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, MAY 10, 1858. NO. 33.

The Poet's Corner.

The Doomed Man.

BY THE REV. J. A. ALEXANDER, D. D.

There is a time, we know not when—
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
Which crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die;
To die as if by stealth—
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The Conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay:
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly, a mark:
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind, and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's course below,
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He feels—he knows that all is well,
And every fear is calmed—
He lives—he dies—he wakes in Hell,
Not only doomed—but damned.

Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our paths are crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does Hope end, and where begin
The confines of Despair?

An answer from the skies is sent,
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called 'to-day,' repent,
And harden not your heart."

The Story Book.

A LUCKY SLEIGH RIDE.

BY JOHN IXLEY.

There was a deal of sleigh riding last winter up in New Hampshire. Not less in the streets of the city, either, than out over the breezy roads of the country. Sleighing parties have come out as thick as mushrooms over night. The suburban hotels and the snug little boxes of country taverns have been full. The white landscape has been crossed all over with dark lines of harnessed sleighs, cutting it up like a checker-board. During no winter these twenty years past, has resin been in such demand, either, for fiddle-boys. Till midnight, and long after, old folks and young have "shaken the foot" to the most inspiring tunes catgut knew how to produce.

Up in Snipperham, they have been having as gay a time as they ever had in their lives, with their sleighing parties during the season just closed. Like the young fellow with the miraculous neck-tie, they have given their whole time and attention to it; and it is very likely some of the young folks, in particular, will have reason to remember it all their lives.

Amos Mark will, there is no doubt.—For it so happened that Amos had once found his way to the heart of Mary Jones, and forthwith made up his mind to take permanent possession; probably by right of discovery. Mary seemed not at all unwilling, either, and in truth promised, as matters for a time were going, to make a spanking good wife.

But they must up and quarrel. Nobody ever knew what it was about, and more than half the folks thought it was all about nothing. At first it was only a coldness and visible estrangement, when succeeded a little more *twang* to the feeling, which flowed out in rancor. And finally they scratched and spit like two jealous cats with their backs up—though I would not have the reader suppose it was in each other's faces.—They fought only in good substantial English, employing their tongues for weapons, and using up a pretty big stock of intensified adjectives in the operation, till in this way the difference grew so great there was no probability they would ever come together again. They avoided one another on principle, and when they glanced at each other across the church, and it so chanced that their expressive eyes met, anybody could see that they had both better be at home than in their seats at the sanctuary.

But when all hands turned out, one bright and frosty morning, for a sleigh ride over to Pokahoket, and began to assemble at the little village tavern as the general rendezvous before starting, Amos Mark discovered that Mary Jones was there along with the rest, and that she came in company with John Baily.

The first thought of Mary, when she espied her lover, was—"Well, if I'd a thought he'd been here, I'm sure I shouldn't have come!" And on his part the selfsame first thought was,—"Well, if she wasn't here I should seem to enjoy it, I'm to see her round all the time,"—and the veritable thought did not presume to speak.

Amos himself carried Mary Meegre, a girl with the same favorite Christian name, but otherwise bearing no resemblance whatever to the object of his early love. He turned out with a smart chestnut horse and a gay little cutter, all tucked in so comfortably and coddly with a couple of bear skins, and counted on having a right down good time of it. The party was very large, and the morning was very fine. A keen air, like the air of Snipperham only that day, was as exhilarating as a bottle of Newark champagne. The couple were all in fine humor, and he gave great out of the tavern door and he shouted, the sleighs as fast as they drove up. Such laughing and cackling among the girls I think you never listened to in all your life. And the horses set up a prancing and pawing as they came up, while those who had just received their cargoes started off on a good round trot, shaking off the music from their necks and sides in wreaths and circles on the frosty air.

The tavern-stoop was crowded with the stay-at-homes, to cheer the rest as they started. Old Snipperham was wide awake. Everybody felt like firing off a dozen rounds or so with a swivel, or running up the stars and stripes to the hickory flag-staff on the middle of the green; or shouting, or doing something they never thought of doing before. Their puny bodies seemed a great deal too small to hold the whole of their effervescent gaiety. It would work itself out in every sort of a way, and appeared for the time to have got the uppermost hand of them.

Away went the sleighing party, stretching over the country as far as you could see. It was really a picturesque affair, whatever else it might be. Up hill and down they sped along, over long and narrow roads with stone walls on either side, across reaches of open and bleak pasture land, where the winds could scour without any hinderance or interruption, and thence thro' belts of dence woodland, with the trees all bare and shivering and the wooly snow softly piled up about their roots. They sat cuddled pretty closely in their sleighs, and kept up a genial conversation with one another under the bear skins and buffaloes. Or now and then one called out to his neighbor in front of him or behind him, and the ladies improved the chance to exchange smiles and bright glances across the space that intervened.

They first drove plump through Pokahoket, which was a good ten miles away from Snipperham, and then returned to get warm and find a hot supper waiting. At the table they did full justice to their ancient Snipperham reputation. Girls and all, they sat down to it as they would go about a serious day's work. How the oysters vanished! How the roast turkeys took wing again! How the knick-knacks melted from the tables, like butter on a mealy-mouthed flatterer's tongue. What discord of male and female gabble all around the room! What work they made with trying to help one another! What haste they were in to swallow the heaped piles on their plates, as if this were the last meal, and it was to last them all their lives.

Pokahoket was alive and swarming. The good citizens turned out *en masse*, and flocked over to the tavern to see the fun go on. The ladies and children packed the windows with living heads, and pointed eagerly to every Snipperhammer they could see around the tavern door.

It was dusk, and a little after, when they got the fiddlers ready. And it was half an hour after that before they had limbered themselves out enough to go to dancing.

They went at that pretty much as they went at their supper; hit or miss, each one for himself particularly. The ladies were especially well taken care of, because nobody could conveniently get along without them.

Well, and they danced, and danced, and danced. The fiddles squealed, and squealed, and squealed. The old hall-floor creaked, and swung, and vibrated. And the windows shook, and rattled, and rattled. Till it was past ten o'clock. When the head men said it was high time to leave off and start for home. And the sets broke up in disorder, and the fiddles stopped short as if they were attacked with the asthma.

The committee footed the bill, and teams were brought round to the door, and the gentlemen or "young fellers" were all ready to take their ladies and start back for Snipperham by the bright moonlight that was flooding the earth.

One stepped up after another to the girls packed away in the entry, and asked them if they were equipped, and carried them out to the sleighs. Finally Amos Mark plunged in, rushed up to a young lady, whom from her habiliments he supposed to be Mary Meegre, and inquired—

"All ready?"

"Yes," she answered, through her veil, and went out after him.

There was a great deal of confusion in getting off, and a vast discord of bells and voices all mixed up in a snarl before the house. It would have been a hard place, indeed, for a man to know his own wife from any other woman. But they all bundled in at last, and Amos, in his proper place in the line, began his return ride of ten miles to Snipperham.

To tell the truth as it was, the Pokahoket "Tom and Jerry" had some considerable influence on the sentiments of a portion of the sleigh riders, and upon Amos Mark especially. He felt so much warmed up that he thought he could do no less than make himself surprisingly agreeable to the girl under the same bear-skin.

"Mary," said he, speaking low under his burden of muffers, "how do you like it?"

She said it suited her.

"Are you cold any?"

"Oh, no indeed; ain't cold a bit."

"Glad of it. I'm warm myself. I hope you've enjoyed yourself, havn't you?"

"Oh, first rate! Had a be-au-tiful time!"

By and by, Amos began to squeeze up against her. She did not seem to resent it much. Then he took hold of her hand, and began to squeeze that.—And she tried to squeeze back as hard as he did. Finally he talked low to her again.

"Mary," said he, "I love you. Do you love me?"

She hesitated a minute.

"Say," he continued, "*don't* you love me too, Mary?"

"Yes,"—but it was spoken softly and timidly.

Ah! what a moment of bliss was that; they felt repaid for their day's labor many and many times over. They cuddled up together under those robes, and said many a soft and sweet thing, and told many a secret, that nothing short of this cozy ride, the excitement of the dancing, and the warmth of Tom and Jerry, could have tempted them to do.

Then followed a silence of a couple of miles.

Mary spoke up sharp and quick, when that distance had been traveled.—"Why, John, this isn't your horse?"

She had just noticed it.

"It's *my* horse, though," said Amos, "and my name isn't John, either! What are you talking about, Mary?"

She now became so thoroughly alarmed that she thrust aside her veil with the robe before her, and turned round and stared Amos Mark full in the face! She even pulled down the comforters from his eyes and nose, to get a better view of him.

There he was, though, not John Bailey by any means, as she had supposed; but Amos Mark, her accepted and her former lover.

And she—she was Mary Jones, his very bitter, bitterest enemy.

There was no help for it, though. It would not do to call for assistance. She had to sit and think the matter over in sulky silence. Till finally Amos spoke, and said—"Well, 'taint such a dreadful mistake after all? What's to hinder our being friends again, sure enough?"

Mary acquiesced,—they made up right there in the sleigh—and in less than twelve months were the gayest and happiest married couple in all Snipperham.

Select Miscellany.

Vaccination—Small-Pox.

From extended and close observation the following close deductions seem to be warranted: First—Infantile vaccination is an almost perfect safeguard until the fourteenth year. Second—At the beginning of fourteen the system gradually loses its capability of resistance until about twenty-one, when many persons become most as liable to small-pox as if they had not been vaccinated. Third—This liability remains in full force until about forty-two, when the susceptibility begins to decline, and continues for seven years to grow less and less, becoming extinct at about fifty—the period of life when the general revolution of the body begins to take place, during which the system yields to decay, or takes a new lease of life for two or three terms of seven years each. Fourth—The grand practical use to be made of these statements is: Let every youth be re-vaccinated on entering fourteen; let several attempts be made, so as to be certain of safety.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

No Washington.

A young friend of ours tells the following story of himself: When young, he had read the well known story of George Washington's love of truth, and the father's love of the noble principle of his son, so well manifested on the occasion referred to, of George's cutting down the cherry tree, acknowledging the transaction, and receiving a full and free pardon, besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by so noble an example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with a hatchet, and going into his father's orchard, cut down some choice fruit trees. He then sat down to await the old man's coming, and as soon as he made his appearance, marched up to him with a very important air and acknowledged the deed, expecting the next thing on the programme to be tears, benediction and embraces from the offended parent. But sad to relate, instead of this, the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an "all-fired lamming." Jim was no Washington.

Shoes for Hens.

A writer in the New England *Farmer* states that an old lady in his vicinity has been in the habit for several years of shoeing her chickens, in order to prevent them from scratching, and suggests that a patent right be obtained for the novel invention. An elderly lady in the vicinity of Baltimore, well versed in *chickenology*, says—"Nonsense! there is no novelty in the thing at all, for chickens have been *shoed* ever since there was any body to *shoe* them—and further—it often happens that they are *shoed* best when scratching the worst."

The Sunken Ships at Sebastopol.—We understand on excellent authority, that the report that the Sebastopol company has proved a failure, and that the sunken ships can never be raised, is an error. Whatever the difficulties in removing these obstructions—and the difficulties have been greatly exaggerated—the Russian government is determined that they shall be overcome; and as it is prepared to remunerate the contractors adequately, whatever the cost, success is only a question of time.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞A sportsman of Germantown says that Job's turkey was fat compared with an old gobbler he shot last week on the Devil's Fork. That was so light it lodged in the air, and he had to get a pole to knock it down.

Pigtail Economy.

Old Deacon Biggs is remarkably close.—His name has come to be a proverb in his neighborhood for such an amount of economy as ever makes a man the subject of ridicule and contempt. One bitter, cold morning, a few falls ago, he bade the boys drive together all the pigs that were to be fatted for the market into the little yard just at the corner of the house. A pig was caught by one of the youngsters; the Deacon, with a pair of pincers in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, seized the unfortunate by the tail, and cut it off, *close up*. So on through the whole herd, leaving not a pig with even a stump of a tail. Cork, who worked for his grandfather, stood by in amazement—his hands in his pockets, his toes turned in, his old fur cap over his ears, his lank body warped into a crescent by the cold, and his teeth jawing against the outrage with a prodigious clatter. At last he stuttered out, "Grandpa, what you cuttin' off those tails for?"

Sober and solemn was Deacon Biggs as he replied, "You never will be a rich man, for you do not know what it is to be savin'. You ought to know, my child, that *it takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail!*"

Cork has gone to the West, and in the corn-growing bottoms of Michigan, has taken to the raising of tailless porkers.

Hoop-de-doodle-do.

A gentleman conversing with a lady friend some time since, claimed that he could parodize on the hoop question any verse she might choose to repeat. She accordingly rehearsed the following verse from the Old Sexton:

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade.
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate;
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea—
And these words came from his lips so thin,
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

Whereupon the genius took his pencil and thus wrote on a scrap of newspaper lying by:—

Nigh to a church that was newly made
Stood a lady fair, and thus she said—
"Too bad, too bad—I here must wait
While they measure the breadth of this open gate
—Ah! it is only sixx by six, I see!
Too narrow, too narrow, alas! for me."
And she sighed from her quivering lips so thin:
"I can't get in—I can't get in!"

☞Speaking of Judge Daggett, reminds us of an occurrence that took place many years since at one of the dinners—or, more properly, suppers—of Yale commencement.

The substantials of the feast were already discussed, and the "dessert" was being served up, when Professor Benjamin Silliman, then in the full possession of manly beauty—and we have seldom seen a handsomer man—asked Daggett if he should help him to a "piece of mince pie?"

"A part of a piece, if you please," said Daggett.

Silliman immediately commenced dividing, subdividing, and redividing a bit of pie, and continued the operation so long, that Daggett at length noticed it, and enquired what he was doing.

"I was trying," said Silliman, "to get you part of a piece of pie; but, cut as I will, I can still find nothing but a *whole* piece."

☞*Johnson was the conductor on a* western road, a very pompous official, so much above his business as to appear to be a passenger whenever he could. Leaving the door open one cold day as he entered the cars, Mr. Bangs cried out to him, "I say, shut that door!"

The elegant Johnson was greatly offended at being spoken to so rudely, and stepping up to him said, "I am the conductor of the train."

"That's the very reason," roared out Mr. Bangs, "why I told you *to shut the door!*"

The man shut the door.

Washington Distances.—It is a mile and a half from the northern end of the Navy Yard Bridge to the Capitol; a mile and a half from the Capitol to the Executive Mansion, and a mile and a half from the Executive Mansion to the corner of High and Bridge streets, Georgetown. Pedestrians who wish to ascertain what "time" they can make, will find it exactly one mile from the Capitol to Eleventh street, two miles to Twentieth street, and three miles to the corner of Bridge and High streets, Georgetown.

☞A gentleman of the name of Man, residing near a private mad-house, met one of its poor inhabitants who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, "Who are you, sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed; but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied: "I am a *double* man; I am a Man by name, and a man by nature." "Are you so?" rejoined the maniac; "why, I am a man *beside* myself, so *we* two will fight *you* two." He then knocked down poor Man and ran away.

Health.—A cotemporary says:—"If men gave three times as much attention as they now do to ventilation, ablution, and exercise in the open air, and only one-third as much to eating, luxury, and late hours, the number of doctors, dentists, and apothecaries, and the amount of neuralgia, dyspepsy, gout, fever, and consumption, would be changed in a corresponding ratio."

☞A century ago, England could produce enough food in one year to supply her for four.—Now, with far more land in cultivation and tinkered crops to the acre, she expends forty-five millions sterling in importing grain, meat, cheese and butter.

Free Labor.

The politicians of New England, of the Black Republican school, have a great deal to say about "*free* labor" and all that—but when they come to put their theory in practice, they sing quite a different tune, as the following illustration related by the Hartford *Times* goes to show:

"In Glastenbury, on Monday, Martin Harrison, a workman in the mill of the Nahog Satinet Company, voted (as we are informed) the Democratic ticket.—For thus daring to exercise his rights as a freeman, he was promptly told by the agent of the Company, Mr. Glazier, that his services would not be required any longer. It was soon afterwards ascertained, however, that Glastenbury had elected but one representative, and that there was a *tie vote* on the other.—Mr. Harrison was accordingly told that perhaps he had better remain in the mill a little longer—that his removal was not fully decided upon. He took the hint, and voted, next day, the Republican ticket—and he is now reinstated in the good graces of the management of that concern, and not likely to be removed. The removal of Mr. Nettleton, an overseer in the prison at Wethersfield, for daring to vote the Democratic ticket, goes very well with such an act as this. Let us see—what party was it that lately lamented so loudly over what was called the stifling of free opinion in Kansas?"

Commissioners to Revise the Penal Code.

Under an act passed at the late session of the Legislature, Governor PACKER has appointed ex-chief Justice ELLIS LEWIS, JOHN C. KNOX, Attorney General, and CHARLES R. BUCKALEW, Commissioners to revise the penal code of the State, and laws relating to corporations and their taxation. These nominations were unanimously confirmed by the Senate. They are certainly unexceptionable. We agree with the Harrisburg Patriot and Union, that the Governor could not have selected three men more abundantly qualified for the important duties devolving upon them. Judge LEWIS is a profound jurist and an eminent criminal lawyer. Judge KNOX is only second to him in years and experience. Mr. BUCKALEW is one of the clearest thinkers in the State, and he possesses the very important qualification of being thoroughly familiar with the laws relating to corporations and their taxation, which will enable him to suggest some clear and uniform system in place of the intricate, uneven and discrepent mass of laws which now govern this important subject. The commissioners are to report to the next Legislature.

Pythagoras.

In mathematical and astronomical science, and in the usefulness of his inventions, Pythagoras excelled all the philosophers of antiquity. He invented the multiplication table; he discovered that the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right angles, and that the square of the hypothenuse equals the square of the legs; he taught that the universe consists of four general elements; that the sun is in the centre of our system; that the earth revolves around the sun; that the moon reflects the solar light; that the milky way consists of a multitude of stars; that the distances of the planets are in harmonious proportion; and he was the first to discover that Venus is the morning and evening star; and he was an advocate of temperance and opposed to war.

☞Says a Boston paper:—We published an account, the other day, of a letter of Rufus Choate's puzzling the Massachusetts Senate; but another writer states that one of his Chancery bills was presented to Harvard College as a Thibetian manuscript, and was very carefully preserved until the Oriental Professor one day made out the word "aforesaid." His letters are so much alike that no man can tell them apart, and to this slight defect he adds numerous flourishes, which might be supposed to be letters. He can read his own writing any time within a month, but after that he is puzzled himself. Three of his law-clerks have died from over-anxiety, in attempting to translate his documents.

Operations of the U. S. Mint.—The coinage of the United States Mint in Philadelphia for the month of April, was $1,006,920 in gold, principally in double eagles; $354,000 in silver, wholly in half and quarter dollar pieces, and $13,000 in cents.

"That Bridge."—The statement in a Harrisburg paper that a bridge had been burned on the Northern Central Railroad a few nights ago, is incorrect. No bridge on that road has suffered such, or any other, disaster.

☞"You have considerable floating population in this village, havn't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply, "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

☞"I wish," said an anxious ma to her careless son, "I wish you would pay a little attention to your arithmetic." "Well, I do," was the reply, "I pay as little attention to it as possible."

☞The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

☞There is in Sweden a Ladies' Bible Society which presents a copy of the Bible to every newly married couple.

Rejoicing in Washington.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, May 2.

Demonstration on the Passage of the Kansas Bill—Serenade, &c., to and Speech of the President and Others.

The triumph of the great National party on the Kansas question, has been the theme of exultation since the vote was heralded from the halls of Congress. Between the hours of nine and ten last evening, the marine band, drawn in a car by four fine steeds, proceeded to the Executive mansion, and the object being anticipated, they were followed by several hundred people. Upwards of two thousand persons, including many ladies, were thus congregated in front of the house. The ceremonies were commenced with the national anthem, "Hail Columbia," which was followed with three hearty cheers for "*the President of the United States.*" The President soon appeared at a window, evidently in fine health and spirits, and in eloquent terms acknowledged the compliment.

Mr. Buchanan said he had long been acquainted with Washington—intimate with his fellow citizens of this city for a longer period than many of those present had lived. He had never received anything but kindness and good will from the population of this District. He thanked them that the kindness which their fathers had extended towards him survives in the breasts of their children. The President hoped that if he should live to return to his quiet home he should carry with him their affectionate regard, which he shall endeavor to deserve. This is a great occasion, said he, on which they had assembled. It is far above men. The best interests of the country were involved in the long contest which has so happily terminated. The President hoped and believed that the result will promote the peace and prosperity of our glorious Union; and of all the people on the surface of the earth, the people of Washington are the most interested in preserving the unity of interests, which has rendered us glorious abroad and successful and prosperous at home. The President did not think it would be becoming for him to enter into any discussion of the great question which has so happily terminated. He would, therefore, conclude by repeating how heartily he felt their kindness, and how gratefully he should ever remember it to the last period of his existence.

During the delivery of this address the President was frequently cheered with enthusiasm, whilst every one seemed impressed with a spirit of veneration for the chief magistrate.

The President retired from the window but soon returned and, in fine humor, remarked that there several gentlemen with him. He did not know whether his friend Toombs would be willing to speak or not. Senator Toombs was then loudly called for and addressed the assemblage in a strain of patriotic power and eloquence. He was followed by Senator Gwin, Hon. Mr. Clay, Hon. Mr. Letcher and the Hon. Mr. Stevenson, of the House of Representatives, who, following up the great theme of the occasion, received long and rapturous applause from the assemblage.

From the President's house the multitude proceeded to the residence of ex-Gov. Wm. Bigler; then to those of the Hon. J. Glancy Jones, Hon. Senator Green, Hon. Wm. H. English and Hon. A. G. Brown, at all of which the music poured forth patriotic strains, and each of the gentlemen acknowledged the honor in terms of glowing eloquence—expressing their views on the national blessings which must result from the settlement of the long vexed question. During these enthusiastic exercises, a corps of cannoniers from several points of the city sounded forth the exultation from the cannon's mouth. Altogether this was a brilliant and successful demonstration of its sort, all rejoicing over the indications of a speedy reunion of the great national party and those who have entertained views antagonistic to the national administration on the one subject in question.

☞At Chicago, Ill., on Friday week, Mrs. Brown, who has long suffered with illness, apparently died, all pulsation having ceased, and features and body having every appearance of dissolution. The usual formalities were observed, and the woman placed in a coffin; and one of the girls visiting the body shortly after, and sobbing loudly, the corpse moved, and the eyes opened and stared wildly. A scene followed; the girl screamed and fainted, and momentary consternation seized the household. This, of course, was soon overcome and Mrs. Brown removed from her rather embarrassing position, and she is now doing well.

The Rabbit Trade in Belgium.—It is almost incredible to what a degree of importance this branch of trade has attained in Flanders within the last six or seven years. There are fifty thousand skinned carcasses of these animals exported weekly to England—more than two and a half millions annually—where they find a ready market as an article of food, while it is difficult to sell them in Flanders at twenty-five cents a piece.

The preparation and coloring of skins gives employment, in Ghent alone, to more than two thousand workmen, and, since the business sprung up a few years ago, the export of these skins to America, France and Russia, has become very considerable.

☞Michael Naughton, aged 13, stabbed and killed J. Callahan, Jr., on Friday week, in Albany.

From the New York Courier.

We have thus far entirely refrained from criticising the conduct of Col. Forney in opposing the policy of President [illegible] done so, because [illegible] that he [illegible] democratic party, [illegible] nies for its [illegible] er, has proved to us that [illegible] taken, and that those who [illegible] of his opposition to the T[illegible] ned him to be untrue to [illegible] were indeed, correct. A[illegible] quir[illegible] no extraordinary sharpness [illegible] sion to detect the latent poison which runs through the Colonel's speeches and editorials, and which he fondly supposes will be a fatal dose to the party whose principles he professes to cherish. In the beginning of his outbreak against the President, and for some time after, the deadly venom with which his [illegible] would drug the cup of the Democracy, was unseen beneath the specious glitter of patriotic sentences, but now it flows, black and disgusting, on the surface of every speech he utters and every article he writes. A few months ago he still professed to have unabated confidence in the integrity and wisdom of Mr. Buchanan, but now, he believes him a despot whose "Reign of Terror" makes the pure Forney shriek with affright at its horrors! His black treachery and bitter hostility to the party which he has hitherto professed to act with, becomes more apparent day by day. It is evident now that he is ready to join hand in hand with the fanatical enemies of the Union, and to fight shoulder to shoulder, with the unrelenting foes of the Constitution. He is not afraid or ashamed to be found fighting under the pirate flag of Black Republicanism. He is willing and eager to join the men whom he has, time and again, denounced as enemies most dangerous to the welfare of the country; with them, and at their bidding, to strike his treacherous blade to the heart's core of the party which nurtured him in its arms. If people doubt this, let them read the speech delivered by the valiant Colonel at Pittsburg, a short time ago. In that speech he declared that "a union with the Black Republicans, as they were courteously termed, had no terrors for him, when, for the furtherance of a great principle, such as coalition was necessary;" and that he "repudiated the platform of the late State Convention, with contempt and disgust, so far as Kansas is concerned; and, further, he repudiated William A. Porter, if he put himself on that platform." It would hardly seem necessary to add any more evidence to this to prove the apostacy of Forney, but to show that he is not only beyond the pale of Democracy, but that he even regrets that the "Popular Sovereignty" for which he is so great a stickler, ever was made an issue in politics, we quote another passage from his Pittsburg speech:

"In Pennsylvania the hosts met" (in the Presidential contest in 1856;) "here the battle was fought and the victory was won. How was it won?—*Because Mr. Buchanan had maintained a modest silence with regard to Kansas, and was in favor of the extension of the Missouri Compromise, which had been ruthlessly wiped out in 1854!*"

So Mr. Buchanan was elected President because he was in favor of the extension of the Missouri Compromise!—And it was a *ruthless* deed to establish the principle that the "people of the Territories shall form their own institutions in their own way!" Who but the most reckless and unblushing falsifier would dare to assert the former? Who but the blackest Black Republican could give utterance to the latter?—And yet John W. Forney spits such insults as these in the face of the Democracy, while he claims to be a Democrat and the especial defender of the principle which he would have us believe was so "ruthlessly" established. Well might the outraged Democracy say to this apostate,

"Thou wear'st a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

The redoubtable Colonel talks about a union with the Black Republicans for the sake of furthering a great principle! What great principle? That of Popular Sovereignty? Surely, Colonel, you would not expect the bitterest enemies which that principle has in the world to help maintain it! You would not hope for aid to that doctrine from those who have ever trampled it under foot! We submit to you, now, whether the late Democratic State Convention was not more friendly to Popular Sovereignty than ever the Black Republicans have been, and whether, for that reason, you should not as a friend of that principle, accept the platform of that Convention rather than consort with your old enemies, whose creed ignores the said principle altogether!

When Col. Forney was editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, he held that politicians were known by their company. In a strong editorial on the subject of Free-Soilism, he wrote as follows:

"*If any Democrat, who inclines to the Free Soil illusion, denies that the tendencies of that organization are precisely as we have described them, we refer him to* THE COMPANY IN WHICH THAT ORGANIZATION WOULD PLACE HIM, IF HE TOOK PART IN IT; *and to the* NOTORIOUS OBJECTS *of those who have been placed, by irresistible circumstances, at the head.* 'SHOW ME YOUR COMPANY,' says the adage, 'AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU ARE;' *and never was it so true as in the case of those who lead and instigate the Free Soil crusade against the Constitution and the Union.*"

Aye, "show us your company," Col. Forney, "and we'll tell you what you are." You taught us to believe this saying, and you cannot now complain if we apply it to yourself. You cannot complain if we say, that because your present company is composed of such men as Seward, Hale, Giddings, Giddings, and others of that ilk, you are a Black Republican, an enemy to the Democratic party, and, by your own showing, a foe to the best interests of our country.

Too Late.—Two slaves were sentenced to be hung in Columbus county, N. C., Friday week, but early in the morning the Governor granted a respite to one of them, for one month. This was sent off by a locomotive express, but arrived just thirty minutes after the execution had taken place.

☞"Mr. Smith, you said you dined at the Columbia Hotel, did you not, and you foot your bill?"

"No, sir, but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."