

# The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STABLE.

"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.

39<sup>th</sup> YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1857.

NO. 23.

**Terms of the "Compiler."**  
The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STABLE, 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, "CORNER" on the sign.

**New Family Grocery.**  
E. H. MINNIGH  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Gettysburg and the public generally, that he has opened a new  
**Grocery and Confectionary Store,**  
on the Northwest corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by A. B. Kurtz, where he will have constantly on hand a choice variety of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONARIES, and CEDAR WARE, and everything in his line. Every article that the Eastern Market can afford will be kept on hand or supplied at the shortest notice. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.  
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Goods.  
February 23, 1857. cf

**Gettysburg Foundry.**  
A NEW FIRM!  
THE undersigned, having entered into partnership to carry on the Foundry business under the firm of WARREN & SONS, hereby make known to the citizens of Adams and adjoining counties, that we are prepared to make everything in our line of business. We have constantly on hand, the

**Hathaway and other Cooking Stoves,**  
the Parlor Air-Tight and Ten-plate Stoves, of various styles and sizes; Pots, Kettles and Pans, and all other Iron Cooking Utensils, Wash Irons, Washing Machines, Ash-plates, Boot-scrapers, &c. Castings for Mills, and other Machinery, PLOUGH CASTINGS, of every description, &c. We make the Saylor, Blocker, and different kinds of Withrow Ploughs. We have also got different patterns of

**Fencing and Railing,**  
for Cemeteries, Yards and Porches, which can be had for beauty and cheapness.  
All the above articles will be sold cheap for cash or country produce.

Blacksmithing still continued.  
BRASS CASTINGS and everything in our line made to order.  
THRASHING MACHINES repaired at the shortest notice. Being Moulders ourselves, we will do our work right.

THOMAS WARREN,  
MARTIN WARREN,  
HIRAM WARREN,  
THOMAS A. WARREN.  
Gettysburg, May 14, 1855. cf

**COME ONE! COME ALL!**  
**Here We Are Again!**  
WITH the handsomest and cheapest Stock of NEW GOODS to be found in this place. All the newest styles are to be seen in the assortment, and many of them are really magnificent, without being costly. No time to particulars. Call in and see for yourselves, at  
J. L. SCHICK'S,  
On the Public Square.

**THE PERRY COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE Insurance Company,**  
CAPITAL \$139,586—effects insurances in any part of the State, against loss by fire; prudently adapts its operations to its resources; affords ample indemnity, and promptly adjusts its losses.  
Adams county is represented in the Board of Managers by Hon. MOSES McCLEAN,  
WM. McCLEAN, Agent.  
Office of M. & W. McClean, Gettysburg,  
May 26, 1856.

**Jewelry! Jewelry!**  
J. L. SCHICK has now on hand a large and splendid assortment of Jewelry, comprising everything in that line—Breastpins, Ear-Rings, Finger-Rings, Chains, &c. &c.—all of which he is selling at the lowest living profits. Call and examine for yourselves—no trouble to show goods. [April 21.]

**Hanover B. Railroad.**  
Trains over the Hanover Branch Railroad now run as follows:  
First Train leaves Hanover at 9 A. M., with Passengers for York, Harrisburg, Columbia and Philadelphia. This Train also connects with the Express for Baltimore, arriving there at 12 P. M.  
Second Train leaves at 3 P. M., with Passengers for Baltimore and intermediate places, and returns with passengers from York, &c. April 21. J. LEIB, Agent.

**Tailoring.**  
Removed a Few Doors South of the Old Stand.  
J. H. SKELLY respectfully informs his old customers and the public generally, that he continues the TAILORING BUSINESS, near his old stand, in South Baltimore street, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may patronize him. All work entrusted to his care warranted to fit and be of most substantial make. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of public patronage.  
The New York Spring and Summer Fashions are received. Call and see them.  
Gettysburg, April 9, 1855.

500 BUSHELS new crop Ground Nuts.—For sale at ERNEY & BRO., Fancy Confectionery and Grocery store, York, Dec. 15, '56. 67 West Market st.

5,000 LBS. Eastern Cheese, of very prime quality. One case sap sago, or green cheese. 21 Tubs very prime Swiss cheese. For sale by ERNEY & BRO., Fancy Grocers and Confectioners, York, Dec. 15, '56. 67 West Market st.

ONE Case of Superior Sardines—in whole half and quarter boxes, will be sold low, by ERNEY & BRO., Fancy Grocers and Confectioners, York, Dec. 15, '56. 67 West Market st.

TOBACCO.—A prime article just received at SAMSON'S.

## Choice Poetry.

### MORAL COSMETICS.

Ye who would save your features florid,  
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unrinkled forehead,  
From age's devastation horrid,  
Adopt this plan—  
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,  
A hale old man.

Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet;  
Restrain the passions' lawless riot,  
Devoted to domestic quiet,  
Be wisely gay;

So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,  
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,  
But find your richest, dearest treasure  
In books, friends, music, polished leisure;  
The mind, not sense,

Makes the sole scale by which ye measure  
Your opulence.

This is the solace—this the science—  
Life's purest, sweetest, best reliance,  
That disappoints not man's reliance,  
Whatever his state;

But challenges, with calm defiance,  
Time, fortune, fate.

### ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,  
Enough of sprightliness to shun dejection;  
Of modest diffidence to claim protection;  
A docile mind subservient to correction,  
Yet stored with sense, with reason, and reflection,  
And every passion held in due subjection;  
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection,  
When such I find, I'll make her my election.

## Select Miscellany.

### "You Know."

Every country on the face of the globe has its patois or its provincialisms, but those are not supposed to be used by educated gentlemen or ladies, in their writings or conversations. They are used, however, we regret to say, in this enlightened nineteenth century, and in this Southern emporium of fashion, to such a degree, that it becomes difficult in an ordinary conversation with the most fashionable members of society, to get the hang of the speaker's meaning, every expression being so interpolated with words (that should rather be termed vulgarisms) that have no reference to the question at issue. Among those vulgarisms the words "you know" occupy a prominent and unenviable notoriety. We can tolerate almost anything in the rougher sex, for we don't expect much of them, but when a young lady—an angel in face and form, all but the wings—rising from the piano, harp or guitar, and, after throwing her auditory into ecstasies, will begin a conversation with a circle of admirers, every other word being "you know," we feel as if a wet sack were thrown over your shoulders with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. Just think of a pretty Miss, after graduating in a High School with all the honors, undertaking thus to describe to one of her admirers what occurred at the last fashionable soiree: "I went there, you know, with Mrs. Jenkins, you know, and you know she is a widow, you know, and her sister, Miss Pumpkins, you know, is going to be married, you know, to Mr. Lumpkins, you know, who is a millionaire, you know, and she introduced me, you know, to Mr. Wilkins, you know, but you know, he made no impression on me, you know, for you always occupy the first place in my affections, you know." Now, Mr. John Smith, to whom his adored addressed all this interesting conversation did not know that she went there with Mrs. Jenkins, did not know that Mrs. Jenkins was a widow, did not know that her sister, Miss Pumpkins, was going to be married to Mr. Lumpkins, the millionaire, and did not know that she was introduced to Mr. Wilkins. In fact, her admirer, John Smith, was a perfect connoisseur in everything that his admirer said or did at the soiree, though, by her conversation, it would seem to an unsophisticated outsider that the said John Smith must have known everything that had transpired. Let us hear to more of this "you know," above all, let us hear it pass from the lips of a lady who has any pretensions to education or refinement.

**A Village Mayor asking Solomon.**—Some of the inhabitants of Malicorne, France, complained recently to the Mayor that their geese had been stolen by a dealer, but as he had mixed them with a flock of his own, it was impossible to recognize them. The Mayor, a shrewd, hard working peasant, solemnly ordered all the geese to be placed in carts, and sent to some little distance from the village. The villagers wondered greatly what this could mean, and ventured to utter suspicious remarks of the Mayor's wisdom and probity. But the functionary took no notice of these remarks, and stalked solemnly off with the carts. Arrived at the spot he had indicated, he cried to the drivers to stop, and with great dignity, added: "Now let loose the geese—those that have been stolen will make their way back to their own farm-yards; those that belong to the dealer will remain." This was done, and lo! the stolen geese waddled gravely homeward, to the great astonishment of the simple villagers. The dishonest dealer was arrested.

**A Happy Change.**—"My dear sir," said Drumsticks to a young married gentleman who had just been made father to a bouncing baby, "my dear sir, can you tell me in what your present situation varies from that of the same individual one year ago?" "Can't say that I can, Drumsticks." "I will tell you.—One year ago you were a *sighting buzz*—now you are a *living size*."

**Editorial Pointing.**—An editor named Moore has been getting married, in South Carolina, whereupon another editor chronicles the fact, and adds: "We wish success to our friend's new enterprise—and *unlike* subscribers to both; or, in other words, we wish the parties every happiness the world can give and a little *Moore*."

**Rosetta Armstrong.**—A young negro girl, was claimed as a fugitive slave in Columbus, Ohio, about nine months ago, but was protected and shielded by the "Republicans" of that city. She has just given birth to a child nearly white. What a our vile designed say to that?

### A Terrible Duel.

A few years since, as a New England gentleman, whose name we shall call Brown, was passing a few days at a hotel in one of our Western cities, he had the misfortune unintentionally to offend the susceptible honor of a tall militia colonel, who was one of his fellow-boarders. His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent to him, which however he declined, upon conscientious scruples.

The colonel, who by the way had won two or three encounters quite a reputation as a duelist, at once conceived the idea that his opponent was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him, by flogging him in the face of all the assembled wisdom of the house. Accordingly, the next day, at dinner-time, in marched the duelist, armed with a cowhide, and, advancing to Brown's chair, proceeded to dust his jacket for him in the most approved style.—Brown was astounded. Luckily, he had been a lieutenant of militia in his native State, and he knew the importance of accommodating his enemy by a diversion. On seizing a gravy tureen, he tossed the contents into the face of his beligerent colonel, and before he could recover from the drowning sensation thus occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him with a liberal hand the contents of the dishes around.

"You are an infernal—"  
"Coward!" the colonel was about to say, but at that moment a plate of greens struck full upon his mouth, and the word was blocked, lost forever!

"Ha!" cried the New Englander, whose blood was now up "fond of greens are you! Take a potato, too!" and he hurled a telling volley of hard potatoes at him, "excellent eggs here, capital with calves' head," and crash! came a plate of soft boiled eggs against the side of his cranium.

The blows of the cowhide which had hitherto descended upon the Yankee's head and shoulders, now began to fall more weakly and wildly, and it became evident that the assailant, half stunned, choked, and partially blinded, was getting the worst of it. His courage was ebbing out.

"Take a turkey?" shouted Brown, as a noble old gelding descended fairly upon the colonel's head, and bursting filled his hair and eyes with delicious looking stuff; "here's the fixings," he continued, as the squash and jelly followed after.

By this time the colonel was irrefragably defeated; and as his merciless opponent seized a huge plum pudding, steaming hot, and holding it above his head with both hands, seemed to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down his cowhide, turned about and made a rush for the door.

"Stop for the pudding, colonel! stop for the pudding," shouted Brown. "Pudding, colonel! pudding!" screamed all his fellow-boarders, amid convulsions of laughter. But the colonel was too terrified, and did not cease running until he had locked himself into his room.

But although the colonel escaped from the pudding he did not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently challenged four persons, against whom his ire was particularly excited, and they all consented to fight, but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed pudding-lags for their weapons. At length the unhappy duelist, finding no one who was willing to shoot or to be shot at, was obliged to quit the State.—*Portfolio.*

**A Part.**—A nice young woman, very genteelly dressed, left a tract the other day at the house of an infidel, upon being asked if he would read it, he replied:

"Certainly, madam, with the greatest pleasure; but," added he, "I am sorry to see you in such business as this—the tracts that you carry to the poor, though doubtless well meant on your part, cannot relieve their wants and necessities in this winter weather; but, if instead of carrying them such things you would only furnish them with bread, or the means to get it, you would indeed be an angel of mercy."

"I don't want any of your infidel doctrines preached to me," said the christian-claimer as she slammed the door in his face.

**Blazing Compound.**—A new explosive compound has been patented, consisting of rags or paper, saturated and coated with a mixture of gunpowder, chloride of potassa, and powdered calcined cork. The chloride of potassa supplies a large quantity of oxygen to combine with the carbon that is liberated when explosion takes place, and the peculiar structure that is obtained by employing rags or paper causes all parts of a charge to be ignited instantaneously. The compound is used in a cartridge. It is stated that one pound of it, at a price of one half the same weight in gunpowder, possesses an amount of force equal to three pounds of gunpowder. A great additional advantage also characterizes it, viz: its exploding with very little smoke.

**Qualities of Letters.**—Which three letters in the English alphabet are the most forcible? N B G (nobody). Which two are the most hateful? N V (nobody). Which two contain the least? M T (nobody). Which four the most culpable? O B C T (obscenity). Which two have a title of honor? D K (deputy). Which four the most excellent? X L N C (excellency). Which three the most wearisome? N E (nobody). Which three are a mournful poem? L E G (elegy).

**Puzzled by the Sound.**—A lady occupying room letter B, at one of our hotels, wrote on the slate as follows:—"Wake letter B at seven, and B letter B says, 'let us be,' don't let us be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand at half-past seven." The porter, a better bookblack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B, or let her be."

**Oh, T! H! H!**—Little Lizzie one evening, while the tea-table was particularly vivacious, and was chatting and laughing with great glee when her mother said to her rather gravely:—"Lizzie, you are behaving in a very strange manner; have you let all your senses?" "Yes, ma'am," said Lizzie in great glee, "all but my immovability."

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

### Dividing the Flock.

When Mr. Moody was on a journey in the western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The man appeared to be very glad to see him, and said: "I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel ashamed to ask you." "What is the matter?" asked Moody. "Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before the meeting is closed that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger." "If that is all I must and will stop and preach for you," was Moody's reply. When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named his text, he looked around on the assembly and said: "My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day—sinners and sinners! Sinners! I am going to give you your portion first, and would have you give good attention." When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused and said: "There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please." But all tarried and heard him through.

A married woman in Pittsburg, Pa., recently fell in love with a young man named Henry, and eloped with him. Henry was soon supplanted by a burly butcher with whom she next eloped; and the butcher is victimized, the inconstant dame having again eloped with a new name, and \$800 of the butcher's money. He is after her with a police force now. A few months ago it was a parson.

A lady introduces her subject to a Boston editor by stating that "having a good constitution, she can bear a good deal of happiness." She proceeds to declare that her idea of perfect bliss, is "a fat horse in a sleigh, plenty of buffalo robes, and a neat-fitting overcoat, with a handsome man in it."—And she adds, "if that is not happiness, I'm open to conviction as to what it is!"

**A Quaker Lady's Sermon.**—*My Dear Friends*—There are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and bricks, into fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war, and kill each other; if let alone they would take themselves. And the third and best thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

**A Chance for a Big Chicken.**—The *Ithaca (New York) Journal* says, that a hen of the common breed, on the farm of Mr. Joseph Esy, of that town, has laid an egg which measures eight inches and a quarter the long way, and six inches and a quarter the short way, and that it weighs four ounces. There must have been a tremendous cocking in the farm-yard of Mr. Joseph Esy, when the admiring hen which laid this monster egg first gazed upon her wonderful production.

**A Snake Community.**—The *Record of the Times*, at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, relates that in removing the remains of a deceased person from the old grave yard in that town, the other day, the workmen found a nest of 109 tortoise snakes, of various sizes and kinds, about eighteen inches below the surface. They ranged from six to twelve inches in length.

**An Ingenious Invention.**—Monsieur Salles, gunmaker to the Emperor Napoleon, has invented a post-office automation, which takes up every letter as it is thrown into the box, places it under the stamp, when it receives the post mark and date, and throws it out again for delivery to its destination. The process indicates the number of letters thus stamped. It is said that no less than two hundred letters may be stamped by this machine in one minute. They are to be furnished to all the principal post-offices throughout France. The illegibility of post marks, so often complained of, will, it is said, be completely obviated by the use of the automation.

A sect of politicians has arisen in Europe calling themselves the disciples. They believe that Christ will appear in 1861, and that the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews will become again a nation in the Holy Land. Christians are to sleep eternally.

**The Mormon Children.**—A letter writer says, in regard to the Mormon children, they appear like a neglected, uncleaned-for-so, generally dirty and ill clad. The majority of them are girls, and this troubles the women very much, for they know that a woman is doomed to slavery and a life of misery. It is also a singular fact that a large portion of them are white-headed.

The reporter of the *Detroit Tribune* has been expelled from inside the bar of the Common Council Chamber by the very silly Common Council of that city. The reporter, however, continues his sketches of the proceedings "as viewed outside the bar." He commences with a quotation:  
"Best is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet."

**Mania for Boldness.**—A rich old maid died recently at Newton, New Hampshire, who left property to the value of nearly \$30,000. She was all her lifetime getting ready to be married; and had stowed up 182 sheets, 63 coverlets, 50 blankets, 27 beds with 1120 pounds of feathers, 54 pillows, 43 handkerchiefs; while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed ten dollars in value.

**How It was Done.**—An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welchman said, "There is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ah, undoubtedly," answered the Englishman, "every man toasted his own cheese."

The weather the past winter has been so extremely severe, that one could easily catch two colds in one day.

A good story is told at Washington of a man who came on all the way from New Orleans expressly to witness the Inauguration ceremonies. The fatigue occasioned by travelling day and night and some little disputation on the road, made him feel very tired and sleepy by the time he reached the National Hotel, about one o'clock, on the night of the 3rd. The "National" is a badly constructed building, many of the rooms being without windows. Into one of these dark places our weary traveler was placed. On the morning of the 5th some of the colored servants noticed that the door was still locked on the inside, and aroused the tenant. "What time is it?" said he, addressing the darkey. The negro told him about 9 o'clock. "What time does the inauguration come off?" was the next question. "Why, gosh a-mighty," exclaimed the darkey, "dat come off yesterday." The fellow had slept over a whole day and two nights, and never saw any portion of the inauguration ceremonies.

**Old Fish.**—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, he began to smell it. The fish-monger observing him, and fearing lest the by-standers might catch the scent, exclaimed: "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing, then?" "Me talk to 'em, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, my friend?" "Me asked him what news at sun, dat's all, massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know; he not been dere dis tree week."

**Pin in a Jaw Bone.**—Miss Priscilla Hurluck of Virginia, had a jaw tooth extracted some fifteen years ago, and thinking there was a hollow in the upper jaw bone, out of curiosity she placed a pin through the orifice made by the removal of the tooth, and while thus probing, the pin slipped from her finger into the hollow, and there remained until a few days since, a period of five years, when it was removed through an opening made by a surgeon. Miss Hurluck has suffered much pain in consequence, but now entertains strong hopes of recovery.

The *New York Times* says, "when John Quincy Adams was President, and Henry Clay Secretary of State, Gen. Cass was a partly middle-aged gentleman, with a rufled collar, filling the office of Governor of Michigan, our westernmost territory, and Franklin Pierce was a youth in college; Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were in their prime, and Benton a rising politician. Since then the first three have passed away: Benton has retired from public life; a whole generation of politicians have gone to their graves; three men have been elevated to the Presidency whose names were then unknown to the country, and now Gen. Cass is about to commence a new political career."

**Simplicity.**—Mr. Peter Golden, of Boston, was riding in the cars on the Boston Railroad last week, when he took a "naïon" to look out of the side door of the car. A post standing close to the road happened to come in contact with Mr. Golden's head, and knocked him flat on the floor of the car. Nothing daunted, he got up, and again thrust his head out of the door, when another post served him in the same way, only knocking him out of the door instead of inside. He was picked up senseless some time afterward, and on recovering, expressed an opinion that, although the scenery on the road was very fine, it was rather too much trouble to look at it from the train.

Silence is an antidote against a slanderous tongue.

True charity you cannot see, but its effects are felt.

A bleeding finger is more noticed than a bleeding heart.

Never tip your heaver to a fine lady and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her.

The best cure for "sensitiveness" is copious doses of experience and common sense.

During the year 1856 five hundred and two buildings were erected in Dubuque, Iowa.

Busy not thyself in searching into other men's lives—the errors of thine own are more than thou canst answer.

It is never improper for a person to apologise for a wrong, or to attempt to heal discussions between himself and others.

The editor of a contemporary is so thin that only one of his political opponents can blackguard him at the same time. They draw lots for chances to go at him!

An Albany editor says that he didn't see why his place was not washed away during the recent flood there, unless it was because there was such a heavy mortgage on it.

A correspondent of a New York paper wants to know which side of a lady a gentleman should take, when he walks out with her. We should say keep on the right side of a lady, always.

Why did a fat fellow, who was very much squeezed in the opera-house, become very complimentary to the ladies?—Because the pressure made him flatter.

"Have you said your prayers, Johnny?" asked an anxious mother. "No, mother," Bill, said the prayers and I say the amen, cause it comes shorter!"

I have been talking for some time to D.—"said an artist to a friend, "and I find there is nothing in him." "You have been lucky," was the reply, "for I have always found the man full of himself."

**A Royal Marriage.**—The Princess Royal of England is to be betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, in London, during the month of May next, and the marriage will take place on the 21st of December next.

**Quick Cure.**—Young ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ear that you were only joking.

**Declination of Chief Justice Lewis.**  
We give below the letter of Chief Justice Lewis, addressed to the Chairman of the State Central Committee, declining the re-nomination recently given to him by the Democratic State Convention:

WEST PENN SQUARE,  
PHILADELPHIA, March 25th, 1857.  
To CHARLES R. BUCKALEW, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee:

Dear Sir—At the late Democratic State Convention, the local claims of the different sections of the State were generously waived for the purpose of securing my continuance in the high and important office of Supreme Judge. The energy with which these claims were urged for the office recently vacated on the Supreme Bench, shows the extent of the sacrifices then made, and the nature of the dissatisfaction which may exist after one section shall be gratified and the other disappointed by the anticipated nomination. The Convention, when re-assembled, might be able to harmonize these claims, if that body had two nominations to make, instead of one; therefore feel at liberty to decline, as I need do, the re-nomination tendered to me by the Democratic State Convention. In thus promoting harmony, I consult my own earnest desire to retire from judicial life, and at the same time put the delegates to no inconvenience, as they will be obliged to come together again for the purpose of nominating a candidate to fill the existing vacancy.

I have been laboriously engaged in judicial duties nearly twenty-four years—a longer period of service than that of any living Judge in Pennsylvania. I have been thus engaged under three changes of the Constitution. I have aided to the extent of my abilities in bringing up the arrears of business, in replacing upon their ancient foundations some of the landmarks of the law which had been inadvertently removed, and in maintaining the purity and the independence of the Judiciary. I have constantly endeavored to do justice without delay, fear, favor, affection, or ill-will. I now occupy, by the voice of the people of my native State, the highest judicial station in it. My long career as a Judge has received the approbation of the Democratic party in the re-nomination, so generously and unanimously made by the State Convention. All my ambition is satisfied. I have but one wish left, and that is to return to the freedom and independence of private life. I do this with a grateful heart for the long-continued confidence of my fellow-citizens, and in the full trust that they will appreciate and approve of my motives. Very respectfully,  
ELLIS LEWIS.

**Rev. Mr. Callough.**—This individual, who is shortly to be tried by a court and jury for his licentious and indecent conduct, is the author of the following nice and dignified sentiment:

"We have laid the antiquated old foggy, Lewis Cass, on the shelf of political retirement. We have buried Erastus Brooks, the most notorious and unmitigated slanderer of Col. Fremont, under the putrid mound of his own calumnies, and left him to rot in the effluvia of political corruption. We have compelled Buchanan to go into the Presidency with but a small majority, and under a protest from the CHRISTIANITY, THE INTELLIGENCE AND THE DECEMY OF THE NORTH!"

After all the scurrilous abuse heaped upon the Democratic party for repealing the Missouri Compromise, the highest judicial tribunal in the world has decided that we were right, and that our opponents were clinging to a law which never had any legal existence, but was null and void from the date of its passage! What a glorious endorsement of a glorious party! This high Court has not only thus decided, but triumphantly sustains the decision of Judge Black in the *Passmore Williamson* case! Black Republicans, you now stand rebuked in a quarter which will be acquiesced in by every man whose mind is not warped by senseless prejudice.—*Bedford Gazette.*

**Surgical.**—Dr. Bigelow, of Boston, recently removed from the lungs of a child six years of age, a smooth pebble about the size of a large hazel nut which had caused the child much suffering, and its parents not a little mental discomfort. Ether was first administered, the necessary incision then made, and the stone quietly removed. The lad is now apparently well, and the wound made by the lance rapidly healing.

**Beauties of the Law.**—In the Worcester (Mass.) Court of Common Pleas, a few days ago, Mr. Dudley sued Mr. Tift to recover \$1 25, the price of a pair of boots. Judgment was given for the plaintiff, who recovered his \$1 25, and had to pay his lawyer, besides losing his time. The defendant pays his lawyers, loses his time and has to "fork over" \$120 costs to save \$1 25.

An absent wife is here called upon to return to bed and board. "Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of your husband—your parents—your children. Return—let me be well—happy. At any rate, and I'll be the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

**Teacher.**—"How many kinds of axes are there?"  
"Boy—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the legislature, axing price, and axes of the Apostles!"  
Teacher—"Good! go to the head of your class."

There is no difference between making a false impression and telling downright falsehood. The intention in both is to deceive and the guilt is the same, and each deserves the same punishment.

"No You Don't!"—"Mr. Jones, if you'll give my pants done by Saturday night, I shall be forever indebted to you," declared young Osh-out. "If that's your game, they'll be done, sure," said the tailor.