-United States Senate' would be but a primer | debted for those subjoined :

Binks failing, crushing, swindling, merprofession, but by unwearied industry? or chants suspending—some from failure of the banks, others from rash speculations, a few hood in which they are located; and pupils from the absorption of their whole profit in the that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of payment of high rates of interest, but scarcely most convenient school, unless they can be acone from a fair, legitimate cause. New systems of fraud and villainy are almost daily extens of fraud and villainy fame or fortune, is essential to, nay inseparateurs of fraud and villainy are almost daily extens of fraud and villainy are almost daily exble from the retaining of either of these! Suppose "father" has the "rocks" in abundance: posed, and always does the exposure come just pose "father" has the "rocks" in abundance: too late to afford justice in arrest of the pernetoo late to afford justice in arrest of the perpetrators. Meiggs-honest flarry Meiggs-struck out in a somewhat new line, although that ele- moment be suffered to influence the adminisgosing has with a tortoise; and it he allows you to meadle with them till you have learned gant Wall street financier, Schuyler, gave him tration of its affairs. Every officer connected a cue; but these two pale before the brilliant with the system, from the highest to the lowaccomplishment of the latest operator-G.

Hubert Saunders: This gentleman came to our city some three years ago, poor and meck. He hired a small through so corrupting an influence. Somer and the two hung out a modest yellow-painted sign, which told that they were "Attorneys and Counsellers-at-Law." Saunders is a Frenchman. I believe, hence he soon got a very line practice from his countrymen. He had married an American lady in one of the eastern cities, a widow, the mother of two girls-one of dazzling beauty.—The family moved to this city. The wonderful beauty of the daughter drew to their house crowds of admirers-the wealth and aristocracy of our city. A smile from the lovely fair one was a bliss to ponder on. With increased practice in his profession, school law, and there can be no division of the Saunders plunged out in truly fashionable style. His handsome daughter, in winning or the scholar. It is the date of the Directors suitors to herself, brought briefs to her father. as her admirers eagerly rivalled each other in gaining his confidence and friendship, the better to succeed in their suit for the daughter. Soon the family became noted in high circles and some even assigned to them the front rank among the ton .- They rode in the finest carriage in town, had the best horses, and plunged into all the extravagance essential to support their newly assumed position. The beauty matried a lawyer of some wealth, a Mr. Alfred Wheeler. The party given on the occasion eclipsed anything of the sort ever known in the country. With the accumulation of business. Saunders felt it necessary to purchase the appointment of notary public, merely to facilitale his own practice; for he was now a "Conveyancer," and loaned other people's money on "the best secured real estate," and by having the authority to take the acknowledgements of the borrowing and loaning parties in his own office, he was saved the trouble and the notatial scal. He did the largest business | get married. of the kind in town. Frenchmen especially confided in him. They were not going to put their money in banks, for sometimes banks failed; they were determined to invest safely, put their money in mortgages upon the best improved, well secured real estate in the city —so they went to Saunders, and he did the business for them all.

G. Hubert Saunders was now one of our wealthiest citizens, certainly the most extravagant. He drove a span of sorrels before a light buggy in the morning, a span of blacks to a handsome Rockaway in the afternoon, and in the evening he sported a carriage and a spanking pair of bays. His office hours were shortened "from 8 till 5" down to "from 10 till 2," but between these hours he was always in the office, save at lunch hours, when. if any of his distinguished family were "down cream saloon, and the skill of the catering ardainties for them.

On one occasion last year, when strawberries first appeared in the market, it is said himself and Mrs. Wheeler ate the moderate al- I to the Teacher. lowance of \$100 worth each at a single sitting. The stories now told of his lavish extravagance would fill a fair sized octavo. About two weeks ago the eldest daughter was married to a gentleman of Sacramento. Another magnificent and costly entertainment was given on the occasion. Young wife hunters mourned that that they too might form a matrimonial alliance with so distinguished a set. Their soiat Saunder's was the zenith of a bliss to all codfishdom. But time works wonders. The mutations of human life are beyond the power or the prediction of man .- Last week G. Hubert Saunders was arrested on a charge of forgery, and was released upon giving bonds in the sum of \$10,000 for his appearance at Court to answer the charge. His son-in-law and his partner were his sureties. That evening he fled, and has not yet been found nor heard of. The following day forged mortgages and deeds were discovered in his office, upon which he had raised over three hundred thousand dol-

In one instance he actually mortgaged a man's own property to him for \$4,000 and strange to tell, the poor fellow never discovered it until the news of the forgeries was two days old. To some he gave mortgages upon the highway, the boundaries and description being inachine—one man-furrowing, drapping and given in the usual style. He also drew mort-covering, and that, too, fast as a horse can gages upon the property of Bolton P. Banon, John Parrett, Sam Brannan, and others of our wealthy men, who never had a dollar upon their estate. All these he conveyed to his victims, who paid him their money, gave him his comwho had disappeared from the fore yard, but 18 mission, and went away confident in the securinches farther astern than he was 14 hours be ity that held their funds. One great cause why he was enabled to continue his frauds so long undiscovered, is the fact that nearly all of his sufferers are French, who do not understand our language, and who were ignorant of the legal procedure in such cases. Every day, so far, has brought to light some new act of his

Of all our splendid rascals, Saunders has proved himself the chief. His new system of robbery is entitled to the first rank in the Patent Office of rascality, and old style forgers, such as Munroe Edwards was, must not hope for the distinguished reputation that is so riching draught, he called the boy. "Boy, what ly merited by Saunders, Meiggs and Schuyler.

TA seedy individual, on making a hearty meal on "the wing" of a chicken, at a restanrant, requested the barkceper to charge it. To which the barkeeper replied, that he had often num, it seems, has decided, greatly to the hor- heard of time being "on the wing" but that ror of the New York Tribune, not to permit, was the first ins ance he had ever heard of get-

Hypocritical piety is double iniquity.

Common Schools.

The State Superintendent of Common Schools

SCHOLARS TO BE SENT TO THE NEAREST ... School.-Schools are established and houses built, for the accommodation of the neighborshould, of right, be sent to the nearest, and practically immaterial.

Party Politics have nothing to do with the Common School System, and should not for a est, should discharge his duties with reference solely to the best interests of Common Schools, and the cause of Popular Education.

Bank Stocks in the State of Maryland are beyond the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania School Directors, and are not taxable in this State for school purposes.

INTERFERENCE IN THE DISCIPLINE OF THE Schools.—It is the duty of Directors and Teachers to maintain the discipline and authority of their schools, against the improper interference of parents and all others; and if such. interference develope itself in overt acts of trespass and violence, the offender should be handed over, at once, to the custody of the law.

DIVISION OF SCHOOL MONEY IN A DISTRICT. -There are no sub-districts under the new. school inoney, in any district, by the taxable to keep all the schools of the district, open the same length of time, at the expense of the entire district, and pay all the expenses of the ; schools for tuition, fuel. &c., out of the district treasury, without reference to suli division lines, but so as to do as nearly as possible equal" justice to every part.

EXPENSE OF BUILDING. &c., SCHOOL HOUSES, T -School houses are to be rebuilt, and repaired at the common expense of the entire district, and not solely of the citizens in the immediate vicinity: nor can Directors shorten the term of school in a particular house on that in account, or reduce it to an inferior grade, in

order to reimburse their building expenditures.

The fifty cent tax on trades, projessions and occupations, prescribed by the section 30 of the school law, is separate from, and independent of, all other taxes, and is in addition thereto.

TAX ON SINGLE FREEMEN. - There is no leat way or escaping the boll texton wint annoyance of running here and there to affix freemen, except to have the law repealed, or the ORDINARY SCHOOL TAX NOT TO BE APPLIED

TO BUILDING .- The tax levied under the 30th section of the School Law should be appropriated solely to the support and maintenance of the schools, and to defray their ordinary expenses, including repairs; and Directors cand-5 not legally use any portion of it as a building

BUILDING TAX LIMITED AND TO BE KEPT SEPARATE.—The special tax for building purnot exceed the "amount of the regular annual and tax" for the current school year, levied under the 30th section. A careful account should be kept of each fund separately.

NUMBER OF DAYS IN A TEACHER'S MONTH.-To ascertain the exact number of days in a Teacher's month, first deduct all the Sabbaths from each calendar month taught, then deduct shopping," he would escort them to the ice every alternate Saturday, or the latter half of a every Saturday, and the remaining time, but tistes was taxed to their utmost in providing no more, should be exacted of the Teacher. The better policy would be to have no school at all on Saturday; and whenever this is done, the days thus vacated should not be charged

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES NOT IN FORCE OUT OF THE COUNTY .- County Superintendents certificates to teachers are of no authority out of the county for which they were issued. A change of location to another county, would require a re-examination by the Superintendent of the proper county, and a fresh certificate.

Mr. J. W. Corsey, of Indiana, is about taking out a patent for a very valuable agricultural implement, which is thus described by a writer in the National Intelligencer: The implement is modelled something like an ordinary shovel plough, and is neither heavier nor more unwieldly; while its cost will be but, little greater. Its value can be better appreciated by a statement of what it will do. One man can do the work, commonly done by three or four in planting corn, he can furrow, drop, cover and roll. Nor is this all. By removing slide box and reversing the covering shares he has a cultivator, light and beautiful as any ploughman ever touched. Contrast corn-planting after the old style with the mode this invention will imitate. Recall the great field, and hot sun, and interminable furrow; the dozen "hands." some furrowing, others dropping, and a third part swinging their hoes. Think of the time it takes, the labor, and the cost. Then fancy all this obviated by a singletraverse the ground. Can it fail to work a revolution? Indeed, the simple invention can only be fully estimated by those, who, like myself, have planted corn under a burning sun, in a "big field," in "auld lang syne."

What is saleratus? Wood is burned to aslies, ashes are lixivated -ley is the result. Ley is evaporated by boiling-black salts is the residum. The salts undergo purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained. By another process we change potash in-

to pearlash. Now put these in sacks and place them over a distillery wash tub, where the fermentation evolves corbonic acid gas, and the pearlash absorbs it and is rendered solid; the product being heavier, drier and whiter than the pearlash. It is now saleratus. How much saits of ley and carbonic acid a human stomach can bear and remain healthy, is a question for a saleratus enter. Some people say saleratus will not harm the stomach. It is a lev.

A Methodist minister, the other day, while reading the discipline to the congregation, paused to suggest that if any of the congregation will continue to wear jewelry, the number of rings on the finger be not more than five, nor the breast-pin larger than a good bized turnip.