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.

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☞ 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 world visits the respective sins of man and woman with a wide difference of punishment. The difference is well hit off in the subjoined lines:

MAN.

If he wears a good coat,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though he is but a bloat,
Lift him up.
If he has not common sense,
But he can boast a few pence,
Lift him up.

WOMAN.

If a woman once errs,
Kick her down, kick her down;
If misfortune is hers,
Kick her down.
Though her tears fall like rain,
And she ne'er smiles again,
Kick her down.

RAILROAD EPITAPH.

"Sister, mother, aunt and me,
Were run over. Here we be.
We shou'd have had time to mizzle,
If they'd blown the engine whistle."

Select Miscellany.

Missionville Benevolence.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

In the snug, cosy bar-room of the "Farmers' Inn," at Missionville, sat six young men. It was a cold, bleak evening in December; and the wind that howled and drove without, drifting the snow and rattling the shutters, gave to the blazing fire and steaming kettle a hitherto unknown charms and comforts. There was Peter Hobbs, a youth of five and twenty, who seemed to be the leader, *par excellence*, of the party. He was a good natured, intelligent, frank looking man, and was really a noble hearted citizen. Then there was John Fulton, a youth of the same age, who worked with Hobbs, both being journeymen carpenters. Samuel Green was a machinist; Walter Mason, a tin-worker; Lyman Drake, a cabinet maker, and William Robinson, a clerk. They ranged, in age, from twenty-three to twenty-eight, and were really industrious young men, receiving good wages, and maintaining good characters for honesty, sobriety and general good behavior. Yet they were looked upon by some as ungodly youths, and given over to perdition. True, they belonged to no church; and, amid the various conflicting creeds by which they were surrounded, they had not yet settled down on any one in particular, believing that there was good in all of them, and evil among the members of each.

On the present occasion, they were all of them smoking, and the empty mugs which stood upon the table near them, showed pretty conclusively that they had been drinking something besides water. The subject of the cold winter had been disposed of; the quality of the warm ale and cigars had been thoroughly discussed, and at length the conversation turned upon the missionary meeting, which had been held in the town on the previous Sunday.

"I don't know but this missionary business is all right," said Sam Green, knocking the ashes from his cigar with his little finger, "but at the same time I don't believe in it. Them Hindoos and South Sea Islanders may be savage and ignorant by our scale of measuring folks, but that is no reason why we should send all our money off there, while our own folks are starving at home."

"Did you put anything into the box?" asked Lyman Drake.

"No, I didn't. When they shoved it into my face, I told 'em I'd left all my money at home—and so I had."

"You're about right, Sam," said Bill Robinson. "But I did more than you did. When the box was handed to me I spoke right out, so that everybody around me heard. I told the old deacon if he'd take up a subscription to help the poor folks in our town, I'd put in something."

"What did he say to that?"

"Why, he said *souls* were of more consequence than *bodies*. So I just said back that I guessed he'd find it hard work to save a soul out of a starving body. But you see that aren't the thing. They won't try to save the souls, nor the bodies, either, of their town-folks. Now, when 'Squire Trueman came here to settle, they tried quick enough to save his soul. You see *his* body was already salted down with ten thousand dollars, so his soul was worth something to 'em. That's the dogs of it. Why don't they try to save poor old Israel Trask's soul, and his wife's too?"

"Wasn't there a committee of the church that visited Israel last month?" queried Drake.

"Yes—there was," answered Sam, giving his cigar an indignant shake; "and what did they do? They went there,—I was on 'em, and found the old folks suffering for want of food and clothing. They tried to make the old man believe that their religion was the only true one in the world, but he wouldn't. So they slid. By hokey, sais I, I'll give a cent to such chaps to spend for missionaries in Bangwhang and Sangkaan Islands, I'd throw it into the fire."

"But their intentions are honest people, and do some good," remarked Peter Hobbs, who had not before spoken on the subject.

"Of course they do," responded Sam—"but wouldn't it look better of 'em to begin some of their charities at home? By jingo, I judge of a man's order by the way his own shop looks, and not by the way he may fuss around on another man's premises. And just so with these philanthropists. I'd rather see how much their religion does towards keeping the Gentiles of their own town, than to go away off to the other end of the earth to look for the fruits of their Christianity.—Them's my sentiments."

"And mine, too," uttered Walter Mason, who had just thrown away a stump of one cigar, and was about lighting another.—"Just think, they collected, last Sunday, to send off to the Hindoos, over two hundred dollars. Now, that would have made half the poor families in this town—and I don't know but all—comfortable for the winter.—There was Mr. Netherly—worth forty thousand dollars—he put in a ten dollar bill. It was a great, new bill, and he opened it and held it up, and even turned it round, so't everybody could see it before he let it drop. Then at the end, when the box was taken up into the pulpit, the deacon whispered to the minister; and the minister got up, and, said he, taking hold of the corner of the rich man's bill: 'Here is *ten dollars* from one brother. Let that brother be assured that this deed is remembered of him in heaven.' Yes, that's what was said; and Mr. Netherly held up his head, bowed very low, and then looked round at the rest of the congregation, as much as so say, *'that's me.'* Now I know of another thing that I guess'll be remembered in heaven, alongside of this one. Last week, poor old Trask—Uncle Israel—called at Netherly's with some baskets. You know the old man gets out stuff in the summer, and then in the winter makes it up. Well, he went there and asked Netherly if he wouldn't buy a basket. No, he didn't want one.—Then the old man told him how he and his poor wife were suffering, and he asked him if he couldn't help him in some way; and what d'ye think Netherly said? Why, he said that he had to pay taxes to help to support a poor house, and told Uncle Israel that he'd find help there if he'd only apply to the selectmen! Now what d'ye think of that, eh?"

"Why," returned Sam, "I think if he's got an account in heaven, he'll find a balance against him, when he comes to settle up."

"So he will," responded three or four of the others.

For some moments after this, the party smoked in silence.

"Now, look here, boys," Hobbs at length said, throwing his half-smoked cigar into the fire, "there's a good deal of truth in what's been said—in fact, its all true; but before we blame others we ought to do something ourselves. Now let us six go to work and see what we can do towards alleviating some of the distress about us. What say you?"

The other five looked on in wonder.

"But," said Sam, "how are we to do it? We aren't among the favored ones. We wasn't born with silver spoons in our mouths."

"I should like to do it," added Drake "but what's the use? We couldn't do much, any way—not enough to amount to anything."

And so the others expressed their opinions in like manner. They all "would like," but "where was the money to come from?"

"Listen," said Peter, and they all turned towards him with a real deference, for they knew that he never wore a cloak over his heart, and that when he spoke in earnest, his meaning had depth to it. "Now I have formed a plan. There is Uncle Israel and his wife; then there is the poor widow Manly, with four little children, suffering for the want of the actual necessaries of life; and then there is Mrs. Williams—she is very poor. Her son, Philip, who is her main stay, was sick all the summer and fall, and is sick now; so the woman got nothing from her little patch of land, and is now absolutely reduced to beggary, with herself and sick son to support. Now let us take these three cases in hand, and support them."

"But how?" asked three or four voices, anxiously, for they really and fully sympathized with the noble plan.

"I'll tell you," resumed Peter. "Here, Tim," he called, turning to the bar-keeper, "how much is our bill?"

"Let's see," responded the worthy, coming up. "There's two cigars apiece, three cents each—that's thirty-six. Then the ale—three pints—eighteen cents; and wine—three gills—that's eighteen more—makes just thirty-six more; and twice thirty-six is—is—seventy-two—seventy-two cents in all."

"Come, boys," said Peter, "let's pay an equal share to night. Let's give nin pence apiece."

So the "boys" paid up, and after Tim had gone, Peter resumed:

"Now you see what we've spent to night for nothing. I'll be in with you, Sam.—How much do you suppose you spend each day for cigars and ale? Now reckon fairly."

"Let's see," was Sam's response, after gazing into the face of his interrogator until he had fairly got hold of the idea. "I certainly average ten.—no, five cigars a day, and I suppose they average three cents apiece.—Then comes my ale—but I couldn't tell how much that amounts to, for I don't drink it regularly, but perhaps six cents a day."

"That's just twenty-one cents per day utterly wasted," cold Peter; "and I'll own up to wasting twenty-five per day. How is it with you, John?"

"I'll say twenty-five."

"And you, Walter?"

"Just about the same."

"Lyman?"

"The same."

"Bill?"

"The same."

"Now look at it. Here we are, a little worse than wasting a dollar and a half per day. But let us put our loss at a shilling each—"

"No, no," cried Sam, who saw through the whole plan, "let's give honest measure. I'll own up to the twenty-five. Let's go the whole if any."

"Very well," resumed Peter; "then let us each lay away a quarter of a dollar every night, and at the end of each week we'll put our savings all together, and then go on our mission. What say you?"

With one voice, the other five joined in the plan. The novelty of the thing may have pleased them: but natural goodness there was in their hearts. There was no written pledge, but they took a more sure method.

At length it became known that the poor families in Missionville had found friends.—People were wonder-struck when they discovered how happy and joyous these once miserable wretches had become: and more still, when, one Sunday, they saw Uncle Israel and his wife, and Mrs. Manly, with her two older children, enter the meeting.

Of course the truth leaked out, and we can imagine where the public eye of sympathy and appreciation was turned. Before a month was out, more than fifty people had engaged indirectly in the work by placing money, food and clothing in the hands of the original six, for them to dispose of as they deemed proper.

It was a glorious day for Missionville when those six young mechanics met in the village bar-room and concocted their plan. How many professed Christian churches are there in our land which would be benefitted, and even Christianized, by following the example of the six noble youths who'll stand at the head of the *Missionville Benevolence!*

How to Get Rid of Rats.

There is a public house on the St. Johns called "Rat Tavern." The name originated thus:

An American was travelling up the river during a thaw in winter, when snow and water were nearly knee deep. Late in the afternoon he came to this tavern, cold, wet and hungry, and called for dinner. He was told rather roughly by the landlord that the dinner hour had passed, and he must wait till tea. He then asked for a cold lunch, as he was faint and hungry. After grumbling this was brought on. The stranger ate and asked for his bill.

"Fifty cents," was the reply in a growling tone. "Dinner is a *quarter*, but a lunch is out of season, and you must pay fifty cents."

The traveller paid the bill and sat down to dry himself. Soon a cheese was brought in by the maid very much mutilated by the rats. The whole race of rats received a volley of abuse from the enraged landlord.

"And why do you keep rats?" said the Yankee. "I can give you a receipt that I can warrant you will keep every rat away."

"Ah! and how much will you charge?"

"O, about fifty cents."

The landlord somewhat complacent, returned the half dollar.

"Now," said he, "for the receipt."

"Well, sir," said the Yankee, "whenever a rat comes to your house, cold, wet and hungry, give him a cold lunch, and charge him half a dollar, and I'll be bound he'll never come again?"

☞ We don't believe the following story, although we find it in a newspaper:

"An old deacon in Yankee land once told us a story. He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his own word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull frog. The snake then seized upon one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them."

A Presentation Speech.—The negroes employed at a work house at Louisville, Ky., on Christmas Day presented the superintendent with beautiful gold-headed cane. Jim Tyler, a "trump" among the darkies, spoke as follows on making the presentation:

Massa George:—My respects to you, de captain ob de niggers, and lookin' dat you will be our captain all de time, and askin' ob you to please 'cept dis cane, and wishin' dat you may live and die, and may lib all de time, and hopin' dat in de morning' ob de general 'sembly, when Gabriel comes down and places one foot on de mighty sea, and de udder on de dry land, and swear by him dat liveth, dat time shall be no longer, dat you may get up when de good old angel blows his trumpet, and shakin' off de grave dust, may lib wid de blood-washed millions, and go away up thro' tribulation.

☞ A Mr. Flanigan, in a Dublin paper, puts his name to the following genuine Irish advertisement:

"I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanigan, on my account—as I am not married to her."

Getting Things Well Up.—Boy with ragged trowsers and roguish chip hat, runs into Dr. Fuller's Drug Store, with a dimer in his hand. "Doctor, mother sent the Gown to the apothecary pop-pecker'n blazes, cos baby's sick as the dickens with the nicken cheen, and she wants a thimble full of jedy gollic in toris din ripper, as the kint pup's got the bine witters in't. Got any?"

☞ "Talk of the inferiority of the female mind?" exclaimed an excited Woman's Rights orator. "Why, Mr. President, woman possesses infinitely more of the divine attributes than man, and any one who attempts to get *around* her in these days, *will have to start very early in the morning!*"

☞ "Grace Greenwood," (now Mrs. Lippincott,) editor of the *Little Pilgrim*, writes in the last number that the past year has brought to her "the most profound and sweet, the most solemn and sacred happiness of womanhood—for within this year I have joined the great and noble army of *mothers*." It's a girl.

INDIA RUBBER TEETH.—The Scientific American says that this article, in the form of a fitted white India rubber, has been patented in England, for making artificial teeth and palates, and adds: The adhesion is complete, it can be moulded with perfection to suit every inequality of the gums and teeth, and supposes an artificial period, as it were, to the teeth, when they become painful by the wasting away of the gum. Add to this the delicacy of the material, which considerably convinces the incumbrance that arises in any mouth with artificial teeth made by other means.

☞ There was point in the quaint remark of a plain farmer to a somewhat pompous clerical preacher: "Take care, sir, you don't put the hay so high in the rack the lambs cannot reach it."

Great Water Works and Tunnels.

We are liable to forget the great works of the past, in our admiration of those of the present age: hence it is a good thing sometimes to recall what the old engineers have accomplished, as a healthful stimulant to excite our modern engineers to greater efforts.

The old Roman aqueducts for supplying that city with water, in the days of its glory, when compared with the greatest of modern works of this kind, dwarf the latter into insignificance. Rome had one aqueduct—Aqua Apia—ten miles long, all underground; another—Aqua Marcia—fifty miles long, and the Anio Novus, fifty-nine miles long, with arches 100 feet high. There were also four other aqueducts, amounting to nine altogether, for supplying Rome with water by gravitation, for there were no steam engines in those days to pump it up from the adjacent river Tiber for city use, as is now done at Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, and others of our cities.

The noblest work of modern engineering for supplying any city with water is, undoubtedly, the Croton Water Works of New York. Its artificial tunnel is carried over valleys, through hills, and over rivers a distance of forty miles. The work is stupendous to be sure, for it carries a condensed river from the mountains into the city, but compared to the old Roman water tunnels, it is not so much to boast of. The city of Montreal has recently finished some great works of engineering for supplying itself with water in the same manner as the city of Philadelphia, by employing the water power of the river to pump itself up to an elevated reservoir. The water from the St. Lawrence, immediately above the rapids, is conducted by a canal five miles long to a basin, where two large wheels 56 feet in diameter, work force pumps, which drive the water through iron pipes for about three miles to a double reservoir situated on the mountain behind the city, at a height of 200 feet above the river level. These reservoirs contain 26,000,000 gallons, and were cut out of the solid rock. Thus from the elevation of 200 feet the water is conducted through the whole city.—Next to the Croton Water Works those of Montreal, we understand, are the greatest of the kind on our continent. From present indications there are a number of cities in the United States which will yet surpass old Rome in extent and population, and which must be supplied with water from distant sources. As no city can be kept clean and healthy without a good supply of water, we tell them to look to old Rome for encouragement and an example.

Some great works of tunneling, or boring through mountains, have, within a few years, been executed in Europe and in our own country, for carrying railroads through them, and the tunnel now boring through the Green Mountains, in Massachusetts, three miles long, is considered to be the most expensive work of the kind ever attempted by our engineers; but we have only began to execute works of this kind, and we require to be stimulated. The Alleghenies, the Rocky Mountains, and other mountains, have yet to be tunneled to make pathways through them for the "iron steed." Look at what the old Romans did. They cut a tunnel as part of a dam for Lake Fucinus, and it was hewed one mile through a mountain of hard cornelian. It was in the form of an arch, nine feet wide and nineteen feet high. There was no gunpowder then to assist the miners in blasting: all the work of cutting was executed inch by inch by steady labor with the pick, wedge and chisel. Considering the amount of labor required for this work, our engineers have much to incite them.

Extensive Preparations for the Fourth of March.—The approaching inauguration of the President elect bids fair to excel all others in the number of its witnesses. We hear of the most enlarged preparations for the event, and among other items of information we learn that the transportation lines leading to Washington from all quarters are already run down with propositions to convey the expectant crowd. The Baltimore and Ohio company, whose branch road forms the tunnel through which is poured all the Eastern, Northern and Western travel to the national metropolis, has arranged, it is said, with a number of political, military, firemen and other associations to carry them from Wheeling and Baltimore to Washington on the 3d, and back on the 5th of March. The company are further said to anticipate such a pressure upon the day of the inauguration that they will not undertake to make special or exclusive provision for associations on that day.

Among the parties who have secured accommodations on the third are military companies from Pennsylvania and New York and two fire companies from New York and Boston. A proposition has been made to the company, we understand, to furnish an excursion party from the Eastern States and New York city for eighteen passenger cars—say 900 people, who are to pass through Baltimore on the morning and evening of the fourth, going and returning from the inauguration. We thus have in these projected journeyings of the people to Washington a foreshadowing of the mass which will be present on the 4th of March next to witness the great event of the peaceful change of the administration, under the constitution of the country.

Transfer of the Hermitage to the United States.—The Legislature of Tennessee at its last session passed an act authorizing the Governor of that State to purchase five hundred acres of the Hermitage, including the mansion of General Jackson and the tomb where now repose the remains of the illustrious hero and patriot and those of his beloved wife, and to make a tender of the same to the General Government, provided a branch of the Military Academy should be established at that place. In pursuance of this act Governor Johnson purchased the Hermitage for the sum of forty-eight thousand dollars, and on Wednesday arrived in Washington and made a formal tender of the property, with the conditions annexed, to the President. The President, in reply, stated that this offer by the State of Tennessee would be promptly communicated by him to Congress.

Coal Oil from Coal.—The editor of the *Alexandria (Virginia) Gazette*, has been presented with a candle made of Cannel Coal. It was made at a new establishment in Kanawha county, Virginia, and is nearly transparent, resembling wax, and burns with a beautiful clear light.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Compiler.

TO DAVID A. BUEHLER, Esq., Editor of the Gettysburg Star and Banner.—Respected Sir:—Since my last conversation with you, I perceived, on reading your able and truly interesting journal of a late date, that your sentiments had undergone another slight change, and that the election of Simon Cameron to the U. S. Senate affords you a subject of gratulation as well as comment. It is fortunate for you that occasions of this kind now and then transpire, in order to furnish you with something *fresh* with which to treat your voracious readers, so that their comprehensive and expanding minds may not be permitted to revert back to your *diversified* antecedents. On the other hand, it is also edifying and instructive to those who have for some time entertained *doubts* in regard to your stability and political integrity, inasmuch as such straws must serve to convince them as to *how your* "wind blows," as well as to dissipate entirely the shade of doubt that they occasionally felt concerning your consistency. They must now fully know their man, and if in future they are caught napping, while you or your scouts are prowling about their premises, seeking whom they may politically devour, it will be their own fault, and perhaps their deserts too.

So it seems, my dear sir, that the "last link" of Simon's political juggling has taken you *captive*, and notwithstanding all his former sins, against both the party that you betrayed, and the one that you afterwards "swore allegience to" in the dark, as well as the denunciations and anathemas that you hurled against him through the columns of your Star and Banner, that he now appears, all of a sudden, to be a *converted* man—as a politician after your own heart, and as a third degree member, of good standing, in your confraternity and confidence; and receiving at your benign and merciful hands, the full, the practical and poetical absolution of,

"Take all his sins 'gainst all his spheres,
Multiply each through twenty years,
The last act (of Simon) *outcripes* them all."

Yes, not quite two years ago you favored the community at large with what you termed a "strong article" on this subject, from which you will permit me to make the following extracts. For fear that the same may have been consigned by you, together with other remarkable events connected with your ground and lofty tumblings, "to that bourn from whence you wished them never to return." "But let us pause and wait," says this *strong article*, "we yet believe many will reverse their steps! One thing is beyond a doubt—whoever hereafter is *added* to Cameron's forces—whoever votes for him who has not already done so, *will be known as purchased commodity.*"—Now does it not seem strange even to yourself, that in less than two years after pronouncing such a sentence as this, no less a personage than the editor of the Star should be found supporting, defending and *embracing* the *prodigal* Simon, who has not even promised to *return* to his *father*, much less manifested the least sorrow or compunction, with regard to his past stated life: and wholly and totally silent concerning those who composed the "purchased commodity," as well as such as have been "*added* to his forces." But to make up for your charity of silence towards these purchased commodities, you spared not the man that in this enlightened age, dared to stand up as Simon's competitor. Any opposition to your *new* converted Saul, was of course an outrage on your fatherly feelings, and consequently the President elect, whom you suspected of being adverse to Simon's claims, came in for a full share of invective and abuse in the course of your strictures, although it did not appear in evidence that he said or communicated one word against the man upon whom you and your party two years ago conferred the well merited degree of "Buzzard."

Should the President continue thus to disregard your opinions and refuse your advice, in minor matters of this kind, what will be the consequence when the all important period of forming his Cabinet arrives? Of course he will be perfectly annihilated by you and your clan, unless he undergoes in the meantime a miraculous conversion, such as Saul Cameron's.

However, in order to prepare for the worst, and to use every human exertion against a calamity of this kind, I have concluded to duly inform Mr. Buchanan how matters precisely stand, in regard to the enormity of the offence that his course has given you, and to respectfully, but *urgently* suggest to him the necessity of appeasing your wrath, by at least consulting your wishes and your sentiments before he again dares to express an opinion, or to make an appointment. If his disposition bears the least semblance to that of your humble servant, I am sure he will not hesitate a moment to conclude to profit by my advice, for I have been for the last two years doing every thing in the power of man, with the view of pleasing and profiting your honor. I have followed you, step by step, in your *winding* path from the time that the "Star" was purchased by joint subscription, as the champion and organ to decline against and to *crush* "secret societies," until I found you safely anchored in a "Know Nothing Lodge," swearing like a good fellow to obey the behests of the "order," when legally expressed, although the same might not square with your individual notions or preferences.—Your *short curves*, on several occasions, came very nearly throwing me off the track; but by dint of perseverence and *hard labor*, I stuck to you through thick and thin, and at the risk of being considered egotistic, I will not be backward in assuring you, that to me you are in a measure indebted for the high position that your Star occupies at present in the moral and political and scientific firmament.

I must now bid you adieu, with the promise of paying my respects to you again shortly. In the meantime you would greatly oblige me by publishing a classification and list of those that have been *added* to Simon's forces, since you published the "strong article."—The public are already apprised of who have since voted for him, as well as the *commodity* that caused the *change* to come over their dreams: but they are not fully informed as to the first class, the one that they feel the most concerned about, since the hints that you have recently thrown out, taken in connection with the "strong article," lead them to suspect that you are to be found in it.

AN OLD LINE WHIG.

ONE OF THE THREE THOUSAND!

The Case of the Rev. Mr. Kalloch.

The charges against the Rev. Mr. Kalloch, of Boston, to which we referred a few days ago, are reiterated by his accusers, and so openly and boldly that several of those who undertook to defend him have announced their intention to desert him if he does not come out and demand a full investigation of the whole matter. The landlord of the hotel at which Mr. K. put up with a lady, at Cambridge, Mass., publishes the following affidavit:—

EAST CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 27, 1857.

I, Ephraim P. Bailey, do depose and say that I am one of the landlords of a hotel in East Cambridge, now known as the Cragie House, formerly known as the Lochmere House, that on the night of the 5th of January instant, about 6 o'clock, a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, came to the Cragie House in a carriage; the gentleman stated that he was to lecture before the lyceum that evening, and desired a fire to be made in a private room, for the accommodation of himself and his wife; the man then ordered some hot whisky, saying he was not very well, and his wife was ill; if I could bring it up without being known, to do so; I took it up and handed it to the lady; suspicions of the characters of the persons being aroused, and wishing to protect the character of the house, I went to a room adjoining that occupied by the parties, and I, through an opening at the top of the door, saw the gentleman kiss the lady; the persons occupied the room about an hour and a half before the lecture; heard the woman say "what would your wife say if she saw us?" He replied: "how will she know it—but what would your husband say if he knew it?"

And they left the house to attend the lecture, and while the room was unoccupied, I widened the crevice above the door, in the presence of Mr. Samuel Giddings, so that the eye could command a view of the bed, and the principal portion of the floor and furniture of the room. The lady returned from the lecture about five minutes before the gentleman, and went to the room formerly occupied. The conversation was rather low. He proposed occupying the bed. She said, "No, they will mistrust us." Saw the lady take the combs out of her hair and lay them on the dressing bureau. Saw the man take a pillow from the bed and lay it upon the floor; and then both the man and the woman laid down upon the floor. I was alone at the time. Afterwards I went down stairs, and told Mr. Griffin and Mr. Giddings, the latter fare-taker on the East Cambridge omnibuses, what was going on; both those gentlemen then went up and examined the premises; I am fully satisfied that the individual was Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch, and that the woman he was with was not his wife; furthermore, I believe that the man did then and there commit adultery with the woman; deponent further says that on paying his bill, Rev. Mr. Kalloch ordered another whisky sling and drank it; and further this deponent saith not. EPHRAIM P. BAILEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of January, 1857.

SAMUEL R. GLEN, Justice of the Peace.

Mr. Giddings publishes a similar affidavit. Mr. Kalloch has admitted that he drank the liquor, but gives as an excuse that he was much fatigued and very unwell, and had been advised by a physician to drink occasionally, for the benefit of his health, a little Bourbon whisky. The Banger Whig says:

Mr. Kalloch has been a fast young man, and carried the same qualities into his ministry. At Rockland, a fast place for loose morals, he has been considered as "one of the b'hoys," drove his fast horse and smoked his Havana with great gusto, and was spoken of there very familiarly as "Ike Kalloch." With all the outside indications of an absence of vital piety, by the religious and political gullability of the people, and his own assurance, he has been put into Tremont Temple as a great popular preacher.

The Boston Herald also says:

He has figured as a most active moral reformer, has been a prominent Maine law man, has been fiercely and bitterly denunciatory against the immoralities, licentiousness and degeneracy of the times—against the concubinage and violation of the marriage covenant of the slave system—was one of the famous three thousand who entered their protest in Congress against the Kansas Nebraska act as "a rape of the virgin territory," and was one of the most active political clergymen in the late campaign, stumping everywhere for his candidate, and speaking eloquently and pathetically over bleeding Kansas.

We shall find, on examining the list of clerical delinquents for the last ten years, that they who have helped to swell that list have been clergymen who have left their vocation, turned their backs upon the altar, and engaged in partisan warfare with their whole souls.

Presbyterian Minister Suspended.—The presbytery of Miami, Ohio, at its recent meeting in Dayton, having sustained a charge with its several specifications, previously tabled, against the Rev. Simeon Brown, adopted the following resolution as sentence:

"*Resolved*, That said Rev. Simeon Brown be and he hereby is, suspended from the exercise of the gospel ministry, as in the judgment of this presbytery, he is disqualified by his errors, to expound the doctrines of God's word, and administer the ordinance of the gospel in accordance with the doctrinal standards of the presbyterian church of the United States of America, until he gives the satisfactory evidence of repentance."

In passing the resolution there was but one negative vote, which was cast by Mr. Joseph Anderson, ruling elder of the Lebanon church, of which Mr. Brown is pastor. The suspended minister, we understand, believes in a general atonement, which is contrary to the views of his church; the latter teaching in effect that Christ died only for those who shall be saved. Mr. Brown proposes to carry the case before the general assembly, which meets in the spring, and in the meantime he will submit to the decision of the presbytery. He is sustained by his church at Lebanon.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ "I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

☞ Happiness is a pig with a greasy tail, which every one is after, but no one can hold.