A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, The Markets, Local and General Intelligence, Politics, Advertising, &c.

38TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, MAY 5, 1856.

NO. 32.

Terms of the "Compiler."

every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, she walked the whole length of the village, at \$1,75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2,00 per annum if not paid in advance. No sub-turned till the moon was high. scription discontinued, unless at the option of

rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office in South Baltimore street, direct-

ly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "Coupler" on the sign.

Choice Poetry.

A New Song by George P. Morris.

Thank God for pleasant weather! Chant it, merry rills!

And clap your hands together, Ye exulting hills !

Thank Him, teeming valley ! Thank Him, fruitful plain ! For the golden sunshine,

And the silver rain. Thank God of Good the Giver ! Shout it, sportive breeze!

Respond. oh tuneful river! To the nodding trees

Thank Him, birds and birdling ! As ye grow and sing! Mingle in thanksgiving

Every living thing ! Thank God, with cheerful spirit,

In a glow of love, For what we here inherit.

And our hopes above !--Universal Nature

Revels in her birth, When God, in pleasant weather, Smiles upon the earth!

Eapital Story.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Harlem whom they were conversing so eagerly, standhad consecrated to the service of God. The ing in the doorway. minister had read the psalms and scripture lessons, and had repeated the first line of the usual quiet way; "I am glad to see so large opening hymn. The eyes of the people were and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a for our meeting." sound and eloquent preacher, but he was a fine the attention of the true, but the false worship- quiring for the sewing silk, which having repers. The house was very still-the clear, | ceived, she sat down in the only vacant chair, melancholy tones of the preacher were the on- and commenced hemming a red bird with a ly sounds that throbbed on the balmy golden | yellow wing on a very green twig, which lat- the yard at the time, including Cain, Rayne, air, which the midsummer's Sabbath morn ter had already been hemmed on to a square a turnkey, and three or four others. Immehad breathed into that holy place.

trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the part of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossdoor, and the entrance of two persons, a lady ed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In Everybody wondered if she had heard what a second every eye turned from the pulpit to they were saying when she came in; but her the broad aisle, and watched with more than placid countenance soon reassured the most ordinary interest, the progress of the couple. | fearful, and every one longed to commence a A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when fairly and quietly seated in the first pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, ture. She meant to do up the matter very what a nudging of elbows there was-ay, and delicately, and in so round about a way that

how many whispers, too.
In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no you get it?" eyes, no thoughts for anybody else but widow C. and widow C.'s young, gentlemanly atten-

How she had cheated them. Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once, dressed in white, and walked into black again?" the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman.

Yes, indeed she had. She would have plead answeredguilty to all these charges, grave ones as they "I did think and say so once, but I have were, and to the last two how many witnesses finally altered my mind." guilty to all these charges, grave ones as ther had been suphoened! She was actually dressed in white, with open coreage, displaying an elaborately wrought chimtrite, drapery-sleaves trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace; under- and looked very expressive at each other. sleeves of the same expensive material, with with kid gloves and light gaiters-such was the burying ground?" the description every lady had on her tongue's end, to repeat over as soon as the service was

And the gentleman-he was dressed in gance, and she determined to do it, too, when style—didn't he wear white pants of the latest unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. C.'s pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin dress hung up in her wardrobe all the time, finish," and white kids, too; and didn't he and she had worn an old black silk, & sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often

ther room to doubt. Widow C. had cheated went home, "that she would." She began by them. She had won a beau, laid aside her sayingmourning, put on a bridal attire and was going to be married in church. But who the didn't he?" beau was, and from whence he came, it was

difficult to solve. Services proceeded. The choir sung and the minister prayed and preached—the people windered when the cereinony would take

But to their utter astonishment, they were left to wonder: (* For when the benediction was pronounced widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pave-

ment, he offered her his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidentially on the beautiful coat sleeve, as they passed on. What a morning that was in Harlem!-What a world of conjectures, surmises, in-

quiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brains of not only gossipping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the annals of the village—there was something new under the sun—a lady had a beau, and nobody knew it. Widow C., didn't your ears burn that day?

And we wonder they didn't drop off; surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him, though. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then, but everybody was sadly disappointed; and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they travelled then on electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and the sermons would have been quite as edifying. But one anyway."

tried to make all the talk she could. After The Republican Compiler is published ten, arm in arm with the strange gentleman,

"A nice looking dress I guess she had," drawled out grandma W. as she listened to the the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. drawled out grandma W. as she listened to the story of the handsome widow's wanderings. "I'm glid I hain't got to wash it, all drabbled up with dew, as it must have been; but I don't 'smse she thought or cared a word about it, she's so carried away with him. But I'll give hera piece of my mind the first time I have a clance; see if I don't."

But the good old dame began to fear she vould never have the desired chance.

She hurried through her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as soon as possible, but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said Mrs. C. and a gentleman went off in a carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning-"Yes, and never got home until nine o'clock in the evening." Look out, widow! your character is on

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a sailing with her beau, and the next day rambled with him off to the woodlawn, and the next forenoon went minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the with him in acarriage to the railroad station: and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him!
"What! in broad daylight!" exclaimed grandma W. "Well, if I ever heard or seen the like on't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grand-child, wondered to herself if it was any worse in broad daylight than at other times. Per-

haps you will wonder, too. We did at least. There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the village sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a clattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over. There was but one topic, but that was all-engrossing-the widow's beau-for the gentleman must be her beau-or at least ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder at. But suddenly every magic tongue was hushed; an universal stroke of palsy seemed to have fallen on the group as, Services had commenced in the neat little looking up, they perceived the very lady about

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she in her

piece of white cloth, and the whole, when The first syllable of the second line was completed, was designed to form the twentieth personal attack.

Old grandmother W. was the first to venthe lady would not suspect her of curiesity. So she began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress. "Why, it's really a beauty. Where did

"I bought it." "Here?"

"Where then?"

"In the city, last spring." "Oh, you did, did you?" But I thought you

was never going to dress in anything but All scrutinized the lady's face in search of blush, but it continued as usual, while she

"You have, eh! What made you?"

"Oh, I had good reasons." Here the hearers and lookers-on winked

"But did you not spoil your beautiful white a white lace hat with orange-buds and flowers, dress the other night, wearing it away up to

> "I did not wear it.?"
> Here was a damper for the old lady, She had such a long lecture to read on extrava-

After a while the old lady took a fresh and lovingly on the fair features beside him? start. She would not be baulked again. She Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no fur- would find out all about that beau before she

"Your company went away this morning,

"He did."

"He did not stay very long, did he?" "Not so long as I wished him to stay," was

And how the ladies did look at each other. k was as good as a confession. "When did he come?"

"Saturday evening." "Were you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight "Why, du tell if you had then, and you never told on't either. Had he any business

in the place?" "He had."

"What was it ?" This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forth-

But the widow interrupted her by saying-"O, I'd as lief you'd know as not; he came 0, widow C., your good name did go down

then. Be careful what you say next, or you'll have only a remnant of character left to go home with, and remnants go very cheap. "He did, did be? and he didn't come for nothing else, then. But was you glad to see

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question, ry chapter in human existence, if the incit well, well, he is a very good-looking man, in this feature of business were written.

"You don't say so! But is he rich?"
"Worth a hundred thousand or so," said the lady earnestly.

"Why, du tell if he is. Why, you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his The old lady's curiosity was now raised to a high pitch.

"Henry Macon." "Macon! Macon! why, wasn't that your name before you were married?"

"It was." "Then he's a connection, is he?"

"He is." "Du tell who he is then. Not a cousin, I hope. I never did think much of a marriage between cousins."

"He is not my cousin."
"He isn't? Not your cousin? But what connection is he? Du tell now?"

"He is my youngest brother!"
If ever there was a rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the ext fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, nor an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the roguish and expressive glances seen which passed between Mrs. C. and the threshold as a silent spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps-mind you, we only say perhaps—they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession

Select Miscellany.

Remarkable Dream in a Murder Case.— Mr. Stirling was recently murdered at Burnop field, in Scotland, under mysterious circumstances. His parents resided near Dunbarton on the Clyde. On the night of the 1st of November, the day on which the murder was committed, Mrs. Stirling had a remarkable, and what she termed fearful dream. She dreamt that some persons were about the house intending to break into it. In a short time a man with dark complexion and dark d ess, looked in upon her at the window, pre sented a gen, and discharged it at her. A this juncture, she awoke in great alarm and trepidation; and since then, the dream—most strongly impressed upon her mind, by the fact of her son's murder, intelligence of which would not reach her until 6 or 7 days later than the dream—has ever been vivid in her recollection. Mrs. Stirling accompanied her hus-And then she proceeded to the table and band to Durham, for the purpose of being prenelped herself to a block of patchwork, insent at the trial. She expressed a great desire to see the two men accused of the murder; and, for that purpose, visited the prison or Wednesday. Several men were walking in diately on perceiving Rayne, without being told the names of the men, she recognized in him the features of the man whom she saw in her dream fire through the window at her, pointed him out and burst into tears. Mrs. Stirling still expresses her positive conviction with respect to Rayne. The circumstances we have mentioned may appear strange, but are perfectly correct.

A Ticklish Experiment .- A curious event courred a few days ago in the University of Leipsie. Dr. Reclam, professor of legal medimal, which was lying on its back, was immediately seized with convulsions, and ejected a by the coat tail, declaring that she had borne a considerable portion of the poison with great violence; it struck the professor in the face, and some of it entered his mouth. The doctor was immediately seized with all the symptoms of poisoning, but antidotes were prompt-

A New Line. - An enthusiastic reronaut proposes to the péople of California to run a line of balloons between San Francisco and St. Louis, to depend upon the great easterly current of the upper and return trades for its propulsion. He says: "thirty miles an hour without delay from station or break of guage-no fear of collision, and no possibility of running off the track-will bring a balloon in three days from the shores of the Sacramento to the foot of the Alleghenies, and land her freight and passengers fresh, healthy, and almost at the very threshold of their homes."

At a Printer's Festival at Boston a short time since the following capital toast was drank: The Editor:-The man who is expected to know everything, tell all he knows, and guess at the rest: to make oath to his own good character, establish the reputation of his neighbors, and elect all candidates to office; to blow everybody; suit everybody, and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and have the epitaph on his tombstone, "Here he lies his last :" in short, he is a locomotive running on the track of public notoriety; his lever is, his pen: his boiler is filled with ink, his tender is his scissors, and driving wheel is public opinion; whenever he explodes it is caused by non-payment of subscriptions.

Franklin was an observing and sensible man and his conclusions were seldom in correct. He said that a newspaper and Bible in every house and a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as merited are the principal supporters of virtue, morality and civíl liberty.

Salt for Wheat .- Theodore Perry says, in the Prairie Farmer, that he sowed one and a half bushels of salt per acre, upon one half of wheat, and the result was, that the salted portion was ready for the sickel five days earlier than the unsalted portion, and not a particle of rust, scab or smut could be found, and the increase of crop he estimated at five bushels

Daniel Webster once said that "the sin of America was the sin of suretyship." There is written in mournful letters in the history of lump of chalk serves in the place of the blackevery man, the record of suffering by endorse- ing box and cbrush. ments. It would make the most extraordinary chapter in human existence, if the incidents

How to Dispose of Old Stock.

travelling from plantation to plantation with his cargo of "notions," found but a limited sale for his lanterns, an article of which he village to your material believes to the country.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by It is the distinguishing characteristic of merit, to be ever active in laudable pursuits.

Bill Walker, sat one evening drinking at the sale for his lanterns, an article of which he village to your material believes to the country.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by It is the distinguishing characteristic of merit, to be ever active in laudable pursuits.

There is a meaning in all the country. sale for his lanterns, an article of which he had a very large stock. In despair of not get-they agreed that each one on returning home, ting rid of them, he offered them at what he should do the first thing that his wife told called "a very reduced price," yet he found him, in default of which he should the next purchasers as scarce as clover in sand hills. morning pay the bill. They then separated At length, a tavern-keeper directed him to a for the night, engaging to meet again the next farmer, who, he said, was very much in want | morning, and give an honest account of their of the article. To the house of this ready cus- proceedings at home, so far as they related to mable. tomer went Jonathan, determined to get his the bill. The next morning, Walker and trouble's worth out of him. The first person Brown were early at their posts, but it was he met was the overseer, who was lounging by some time before Watson made his appearance. e met was the overseer, who was lounging by the side of the road.

"You don't want to buy a lantern, do ye?" asked Jonathan, "Yes, though, I reckon I do," returned the overseer, "how much mought you ask for

"Only 374 cents."

"Well, suppose you gin me one." The pedlar accordingly gave him a lantern, nd receiving his money, proceeded onwards. "You don't want to buy a first rate lantern, do ye?" said he to the overseer's wife, who

was washing in the spring.
"Yes," was the reply, "Mr. B. has been wanting one this long while."

Jonathan accordingly served out one at the same price he had bargained with her husband for. At the barn, before he reached the farm house, he met the son of the planter-"You don't want to buy no lanterns, do

"I don't want one myself, but I'll take one for father, who has been after one this long rest, and got a curtain lecture all night formy

Jonathan accordingly pocketed another thiry-seven and a half cents, and became one lanern lighter.

He now advanced boldly up to the house, and meeting the old lady at the door, immediately put the question to her-"You don't want to buy some first rate lanterns, do you?"
"Indeed, but I do," said the old hidy, "my husband has been wanting one these six months

past—and I am glad you have come." Jonathan accordingly deposited a lantern with her, and received in return another thiry-seven and a half cents.

He now departed, almost satisfied with the pec he had made. At some distance from the iouse, in a field by the side of the road; he espied the old gentleman himself, and hailed him with the old question:

"You don't want to buy a first rate lantern, do vou?" -"How much do you ask a piece," inquired the planter.

"Fifty cents, and I guess that's cheap enough, considerin' they've come all the way from Con-

"Well, I'll take one," said the old gentle-"Hadn't you better take a half a dozen?" sked Jonathan, "there's no knowing when a

tin merchant may pass this way again. If vou will take a half a dozen. I will let you have hem for thirty-seven and half cents a piece." The planter took him at his word—and the pedlar took to his route, after having disposed

Neatness may be carried to excess. Mr. Slasher is devoted to whitewash. On takicines, was lecturing on nicotine, and to show the deadly effect of the poison, he administered a large dose wit to a big dog. The anthe trunks of all the trees, affirming that it proceeding to improve the hollyhocks in the same style, when Mrs. S. dragged him away good deal, but she couldn't stand that.

BEFA lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." business."

Col. Bodens, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money,

with "how d'ye do?" answered-"Pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold "Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine

too, to my sorrow.' A gentleman was promenading one of our fashionable streets with a bright little boy

at his side, when the little fellow called out:-"O, pa, there goes an editor!"
"Hush, son," said the father, "don't make

you may come to yet!" 165"Why, my dear sir," said a dandy re-

provingly to his boot maker, "you have made my boots large enough at the toes to hold a bushel of grain." "I thought," replied Snob, cooly, "that corns were grain."

Lar An editor out West the other day exhibted an astonishing absent mindedness by copying from an exchange paper one of his own articles, and heading it "Wretched attempt at

If we did but know how little some ennot be much envy in the world.

We should not isolate ourselves, for we cannot remain in a state of isolation. Social intercourse makes us the more able to bear with ourselves and others.

Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevplence the second, and prudence the third; without the first the two latter cannot exist aten acre field, just after seeding it with Spring and without the latter the two former would be Punch says that editors are very apt to

have their manners spoiled, because they receive such vast numbers of evil communica-At Funchal, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones. A

What is it you must keep after you have given it to another ?-Your word.

The Three Jolly Husbands.

Walker began first: "You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering of light, I came near walking into industrious. n pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor, said to me sarcastically: 'Bill, do put your foot in the batter!' Just as you say, Maggy,' said I, and without proclaiming yourself a simpleton. the least hesitation, I put my foot in the pot of batter, and then went to bed."

Next Joe Brown told his story: "My wife

and already retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate thoroughly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife, in no very pleasant tone, bawled out: 'Do break the pudding pot!' No sooner said than done; I seized hold of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit, I retired to

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very the old Major,) when, after tea, the following long face, as follows: "My wife gave me the conversation occurred between the Major's oldmost unlucky command in the world; for I fashioned lady and the "top-knot," in consewas blundering up stairs in the dark, when quence of the hired girl occupying a seat at you : and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."—National Intelligencer.

"Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my custom. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recellect?"

This was a "cooler" to silk and satin great-

Crockett's Rifle.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, in a recent article, thus refers to Crockett's rifie, which did such gallant execution at the bloody massacre of the Alamo, in the Texan war for Independence:

Calling into the Patent Office a few moin the shape of a rifle, which was presented hy the young men of Philadelphia to Col. David Crockett, in 1835, just before that gallant soldier engaged in the Texan war of In-dependence. Col. Crockett used this weapon through his campaign, and for the last time at the bloody massacre of the Alamo, where he

fought his last fight. It is a very fine weapon, though somewhat marred by usage. On one side of the handle is the word "Crockett," and the other his celebrated motto, "Go Ahead!" The rifle and the identical tomahawk carried by Crockett were of ten lanterns where only one was really represented to the National Institute by Capt. Ben. McCullough, of the old Texan Kangers, and will be carefully preserved as mementoes of that generous and chivalric man, whose daring deeds have rendered his name almost immortal. "Always be sure you're right, then go ahead!" is a sentence never to be for-

The Waygery of Assurance.—Seventy-four miles of telegraph wire cable which was to have been laid between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, in August last, was insured in England for \$75,000. While engaged in laying it, one of the steamers was obliged to cut insurance, and was met by the smiling reply: "There is no loss, as the wire cable is just where you wanted to put it—at the bottom of the sea." On this quibble they actually refused to pay. Of course the cable cannot be raised, being sunk to the depth of 1200 feet, and embedded in saud.

> The Boston Times tells of a member of turning to his home in the cars, was asked they contend should never have been granted! by a fruit lad to buy some oranges. He bought three or four, and gave the boy a five dollar bill. The youngster "stepped out" to blame a man for not doing what he conget the bill changed, leaving his basket of fruit with the Scanter but t sport of the poor man; God only knows what fruit with the Senator; but the young huckster forgot to return. The cars moved on, but the Senator was determined not to be a suf- United States, thus far this year, are but litferer, so he hawked the oranges through the tle more than one half the amount for the train, and realized five dollars and forty cents same period of last year. They foot up \$4,-by the sales. He made forty cents besides 452,373—of which \$3,802,373 were from New eating his full of the delicious fruit.

> Assyrian Discovery.—It is stated that Col. Rawlison, who is at present engaged in pros-ecuting the discoveries commenced by Layard and Botts, and in exhuming from the mounds of the long last still time year amount to \$8,845,057, or about double the shipments. The receipts from the same source for the like period of 1855 were greatof the long-lost rival cities, of Nineveh and ter by \$649,232. Babylon the instructive remains of this once gigantic power, has lately discovered, in a state of perfect preservation, what is believed to be the mummy of Nebuchadnezzer. The joy the great things they possess, there could face of the rebellious monarch of Babylon, cov- tween the rebel Shay, of Pelham, and Gen. ered by one of those gold masks usually found Lyman: in Assyrian tombs, is described as very hand-some—the forehead high and commanding, the features marked and regular. This interesting relic of remote antiquity is for the present preserved in the Museum of the East India Company.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

> > Tobacco packed in lead is poisonous, as the moisture contained in the tobacco will oxydize the lead with which it remains long in contact, forming a peculiar poisonous salt. The tobacco becomes covered with a layer of acetate, carbonate, chloride, and sulphate of forgets the fountain from which he drank, and lead, amounting to from six to thirty grains in a half pound.

A man who had a cause in court said. that if he lost in the Common Pleas, he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and from thence to Heaven." "And there," replied a gentleman, "you will be sure to lose, for you will not be present to answer for yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there."

The best cure for trouble is laborsubject occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed, too, as though the lady

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the man who knows the most, or he who has looking, but he's good-hearted—one of the most nose?

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking, but he's good-hearted—one of the most nose?

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking, but he's good-hearted—one of the most nose?

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the man who knows the most, or he who has external circumstances.

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the man who knows the most, or he who has external circumstances.

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the man who knows the most, or he who has external circumstances.

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the man who knows the most, or he who has external circumstances."

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking, but he's good-hearted—one of the man who knows the most, or he who has external circumstances."

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking, but he's good-hearted—one of the man who knows the most nose?

"I think so, too, and he's not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking have a subject to the man who knows the most nose is not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking have a subject to the man who knows the most nose is not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking have a subject to the man who knows the most nose is not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking have a subject to the man who knows the most nose is not only good—the harder you work the less you think. Who looking have a subject to the man who knows the most nose is not only good—the harder you work the lady looking have a subject to the man who knows the most nose is not only good—the harder y

SANDS OF GOLD.

ceases to be a virtue. No vengeance is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are esti-

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not

have a thing known of you, never do it. The happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits and just children enough to make him

When you get into a fit of passion just walk out into the air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or

"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope—but the popular study is how to make money out of man. That's so!

The sum of all things is to serve God rell and do no ill thing. The Yankee has been styled 'a well

developed interrogation point." It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before-hand, than to revenge it afterwards.

Aristocracy.

One of the parvenue ladies of Cincinnati, who would be wonderfully aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting a few days since at the house of Major G——, (all know

ness—or, as the boys call it, "codfish aristoc-racy." After coloring and stammering, she answered in a very low voice, "X-c-s, I b-c-l-i-e-y-e i-t w-a-s," and left.

What a withering rebuke! And how admirably it applies to much of our strutting aristoracy. When will the world learn that
poverty is not the evidence of meanness and degradation, nor silks and sating the sure evidence of a true and noble hearted woman.

The story is familiar of the man who took passage in a flat boat from Pittsburg to New Orleans. He passed many dreary, listless days on his way down the Ohio and Mississippi, and seemed to be desponding for want of excitement. Superficially, he was good natured and kindly disposed. In the course of time the craft upon which he was a passenger put into Napoleon, in the State of Arkansas, for groceries. At the moment, there; was a general fight extending all along the front of the town, which at that time consisted of a sin-

gle house. The unhappy passenger, after fidgeting about and jerking his feet up and down as if he were walking on hot bricks, turned to a used up spectator and observed:

"Stranger, is this a free fight?"

The reply was prompt and to the point. "It ar, and if you wish to go in, don't stand

on ceremony." The wayfarer did go in, and in less time than we can relate the circumstances, he was literally chawed up. Groping his way down to the boat, his hair gone, his eyes closed, his lips it during a furious gale, to save the vessel swollen and his face generally mapped out, he sat down on a chicken coop and soliloquized.

"So, this is Na-po-leon, is it?—Upon my word it's a lively place, and the only one at-which I have had any fun since I left home."

Consistency.—The Quincy Herald says:-"The abolition papers (in the same breath) denounce the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which restored to the people of Kansas the right to make their own laws, and charge the President with not sustaining, by the milhe Massachusetts Senate who, while re- itary power of the country, the rights, which

> Specie.—The shipments of specie from the York, and \$650,000 from Boston,—against \$7,420,612 in 1855. The receipts of specie from California for the same time this year

Tough Story .- The Hampshire Chronicle, printed in Springfield, Mass., in 1787, relates the following account of a hostile meeting be-

Gen. Lyman at one blow cut off Shav's right arm, and Shay seizing it by the wrist with his left hand, killed an aid-de-camp with the bleeding stump upon the spot. At this moment a light horseman coming up struck off Shay's hend; but the rebel not at all dismayed by the accident, took his head between his teeth, and swimming a neighboring river, made his es-

Beautiful.—There is a sentiment as beautiful as just in the following lines:-"He who the tree under whose shade he gambolled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart."

Society without children would be like the earth without flowers, the sky without stars, heaven without angels.

Franklin, "a man should thank God for his vanity, because it makes him feel happy."