TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

THE COMPILER is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1,75 per annum if paid strictly 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 with neatness and dispatch, and at moderate prices.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House—"COMPILER" on the sign.

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

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

40TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, DEC. 7, 1857. NO. 11.

Grand Jury Report.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Adams County:

THE Grand Jury attending at the present Session, having visited the Jail and Alms-house, respectfully Report:

That they found the Jail in good condition, with the exception of the Furnace under the cells, which they believe entirely insufficient to heat the cells, and would recommend it to be taken out and a Furnace on the plan of the one in use at the Alms-house substituted in its place.

They take pleasure in stating that the Alms-house buildings are well heated, carefully ventilated and comfortable in all respects. The apartments cleanly, the comforts of the invalids and infirm inmates well provided for, and the entire Institution manifesting the good care and kind attention and prudent management of the steward, JACOB CULP, and family. In view of the scarcity of wood, and on the ground of safety, the Grand Jury would also recommend that all the Alms-house buildings be heated by Furnaces such as the one at present in the new Hospital.

They further express their gratification at the fact of the comparative small number of bills brought before them, and the indication thereby of the condition of public morality and good order existing in the community.

This Report has been unanimously adopted by the Grand Jurors of this date, November 18, 1857. JONAS JOHNS, *Foreman.*

Nov. 23, 1857.

Fall & Winter Goods.

J. L. SCHICK would avail himself of this medium of announcing to the community and public in general, that he has received from the cities the largest and most complete stock of DRY GOODS, that it has ever been your pleasure to examine in this place, all of which has been selected with time, the utmost care, and with particular reference to the wants and wants of the people of this locality, and which for beauty of style and cheapness, he challenges competition. In the LADIES' DEPARTMENT, he has all styles, qualities, shades, and colors of Goods, suitable for the season. He invites the Ladies to call and take a look through his selections at their earliest convenience. FOR THE GENTLEMEN, he has a choice stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., &c., all good and cheap.

Don't pass by Schick's—he will always be found ready to show Goods and sell cheap—among the very cheapest.

Gettysburg, Oct. 19, '57.

Cheap Clothing.

GEORGE ARNOLD & CO. have now on hand, at their Clothing Emporium, a large stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, all of our own getting up, made out of our own cloths, and warranted to be made in the very best manner and style, among which are Dress Coats of every variety, Over-coats, Pantaloons, Vests, Monkey Jackets, &c., also Black, Blue, Olive, Brown, Claret, Drab and Green Cloths, for Over-coats, with trimmings to suit, sold cheap; also cheap Cassimeres, Cassinets, Jeans, Cords and men's wear generally. We have just received the fall fashions, and have hands constantly employed cutting out and making up, and if we cannot please you in a garment ready made, we will take your measure and make you a suit on short notice. Call and see us. The above goods will be sold cheap for cash.

Oct. 12, 1857.

Adams County Mutual

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Incorporated March 18, 1851.

OFFICERS.

President—George Swope.
Vice President—S. R. Russell.
Secretary—D. A. Buehler.
Treasurer—David M'Creary.
Executive Committee—Robert McCurdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King.

MANAGERS.—George Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Curdy, Jacob King, A. Heintzelman, D. M'Creary, J. J. Kerr, M. Eichelberger, S. R. Russell, A. B. Kurtz, Andrew Polley, S. Fahnestock, Wm. B. Wilson, H. A. Picking, Wm. B. M'Clellan, John Wolford, R. G. McCreary, John Horner, E. W. Stable, J. Aughinbaugh, Abdiel F. Gitt.

☞ This Company is limited in its operations to the county of Adams. It has been in successful operation for more than six years, and in that period has paid all losses and expenses, *without any assessment*, having also a large surplus capital in the Treasury. The Company employs no Agents—all business being done by the Managers, who are annually elected by the Stockholders. Any person desiring an Insurance can apply to any of the above named Managers for further information.

☞ The Executive Committee meets at the office of the Company on the last Wednesday in every month, at 2, P. M.

Sept. 28, 1857.

Hover's Hair Dye.

THE following, from that eminent Physician of Philadelphia, Dr. Brinckle, added to the testimony of Professor Booth, only confirms what is evidenced by thousands who have used Hover's Dye:

"Girard Row, Chesnut street,
Philadelphia, Dec. 22, 1853.

"In regard to *Hover's Hair Dye*, I can state unhesitatingly that it contains no deleterious ingredients, and may be used with entire safety, and the utmost confidence and *success*."

W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

Hover's Writing and Indelible inks are so well and widely known, as to require no eulogy of their merits, it is only necessary to say, that the steady and increasing demand, gives the best evidence that they maintain their character for superiority which distinguished them when first introduced, *years ago*. Orders addressed to the Manufactory, No. 416 RACE street, above Fourth, (old No. 144) Philadelphia, will receive prompt attention by

JOSEPH E. HOVER, *Manufacturer.*

Sept. 7 (April 13. 1y)

Diamond Tonsor.

JOHN W. TIPTON, *Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser*, can at all times be found prepared to attend to the calls of the people, at the *Temple*, in the Diamond, adjoining the Compiler building. From long experience, he flatters himself that he can go through all the ramifications of the TONSORIAL DEPARTMENT with such an infinite degree of skill as will meet with the entire satisfaction of all who may submit their chins to the keen ordeal of his razors. He hopes, therefore, that by his attention to business, and a desire to please, he will merit as receive, a liberal share of public patronage. The sick will be attended to at their private dwellings.

Gettysburg, Jan. 5, 1853. tf

Executor's Notice.

HANNAH FISCEL'S ESTATE.—Letters Testamentary on the estate of Hannah Fiscel, late of Cumberland township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in Mountjoy township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same properly authenticated for settlement. MICHAEL FISCEL, Ex'r.

Nov. 30, 1857.

Flour, Bacon, anything in the Flour, Grocery and Provision line, call at

GILLESPIE & THOMAS'.

The Poet's Corner.

The Old Grenadier's Story.

TOLD ON A BENCH OUTSIDE THE INVALIDES.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,
It seems but an hour ago,
That Klieber's foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamalukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My man,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer with his side
Torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mamaluke's wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "Oh, men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

"My mother has got other sons:
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready bloody for France,
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair are this earth and sky:
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salanche of the granite heart
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was indeed more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lips
Grew black as wintry sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

Then never saw I sight like that,
The sergeant flung down the flag,
Even the sifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag.
They looked at locks and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
"Teach me the way to die!"

Then with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good by,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look,
As the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of the cannon,
In cloud and whirlwind pass'd.
Earth shook and heaven answered;
I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third
Teach me the way to die!"

Then with a musket for a crutch
He limped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might;
But proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on the heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy,
I feel my old heart beat;
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "The Forty-third
Teach me the way to die!"

Select Miscellany.

Truthfulness.

Of all the happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of.—All peace is broken up when it happens that there is a *liar* in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be a reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured he will become truly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fails, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone.

☞ A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scotch who came out of their own country, were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh! madam," he said, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that for the honor of the country *no one* be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

☞ A merry doctor said the other day, that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered from their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them. Newspaper subscribers please notice.

Going Home With a Girl.

"Jeems," of the Baldwinville (N. Y.) Gazette, thus describes an event in the life of a country boy:

We were between sixteen and seventeen years of age when the event about to be related transpired, and as a description of our personal appearance at that time is absolutely essential to the point of our story we will give it as concisely as the subject will allow.

In reference then, to that period, to say that we were green in the usual acceptation of the term, would give the reader but a poor idea of the figure we displayed. Rather imagine a tall, lean, cadaverous, swarthy looking chap, with legs like a pair of tongs, a countenance about as expressive as a plate of Dutch cheese, a mouth that came very near making an island of the head above it, a face covered with furze that looked very much like the down on a newly hatched gosling, with a gait that would lead the beholder to conclude that we designed to travel down both sides of the street at the same time, and you have a correct daguerreotype of Jeems in the 17th year of his age.

One dark, gloomy night in the month of December, we chanced to be at a "spelling school" not a thousand miles from Baldwinville, where our eyes fell on a "fairy form" that immediately set our susceptible heart in a blaze. She was sixteen, or thereabouts, with bright eyes, cherry lips, and red cheeks, while the auburn ringlets clustered in a wealth of profusion around her beautiful head, and her person, to our ravished imagination, was more perfect in form and outline, than the most faultless statue ever chiseled out by the sculptor's art. As we gazed, our feelings, which never before had aspired girlward, were fully aroused, and we determined to go home with her that night or perish in the attempt. As soon, therefore, as school was dismissed, and our "lady love" suitably bonneted and cloaked, we approached to offer our services as contemplated, and we then learned an important lesson, viz: the difference between resolving and doing. As we neared her, we were seized with a partial blindness—red, blue, green and yellow lights flashed upon our vision, and appeared and disappeared like witches in a phantasmagoria—our knees smote together like Belshazzar's when he discovered the hand writing on the wall, while our heart thumped with apparently as much force as if it were driving two penny nails into our ribs.—We in the meantime, managed to mumble over something known to the Recording Angel, but certainly not to us, at the same time poking out our elbow as nearly at right angles with our body as our physical conformation would admit.

The night air blew keenly, which served in some sort to revive us, and as our senses returned what were our emotions on finding the cherished object of our first love, clinging to our arm with all the tenacity a drowning man is said to clutch at a straw! Talk of Elysium, or sliding down greased rainbows, or feeding on flutes, what are sich "phelinks" in comparison to those mighty ones that swelled our bosom nigh to the bursting of our waistcoat buttons! Our happiness was sublime, sublimity sublimely sublimated, and every person who has felt the divine, throbbing of a fledged love principle, fully understands the world of bliss couched in the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th words at the commencement of this sentence.

Well, we passed on pleasantly towards our Sally's home, talking of "love and dove, and dart and part," until so courageous had we become, that we actually proposed to "go in and sit awhile," to which our Dulcinea very graciously assented. Alas, for us! how soon we were to be reminded that the "course of true love never did run smooth."

Sally had a brother of some ten summers who accompanied us along the way, and who was in wonderful high spirits at the idea of his sister's having a beau, and he would walk around us frequently, giggling in the height of his glee, and eying us as closely as if ourself and Sally were the world renowned Siamese twins; and he was taking his first look. Bill, by the way, was a stubbed, chuckle-head boy, whose habiliments would have made the fortune of any two dealers in mob rags.

At length we reached the bars, and while we were letting them down, Bill shot past us and tore for the house as if pursued by a thousand bulls of Bashan. He flung open the door with a bang and exclaimed at the top of his voice—

"Mother! mother! Jim Clark is cummin' home with Sal!"

"Is he?" screamed the old woman in reply, "wal I declare! I didn't think the sap-head knew enough!"

Frozen Feet.

A writer in the *Journal of Commerce* says, the following is a simple and effectual remedy for curing frosted feet, and one that will afford immediate relief—"Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping it repeatedly in salt rub it all over the foot. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done a few times, it is almost certain to cure your feet entirely.

Fine Sport.—The Norfolk Argus states that on the 10th ult. two gentlemen shot on Currituck beach, N. C., no less than one hundred and forty-eight wild geese, which they brought to market and shipped North. The coast of North Carolina is said to be swarming with wild fowl.

Why Not?

"Ain't you ashamed, Julia, to climb over the fence with the boys? Oh, shame on you!" said a mother.

Ashamed of what? Why not breathe the pure air, and lift her eyes towards the glorious sun?

"But she will tear her dress and soil her apron, and become so sun-burnt that she will be a perfect fright."

Let her get over the fence, or crawl under it—let her climb the cherry, peach or apple trees, and pelt her brother with ripe apples or juicy peaches. If she tears her dress it is more easily mended than a broken constitution.—A little soap and water will be far cheaper than drugs and medicines.

"Ah, but she will be sun-burnt, and fat, and coarse."

Well, that would be a pity to have your dear daughter come bouncing into the room, her joyous laugh ringing out like the silver tones of a bell, with her chubby, and dimpled and embrowned cheek and flashing eye, with gleeful mirth gushing of out her young heart, in a thousand streams, sparkling far more brightly than Orient pearls; and more precious than rubies. Observe her elastic step and buoyant spirits. Health the very perfection of beauty in the human form, mantles her cheek, and throws its charm around her whole being.

This would, to all sensible people, be vastly interesting, of more value than much fine gold. But to the aristocratic, in their own opinion only, however, vulgar! How much more interesting to them would be the little darling who could come with a languid air and weary step, with puny frame, pallid cheek, and glaring eye; and simper a few drawling words, and work off an apology for a laugh, apparently drawn from the deepest Artosian well, as smooth and as chilling as an icicle. But she is white, or sallow, lean, languid, heart and spirit broken, constitution in ruins, trembling on the verge of the grave, and a most charming, interesting little dear. Yes, she is interesting, gloomy prospects are before her and terrible realities press upon her.

Oh, mothers! which will you choose, glowing health upon the sun-burnt cheek, or the hectic flush spreading over the lily neck, face and brow?

Let the girls be as free as the air they breathe; let them bound away with the mountain roe; scale the hills, plunge through the gorges, climb trees, get over or under fences, romp in the hay fields, or make snow-houses in winter, slide and skate, roll in the snow or out of it, slide down hills upon the sled and draw their young brothers or sisters up again, if they can; let them run races, skip and hop, jump the rope and trundle the hoop, bend the bow and send the whizzing arrow high in the air; let them develop every muscle, strengthen every sinew, and steady every nerve, and be what God intends them to be.

A Speculator.

A few days since, two gentlemen whose countenances betrayed the fact that they were interested in the condition of stocks, were conversing, and standing in Third street, near the corner of Dock. One was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project, the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding, merely making a few objections for conscience sake.

Directly there appeared, in front of the show window of a tobacco and cigar store, a couple of newsboys, who began an intense scrutiny of the interior.

"By thunder! I'd like to smoke a cent's worth of tobacco."

"Well," said the other, "buy a cent's worth."

"Yes, but I hain't got nairy cent."

"Hold on, I've got two cents."

"That's the ticket! just the thing—one for the pipe, and one for the tobacco."

"Oh yes! but what am I to do?"

"You? Oh, you can be the stockholder and do the spittin'!"

It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the two newsboys, and turned down the street.

Heroism.—A temporary bridge near the Marcella had to be destroyed by powder, during Massena's advance; but the match failed, the enemy poured on and the passage seemed lost: then a man of Charles Napier's old corps, the Royal Artificers—would to God his name had been preserved for posterity—exclaimed, "It shall not fail, they shall not pass." So saying, he deliberately walked along the structure, a floating one, to the mine, relighted the match, and bending his noble head over the spark, continued to watch its deadly progress until the explosion sent him from a world he was too heroic to live in! Why are young men told to look in ancient history for examples of heroism when their own country men furnish such lessons?—*Life of Charles Napier.*

☞ We are never astonished at any happiness that drops into our lap, for we always fancy we are deserving of it; but if any piece of ill-luck falls down upon us, we cannot imagine what we have done to deserve it.

☞ A proposition is on foot in New York, to form a State Horse Thief Association with branches in every county—the object of which is to procure the arrest of such offenders with less outlay of labor and money, and with more certainty.

☞ The charms that fashion lends to women would be considered positive defects if nature had given them.

A Yankee Story.

The funny columns of the English papers derive more of their "stuff for smiles" from journals in this country, than from any other source. We find in one of them, this ludicrous anecdote of the "bewitched clock."

About half past eleven o'clock, on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue-broadcloth, might have been seen entering Deacon Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meeting-clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously won his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquised the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but said nothin' about the winders.—Winders is as good as doors, of there aint no nails to tear your trowsers onto. Wonder if Sally'll come down. The critter promised me. I'm afeered to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over something or nother and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beauteous maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rupturous greeting she made a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran not a whit smoother at old Barberry's than it does elsewhere, and Joe who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth then," said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in the corner, set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five by the clock," said Sally; and corroborating her word the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the stair case began to creak. "Goody gracious! its father," exclaimed Sally.

"The deacon, by thunder! cried Joe. "Hide me, Sally!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock case." And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and closed the door.

The deacon was dressed and seating himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it and began deliberately to smoke.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better feed the critters fust?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smoking clears my head, and wakes me up," replied the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

But "r-r-whiz-ding! ding! ding!—went the old clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, startling up and dropping his pipe on the stove; "what'n airth's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," replied Sally, tremulously.

Whiz-ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"Power of creation!" cried the deacon. "Strickin' five! it's struck more than a hundred times already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the stair case in the wildest state of alarm, "what in the universe is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been a hundred years in the family, and it never carried on so afore."

Whiz! ding! ding! whiz-z-z! went the clock again.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it!"

"It's bewitched!" said the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the old clock, "I'll see what's going on in it."

"Oh, don't," cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't!" chorussed both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't feered of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go; so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily upon the floor, he pitched forward and seized the knob of the clock. But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it from the inside, with a death grip.

The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when an unearthly yell as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, then the cloed case pitched head-foremost at the deacon, fell head-long on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the candle—the deacon, the old lady, and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he had entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version, yet some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, and hinted that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

Exclusion Politics in Canada.

In the expectation of a General Election, what is called "the Protestant interest," in Upper Canada, has been up and stirring, for the last three months. From what we can learn from the *Montreal New Era*, (the editor of which, Mr. T. D. McGEE, has lately had a well-deserved public testimonial, in the shape of a writing-desk containing a present of $2,000,) the old religious feuds which wrought so much mischief in Ireland for the last half century, have been transplanted to parts of British North America. Some plants thrive when transplanted, and Orangeism—which assumes the name of, but must not be confounded with Protestantism—is blooming and blossoming in a remarkable manner in Upper Canada.—That soil appears to be well suited for the cultivation of the Orange-lily. Indeed, under its influence it is doubtful whether a Catholic Irishman will be allowed to get into Parliament. Massachusetts and Maryland are not nearly so much "Know Nothing" as Upper Canada. Exclusiveness, on this one point, is the rule. As the *New Era* strongly and plainly puts it: "The Scotch are represented, the Canadians are represented; the Eastern Townships' are represented; the Grand Trunk is represented; the Hudson's Bay Company is represented; the Jews are represented; the Presbyterian Irish are represented; the Orangemen are strongly represented; the Catholic Irish alone are not represented."

The last census shows that the Irish are the second people in Canada, in point of numbers. They are also the most rapidly increasing, by births and emigration. They outgrow all other races in point of numbers, but they suffer under a constantly diminishing political influence. They are virtually excluded from that Representation which is their right, as citizens. Irish Orangemen are in the Cabinet and in all the inferior offices, down to the turnkey of a jail. Irish Catholics, equally wealthy and not less intelligent, are tabooed from office of every kind, the appointments rusting with the Government, and not, as it ought to rest, with the people. Nor does this arise from their being *Irish*—for the *German* and *French-Canadian* Catholics are treated precisely in the same manner. It is the *religion* and not the *country*, which is thus tabooed.

Orangeism is patronized, petted, exalted, and even recognised in Canada, for several Orangemen are members of the Administration, and Orangemen occupy the principal offices under the Government there. Nay, so openly does Orangeism rear its crest, that in the *Toronto Leader*, of November 9th, we read an advertisement, signed by George L. Allen, grand master; John Holland, grand secretary, and William Strachan, grand treasurer, giving the necessary legal notice, "that the loyal Orange Institution of British America will apply to the Legislature at its next session for an act to incorporate that body."

Meanwhile, what is the condition of Orangeism in its native soil of Ireland! There, in consequence of the part it took in the recent street-preaching riots in Belfast, the Irish Government, speaking through the Lord Chancellor, has publicly intimated to the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Down, that henceforth no person would be appointed to the Magistracy of Ireland, unless he had previously made a solemn declaration that he was not an Orangeman. This decided measure, taken with the concurrence of the Viceroy of Ireland—who, of course, must have had the full sanction of the British Government—is avowedly based upon the illegality of the Orange Institution, and upon experience of the fatal consequences of its political fanaticism.

With such a decided measure as this before us, deliberately sanctioned by Queen Victoria's recognised and responsible advisers—arises the question, whether what is denounced as unlawful and dangerous in Ireland can be legal and harmless in Canada? In other words, if being an Orangeman is ruled to disqualify a man from being even a simple justice of the peace in Ireland, shall it operate as a qualification for his holding the most responsible offices in Canada? In Ireland, where such a secret society as Ribbonism once had a standing, until it was put down by the strong sense of O'Connell, there might have been a shadow of justification for the maintenance of Orangeism, as a *defensive* organization. But in Canada, where it is not pretended that Ribbonism, or anything like it, has even the merest existence, Orangeism must be, and is, solely an *offensive* organization. We see how boldly it raises its head—notifying the world that it intends seeking for incorporation from the Legislature.

How the British Government will act, in this crisis, remains to be seen. Will Palmerston allow Sir Edmund Head, the Governor General, to do one thing in Canada, diametrically opposite to what the Queen's Viceroy does, in Ireland, under the fullest sanction of the Crown? The principles of justice, of good government, are unchanged and unchangeable, no matter in what country they are to operate. What is legally and morally wrong in Ireland, cannot be legally and morally right in Canada.

The controlling of Religion, pure and holy as should be, into a political tool, for the advantage of any set or sect of men, cannot be too much deprecated, and would be as bad in this country as in Canada or Ireland. Secret associations for such purposes, no matter on which side arrayed, no matter whether their flags be green or orange, cannot be too warmly denounced. Let us eschew all such secret combinations as contrary to the spirit of our Constitution, and wholly uncalled for by any circumstances of the times. Let us also avoid staining the pure and spotless robes of Religion by dragging them through the arena of politics. Equal rights for all citizens is all that can fairly be claimed by any.

For our part, knowing how sore the Catholics in Canada feel, at the exclusiveness of the system directed against them and recognized by the Administration itself, we almost dread to anticipate what may be the consequences, should the election returns, under the influence of that system, show the expected defeat of all Catholic candidates. If Orangeism thus sow the wind, what marvel if it reap the whirl-wind?—*Phila. Press.*

Decisions of the Supreme Court.

The following recent decisions have been made by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania upon points of general interest to the community:

In the case of the Fourth Baptist Church of Philadelphia *vs.* Trout *et al.*, the Court decided that "Where materials are furnished and work done in the erection of a building under an entire contract, a mechanic's claim, filed within six months from the completion of the contract, is in time.

"A mechanic's claim must state not only that the work was done or materials furnished within six months from the date of its filing; but either upon its face, or by reference to some accompanying paper, must give a date or dates by which the general statement can be verified.

"Where the work is done or materials furnished under an entire contract, but one date need be stated; and if the evidence shows that the contract was completed within six months of the time when the claim was filed, the claim will be good, although the day stated in the claim as the time of the consummation of the contract may not correspond precisely with the one established in the evidence."

In the case of the Common wealth vs. McAllister and Hess, recently carried up the Supreme Court, on a writ of error to the Court of Common Pleas of Lancaster county, it was decided that "*When an administrator or trustee deposite trust funds in his own name in a Bank or Savings Institution which fails, the loss shall fall upon him and not upon the cestui que trust.*"

The Court held that "*The liability of an administrator or trustee for funds lost by the failure of the bank or institution in which they have been deposited does not depend upon the good faith, prudence or judgment with which he may have acted in*, nor upon *the fact that he has deposited his own funds in the same place.* He is personally responsible for the loss of the money deposited in his name, because he did not make the deposit as administrator or trustee."

The opinion of the Court was delivered by Justice Armstrong, and is a lucid and convincing argument in support of the principle here established.

Colored Soldiers in Boston.

"A military organization composed of colored residents of Boston, commanded by Louis Gaul, and entitled the 'Liberty Guard,' made their first appearance on Monday week, with twenty-nine muskets and a cornet band. Their appearance is said to have given great dissatisfaction to the people of Boston, a large crowd hissing, hooting and yelling at them as they passed through the streets. At some points they were so closely pressed that the police had to interfere. The parade wound up in a general row in which several of the colored soldiers came off second best. The lieutenant of the company, named Williams, was severely hurt by a missle thrown at his head."

☞ By the above it would appear that the sympathy of the Yankees for the "poor negro" is all theoretical, having no solid foundation.—Their opposition to slavery is induced by their intense hostility to the South and its interests, as well as to the perpetuity of the Union. While they despise, stigmatize and maltreat their own free negroes, they will squander large sums of money to enable a misguided slave to desert his comfortable home in the South for a precarious livelihood in their inhospitable climate. But, we think, abolitionism has had its day, and soon it will only be remembered as "among those things which once were."

☞ A man in France lately lost his nose by a railroad collision. The nose that was destroyed was rare in its ugliness—an enormous red bottle nose. A scientific surgeon, by a rhinoplastic operation, not only repaired the damage, but furnished him a better, or at least a handsomer nose than he had before. But the man regretted his original bottle nose and sued the railway company for $2000 damages, showing a want of gratitude to science which all the faculty justly condemn!

Bayard Taylor—The marriage of Bayard Taylor, in Gotha, Saxony, to Miss Hansen, of Gotha, took place on the 27th Oct. Mr. T. passes the winter with his bride at Moscow, where she has relatives residing. He is to come back to America next autumn, and Willis announces that he has already written to him to claim, for a chapter, the honeymoon of his return.

☞ A maid hooked one of the boots of her mistress' dresses the other day, but the affair was passed over because it was done behind the lady's back. But there was nobody to wait on the maid.

☞ We fancy we are becoming wiser as we grow older, when it is simply our incapacity to commit the same follies as when we were young.