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.

38TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, NOV. 19, 1855. NO. 8.

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOB WORK done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

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General Information.

Post Office Regulations.

Rates of Postage: Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents prepaid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents pre-paid.)

Postage on 'The Republican Compiler'—within the County, *free*. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 26 cents.

Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or 2 cents unpaid.

Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

The Mails: Coaches, with mails to Baltimore and Philadelphia, (and intervening points,) leave at 5 o'clock, A. M., daily, except Sundays.

To Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5, A. M.

To Hagerstown, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7, A. M.

To Chambersburg, 5, A. M., daily.

" Emmittsburg, 3, P. M., "

Mail to Bendersville, Middletown, Mummasburg, Centre Mills, Arendtstown, on Wednesday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To Hunterstown, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To New Chester, and Hampton, on Tuesday of each week, 7 A. M.

Mails close at the Gettysburg Post-office at 8 P. M. Office open for delivery after the arrival of the Eastern Mail.

Officers of the United States.

President: Franklin Pierce.
Vice President: Jesse D. Bright.
Secretary of State: Wm. L. Marcy.
Secretary of Interior: Robert McClellaud.
Secretary of Treasury: James Guthrie.
Secretary of War: Jefferson Davis.
Secretary of Navy: James C. Dobbin.
Post Master General: James Campbell.
Attorney General: Caleb Cushing.
Chief Justice of the U. States: R. B. Taney.

State Officers.

Governor: James Pollock.
Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.
Deputy Secretary: John M. Sullivan.
Surveyor General: J. Porter Brawley.
Auditor General: Ephraim Banks.
Treasurer: Eli Slifer.
Judges: J. S. Black, E. Lewis, W. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodward, J. C. Knox.
Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools: Henry C. Hickok.

County Officers.

Congress: David F. Robison.
Senate: David Mellinger.
Assembly: Isaac Robinson.
President Judge: Robert J. Fisher.
Associates: Sam'l R. Russell. Jno. McGinly.
District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.
Sheriff: Henry Thomas.
Coroner: J. W. Hendrix.
Prothonotary: John Picking.
Register & Recorder: Wm. F. Walter.
Clerk of the Courts: J. J. Baldwin.
County Treasurer: J. L. Schick.
County Surveyor: Geo. B. Hewit.
Inspector of Weights and Measures: Franklin Gardner.
Commissioners: Jas. J. Wills, George Myers, Henry A. Picking; Clerk—J. Aughinbaugh; Counsel—David Wills.
Directors of the Poor: Joseph Baily, John Horner, Garret Brinkerhoff; Clerk—Rob't. S. Paxton; Treasurer—Alexander Cobean; Steward—John Scott; Physician—David Horner.
Auditors: Edmund F. Shorb, Abel T. Wright, John Hauptman.
Mercantile Appraiser: Jacob Aughinbaugh.
County Superintendent: David Wills.

Borough Officers.

Burgess: John Culp.
Town Council: James A. Thompson, Hugh Denwiddie, Samuel R. Russell, S. S. McCreary, D. Kendlehart, John Gilbert. R. G. M'Creary, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justices of the Peace: George E. Bringman, Joel B. Danner.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: Balt. and High street—at present without a Pastor.
Roman Catholic: West High street. Pastor —Rev. Mr. De Necker.
German Reformed: High and Stratton streets. Pastor—Rev. Jacob Ziegler.
Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street.—Pastors—Revs. J. W. Dosh, Wm. Earnshaw.
Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Werner.
Lutheran: Christ Church, Chambersburg street; Pastor—Rev. Dr. Krauth. St. James, York and Stratton streets; Pastor—Rev. Reuben Hill.

Associations.

I. O. O. F.—Gettys Lodge meets on Tuesday evening of each week.
S. of T.—Adams Division meets on Monday evening of each week.
Temperance Beneficial Association meets on third Saturday evening of each month.
Gettysburg Beneficial Association meets first Saturday evening of each month.
Young Men's Lyceum meets on Thursday evening of each week.
York Springs Lodge meets on Thursday evening of each week.
Berlin Beneficial Association meets on the first Friday evening of each month.

Bank of Gettysburg.

President: George Swope.
Cashier: John B. McPherson.
Clerk: John H. McClellan.
Directors: George Swope, D. Kendlehart, Alexander D. Himes, Wm. Gardner, Henry Witt, Wm. Douglas, David Wills, George Young, John A. Swope, Wm. R. Stewart, Joshua Motter, Joseph L. Shorb, John K. Longwell.

Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

President: George Swope.
V. President: Samuel R. Russell.
Secretary: David A. Buehler.
Treasurer: David M'Creary.
Executive Committee: Rob't M'Curdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King.
Managers: Geo. Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Curdy, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. R. Russell, D. M'Creary, J. L. Noel, A. B. Kurtz, S. Fahnestock, R. G. M'Creary, J. J. Kerr, T. A. Marshall, M. Eichelberger, J. Aughinbaugh, D. Wills, H. A. Picking, D. M'Conaughy, Jacob Griest, Wm. B. Wilson, Joseph Fink.

☞ The Executive Committee meet on the first Tuesday in every month at the office of the Secretary.—*Star.*

Ever Green Cemetery.

President: D. McConaughy.
Secretary: H. J. Stahle.
Treasurer: J. B. Danner.
Actuary: T. Ditterline.
Managers: D. McConaughy, Moses McClean, C. P. Krauth, Abraham Arnold, Thos. Warren, S. S. Schmucker, H. J. Stahle, J. B. Danner, Wm. B. Meals, Michael Jacobs, Josiah Benner, Geo. Shryock, D. McCreary.

Gettysburg Water Company.

President: Geo. Swope.
Secretary & Treasurer: S. R. Russell.
Managers: Geo. Swope, Jas. A. Thompson, Geo. W. McClellan, S. R. Russell, H. J. Stahle.

Gettysburg Railroad.

President: R. McCurdy.
Secretary: D. Wills.
Treasurer: J. H. McClellan.
Managers: R. McCurdy, Jas. Wilson, John Musselman, Fred'k. Diehl, Geo. W. McClellan, Geo. Throne, Josiah Benner, Abraham Krise, of P., J. L. Tate, Wm. Douglass, T. Stevens, D. McCreary, D. Wills.

Choice Poetry.

☞ The following is beautiful—one of those little gems which touch the heart:

"Watch, Mother!"

Mother! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, Mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling frequently and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep, the young heart true.
Extirpating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

Select Miscellany.

A Touching Story.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy in a cold night, with no house or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide, protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed and lodged him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round: Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man, had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her perpetuity, and," Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill through the house, "that orphan boy stands before you."

Always do what is Right.

The truly great are those who always do what is right. To be withheld from acting wisely and conscientiously, by motives of temporary policy or fear, is to behave like a traitor to the principles of justice. A man should think less of what may be said of his conduct at the time, than of the verdict that may be pronounced a few years in advance. It is by neglecting this, by sacrificing principle to expediency, that character is lost; and character lost is with difficulty regained. Besides, the first decline from right leads to others. It is like the start in sliding down hill.

But there is a worse feature than even in succumbing to baseness, meanness, or wrong. Habit soon drills the moral perception, so that in time men come to perpetrate, without a remorseful pang, acts at which originally they would have been astounded. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" is the indignant exclamation of many a person, who, eventually, commits the very deed he abhorred. Arnold's treason grew up in his mind by slow degrees, nurtured by extravagance, and supposed neglect. Washington, always being rigidly correct, left behind a name, that will never cease to be reverenced. To say merely that "honesty is the best policy," and thus appeal to the selfish part of nature, is a poor way to educate men to do right conscientiously. Better the nobler and higher ground that right should be done for right's sake.

A NEW WAY TO GET A HUSBAND.

Miss Penelope Penrose sat in her comfortable sitting room with her feet upon the fender.—Everything about her looked neat and cheerful. In one corner of the room stood a piano, but it was shut and had been all day—Penelope had no disposition to play. Why should she? there was no one to play to. If now she had a husband—

It was upon this very point that Miss Penelope was meditating.

The fact was Penelope Penrose wanted but six months of being thirty, and no one had yet made a proposal. It was rather singular that it should be so. Penelope was good looking, had received a good education, she was skilled in music, had a good temper, and I verily believe would make a husband happy. But such things can't be accounted for. She had seen the most unpromising of her companions, even to ugly little Miss Henderson, with not an accomplishment in the world, and, moreover with a face pitted with the small-pox, married off in quick succession; and yet there she sat, on that cloudy morning in December, a devotee of single blessedness, and likely to remain so.

Was there ever a woman who did not consider a married life preferable to a single one, provided she could secure the right companion? I believe not.

To revert to Miss Penelope. In addition to her most special attractions she owned the neat cottage which she occupied, and a sufficient sum in funds to live upon with comfort. Surely all the beaux must have been blind.

"Something must be done, and that quickly," said Miss Penelope, as the thought of her approaching thirtieth birth day came with startling force to her mind. "Yes, something must be done. But what? That is the question.—Such is the state of society that woman is hemmed on all sides. She has not even the privilege of choosing her companion for life, but must wait meekly till some one comes along, and take him or nobody. It's wrong—decidedly wrong."

Miss Penelope was in a suitable frame of mind at that moment to become an advocate of woman's rights.

Meanwhile it was growing dark, and Penelope rang the bell.

"Sally," said she to her hand-maiden, "you may bring in the lights and the evening paper."

The hand-maid vanished, and presently the articles desired made their appearance.

"That will do, Sally; now you may go," she said.

Penelope looked first at the marriages—it was no more than natural—then at the deaths. Finding that none of her acquaintances had committed neither one or the other, she turned to the advertisements.

One in particular arrested her attention, and we will look over her shoulder as she reads—

"To HOUSEKEEPERS.—The undersigned is desirous of securing the services of a competent housekeeper to take charge of an establishment. As he keeps two servants, her chief duty will be to superintand and preside at the table. Early application is desirable.

GREGORY MCKIM."

"Gregory McKim," soliloquised Miss Penelope. "I remember to have heard of him as a bachelor inheriting a large fortune from his father. I suppose he must be about thirty-five by this time. I wonder whether, supposing I were to apply, just for the joke of the thing, he would give me the situation."

It was a new idea, and the novelty of it struck Penelope so favorably, especially as she had become heartily tired of her present mode of life, that, after a little consideration, she determined to carry out her plan, and if successful in her application to retain her situation a month or two.

Possibly another thought recommended the adoption of this course, but we must not inquire too particularly into a lady's motives.

The next morning very early, Miss Penelope summoned her obedient hand-maiden.

"Sally," said she, "I am thinking of going out of town for a month or so, and during that time shall close up the house. If you have friends you would like to visit, you are at liberty to do so. Your wages, however, will be continued as usual, and you will let me know wherever you go, in order that I may call upon you if I should return unexpectedly."

This proposal suited very well with Sally's inclinations, as will readily be believed, and though she was at a loss to conceive what had all at once sent such a home body as her mistress on a traveling expedition, she was very well disposed to take advantage of it.

Eleven o'clock found Miss Penelope in the cars, flying with all speed to her destination.

Mr. Gregory McKim was a bachelor of thirty-five, as our readers have already been informed. Inheriting a large fortune from his father, it was a matter of no little wonderment to his friends that he called no one to his side to share it. But Gregory was one of those men who never took the trouble to go after anything. If it was within his reach well and good, otherwise the exertion was too great and he voted it a bore. He seemed content to live on, as he had ever lived, in single blessedness—quite ignoring the greater blessings of matrimony.

It was after dinner, and as was his wont, he was leaning back in his rocking chair, plunged into the peculiar dreamings superinduced by a choice Havana cigar, when the bell was heard to ring.

"Plague take it!" said he rousing himself unwillingly. "Some visitor. I wish they would take another time."

"A lady!" announced the servant, opening the door and introducing Miss Penelope.

"Your servant, madam," said Gregory, bowing; "most happy to see you. Pray be seated."

"This is Mr. McKim, I believe," asked the lady.

"The same ma'am, at your service," he said.

"I noticed an advertisement of your's in the paper."

"Ah, yes, for a housekeeper. Can you recommend one?"

"I have come to offer myself for the situation. Being an interested party," said Miss Penelope, "perhaps it would be as well not to recommend myself too highly—"

"Ah, eh, ahem. Have you served in that capacity before?" asked Mr. McKim, a little embarrassed.

"No, I cannot say that I have. I believe, however, I am acquainted with the duties it would devolve upon me."

"As I believe I stated in the advertisement, your chief duty would be that of superintendence and presiding at the table. As I keep two other servants, they would be sufficient for all other household duties. What are your terms?"

"The point is quite immaterial to me," said she, a little amused at the novelty.

"Shall I say four dollars a week? Will that satisfy you?"

"Perfectly. It is quite liberal. One thing I would like to stipulate. An unforeseen circumstance may arise to change my plans, and I should like to engage for only four weeks."

"As you please. When will you be in readiness to come?"

"At once. At least as soon as I can find means to convey my baggage hither."

"Where have you left it?"

"At the Hotel."

"Do not trouble yourself about it, I will send for it immediately. Oh, I had forgotten one thing—your name."

Penelope had not prepared herself for this. To give her own name was a thing she hardly dared venture upon. After a pause she said—

"You may call me Julia Malcolm."

"Miss Julia Malcolm, I presume?" said Mr. McKim.

"Yes," said she, blushing slightly.

In two hours from that time Miss Penelope's trunk arrived, the keys were put into her hands, and the servants introduced to their new mistress. We may now consider her fairly installed in her new station. Let us see how she finds it.

Mr. McKim's establishment was a large one. Being situated but a few miles out of the city, in a delightful neighborhood, many visitors were drawn to it in the summer season.—Sometimes half a dozen at a time were visiting it.

Miss Penelope Penrose was well qualified to preside at the table, having always been accustomed to do so at her own. She did so with a mingled grace and elegance that Mr. McKim was as much surprised at as delighted with.—Still further, her education qualified her to mingle in conversation with a degree of intelligence which betrayed that she was well read. This qualification, so rare in a housekeeper, pleased Mr. McKim not a little, and arrested the attention of his guests.

"Certainly, Mr. McKim," said a friend, "you have a paragon of a housekeeper. Where did you get her?"

"One of the advantages of advertising, my dear fellow."

"Then hereafter I shall believe in it. You must take care though, or some of these days you will be marrying her, and I shouldn't blame you if you did."

"It seems to me from your enthusiasm, that you are much more likely to get caught," retorted his friend.

The party were sitting in the parlor on a tranquil summer evening. The lights had been removed on account of the mosquitoes which they attracted. Conversation had gradually ceased, and a feeling of quiet, such as is apt to come over the mind in such a time, had stolen upon them all.

"How pleasant it is," said one of the company, "to sit here in the pleasant moonlight. But one thing is wanting to complete the enchantment."

"And that is—"

"Music."

"I was just thinking of it," said Mr. McKim, "and wishing we had some one who could play. Gentlemen, are any of you gifted in that way?"

The answer was a general negative.

"Perhaps," interposed the housekeeper, "in lieu of a better, you would wish me to play?"

"What, Miss Malcolm, do you play?" asked McKim in surprise.

"A little."

"Then you will confer a great favor by giving some specimens of your skill."

Miss Penelope was an accomplished musician, having cultivated assiduously her natural talent, which was considerable. In addition to this she sang very tastefully.

Without more ado she proceeded to the piano and played with her accustomed execution a variety of pieces, some of them very difficult. Then pausing a moment, she accompanied herself on the instrument with the words of a popular song, after which she arose and left the piano. Warm encomiums and flattering compliments were lavished upon the singer, who received them with due modesty and soon after retired.

After this Penelope's musical talents, as may readily be imagined, were often called into requisition.

It was about a fortnight after this occurrence that Penelope, who had left directions to forward letters, with a friend who was in the secret, received a letter informing her that her sister, who had been abroad, was expected daily, and would probably proceed at once to her residence.

This made her immediate departure necessary, and so she informed Mr. McKim.

"Leave me!" said McKim in a troubled tone, "you are not dissatisfied, I hope."

"Not at all. But my sister's presence will render it necessary."

"And will you not return?"

"I do not think I shall be able, as my sister will probably wish me to stay with her."

Mr. McKim paced the room in some perturbation, and then suddenly drew up a chair and sat down by Penelope.

"I do not think I can give you up," said he, "and I have, therefore, another proposition to make. If you will not stay as housekeeper, will you as a wife?"

"This is so—so unexpected," murmured Penelope.

"But you won't refuse?"

"Let me make an explanation first, and then you shall be a liberty to do as you please.—Know then, that I am possessed of an independent fortune, and merely assumed the post of housekeeper to gratify a whim, and that the time for which I had resolved to keep up the disguise has passed. My name is not Julia Malcolm, but Penelope Penrose."

This explanation only made Gregory urge his suit more vehemently, and in short, it was only a month from that time our heroine promised to become a housekeeper for life.

A SOLEMN WARNING.—We mentioned, a week or two ago, that a man had been arrested in Newark, N. J., for stealing an umbrella. The case was so extraordinary, if not unprecedented, that we have looked for the result with deep interest. Last week the criminal was convicted and sent to jail for a month! The plea of *de minimis non curat lex* was overruled, and umbrellas decided to be property.

THE REASON.—"Cato, what do you 'spose am de reason dat de sun goes down towards de Souf in de winter?" "Well, I don'no, Sambo, unless he no stan' de 'clemency of de Norf, and so he am 'bliged to go to de Souf, where he 'sperience warmer longitude."

A Tough Witness.

Prosecuting Attorney—"Mr. Parks, state if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession."

"He's been a professor ever since I have known him."

"Professor of what?"

"Of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks, what does he do?"

"Generally what he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go in to get a drink."

"Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now state how this defendant supports himself."

"I saw him last night support himself against a lamp post."

"May it please your honor, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the Court."

Judge—"Mr. Parks, state, if you know anything about it, what the defendant's occupation is."

"Occupation did he say?"

Counsel—"Yes, what is his *occupation?*"

"If I ain't mistaken he *occupies* a garret somewhere in town."

"That's all, Mr. Parks."

Cross-examined—"Mr. Parks, I understood you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence or letters passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking; does he drink hard?"

"No, I think he drinks about as easy as any man I ever saw."

"One more question, Mr. Parks. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?"

"The one he has got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms and too short waisted for the fashion."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

Theatrical Puffery.

The folly of puffing up actors and actresses, and making them "*ne plus ultras*" on every occasion, is finely hit off in the following criticism upon Ellen Tree's acting, many years ago, in St. Louis. It was written by a Hoosier, and comes much nearer to the truth than one half the senseless jargon that is met with, almost every day, in many of our papers:

"I'll tell you an almighty strange thing of how that gal (Ellen Tree) works on the feelings of critters. When she was acting *Julia* in our parts, the door keepers came in, for it was tarnation cold, and no one took no notice of the doors, cos no more could get in; when an old bear snuffed his way into the town, and finding no one astir, for they were all at the play, what does the critter do, but shift his way there too, and crawls up behind the boxes. I guess he meant to sup off some of us chaps; but, however, he listened till he got *quite affected*, and so mollified, that he vowed he would never go man eating any more; next night he came again and brought his wife; and the thing was only discovered in the third night, when he was seen coming down to the box office with an alligator!"

THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR.—On a cold stormy night Doctor Jenkins was aroused from his slumbers by a loud rap at the door, accompanied by the stirring summons—"Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Banks'. His child is dead." "Then what do you want with me?" "He's pizened. They gin him laudanum, too—paregoricky." "How much did they give him?" "Do'no—a great 'eal. Think he won't git over it." The doctor pushes off through the storm, meets with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient.—He finds all closed, not a light to be seen. He knocks furiously at the door, and at last a night cap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaks out: "Who's there?" "The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him." "Oh, it's no matter, doctor, Ephraim's better. We got a little kinder skeert; gin him laudnum and he slept kinder sound, but he's woke up now." "How much did he swallow?" "Only two draps! 'Taint hurt him none.—Wonderful bad storm to-night." The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away his mortification and anger, when the voice salutes him again—"Doctor, doctor?" "What do you want?" "You hain't a gowing to charge nothin' for this, are ye?"

A BREACH OF MANNERS CONSTRUED AS A COMPLIMENT.—The *San Francisco Sun* tells the following:

"A young gentleman was standing on Merchant street, when a lady, attended by her husband, stepped from the door of the Washington market and hesitated on the pavement for a few moments as if uncertain which direction to pursue. Fascinated by her great beauty, the young man gazed upon her with a fixed stare. By chance she met his gaze, and discovering something unusual in it, made it a subject of remark to her lord. That indignant individual approached the offending admirer, and addressed him rather savagely, and asked him 'what he meant by his rudeness.'

'Pardon me,' said the gallant, recovering from his fit of abstraction; 'I intended no offence. There is a loveliness about that lady's face that would intoxicate an anchorite, and I was lost in admiration of it.'

'All right,' replied the satisfied Benedick; 'if you'll remain here till I escort Susan home, *I'll return and stand treat for your good opinion of her!*'"

☞ A writer has compared worldly friendship to our shadow, and a better comparison was never made; for while we walk in sunshine it sticks to us, but the moment we enter the shade it deserts us.

☞ We blame fortune for not visiting us, whereas, in many cases, the fault lies at our own door in doing nothing to invite her in.

☞ When once infidelity can persuade men that they will die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like them also.

TALL.—The trees in Wisconsin. It takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

☞ Sacks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he, "it would be my luck to live forever if I should."

A Short Polittikle Sermint.

My Breethering, I will take for my text the same which was preached onto by my brother, at Brandon, Mississippi, of which you all have doubtless heerd:—"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfic."

My breethren, there is as many strings to politix as there is to a lyre—an a good many liars to eeny most every string;—then there aint but one on 'em all that rings out the music of the Union to which ever true patriot had ought to keep step—fur "he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfic."

Fust thar's the KNOW NOTHIN'! His name expresses the amount of his information, but it don't convey an idea of his resources. He's the most extraordinary animal in the show—he is fur and against a variety of topics; he's temperance and he drinks—he's fur the Maine law so pervided he can violate it—he's fur and against fusion—he's an abolitionist and he aint an abolitionist—he's here and he's thar—and he will be no whare in November—fur "he played on a harp of a *thousand* strings—sperrits of just men made perfic."

Then thar's the polittikle cobbler, goin' round like a roaring green bay Jackass seekin' where he may humbug somebody. He's all the colors of the rainbow, an' more changeable than the Camella Joponnicky. He is a whig and anti-whig—a know nothin' and anti know nothin'—fur furriners and agin furriners, fur every boddy and agin every boddy, but principally a long-headed, woolly-headed, rantin', ravin' niggerist and abolitionist and disunionist—fur "he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfic."

Then thar's the straight-out whig—a respectable sort of a character in contrast with the preceding who represents the fusionist. He don't want to see the Union destroyed, but he knows he can't help it if he runs on his own hook, and that he'd better run wid der machine that's bound to be ahead and wash the other tuby. He plays on a harp of a *single* string, but his execution is imperfect.

Then thar's the liberal and the genuine old fashioned democrat. They don't go whirling round in circumbendibuses—they aint afraid to speak right out in meetin'—they aint afraid of nobody nor nothin'. They carry their Union flag afloat—the bunting all kivered over with stars and stripes—glorious and victorious because it's the banner of the Union.

They go for personal freedom—for popular rights—for justice to all men and all parts of the country—for light instead of darkness—for open discussion instead of midnight cabal—for self-government and not for oligarchy; and they go in to win, for ther instrument is tuned with *pop'lar* feelin' though it's made of *beech* wood—and they play on a harp of a *thousand* strings, and every string an honest principle.—*Boston Post.*

GIVE ME THY HEART.—Not long since, in a car running out of a pleasant town in the State of Ohio, a lady was assiduously distributing tracts which were always graciously received by the passengers. The tract, however, which this female coporteur was circulating on the present occasion, happened to be entitled, "Give me thy Heart."

This tract she presented to a very quiet looking gentleman, who read its title, and with a pleasant smile upon his face said:

"I am sorry, but I really can't do it, madam; this woman setting by me is my wife."

The passengers burst into a loud roar of laughter, in which the tract distributer herself could not help joining.

☞ A gentleman was called upon to apologise for words uttered in wine.

"I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowing a word about it."

He was going on when a friend pulled him down by the coat-tail, saying.

"Don't say a word more; never was there a more perfect apology. If you add a word more you'll spoil it completely."

A GOOD COMPARISON.—A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that, as fast as ever I put water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter."

☞ A large merchant and importer says that, in the United States we are paying more duty on artificial flowers that on railroad iron. As an offset to this, a strongminded woman asserts that the men spend more money for tobacco than they do for tea, coffee, and sugar, while the sums they lay out on sherry cobblers would keep the country in new boots "the whole blessed time."

☞ Two rich young sprigs of Cincinnati recently fought a duel. They fired three times without effect, when one of the seconds stepped forward and declared that he was engaged to be married to the young lady about whom the principals were fighting. This announcement put a new face upon affairs. All parties professed themselves satisfied, and the belligerents retired from a bloodless field.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A distinguished literary lady, was once found in a paroxysm of tears over the supposed tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, but which turned out to be an ice-house.

JUST ICE.

A certain wit declared of late,
That every acting magistrate
Was water in a freezing state.

☞ A certain editor down east thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large that he could not well have missed it.

PROCRASTINATION.—It is with our good intentions as with our dishes—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

☞ A new counterfeit bank note is described as having for its vignette a "female with a rake in her lap."

☞ Pleasure may be a shadow, but it uses a heap of substance.