The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

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

38TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1856. NO. 37.

Terms of the "Compiler."

☞*The 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 the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

☞Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

☞Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "COMPILER" on the sign.

Choice Poetry.

THE CALL.

The night is dark: behold, the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,—
"Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me."

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,—
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou ALWAYS suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare NEVER cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer; walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone:
Watch thou in patience through this dark hour only,
This one dark hour,—before the eternal dawn.

The captive's ear may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley;
But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone:
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,—
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images for ever thronging
From out the foregone life thou liv'st no more:
Faint-hearted mariner! still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Has thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God,—

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee, because so near to him?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription,—
"Behold, we count them happy which endure?"
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking,—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,—
The way too narrow for thine inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh that thy faithless soul, one great hour only,
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life,—
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
The Father yieldeth back a thousand-fold:
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Cometh a joy we never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can find its only peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature,—
Looking to God alone for his release.

And he will come in his own time and power
To set his earnest-hearted children free:
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

A Capital Story.

From Harper's Magazine.

MARRYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A VIRGINIA STORY.

Nathan Jones, a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a churn; and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market on the flea-bitten mare, or helping to stir apple-butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in the log meeting-house, on a Sunday—in short, wherever you saw her she always looked as pretty, if not prettier, than she ever did before.

Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had reached the mature age of eighteen without an avowed suitor. Admirers, nay lovers, she had by the score; and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sighing bachelor would willingly have given his riding horse, or even his share in Dad's farm, for her. There was indeed, no lack of will on their part; the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed, for once, to be impressed with a proper sense of its own unworthiness. Now far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable.—On the contrary, she was as good-humored, as comely, and disposed to be as loving as she was loveable. Poor Sally! it is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome: almost as great as to be ugly. There she was was, sociable and warm-hearted as a pigeon, amiable as a turtle-dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers, who dawdle about her, twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark of their riding-switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but saying never a word to the purpose.

"Either he fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

Sally was entering on her nineteenth year when she was one day heard to observe that men were the meanest, slowest, cowardliest, or'nariest creatures; in short, good for nothing but lay under an apple-tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apples dropped into them.

This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the Sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

Not of this poor-spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood, in winter, six feet two inches in his stockings (in summer he didn't wear any). Sam was not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth, and carroty hair. His feet—but no matter, he usually bought number fourteen and a half boots, because they fitted him better than sevens or eights. Sam was a wagon-maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop and several hundred acres of unimproved land, which secured to him the reputation of independence. For the rest, he was a roystering blade, a good rider, a crack shot with a rifle, and an accomplished fidler. Bold to the confines of impudence, he was a favorite of the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge-hammer, he was the acknowledged cock of the walk, and preux chevalier of the pine hill-country.

Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting, and in sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty and must be told.—Although Sally did not resent the impertinence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more gentle and modest a woman is, the more she admires courage and boldness in the other sex. Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her new beau, and that was as often as she looked up. As for Sam the longer he gazed the deeper he sunk in the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed. As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints that was entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments as he had previously determined, he found his heart was so swelled up that it closed his throat, and he couldn't utter a word.

"What a darned, cussed sneak I was!" groaned Sam, as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow. "What's come over me, that I can't speak my mind to a pretty gal without a-chokin?—O Lord! but she is too pretty to live on this airth. Well, I'm agoing to church with her to-morrow; and if I don't fix matters afore I git back, then drat me."

It is probable Sam Bates had never hearkened to the story of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that the deficiencies of the day would be supplied by the morrow. To-morrow came, and in due time Mr. Bates trickled off in a bran new twelve-dollar suit of jews' clothes, was on his way to meeting beside the beautiful Sally.—His horse, bedecked with a new fair leather bridle, and a new saddle with brass stirrups, looked as gay as his master. As they rode up to the door, Sam could not forbear glancing a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers that stood around filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity.—Sally's face was roseate with pleasure and bashfulness.

"Stop a minute, now, Miss Sally; I'll jist git down and lift ye off?"

Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobbler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was waiting. "Gosh darn the sterrup!" exclaimed Sam, endeavoring to break the leathers with his desperate kicks. At this unwonted exclamation Sally looked up and saw her beau's predicament. The by-standers began to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant. Bouncing out of her saddle, in a twinkling she handed her entrapped escort a stone.—"Here, Sammy, chunk your foot out with this!"

Oh, Sally Jones, into what an error did your kind heart betray you to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled county—admirers, rivals, and all!

Sam took the stone and struck a frantic blow at the pertinacious stirrup, but missing his aim, it fell with crushing force upon a soft corn that had come from his wearing tight boots. "Whoa, darn ye!" cried he, losing all control of himself, and threatening to beat his horse's brains out with the stone.

"Don't strike the critter, Sammy," said old Jones: "you'll gin him the poll evil; but jist let me ongirth the saddle, and we'll git you loose in no time."

In short, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet still fast in the stirrups, looking like a criminal in foot-hobbles. With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them on again. The tender Sally stood by, all the while manifesting the kindest concern; and when he was finally extricated, she took his arm and walked with him into church. But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots, and rode home in his stockings. From that time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically he shut up shop, and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor like a fool, but took his axe and cleared I don't know how many acres of rugged, heavy timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of several hundred dollars. Sally indirectly sent him divers civil messages, intimating that she took no account of that little accident at the meeting-house, and at lenghth ventured on a direct present of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit with her own hands.—But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort in his self imposed exile. Sam wore them continually, not on his feet, as some matter-of-fact booby might suppose, but in his bosom, and often, during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing, would he draw them out and ponder on them until a big tear gathered in his eye.—"Oh, Sally Jones, Sally Jones! if I had only had the spunk to have courted ye Saturday night instead of waiting till Sunday morning, things might have been different!" and then he would pick up his axe, and whack it into the next tree with the energy of despair.

"At length the whole county was electrified by the announcement that Farmer Jones had concluded to sell out and go West. On the day appointed for the sale there could not have been less than a hundred horses tethered in his barn-yard. Sam Bates was there, looking as uneasy as a pig in a strange corn field. Sally might have been a little thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than diminish her charms. It was generally known that she was averse to moving West. In fact, she took no pains to conceal her sentiments on the subject, and her pretty eyes were evidently red with recent weeping. She looked mournfully around at each familiar object. The old homestead, with its chunked and daubed walls; the cherry-trees under which she had played in childhood; the flowers she had painted; and then to see the dear old furniture auctioned off—the churn, the apple butter pot, the venerable quilting frame, the occasion of so many social gatherings. But harder than all it was when her own white cow was put up: her pet that when a calf, she had saved from the butcher—it was too much, and the tears trickled down Sally's blooming cheeks. "Ten dollars, ten dollars for the cow!" "Fifty dollars!" shouted Bates.

"Why Sammy," whispered a prudent neighbor, "she hain't worth twenty dollars at the outside."

Now when Sally heard this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for the compliment, and command Suckey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with a devouring grip that the little maiden could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it however, that she might hear whether he had anything further to say; but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing as it were great hunks of grief as big as dumplings. When everything was sold off, and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups reclining on the grass and seated on benches and dismantled furniture. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day and the prospects of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a cussed pitty that so fine a girl as Sally should be permitted to leave the county so evidently against her will.

"Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the spirit to stop her!" asked a white-headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near. The louts snickered, turned over, whispered to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment.

The sun was declining in the West.—Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up their horses. To-morrow, the Belle of Cacapon Valley would be on her way to Missouri. Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement, a step all determination. Arrived in the yard, she mounted the reversed apple butter kettle: "I don't want to go West—I don't—I don't want to leave Old Virginia; and I won't leave, if there's a man among ye that has spunk enough to ask me to stay."

But where is Southern Chivalry?—withered beneath the sneers of cold-blooded maligniny?—choked by the maxims of dollar jingling prudence?—distanced on the circular race-course of progress?—bankrupt through the tricks of politicians? Deluded querist, no! Like a strong and generous lion it sleeps—sleeps so soundly that even apes may grimmace and chatter insults in its face, and pull hairs from its tail with impunity; but give it a hard poke, and you will hear a roar that will make the coward tremble and the brave prudent.

Hearken to the sequel of Sally Jones:

Scarcely had she finished her patriotic address when there was a general rush. The less active were trampled over like puffed goat skins at a bacchanalian festival: "Miss Sally, I axes you;" "Miss Sally, I spoke first;" "I bespeaks her for my son Bill," squeaked an octogenarian, struggling forward to seize her arm. To hide her confusion, Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt a strong arm thrown round her and heard a stentorian voice shout, "She's mine, by Ghuley!"

Sam Bates cleared a swath as if he had been in a grain-field, bore his unresisting prize into the house, and slammed the door on the cheering crowd.

The wedding came off that night, and on the following morning Sam rode home driving his white cow before and carrying his wife behind him."

Select Miscellany.

Gentleness Sweetens Home.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you: watch over them constantly—reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture: "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a father say; "I talk to them much, but do not like to beat my children; the world would beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. "Yes, there is not one child in the circle around the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head if longer spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may whither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amid all, let memory carry them back to home. Home, where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving voice moistened with a tear, the father frowned 'more in sorrow than in anger.'"

Valuable Receipts.—To please the old folks while you court the daughter, agree with the father in politics, and keep the mother in snuff. To please the brother, lend him your rifle and buy him a dog. To please her sister, buy her a dress. To please your dulcinea, keep her in jewelry and call her an "angel." To please yourself, be a fool. To be unpopular, do what is right, fearless of consequences. To displease everybody and "the rest of mankind," tell people what you think of them when the occasion calls for it, and be candid in the expression of your opinion. If these receipts are strictly adhered to, they will succeed to a charm.

☞Franklin, when he was an ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding French, when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased, a little child, who understood the French, said to him, "But, grandpapa, you always applauded the loudest when they were praising you."—Franklin laughed heartily, and explained the matter.

☞"Well, Farmer, you told us your woods was a good place for hunting. Now, we've tramped through it for three hours, and found no game." "Just so. Well I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

A High Price for Two Potatoes.

The following anecdote of the first Napoleon is related in a letter from a correspondent, who was a considerable time in the French military service, and who vouches for its authenticity:

The evening before the battle of Ulm, in 1808, when Napoleon, in company with Marshall Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the Guard, who was toasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roast potatoe above all things," said the Emperor to the Marshall: "ask the owner of them if he will sell one." In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" "I have only five, and that's hardly enough for my supper." "I will give you two Napoleons if you will sell me one." "I don't want your gold; I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the back ground.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potatoe.

"Not by a long shot," answered the grenadier; "I haven't enough for myself." "But you may set your own price. Come, I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day." "I tell you I have'nt enough for myself; besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?" "Who am I then?" "Bah! The little corporal, as they all call him; am I right?" "Well, since you know me, will sell me a potato?" "No, but if you would have me come and dine with you when we get back to Paris, you may sup with me to night." "Done!" said Napoleon, "On the word of a little corporal; on the word of an Emperor." "Well and good. Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones, the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking, "The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterwards Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the palace of the Tuileries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying that he had been invited by the Emperor. "Let him come in," said his majesty. The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the Emperor.

"Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the Emperor; "and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow." Again the grenadier presented arms, and said: "A grenadier of the Guard does not eat with jackeys. Your majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain, and trusting to your word, I have come hither."

"True, true," said the Emperor, "lay a cover here near me; lay aside your arms, *mon ami*, (my friend,) draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went, at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and turning to the Emperor, presented arms and said: "A mere private ought not to dine at the table of his Emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon: "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company of Guards."

"Thank you heartily. *Vive l' Empereur!*" answered the soldier, and withdrew.

☞"How is your patience, doctor?" said Mrs. Partington, pushing up the window and thrusting out her head as Dr. Bolus rode by. It was at the time when the venerable Aims was just recovering from a protracted bilious attack, during which he had been so sick that his friend, the President of the Perpetual Life Insurance Company, had told his friends in confidence that he wouldn't insure Aims's life for fifty per cent. The doctor reined up, with a gentle "Woa" and replied that his patient was convalescent. The good old lady held up her hands, "I declare," said she, with an expression of pity on her countenance that might have served as the capital stock of three modern philanthropists, "I declare I am sorry for it: but I dare say you can cure any body of convalescence, if any body can. The doctor construed the remark into an ironical reflection on his practice, and rode away rather petulantly, and didn't look at the house for three days thereafter when he rode by.

The Age of a Horse.—A man, who wanted to buy a horse, asked a friend how to tell a horse's age.

"By the teeth," was the reply.

The next day the man went to a horse dealer, who showed a splendid black horse. The horse hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel.

"I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old."

He had *counted* the teeth.

Throw in the Boss.—Among Hoosiers they call cotton thread, "boss," a term few Yankees understand in that way. A fair brunette one day stepped into the store of a young man and bought a dress of the clerk. After it was cut off, she said to him: "Well, I reckon you'll throw in the 'boss?'" "Certainly," replied the clerk, with his mouth stretched from ear to ear, "we'll throw in the 'boss,'—here he is, you are welcome to him."

Three Ends to a Rope.—A lad, wishing to turn sailor, applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said: "If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to that rope." "I can do it," readily responded the boy. "Here is one, and here is another—that makes two—now, here is the third"—and threw it overboard.

☞Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chattering to his fellow squirrels in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, rises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest *tail*-bearers among his tribe.

☞There is no better looking glass than an old friend.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH WEST.

We have been politely favored with the perusal of an interesting letter from Dr. KUHN, of the Navy, (a native of our County,) dated on board the U. S. Revenue Cutter "Jefferson Davis," Seattle, Puget Sound, Washington Territory, April 3d, from which we cull the following extracts:—*Sent.*

"Here I am, safe and well, thank God, at the "seat of war," after a pleasant voyage of a dozen days from "Merry San Francisco," whence we sailed on the evening of the 8th of March.

The scenery along the Sound is wild and beautiful in the extreme; the dense forests of Fir and Pine extend from the water's edge, as far as the eye can reach, until the snow-covered mountains of the "Coast Range" look decidedly pleasant and cool in the distance.

My first visit ashore was at Clallam Bay, where the sub-chief, "Captain Jack," came off to tell us that his "Mamma and Papa," as well as a number of his tribe were sick, and to ask the "Boston Doctor" to come to see them, and to give them some "medicine," that they might get well. I went along with him on sight, with a great deal of pleasure, and we were met on the beach by such a lot of squaws and papooses as I never saw together.

The old chief led the way with quiet dignity to his own "wigwam," where his wife and parents were, and afterwards to all the others; they had a number of sick, though none very seriously so, and they brought them out in the greatest confidence that the "*Medicine Man*" would cure them all; I wish to Heaven I could. They live in large wooden lodges, as comfortable as they know how, and as nearly in a perfect state of nature as possible; they are very kind to each other, especially to their parents, and live upon game, fish, clams and wapatoes—(potatoes,) and very good they are too.

They are a fine looking race of men, of a light tan colour, and dark hair and eyes; the young women are handsome enough, but the old ones are anything else in the world; they do all the work and look tired and care-worn as possible.

I did not forget to bring my pipe and tobacco with me, and after my duties were over we had "a great smoke." I cannot tell you what a pleasant and interesting time it was to me, and how perfectly at home I felt in that "wigwam"; they are all "flatheads," and I saw one little fellow about half a dozen moons old, with his head as flat as a flounder; after playing with it for a while, I asked her (the mother) if she would give it to me? but she folded her arms convulsively around it and *looked* as though she "could not" and would not for all the world. "Nature is true to herself," and she was a mother, though she was an Indian! I would have remained longer, though it was as dark as pitch and raining like all out of doors, but it was time to go on board; they gave me some arrows, painted with shell, that they use for shooting ducks, and with many shakes of the hand, I bade good-bye to my new Indian friends.

We passed along within sight of the British Possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, and anchored at Port Townsend on the 22d.

This consists of about 20 wooden houses and a blockhouse, built upon the beach, and a steep bank 80 feet high, behind it—the level of the Forest and Prairie, as far as the eye can reach, and is rather a pretty place. There are a number of Indians here under their Head Chief, the "Duke of York," by far the most noble specimen of his race that I have seen yet; I paid him a visit at his "wigwam," and we soon became friends for a lifetime at least.

The soil is good, and I went around looking at everything, and it was as pretty a sight as I ever witnessed, for it is early spring, and all nature was putting on her holiday clothes and trying to look her prettiest.

As I was going along, wondering why I came to such a "wooden country," I met a man with his arm in a sling, who told me that in firing off a cannon on board of a vessel, about six weeks ago, it exploded, breaking his arm, and mangling his hand, while a piece of it took off the top of his scalp, and then cut its way half through the foremast—close shaving that.

I asked him what had been done for his arm, and he said "Nothing."—I then asked to look at it, saying, "that's my trade," and found him about to have a useless and crippled limb for life, as I told him. He begged me to attend to it, and I went to work, got some splint and bandages, &c. Next morning (Easter) I went ashore, taking the Carpenter and my German friend Shrotter, to assist me. I knew it would be very painful, and put him under the influence of chloroform; but when I began, Shrotter cleared out, swearing that he could not "stand it."

It was all over very soon, and I put the bones to right while he was dreaming of fighting the Indians over again, and applied the bandages. When he awoke he cried like a child, poor fellow! and I felt very sorry for him; and his young Indian wife sat by, looking very sorrowful in her quiet grief.—He is an intelligent, fine-looking fellow, and has lived here four or five years. When he was more cheerful, I left him to go on board to breakfast, as the Cutter was ready to sail for this place, where we anchored on the night of the 24th.

All the news here is about the Indian hostilities. This town was attacked by the Indians some time ago; and, after going over the battle ground a few days ago, the wonder to me is, that they did not take the place, for they were concealed and sheltered by the timber, within gun-shot of the town, and only dislodged by the shot and shells thrown among them by the "Decatur," after a fierce battle during an entire day. They fight fiercely and cunningly, and are not much afraid of the "Bostons," as they call all the Americans.

There are a number of friendly Indians, under the care of Agents, and their Chiefs, who are fed and clothed by the government, and kept out of harm's way upon the "Reservations," not engaged in the war.

This is a town containing about fifty or sixty houses, situated upon the Sound, and surrounded by the forest. Lately this has been cut down for some distance, and a breast-work thrown around the place; and, with several ships of war at anchor, ready for action at a moment's warning, I think the Town of "Seattle" is safe.

I think I never lived better: this is the greatest place for fish of all kinds that I have ever seen. At one sweep of the seine, our men caught over 200 codfish. You know I never was very fond of fish-women or fish; but a fresh salmon, or codfish, smoking before a man, ten minutes after he was swimming alongside, is sufficient to make a hungry man forget his prejudices, and forgive all his enemies.

There are two steamers and one sloop of war here, and the officers, among whom are four surgeons, are fine fellows, and our time is spent as pleasantly as possible.

Whilst I am writing there are twenty-five large canoes full of Indians coming across the Sound. I think they are friendly Indians, for they are coming straight forward, in confidence; and, if otherwise, they had better not come—that's all.

On Sunday, a poor Indian scout shot himself in the arm, accidentally. He refused to have it amputated; and is gone to the hunting-grounds of his fathers. Poor fellow! he was brave and patient, and died without a groan."

Severe Lesson to a Prince—A Model Queen and Mother.—During her Majesty's residence, some years ago, at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the sea shore. It so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. The boy had got a basket full. The young Prince, presuming upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do what he pleased with impunity. So without any notice he upset the boy's basket and shells. The poor lad was very indignant, and observed, "you do that again, and I'll lick you." "Put the shells into the basket," said the Prince, "and see if I don't." The shells were gathered up and put into the basket. "Now," said the lad, "touch 'em again if you dare," whereupon the Prince again pitched over the shells. And the lad "pitched into him," and gave him such a licking as few Princes ever had. His lip was cut open, and his eyes of a color which might have become the champion of a prize ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from the royal mother. She inquired the cause of the disfigurement. The Prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the Queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a very straightforward manner. At its conclusion, turning to her child, the Queen said, "You have been rightly served, Sir. Had you not been punished sufficiently already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit a like offense, I trust you will always receive a similar punishment." Turning to the poor boy, she commanded his parents to her presence the following morning. They came—and the result of the interview was that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages which would be placed within his reach.—*Birmingham (England) Journal.*

A Soldier's Story.—During the late Mexican war, the veteran General Riley, since deceased, was ordered to lead the storming party at Cerro Gordo. During the war of 1812-14, Gen. Riley had been shot in the throat, and consequently had a peculiarly strange intonation. He was ordered to storm one of the batteries of Cerro Gordo, and when his command was mustered, was thus addressed by his second in command:

"General, I do not think we can take this work."

"Think! By——you are not paid for thinking."

"But, sir," said Col. R. "we can't take it."

"Can't take it—you have got to take it." The old General put his hand to his belt, and pulling out a paper, said, "Here *thir ith* Gen. Scott's orders in black and white to *take*—the thing."

And they did take it.

☞We accosted a little fellow t'other day. He was about the size and built of a plug of "dog-leg" tobacco, and his face was some sort of a landscape, done up in free-soil and apple-butter. "Who are you?" we asked, rather sternly. "Me!" said Young America, trying to look brave: "*I'm One of 'Em—don't you know me?*"

☞Bosom adjusters is the name of a new article extensively advertised by our dry goods men. They are doubtless very ingeniously contrived, but we doubt their utility. In the opinion of Dobbs, the only "bosom adjuster" worthy of a moment's consideration, is "an honest conscience." The question is—is Dobbs right?

Difference Between the Singular and Plural.—When William, Prince of Orange, landed in England, he said to the people whom he first met: "I come for your good, for all your GOODS."

☞What is stronger in death than life? An old yellow-legged hen. If you don't believe it, try to dissect one after boiling.