



Br HENRY J. STAHLE.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

NO. 11.

A samily Beuspaper----Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amasement, &c.

38TH YEAR.

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TERMS OF THE COMPILER. TThe Republican Compiler is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at \$1,75 per annum if paid in advance-\$2,00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of

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Office on South Baltimore street, direct ly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one rand a half squares from the Court House.

Valuable Plantation, FOR SALE.

THE FARM late of JOHN WIERMAN, Esq. dec'd., formerly belonging to Henry Mundorff, containing 149 Acres of Patented Land, situate near Petersburg, York Springs, lying on Bermudian Creek, near the State road leading from Petersburg to

hear the State road leading from Fetersburg to Gettysburg. There is on said Farm a good two-stoy LOG DWELLING HOUSE, Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Cooper Shop, a neverfailing spring of water near the house, with a Spring-house over the same, and other out houses. About 25 or 30 acres are in good Timber, from 10 to 12 acres in Meadow; and an Orchard of good fruit. This Farm lying on a neverfailing stream of water, and having also a Mill seat thereon, and being within two miles of several Lime Kilns in active operation, make it a desirable proper-:y. A part has been limed. The terms will be made very accommodating, as considerable part of the purchase money may remain in the hands of the purchaser, if desired.

Saturday, the 15th day of December next, it will on that day be offered at Public Sale, at 1 o'clock, on the premises. For further par-ticulars apply to DAN'L. SHEFFER, Acting Executor of the estate of John Wierman, dec'd. York Springs, Nov. 19, 1855.

A Good Farm, AT PUBLIC SALE.

TN pursuance of an Order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, the Subscriber, Administrator of PETER SHEELY, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on Tuesday, the 18th day of December next, a small FARM, late the property of said decedent, situate in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Peter Weikert. Solomon Snyder, and others, containing 65 Acres, more or less, on which are erected a very roomy one and a half story DWELLING HOUSE, Log Barn and all necessary out-buildings, with a

Choice Poetry.

My "Other Me." BT JENNY MARSH.

Ah ! pleasant things to me the rain did whisper, As I sat dreaming in my easy chair, Without a thought for urgent tasks unfinished, And for the swift hours having little care.

I wandered back along a path of sbadows, With near a score of mile-stones on its way, And came at last where May was sweetly blooming, While o'er the mountains crept the morning grev

It was the land of dreams; and yet the cottage, With its low roof and woodbine-shaded door, Was like to one where passed my sunny childhood, And in my waking can be mine no more !

There was a band of little ones before it, With sun-burnt brows, and brown, uncovered fest, That knew full well the clear brook's pebbled bottom, But never trod a hard and dusty street.

I looked in all their eyes, and oh ! what beaming Of budding hopes and sinless faith, was there, And when their joyous laugh went up to heaven, The angels must have borne it as a prayer.

I looked in all their eyes, and 'neath the lashes Of one. the wildest in her heart-taught glee, A soul looked forth. and spake to mine a welcome, And down I kneit, clasping "THAT OTHER ME !"

I pressed her long unto my lonely bosom, And felt her dearest that the world did hold; And was I vain? She was a sibless creature, And earth is blighted, sorrowful, and cold.

She was not like to me, whom years have given A tempted heart, that ever goes astray; Who cannot lift my eyes in trust to Heaven, For doubts that bore my child-like faith away.

She was not like to me: bor heart was sinless, And I could see within her April breast The tender germs, O CURIST! O love of heaven ! That might have proved to me a balm most blest !

I saw her love without a stain upon it, Her faith as pure as prayers she nightly said; Her hopes so fair, they were the angel-bringers Of the sweet dreams that came to bless her bod.

I could not say 't was I—the tender blossom, That this dark day hath been so nigh my heart; Oh! no, alas! for since the years have met me, The cord that bound us two hath snapt apart.

God keep and sometimes send that "other me"

A Select Story.

Take Care of Your Overcoat.

SPEED. Sir, your glove. VAL. Not mine ; my gloves are on. Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. "That's a very pretty overcoat, James has just laid upon the sofa, Harry." said Mrs. Gordon to her son, looking at a sleek, plump, wadded paletot, which the servant had just brought in from the tailor; "but you must excuse the question, and not think me a very stingy or curious specimen of womankind.

of any action he could not tell his pure, noble tonemother, as was his custom every morning, as they lounged over their breakfast table ? This hour, or rather these hours, were exclusively his grasp, much astonished and somewhat ofhis mother's-the hours in which she laughed | fended at the peremptory manner in which he with him at the fun and frolics of his evening's | was addressed, though his interrogator was a | the tip of a little white satin shoe, on the dark exploits-related for her amusement; or counseled him, as he told her his hopes and fears, erable excitement. the dilemmas and perplexities of his business life : for, though Harry was a great man in the overcoat's got the key of my house in the pockball-rooms up-town, he was a man of no small et; one of your precious New York boardingimportance down town, too-where he had ta- houses, where the Irish servants are as grand

thing, not even the dusty old counting-house, where his father and his father before him, had made so much money; and he spent it nobly and judiciously for the good of all. But Harry's mother, sure of his steadiness

and high principle, of his industry and energy in his carcer, as a citizen and a merchant, your cold stoop, waiting for my paletot and strove in every way to make his young days bright and happy, by forwarding his amuse-ments when the hours of toil were over. Inv key." With these words, the gentleman began vio-lently to take off his coat. Harry, perfectly bright and happy, by forwarding his amuse-ments when the hours of toil were over.

She herself had given up, from sheer indifference, her position in the "world;" but her attend his overcoats, had listened with resigned connections enabled her to launch Harry into humiliation to the reproachful harangue, and our best society. Then, when he had his with a sort of dogged desperation, began to abfriends to entertain, there was no need of bar- stract himself from the garment he had so rooms of club-rooms, or restnurants ; Mrs. praised and so pressed to his bosom, and which, and' Gordon was delighted to open her house-her after all, was not his own. Harry's home-to his friends. To remain with them, with hospitable grace receiving them, holding out Harry's overcoat; "here's your and adding a charm to all, by her wit and coat, (devilish tight it was -I only wonder I cheerfulness—or merely to see that all was didn't split it in the back.) and there's your

round her, and a little tap on her cheek. Harry, looking admiringly at her, would say-"Mother mine, dinner for six, to-morrowced champagne, if you please, madam-any-

hing else you like-but your fair self-your adyship's presence will be dispensed with on this occasion.

Then Harry's mother would laugh, and shake her finger at him, and cheerfully set about the necessary preparations. But she was nowise offended or alarmed at the prohition regarding herself, for she knew that youth under her roof; she knew that Harry respected | tinued he, shaking the fatal coat, which hung it and her too much for that. In fact, Mrs. still on Harry's arm : "sure enough, that isu' Gordon was a model woman ; knew her own | mine." Then turning round to the carriage, | ground ; "I'll make 'em hear. I'll warrant." duties and her own position, and fulfilled both ; he exclaimed, till Harry was so happy, that (this was the

of a young man's existence, so often stood be- whilst with the other he held a piece of pastetween him and harm. How could he be guilty board toward him, exclaiming in a loud, angry "Are you Mr. Harry Gordon ?"

"I am, sir," said Harry, drawing away from stout old gentleman, and in a state of consid-

"Then, sir, you've got my overcoat, and my Harry was no idler, no lazy fop--no langaid "Young American." He did not disclain any-hing, not even the dasty old constinue have been and rang. and waited. and shouted ken his father's place in one of the largest and sleepy as their masters, and wont stir, rang, and rang. and waited, and shouted-bless you, sir, we might as well have shouted to the towers of Trimty Church. So I found your card. and in . despair I came here after

ing key-and you've staid at that stupid ball so late, dancing away in those confounded hot rooms, whilst I've been dancing here. sir, on

astounded at the fatality which appeared to

"Here, sir, here," said the eld gentleman, holding out Harry's overcoat; "here's your ight for Harry and his guests, if, with his arm | card, back again in the pocket. Now give me mine, and let me get my key."

Harry held forth the offending paletot, which had so deserted its master, and the old gentleman, before he took it from him, began eagerly to feel in the pockets.

"By Heaven, sir, you've lost the key !" "Lost the key, sir ! there was no key in it when I put it on, I assure you."

"No key ?"

"No, sir-only a card." replied Harry, holdng out the card with which he had fumbled on his way home. has its frolics; she actually imagined that "A card!" should the strange gentleman, young men living in the world, might have, in a perfect tone of horror; "a card! 1 put no things to talk about, and ways of talking about | card there !" and running up to the neighborthem, which could nowise interest her, a wo-ing gas-light, he exclaimed, "I understand it man. But she did not, for that, imagine that all-that aint my paletot! I got yours, but the orgies of ancient Rome were to be enacted oh, you didn't get mine ! Sure enough," con-

Susy, Susy dear, what shall I do? great charge against him from the girls in up- | come and he hasn't got the coat. 1 had his, per-tendom.) he did not appear to think in the | but he's got somebody else's."

"MR. J. SMITH."

the little pink and white satin hood ; "where,

ably fixed on the gorgon name; "but what's

* "Allow me to assist you, sir, I perceive you

"Where ?" said the old gentleman.

you will. "Come along, and thank you." Harry jumped in, the driver closed the door, and off they started in search of Mr. J. Swith

Harry sat opposite to the corner whence proceeded the little silvery laugh. All be could see was a sort of vapory cloud of gauze. and

carpet of the carriage, as they passed the gas-lights. By these same friendly lamps he per-ceived, also, the outline of a beautiful and graceful form, enveloped closely in a white Mansfield stayed, and Mr. Mansfield came and satin burnous, with a heavy pink and white nined. and talked with Mrs. Gordon, and they fringe. The deep blue eyes and the waving found out many mutual friends, and were quite hair, which danced and played to the jolting taken up with old remembrances. And Harry of the carriage, and the yielding form, nestled and Susy-oh, they strolled about the long, in the corner, made a pretty picture.

Mansfield addressed him.

though I hope you wont take cold, papa-that magic of art-and her light step and silvery would spoil it."

"Put on Mr. J. Smith's paletot," said Harry, laughing.

'I hope it isn't as tight as yours."

Harry. "To be sure I was ; but you didn't see me. I've no doubt."

Harry, thinking how stupid he had been to have seen any one clae, replied-

"I went late, and I danced a good deal-

"And you didn't see me ; it's no use, Mr. Gordon, trying to compose a civil speech. I an admirable one, which satisfied them alfam nobody, you know ; so we will dute our he converted Miss Susan Mansfield into Mrs. acquaintance from this present wondrous ad- Harry Gordon-and so she never want away, venture-a pilgrimage in search of Mr. John at all. Smith and a paletot.'

rily as though they had been old friends-for Harry's tempor was bright and joyous, and Miss Mansfield's seemed to be even and cheerful as his own. Not one word of discontent or to her father. reproach to her father-her spirit appeared unwearied, whatever her frame might be; and though she might be a nobody at a New York lost his overcoat again, because it was always, ball, she certainly was calculated to be a per- when he went to balls, most carefully wransonage of the greatest importance, with all who ped up with a beautiful, delicate, discreet knew her and came within the influence of her white satin burnous, which never wandered bright intellect, her refined manner, her sweet from its mistress, and which, after once it had temper and affectionate disposition-not for- taken the impress of her grace and elegance, getting the radiant, deep blue eyes, and the never could be mistaken for anybody's but sunny hair.

at last.

He rang, and rang ; and then, when he imasounded the alarm. an

memory had, in the multifarious temptations putting one hand on his arm to secure him, may perhaps get at Mr. J. Smith sooner than to dinner, and Miss Mansfield stayed again till morning, and then Mrs. Gordon told Harry she thought Miss Mansfield was too sweet and refined a creature to be at a boarding-houseand Harry coincided with this opinion-and then Mrs. Gordon suggested she should ask her to stay with them for just the time they were to remain in New York.

"Yon're so much away, Harry, it wont interfere with you to have a young lady in the house.'

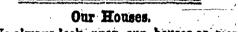
Harry thought it wouldn't, and so Miss pompous parlors, and Susy opened the fine Scarcely were they on their way, before Miss Iansfield addressed him. "This is a most delightful adventure! skillful hand, awakened into the dignity and down the broad stairs, making Mrs. Gordon aughing. "By Jove, I will !" replied Mr. Mansfield, 'I hope it isn't as tight as yours." "You were at the Groves's, then ?" said calm, solemn dignity of the happy but quiet home.

> Susan stayed, and stayed. First it was one excuse, then another, there were plenty to be found in the busy carnival time of New York : and, at last, when really neither Mrs. Gordon could find another for keeping Susy, no Susy, for staying, nor Mr. Mansfield for delaying his return to Alabama, Mr. Harry Gordon found

"Take care of your overcoat," said Mr. "And a key," put in the father. And so they journeyed on, through the quiet, silent streets—all taking and laughing as mer. Cursion. for the last you lost found you a wife,

and Susy is very jealous. I warn you." "I'll take care both of Harry and his overcoat," said Susan smiling and kissing her hand

And we suppose she did, for Harry looked happier and happier every year-and he never unny hair. "Here's Mr. Smith's," said the coachman, 'Let me get out," said Harry, leaping to the round : "I'll make 'any have I'll more the they adored her.



is also an Orchard on the premises. OF Persons wishing to view the property.

are requested to call upon Solomon Miller, residing thereon.

65-Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by JOHN HAUPTNAN, Adm'r.

By the Court-J. J. BALDWIN, Clerk. Nov. 26, 1855. ts

> Valuable Land, AT PUBLIC SALE.

The subscriber, desiring to quit farming, joining lands of Mrs. Gwinn and Abraham an old one."

Spangler, and Ever Green Cemetery. The soil is of the best quality, being "Granite," than which there is none more productive.

, The tract will be offered in lots, or altogether, to suit purchasers. A rare opportuniyears

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given believe is the polite term-the man who gets and terms made known by DANIEL BEITLER.

Oct. 22, 1855. 1d

Public Sale.

THE Subscriber will offer at Public Sale, ises, the Frame ROUGH-CAST DWELLING, situate in East Middle street, nearly opposite the Methodist Epigeoral Cit at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the prem-Methodist Episcopal Church, at present occupied by Mr. John McElroy.

--- ALSO ---At the same time, will be offered a BRICK DWELLING, in same street, adjoining properties of Peter Lutz and George Swope. Terms will be made known on day of sale by S. R. TIPTON. Nov. 19, 1855. ts

Public Sale

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE. TN pursuance of an alias Order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, the Sub-

premises, on Saturday, the 22d day of Decem- the soft, bright carpet. ber next, the following described Real Estate, Brinkerhoff, Isaac F. Brinkerhoff, Peter Mun- his mother.

fort, Abraham Lerew, John Brinkerhoff, and William Stallsmith, The improve-ments are a Two-story Log Weather-boarded HOUSE; with Frame Kitch-ien, a new Fratoe Barn, with Sheds, Spring House, and the usual out-buildings ; a well of water near the door never known to fail, (a pump in it.) supplying also the barn

vard : and an excellent Orchard. There are to solve. about 35 acres of good Timber, and about 30 As for Mr. Harry Gordon, he was what a acres of excellent Meadow. There are several mile of the York Turnpike, 3 miles from Get. other. tysburg, and 2 from Hunterstown. The prop-

the place.

and terms made known by SAMUEL WIEST, Trustee.

By the Court-J. J. BALDWIN, Clerk. and If not sold on said day, it will be for

Reat by the Heirs.

never-failing well of water at the door. There What can you do with so many overcoats ? Why, this must be the third"-

"The fifth, my dear mother," replied Harry Gordon, looking over the top of his newspaper, with his bright black eyes, which his mother, like many others of her sex, never looked at without admiring ; "the fifth ; and I shouldn't wonder that, before the winter is over. I shall have to say, with Banquo, and 'yet an eighth appears.' "

".1'll see no more," interrupted Mrs. Gordon, laughing.

"You wont see them any more, my dear mother-meaning the overcoats-for I assure

you; they vanish like the witches' visions ; will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on | and where the deuce they go to, I can't tell you' Saturday, the 22d day of December next, about | -- all I can say is, that men, when they come 25 Acres of choice Land, situate in Cum- away from balls, can't see quite as clearly as berland township, Adams county, within a when they go there; for somebody always few hundred yards of the Borough line, ad- takes mine, and leaves me nothing-not even

"Proving that some people must, when they land fronts on the Baltimore Turnpike. The leave these balls, not only have an obscured vision, but actually see double, and taking themselves for two men, put on two paletots ! Well, Harry, my son, it is at least a consolation to find that you are always in a most exty is thus afforded to secure choice lots-such | emplary state of sobriety; your overcoats bear a one as may not again present itself for many | witness to your devotion to the Maine Law-

for if the man who takes two paletots, iswhatever men call it-slightly exhilarated. I no overcoat at all, can have got no wine. So, my sober son, let me diligently prepare for you another cup of this beverage, 'which

cheers. but not inebriates."" And Mrs. Gordon began to pour out the tea for the new overcoat had arrived as she and 1 on Saturday, the 15th of December next her son were sitting at breakfast, one cold

morning in January. They were a happy pair, this mother and son ; there were few so called "loving couples" that could match them. To have opened any of the splendid dining-room doors, where on that morning everybody was at breakfast, in this grand street leading into Fifth Avenuea street short, pompous, and plethoric, from having swallowed up the ground of twelve houses, and digested it into six-one would not have found a more inviting breakfast-table. before which to draw a well-stuffed chair, and sit down, on this cold. freezing, raining, sleeting, slippery, sloppy, January morning.

The fire, an unctuous, blazing Liverpool coal-fire, flamed in the grate, and a small round table, with its snow-white cloth, bright silver tea-trappings, and its white and gilded scriber, the Trustee appointed by said Court | cups and saucers, was drawn cozily up to itfor the sale of the Real Estate of DAVID HAR- the solemn square dining-table remaining im-MAN, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the movable in its usual place, in the centre of

Seated opposite each other, in low, broad, viz: A FARM, containing 174 Acres, lazy arm-chairs, that looked intended as a more or less, situate in Straban township, transition from the repose of the night to the though, after that hot room and the sharp two Adams county, Panadjoining lands of Isaac toils of the day, were Mr. Harry Gordon and

Mrs. Gordon had been left a widow, with an easy jointure and a little boy, at an early age. For the sake of the jointure, Mrs. Gordon had found many suitors; but for the sake of affection, his devotion, had well rewarded her, if, indeed, she lost anything by not having a husband-a doubt which we do not presume

boy, well endowed by nature with intellect good springs on the Farm, and water in near- and heart, would ever be, if mothers would ly every field. The property is within half a condescend to develop the one and direct the

He was generous, conscientious, high-spiriterty will be shown to persons desirous of ed, contented with himself, the world, things is padded and stuffed like a mattress, or mothviewing it, by Samuel Harman, residing on in general, and his own in particular; fond of er's darling might have caught a consumption.

his mother, whom he thought sent into the standing on the steps, evidently waiting for world as a type of every virtue and excellence him.

-his tender, his refined, his beautiful (Harry He bastened on; but scarcely did he set his were wandering about in search of Mr. J. for which Mrs. Gordon had tickets, and Miss actually thought her beautiful, though she foot on the first step, before the gentleman he Smith. You know it's all my fault, and I Mansfield had not-and so, another supply of

"Who's papa ?" replied a feminine voice, at least that he wanted a wife. Yet there were many who could have reminded him that he which voice Mr. Harry Gordon turned toward half opening the window, and admitting to was five-and-twenty-that he was rich, pros- the carriage also. and beheld by the light of perous, and had a line house, all ready furn- the gas-light, which tell full upon it, a sweet shed, and that all he wanted was a wife. But little face, with heaps of light, crisp auburn he was very obtuse on this point-the idea ringlets. (kept in curl by the frost) clustering round it-the oval outline of the face, and the

could not be got into his brain. Still, Harry went everywhere ; and on the regular features, being defined by a delicate morning we have made his acquaintance, he pink and white satin hood, which was tied had just finished a most spirited description of closely under the chin. At the sight of this face, Mr. Harry Gordon.

a grand Fifth Avenue fete, at which the flowers alone cost fifteen hundred dollars, and at doffing his hat, advanced to the carriage. "The lady is right, sir," said he, looking at which Mr. Harry Gordon had danced innumerable schottishes, redowas, and polkas-won the lady, but speaking to the gentleman ; "who's paletot have you got ? . Let us read no end of hearts, and lost-his overcoat. the card."

"But you dear, stupid Harry !" continued Mrs. Gordon, after her son had given her a description of the various mishaps and mysterious disappearance attending his overcoats; | read, by the uncertain light, some very twisted into your paletots.?" the name of

"lleavens, mother! what an idea! Have one's name written on one's coat collar, so that if you hang your coat over your seat at the theatre, or throw it down in a public room, everybody may say, ever afterward, 'there goes John Smith !' "

"Oh, I beg pardon," said Mrs. Gordon: well, let us resort to a half measure, then, catching laugh, that Harry couldn't help and suppose we carelessly drop one of your laughing too. own cards into the pocket-so," said Mrs. Gordon, and taking one from the mantle-piece, and walking across the room, she put her advice in practice, and deposited in it a smooth | to be done ?" piece of pasteboard, on which was engraved-

"HARRY GORDON,

"No. -, --- Street."

permit me to show you that we have some hos-That evening, he again betook himself to one pitality at the North. For the honor of the of the aristocratic camelia fetes, /with which | North I hope you will condescend to accept my | sure I am." the merchant princes about this time celebrate proposition. My mother, sir, resides with me the advent of a new year. What were his exin this house ; you, if I understand right, have ploits there, we are not about to set down, for | no family awaiting you at home ; you had betthey concern us not-nor did they him; for, | ter allow my mother, Mrs. Gordon, the pleas- | life; let us suppose we are some centuries older: | pipe you can smoke -smoking implies wisdom as he danced along the broad pavements, so use of receiving this young lady for the night- let us suppose these tall houses forest trees, shining and crackling under his feet, all he whilst I, sir, can offer you a room. We have thought of was that he really had secured his always one or two for our friends." new overcoat this time-and that it was migh-

ty comfortable, too, for the sharp-cutting wind [Harry's hand and giving it a hearty shake; blew in his face....But he merely put back his a sort of bold defiance, as if to enter into con- thing. My name's Mansfield, sir-Mansfield, me." test with this same Æolus-(the proper type of Alabama. Groves knows all about me-and of envy, nagging, irritating, resiless, and inev- this is my daughter, Susan, come up to see the right-she never does anything but good itable as it is) -for nothing could put Harry lions." out of temper.

So, as we have said, he went dancing along, his hands in the pockets of his new paletot, one of them playing with the card his dear mother had herself put into it.

"Dear, kind mother," thought Harry, deuced cold I should have been without her, hours' coultion. Graceful girl, that Emily Sykes, but she hasn't such beautiful eyes as so sparkling. Talking of sparkling, by the bye, that was famous champagne old Groves ah! clever fellow, though, in a ousiness way. By the bye, wonder if the Asia's in-her news may make the difference of a few thousand to us-everything mighty dull in Europe, they | Harry, with her little silvery laugh-"unless." say.

continued she, "Mr. Gordon can tell us where "That Prima Donna waltz is pretty-"it has a dying fall." By Jove ! it is cold. though ! Mr. J. Smith lives." that gust, just as I turned the corner, quite set fully deep blue eyes can change their expres-

my weth on edge. Lucky the famous overcoat | sion ! I wouldn't give a tig for a woman that hours. always looks the same, although she were as beautiful as the Greek slave !" society, which returned the compliment, and Well, here I am-but who's come, and what's "and he aint far from here."

Or Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., made an idol of him ; glorying in his home, the matter?" continued Harry, as, within a on said day, when attendance will be given which, since he could lisp the word, had been few steps of his home, he perceived that there made the bright oasis of his life-and adoring was a carriage at the door, and a gentleman

wroused the drowsy sleepers, Harry tapped at the basement window.

"What do you want ?" said a gruff voice, view a sulky, fat, black face. "What do you want, sir ?'

"Mr. Smith," boldly replied Harry. "Which Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. John Smith," ventured Harry.

"That aint here," said the black head. with drawing itself.

"James Smith !" shouled Mr. Mansfield, from the carriage.

"Jeremiah !" suggested the silvery voice,

with a laugh. "Josiah !" again said Harry, but the black head exclaimed, in a state of extreme irritation---

"That aint it! Get along with you all-you're a-making fun on me!" and closing the The old gentleman mechanically held it out and Harry's young and quick-sighted eyes window with a bang, Harry and the coachman did it never occur to you to put your name and elaborate characters, which together formed looking in blank consternation, from one to the other.

> "I aint a-going any further," said the coachman ; "my nage is tired and so be I, and I aint a-going any further."

"Where ?" exclaimed the voice from beneath "Yes, up to my house, wont you ?" said pa, dear, is'nt Mr. J. Smith everywhere ! Oh, Mr. Manstield. pa, we are martyrs to the Smiths !" and the

"No, I wont-that's West Twenty-Third street—miles and miles off."

little hood laughed such a buoyant, silvery, "But you'll go to mine, that's close by, said Harry, insinuating a corpulent silver "It's mighty fine to laugh," said the old piece into the coachman's hands, as he got into Evening Post extracts a few passages. It apgentleman, standing petrified, his eyes immovthe carriage.

"There is no help for it, my dear sir, it is three o'clock, you cannot keep Miss Mansfield any longer in this cool air, after dancing all are a stranger in New York-I trust you will | night."

"Tired, Susy, are you, darling ?" said Mr. Mansfield, turning toward his daughter, "I'm

"Then," said Susy, gracefully addressing Harry, "let us really consider this night as one Harry, "let us really consider this night as one eral currency. Next week I will send them, taken entirely out of our common every-day if they be all. They will buy a pipe-with a myself a benighted damsel, with an exiled it is but one step to stoicism, and stoicism ner-

encounter a gallant knight-errant-yourself. my two cents, by this process, may put you "Well, sir," said the old gentleman, taking Mr. Gordon-and so accept the hospitality of quite at ease about cash. "that's a kind offer-I didn't think you cau- your castle. What part we are to assign to hair from his eyes, and threw up his head with | tious, cold northerners were capable of such a Mrs. Gordon, is the only thing that puzzles | from Salishury, after having declined a com-

> "Oh, she will play the good fairy and set all things," said Harry.

And now they arrived ; and Harry, opening in an ace of being appointed Clerk of the Court inclination forward, which brought some of the his door with the tiny pass-key his mother had of Common Pleas, for Hillsborough county. shining curls over its eyes; but the timest lith ad made to fit his waistcoat pocket. (he never Well, you will say, you are no better off than forgot or changed his waistcoat, as he did his if you had not come within an ace. Perhaps overcoats.) introduced, with all possible defer- I am-say nothing but think a good deal, and ence, his new-lound friends into the breakfast- do not 'distrust the gods.' 12 room.

Leaving them there, he proceeded to his mother's room. In five minutes explained all, in another five, Mrs. Gordon was down stairs. words are very costly, although intrinsically Ellen Drewe. Ellen Drewe's eyes are so bright, added she, turning her eyes full on Harry, (by and in ten minutes more. Mr. Mansfield and they often resemble the darkey's account, which he, who never lost an opportunity, dis- Susy were each in a comfortable bed-room ; which "didn't amount to any particular sun." covered that they were large, earnest, deep where, going to sleep on their luxurious pilgave us ; how queer he looks, though, in his blue eyes-just the eyes he admired -very like lows, Mr. Mansfield dreamed of his paletot and his mother's, he thought.) "we could not think Mr. James Smith ; and Susy, of Harry Gordon snubbed, to apologize for being there. Ah ! of troubling Mrs. Gordon-though we are, of and his fascinating manner; whilst Harry course, very grateful to you. I think we must didn't sleep at all, but thought all the while of try our boarding-house again, papa; unless" the blue eyes and waving hair of Susy Mans--and she turned somewhat archly toward field.

Next morning there were three persons gathered round the breaklast-table, by the fireside. Mr. Mansfield had gone up early, his golden pippins to the pockets of a truant and sent down suitable apparel for his daugh- schoolboy. ter, and had promised to call for her in a few

Merrily the three talked over the last night's tisement of bonnets and petticoats for young events, and the ball ; and Mrs. Gordon quizzed men's wear, to correspond with the shawls, Harry about his overcoate, and unmercifully now so universally worn. told Susan how Harry always did lose his "Let's go," said Mr. Mansfield, resolutely, overcoats : and then Susan laughed at him. too, and Harry bore it wonderfully well, and seem-"Allow me to go with you," said Gordon, ed rather to like it than otherwise.

"I really couldn't feel content if I knew you And then there was a concert in the evening,

We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always, hoping to get larger and liner ones, or are forced some way or other to live where we do not choose. and in continual expectation of changing our place of abode. In the present state of society, this is in a great measure unavoidable ; but let us remember it is an evil, and that so far as it is avoidable, it becomes our duty to check the impulse. * * It is surely a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, in attaining a certain position in life. we determined, with God's permission, to choose a house in which to live and die-a home not to be increased by adding stone to stone and field to field, but which being enough for all our wishes at that period. we should be resolved to be satisfied with forever. Consider this, and also, whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor for our descendants than our ancestors ; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born ; and, striving to live that our son's sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children reverentially to the doors out of which we have been carried to the grave, saying, 'Look, this was his house ; this was his cham-

ber."-Ruskin.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS YOUTH .--- A collection of Daniel Webster's letters, with biographical notes, is about to be published in Boston, from which a correspondent of the New York pears that Daniel, while a law student helped to support his brother Ezekiel, at College, by copying deeds, &c. The latter also occasionally recruiting his finances by school teaching. The correspondence between the two. on the ways and means, is interesting. Daniel writes to his brother, under date of Selisbury, N. II., Nov. 4, 1802, as follows:

"I have now by me two cents in lawful fed--wisdom is allied to fortitude-from fortitude father, (you, dear papa,) and imagine that we | er pants for this world's goods. So, perhaps,

Again, as late as June 10th. 1801, he writes fortable office, in order to pursue a profession : "Zeke, I don't believe but what Providence will do well for us yet. We shall live, and live comfortably. I have this week come with-

TLawyers, according to Martial, are "men who hire out their words and anger." Their

"My wife is very attentive to the pigs," said a gentleman the other day, in the presence of several ladies.

"That accounts for her attachment to you," responded one of the fair damsels. Pretty sharp joking, that.

D.By their fruits ye shall know them," as the farmer exclaimed when he traced half

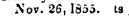
17A Cincinnati paper contains an adver-

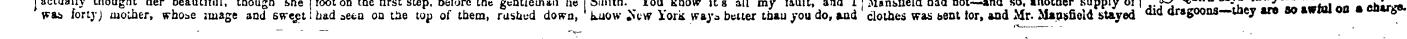
Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his doorstep. "Uoz he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

Quirk says lawyers would make splen-

Harry bowed, and the hood gave a gentle tle hand, protruding with just the white, round, small wrist, from the broad, white satin sleeve of the burnous, quickly thrust them back. "And so, Mr. Gordon, I think"-"Papa," quickly interrupted Susan, "you couldn't think of such a thing-waking Mrs. Gordon at this time of night. Indeed, sir,"

the boy, she had refused them all; and his fine rooms, so timidly bold, ready if he's





opening the carriage door.

Harry laughed, and thought "How wonder-

"I know a Mr. Smith," interposed the driver,

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.