

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, MAY 31, 1858.

NO. 36.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.
This Journal is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid strictly in advance—\$3.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job printing done with accuracy and dispatch, and at moderate prices.
Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tanning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House—'Compiler' on the sign.

New Goods.
IN HEIDELBERG—P. A. & G. F. ECKENRODE have just returned from the eastern cities with a large stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, and all kinds of Hardware kept in country stores. They have splendid articles of Sugar for 7, 8 and 9 cents, and Molasses in proportion. They have on hand also a large assortment of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., the latter articles all being kept up stairs, as they are not room below in the store.
All goods bought of them in the Men's Wear line will be cut free of charge. Tailoring done with neatness, durability and dispatch, by J. A. Breiher, Tailor. Goods bought elsewhere will be cut or made up at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
P. A. & G. F. ECKENRODE.
Heidelberg, April 26, 1858.

The 500 People.
WHO bought their Winter Clothing from FRANKLIN B. PICKING, are all coming back, and bringing with them their friends and acquaintances, to examine his NINE assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, just received at the Clothing establishment in Chambersburg street, opposite the Lutheran Church. They will have the cheapest and best assortment of Goods to select from ever brought to Gettysburg. They will find every style of Summer Coats, Pantalons, Vests, Baglan Coats of every quality, French Coats of Italian Tweed, Cashmeres, Linen, Check, Buck Coats, &c., Pants of black and fancy Casimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Linen, Duck, Cotton, &c.
FRANKLIN B. PICKING.
April 26, 1858.

Clear the Way.
FOR THE NEW FIRM—No. 1, 2 and 3 Riding and Wagon Saddles, Trotting, Buggy and Carriage Harness, Buggy, Carriage, Mule, Hair, Ticking and common Collars. Riding and Driving Bridles, Martingales, Hitters, Horse Covers and Fly Nets of all descriptions. Whips, &c., just received and for sale at astonishingly low, at BRINGMAN & CULP'S, sign of the "BIG BOOT," Chambersburg street.
May 10, 1858.

Spring Millinery.
MISS McCREARY has just returned from the city, and is now opening a beautiful assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods, of the latest styles, which she will sell at the lowest cash prices, and which she invites the ladies to call and examine.
Milliners who wish to buy Goods to sell again, will find much to their advantage in giving her a call, as she keeps none but the most fashionable goods.
April 19, 1858. 3m

Removal.
THE subscriber has removed his Plough and Machine Shop from the corner building in Railroad street, opposite Tate's Blacksmith shop, back of the Eagle Hotel, where he is better prepared than ever to attend to customers. Ploughs always on hand and made to order at the shortest notice, and Machines, Reapers, &c. repaired. Also he will attend to cleaning and repairing Clocks.
May 10.
DAVID WARREN.

UMBRELLAS and Canes of every variety and price, at BRINGMAN & CULP'S.

PARASOLS—Latest Styles, at Miss McCreeary's.

ORANGES, Lemons, Raisins, Dates, Figs, Cocoanuts—all kinds of Candies and Nuts, at Norbeck & Morris's.

GROCERIES—Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, and all kinds of Spices, and every article in the grocery line, cheap and good at the new Dry Good and Grocery Store of J. C. GUINN & BRO.

ALL kinds of Cedar and Willow-ware, for sale low by GILLESPIE & THOMAS.

GROCERIES—If you want a good assortment of Groceries, such as Syrup, Molasses, Sugar and Coffee, you will do well by examining the assortment at H. S. & E. H. MINNIGHS.

QUEENSWARE—Persons wishing to purchase Queensware will do well by examining the large and well selected assortment at H. S. & E. H. MINNIGHS.

STOVE-PIPE of all sizes made to order at BUEHLER'S, in Chambersburg street.

FLOUR & FEED for sale by GILLESPIE & THOMAS.

MILLINERY—Miss LOUISA KATE LITTLE wishes to inform the ladies of town and country, that she is now prepared to receive Millinery in all its branches, in West Middle street, a few doors from Mr. George Little's store. Work done cheaper than elsewhere in town. Please call and see. [Apr. 21, '58.]

THE attention of the Ladies is especially invited to the large and well selected assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes and Gaiters, at PATTON & McLENNY'S.

MANTILLAS—Cheap and fashionable, at Miss McCreeary's.

THE attention of the Ladies is directed to the large and splendid assortment of new Spring and Summer Goods, such as Delance, Lawns, Duval Chiff, Gingham, domestic and fine, Shawls, Bonnets, &c., at J. C. GUINN & BRO'S.

RICH EMBROIDERIES—A large and beautiful assortment of rich French worked Collars, and many other new and seasonable goods, just received and for sale at low prices at H. S. & E. H. MINNIGHS.

SILVER—A fine lot of Silver Spoons and Silver Forks, as low as city prices, now to be had at SCHLICK'S. Call soon, as they sell rapidly.

MISS McCREARY has just returned from the city with a fresh assortment of Neapolitan, English Straw and Colored Straw Bonnets. Call and see them.

EMBROIDERIES—Very cheap, at Miss McCreeary's.

CIGARS & TOBACCO—A large supply of all kinds, just received at J. C. GUINN & BRO'S.

SHIRTS, Collars and Bosoms, wool and cotton Under-Shirts and Drawers, Hosiery, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Umbrellas and Walking Canes—not to be beat in quality or price. Call at SAMSON'S.

2,000 PAGES of Wall Paper just received and for sale at April 5. PATTON & McLENNY'S.

The Poet's Corner.

The Love Knot.
BY ROSA FREY.
Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven tresses in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair.
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.
They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wild wind came blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls in a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.
And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl.
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.
Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.
Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he gladly held her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?
Oh, Elery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you brought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What a perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

Select Miscellany.

Old Psalm Tunes.
There is to us no more touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, more feeling displayed in some of the old Psalm tunes than in the whole batch of modern ones.—The strains go home, and the "fountain of the great deep is broken up"—the great deep of unfeeling feeling that lies far, far below the world-hardened heart—and as the unwonted yet checkered tears stand in the eye, the softened spirits yield to their influence, and shake off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind, "like the far off dream of paradise," mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of a still subdued and more cheerful character. How many glad-hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sighed out their complaints in these plaintive notes, that steal softly yet sweetly on the ear, hearts that now cold in death are laid to rest around the sacred fane, within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion.—Blackwood.

A Contrast.
Here is an illustration of "the difference between two cases." As Lorenzo Dow would say: "You enter the church porch. The portly sexton, with his thumbs in the armbolts of his vest, meets you at the door. He glances at you—your hat and coat are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Closely behind you follows a poor, meek, plainly-clad seamstress, reprieved from her tread mill rounds, to think, one day out of seven, of the Immortal. The sexton is struck with sudden blindness! She stands embarrassed one moment, then, as the truth dawns upon her, retraces her steps, and, with a crimson blush, re-crosses the threshold which she has profaned with her plebeian feet. Hark to the organ! It is a strain from "Norma" Sabbathised. Now the worshippers, one after another, glide in; silks rustle—plumes wave—satins glisten—diamonds sparkle, and scores of forty-dollar handkerchiefs shake out their perfumed odors. What an absurdity to preach the Gospel of the lowly Nazarene to such a set.

Influence of the Atmosphere.
The air which for about forty miles surrounds our earth has a definite weight; and although we can neither see nor feel it, we are conscious of its presence by the momentary operation of breathing. The weight of a column of air one inch square, and forty miles high, is about fifteen pounds. The reason why we are not crushed down by this enormous weight is, because we are surrounded on all sides by it, and as the pressure of weight is equal all around, it becomes, as far as we are personally concerned, insensible.
That the air does exert a definite pressure, in consequence of its weight, may be easily proved by any one with a tumbler and a sheet of paper. Fill a tumbler quite full of water, and carefully draw over its top a sheet of clean letter paper, and be careful to see that there are no bubbles of air in the water; place your hand over the paper while inverting it, and when the glass is full downwards the water will be kept in, until the paper becomes wet through. The air pressing against the mouth of the tumbler as of greater weight than the contained water, and so until some air can get in, to supply the place of the water, it cannot fall out.
A man in Kentucky killed a cow a few days since, in whose stomach were found a large brass ring, a tin can, a tin basin, and a quantity of broken tin. The tin basin had probably followed the milk maid.

Funeral of a United States Senator.

The Washington correspondent of the Harrisburg Patriot and Union gives the following description of the manner of conducting the funeral of a United States Senator, in connection with the death of the Hon. Josiah J. Evans, Senator from South Carolina. It will be read with interest.
When one dies, an informal meeting of the body of which he was a member, appoints a committee of arrangements and pall-bearers. The day after his decease or the day after that, his death is announced in the Senate by his colleague from the same State, accompanied by a short eulogy, and eulogies are also passed upon his memory by other Senators who were intimate with him, and, also, by some, who were politically opposed to him, on the ground of personal regard. For it is very common to find those who are most opposed to each other politically, very warm friends personally. Resolutions to attend the funeral and to wear mourning badges for 30 days are adopted, and a copy sent to the House, where eulogies are also passed. Notices are sent to the President, Heads of Departments, Judges of the Supreme Court, and the Foreign Ministers, of the time and place of the funeral service. The corpse is brought in a coffin to the capital an hour or two before the funeral services commence, and is placed in a room contiguous to the Senate chamber, the committee of arrangements, pall-bearers, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and the mourners accompanying it from the lodgings of the deceased to the capitol. At the time appointed, the President enters, the Sergeant-at-Arms calls out "The President of the United States," and every body present rises to his feet and remains standing until he and his Cabinet take the seats assigned to them. The Foreign Ministers and their attaches usually come in a body and take seats assigned them also. The Speaker and members and officers of the House are also announced on their arrival at the Senate door. The Speaker takes a seat on the left of the President of the Senate, and the members take seats in the lobby. The corpse is then brought into the Senate chamber and the chaplain preaches a funeral sermon. The Vice President, Secretary, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, all wear white sashes and the pall-bearers black sashes. After the sermon is over the procession moves to the eastern portico of the capitol, where hacks employed for the purpose, are in waiting to convey them to the Congressional burying-ground.—The Doorkeeper, or one of the Clerks, announces the order of leaving the Senate chamber, which is as follows: The officiating Chaplain, physicians of the deceased, Senators and Representatives from the State represented by the deceased, as mourners. Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Vice President and Secretary of the Senate, Members of the Senate, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, Speaker and Clerk of the House, Members of the House, President of the United States, Chief and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court and its officers, Diplomats, ex- Judges of the United States, Officers of the Executive Department, Officers of the Army and Navy, Mayor of the city of Washington, citizens and strangers. Some 200 hacks are usually employed, and paid at the rate of \$2 for the occasion. After the services at the grave are over, they usually put the corpse in a vault before its final interment, the members return to their respective halls and adjourn. There is always a surplus of hacks for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen who desire to form a part of the procession. The President, Heads of Departments and Foreign Ministers, generally go in their own carriages. The procession breaks up immediately after the interment, and carriages on their return are driven at a rapid rate to the respective abodes of those occupying them. The hacks are required to take their occupants to any part of the city they choose, free of charge.

Preserving Flowers.—Our fair readers, all of whom we know love flowers—the season of which is now at hand—will be interested in the following manner of preserving them from wilting, which a contemporary assures us is highly successful. The plan is this: Procure a flat dish of porcelain, into which pour water; place upon a vase of flowers, and over the vase a bell-glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell-glass, is constantly moist with water, that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the sides of the bell-glass, so as to prevent its evaporating into the air of the sitting room; the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated the "Hopean Apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rose-bud in a saucer of water.

The Great Earthquake at Naples.—The official Journal of the Two Sicilies publishes a complete list of all the victims of the earthquake at Naples of December 15, 1857. The total number of dead amounts to 9,350, and the wounded to 1,268. It appears that the number of dead has greatly exceeded that of the persons more or less seriously injured.

A man in Kentucky killed a cow a few days since, in whose stomach were found a large brass ring, a tin can, a tin basin, and a quantity of broken tin. The tin basin had probably followed the milk maid.

A house painter painted a door so exactly like a imitation of oak, that last year it was for a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

A Great Wag.

Judge Dooly, an eminent jurist in Georgia, forty years ago, was a great wag as well as a great judge—witty as well as wise. His gravity gave effect even to his jokes, and these were more frequent than his decisions. One of his fancies was to take people down who were in the habit of exaggeration. The way he used up Austin Edwards, keeper of the hotel at Elberton, is a caution to all story-tellers, of whom Austin was the prince. He always told the truth, and more.
"It was natural," he said; "he liked uncommon things better than common ones; 'twas a heap more amusin' anyhow."
One morning at the breakfast table, this long-hoed landlord had been relating one of his extraordinary yarns, and Judge Dooly, being at the hotel and listening to the story, sat in solemn silence till it was over, and then remarked that he had an awful dream in the night, and was very much depressed this morning. The landlord was a wake in a moment, and begged the judge, if it would be no violence to his feelings, to relate the dream, as all would like to hear it. The judge still declined, as it might hurt the feelings of others.
"O, do tell it, judge—we must have it!" urged the landlord; and the company joining in, the judge proceeded as if he were about to sentence a criminal to be hung:
"Well, I dreamed last night that two lawyers and myself had retired to a private room to divide among us a fee received from a hard case which had been carried through with a mighty deal of lying on all hands. While we were settling the division, in steps the devil, who, without any formality, said he had come for us—we had told lies enough, and if he left us any longer we might repent, and so he would lose us. We did our best to persuade him to let us off, but he was inexorable, till at last I ventured to ask him if he would take a substitute.
"Whom do you offer?" he asked.
"Austin Edwards," said I, "keeper of the Elberton Hotel."
"Good! he'll do," said he, "send him along. I'll take him for all three of you."
The table was in a roar, and the landlord was cured, for a time at least, of his habit of overdrawn. He passed away a few years since, and Judge Dooly is gone too, and there is no harm now in telling the story.

Trusting to Providence.
One of these stiff-necked puritanical missionaries, who sometimes wander away "down south" and take sky chances of endeavoring to enlighten the benighted darkness of that region, was riding along one Sunday morning in the neighborhood of a wealthy planter's negro quarters, when to his horror, he spied Cudjoo hitching a small potato patch. Stopping his horse at the fence, he addressed him thus:
"My poor unfortunate colored brother, is it possible your cruel master compels you to labor on the Lord's holy day?"
"Oh, no, massa stranger; my mas'ter good man; he gib nigger far chance; gib him garden for himself. Dis all mine!" looking around with importance upon his little property.
"Worse and worse!" exclaimed the other rolling up his eyes. "The ignorance of Egyptian bondage! Has he never taught you the sinfulness of working on the Sabbath?"
"Well you see massa stranger, I nebber know 'fore 'twas sin for nigger hoo his own 'laters Sunday," said Cudjoo, scratching his head.
"A great sin, my colored brother; how can you expect the Lord to bless you, if you thus break his commandments?"
"What nigger gwine to do for 'laters den?" asked Cudjoo, somewhat puzzled.
"Trust to Providence, my unfortunate friend."
"Dar! dar! you done made mistake dat time, massa stranger. Dat Providence is de lazest nigger on dis plantation; he don't ebber hoo his own 'tater patch. Yah! yah! yah! Providence, eh?"

The missionary rode off in disgust, the more promptly, perhaps, that just then he espied some gentlemen coming down the road whom he did not dare to have see him tampering with the negro.

A couple of idle fellows strolled into the colored church at Highspire, a few evenings since, to enjoy the fun; but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked around on the congregation: "Broaden," says he at length, "May de Lor hab mercy on all de scoffers." (Long pause.) "May de Lor hab mercy on delanghers." (Solemn pause.) "May de Lor hab mercy on de two pea-nut enters down by de door." The two young men did not wait for the benediction.—Harrisburg Herald.

Those who depend on the merits of their ancestors may be said to search in the roots of the tree for those fruits which the branches should produce.

A chap sought shelter of a Boston officer:—You see, Cap'n, first my father died, and my mother married again, and then my mother died and my father married again, and somehow or other I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home nor nothing.

Father, how many days are there in 45587?—said a young hussar to his paternal superior. "4 by 365, of course," was the reply. "So there an'; forty of 'em are 'ere."

Nest People.

A traveller "out west" gives the following as his experience of nestness, which is rather good:
We always did like nest people. We always cherish a kind of tender feeling for all nest women. But we never were really "struck" with one until last week, and the way of it was this: We were "out west" a few miles and got belated; looked for a place to stay over night; found a cabin; asked if we could be accommodated, and a tall woman, with freckled face, red hair, buffalo skin moccasins, buckskin dress, and a baby, said "she tekoned we mont."
"We got off our horses, hitched them to a cotton wood corn crib and went in. We asked for supper. We got some bacon, molasses, boiled pumpkins and corn dodgers. We ate heartily.
After trial was passed the woman said to the oldest girl: "Now, Duddy Jane, you have just got to keep that old slut and them ore pups from sleeping in this ere, megal box any longer. In makin' this 'stragor's' corn bread I was just naturally pestered to death pickin' the small hairs and dead fleas out of it, that came off from them pesky dogs; and if they sleep in it a week it won't be fit to use."
We were in love with the woman on account of her neatness. And that evening we laid down upon the rough hewn floor and had pleasant dreams. Ghostly fogs were hopping about thro' our corporal diversities, and spectro sluts, with gobbie paps, danced before us in boxes of uncharitably maul during the live-long night; and our great grandfather sat straddle of us six hours, and with a ramrod to a six pound cannon, staffed cords of that neatly prepared corn dodger down our unwilling throat, and whistled all the time for the dogs, while the baby and its tidy mother sat by and wept for the departing life-cake. We like neatness.

Beat Him at His Own Game.
"Dad," said a young hopeful the other day, "how many fowls are there on this table?"
"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of newly roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two."
"Two?" replied the smart boy; "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."
"Three?" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man; "I'd like to see you prove it."
"Easily done, sir: easily done. Ain't that one?" said the smart boy, laying his knife on the first, "and ain't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?"
"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was stupefied at the immense learning of the son; "really, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

Bunyan's Flute.—The flute with which John Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours is now in possession of Mr. Howell, tailor, Gaithersburg, England. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool—out of which it is said that Bunyan whittled in prison manufactured it. When the turkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the harmony, the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.—Virginia Sentinel.

In Cincinnati a man between forty and fifty years of age has four short fingers on each hand reaching about to the first joint of a finger of usual length; and this physical deformity can be traced back through various members of his family for a period of one hundred and eighty years. Another singular feature is the fact that but a part of the children of each generation have been similarly afflicted—some of them having as perfect hands and fingers as the generality of persons.

We read a story in the papers, how a German pastor, once on a time, was to have his wine cask replenished by each of his parishioners bringing him a bottle of white wine, and emptying them therein. The appointed day arrived, when lo! and behold, instead of wine, each one brought a bottle of water, to replenish the cask! Each one thought that his remissness would not be noticed, and one bottle of water would not injure the cask of wine.

This appears to be human nature, and it holds good in paying for newspapers. One man says: "My dollar will not make any difference if all the rest pay," and so many being of the same mind, a large portion of the subscribers do not pay up.—Baltimore Quasi Advocate.

There is nothing worth having that is not difficult. My life, and, I suppose, the life of every man who has worked with hand or head, has been one long contact with difficulties, and none of us would be the men we now are, if we had tamely allowed difficulties to conquer us.—Sir W. Bulwer Lytton.

The Wisconsin Legislature is about to abolish the death penalty.

A Mule Bewitched.

The popular idea seems to be that the long-eared tribe have been deprived of the power of speech since the days of Balaam, but we had this morning ocular and auricular proof of the fallacy of this belief. As we were coming down Broad street, we noticed a little this side of the Planter's Hotel, a crowd collected around the wagon of a countryman, and we stepped up to learn, if possible, the cause of the excitement.
The wagon was drawn by a couple of mules—one of them a rather bad looking specimen who seemed to hail from a region where corn and oats were rarities—the other decidedly better looking and giving unmistakable evidence, we thought, of having been better fed. The wagon was loaded with that delightful esculent so popular in the South—sweet potatoes. Prominent in the crowd we noticed a little black-eyed, gray-haired man, who was busily engaged when we came up in negotiating a trade for one of the mules—and strange to say for the poorest looking one.
"Now, my friend," said the little man, "I want this mule—I have a frigate match for him, and want to make out the pair. How old is he?"
"Five years last spring," promptly replied the countryman.
"Golly! what a lie!" cried the mule, pricking up his ears.
Country started—the crowd looked frightened—and one or two colored gentlemen incontinently fled, as if the devil were of the party.
"Who—was that?" asked the dealer in potatoes at length, having somewhat recovered his voice and senses.
"Why me?" promptly responded the mule. "What are you lying about?—You know you have had me over fifteen years."
"There, my friend," said the little man, "your mule contradicts you—and he ought to know his own age."
"I'll be damned if I know what to make of you or the mule," exclaimed the countryman, "I know he's only five years old, for I raised him myself."
"There, you lie again," said the mule.
"Take that," exclaimed the infuriated owner, forgetting his fear for the moment, and striking the poor animal over the mouth.
"Don't do that again," said the mule, "or I'll kick you."
The countryman's eyes almost popped out of his head, and there is no telling what would have been the result, had not some one arrived who recognized the little man as Signor Blitz, the well known magician and ventriloquist—which explained the mystery and relieved the countryman.—Augusta Dispatch.

You May Do So Again.
The following embraces an exquisite lesson on gentility:
A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down east, last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent play, he carelessly placed his arm around the slender waist of a pretty damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed:
"Be gone, sir! don't insult me!"
The gentleman instantly apologized for his seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.
"No," she replied, archly, "Well, if you didn't, you may do so again."

**A romantic young lady fell the other day into the river and was near drowning, but after being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family she must marry him who had saved her.
"Impossible," said her papa.
"What, is he already married?"
"No."
"Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in the neighborhood?"
"Dear me, no—it was the Newfoundland dog."**

The Plea of Insanity.—A negro in Louisville broke open a box belonging to a comrade, containing three silver dollars, and stole them. The comrade, having been straggled for the theft, the usual plea of insanity was urged, the counsel declaring that no sane man would take one and leave two dollars behind. Whereupon the coffee who was robbed, exclaimed with great emphasis: "Massa, I tell you that nigger ain't crazy; he broke my box open and took de dollar out. Now, if he had broke de box open and put a dollar in, den I'd say he's crazy." His argument was conclusive and the thief was sent up.

A Quaker had his broad brimmed hat blown off by the wind, and he chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal. At last seeing a roguish looking boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him, "Is thea a profano lad?" The youngster replied that he did a little that way. "Then," said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "thea may damn yonder fooling tie fifty cents worth."

With an effort to know the right, and a conscientious desire to do it, there is less danger of doing wrong than many persons imagine.—Life Lessons.

"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you ever be so patient to tell the blackhead that thing 'twas true times over?' " "Why," said she, "if I had told him but nineteen, I should have told off my little heart."

What is the difference between a ship and a boat?—The boat has a rudder and the ship says so.

The Opposition.
Near this Opposition, by the official of the Kansas matter, has given something of a quietus to the agitation of this question, the opposition papers declaring, with the exception of those in whom it is known to be a political disturbance, and on the part of Miller's doctrine, are calling on extending themselves with their annual amusement of prognosticating the dissolution and utter annihilation of the rock Democracy, on which all the Know Nothing, anti-Foreign, anti-Catholic crafts, taken with candidates for the Presidency, were conscientiously founded on their way to Fort Washington. Once a year dogs are liable to go mad. The opposition get at least funny about twice a year. Can it be in the "moon's effect upon our planet" or may it be "in the star under which they were born"? But these are philosophical questions beyond our depth.

With the hope of seducing from the Democratic ranks, a few whose political faith is not supposed to be of the most abiding kind, they are obstreperously favorable to that "good old Democratic doctrine," Popular Sovereignty. What prospects of success attend them through the various attitudes of this new dodge, we are not able to say; but their professions of devotion now, to a measure which a year ago they despised as infamous, and nearly scorned as treason, and which, counting on the whole, an exhibition of the coolest impudence and most amazing presumption that it has ever boot our fortune to witness—admission free.

It is charged that men will steal the liver of heaven to serve the devil. Be that as it may, Black Republicanism has stolen, and now unblushingly wears the liver of Democracy to serve Abolitionism in; but it fits the old wench so badly, that, as with the one in the table, it will not cover the peculiar developments of the wearer, with the difference only, that in the case of the one the ears stuck out, here it is the heels that protrude.—Carlisle Democrat.

The Nuts Cracked.
Will the Locomotives in this city, who are so glib in asserting that "Locomotion had nothing to do" with the late municipal election, explain the significant fact that Mr. Charles Worrall, the worthy Democratic candidate for Receiver of Taxes, far far ahead of his fellows on the ticket; the vote received by his opponent, Mr. Flower, being eighteen hundred and fifteen less than that given for Mr. Henry—Bonyon's Press.
A few facts will crack this Black Republican nut. In the first place, it is not true that Mr. HENRY received 1,815 more than Mr. FLOWER. The official returns show on the contrary that the difference was only 924 votes. Then again, Mr. WORRALL did not run far ahead of all his fellows on the ticket, as asserted by the Press. Both Mr. HANDELL and Mr. ELLIS received more votes than Mr. WORRALL, while the latter gentleman led Mr. CURRIE only 290 votes. The Press must be hard pushed for an argument when it will insert an article in one column which is flatly contradicted by the official returns in the next.—Pennysonian.

Who is Polk?—There is a curious fact connected with the list of members of Congress in "Niles's Register" for 1835. The list contains the full name of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee whose christian name could not be found out by the compiler; so he put his name down thus: Polk. Twenty years afterwards, this obscure gentleman, of whose identity there was so much question in 1835, was elected President of the United States.

The Philadelphia Evening Argus says: "National politics had nothing to do with the late election in Philadelphia so far as the Democratic party is concerned. We heartily wish that national politics had been permitted to have had something to do with the recent contest—a very different result would have been accomplished. We are not yet too old to learn wisdom by lessons of experience.

Distressing Affair.—Mr. Perkins, of the firm of Smith, Perkins & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., was among the killed by the rotten bridge accident on the New York Central Railroad. Mr. Smith the senior partner of the firm, was so severely shocked when told of the fate of his old friend and partner, as to become deranged in mind, and he was terminated in insanity, and he was Sunday conveyed to the Utica Asylum, a maniac.

Hear what the Harrisburg Herald says about a social recreation that prevails in other localities than the State capital: "One of the greatest evils that prevails at the present, or has prevailed at any other day, is the habit of gossiping, indulged in by every community. The troubles that arise from this practice are innumerable. Little things are made monstrous stories, hearts are broken, family ties sundered—all very generally because some persons in a thoughtless hour have failed to guard their tongues. What a pity that people are so prone to gossip about one another—to decry their neighbors' faults, while forgetting their own—to breed ill-feeling and unhappiness around them by their senseless gabble. We have seen so much of the effects of gossiping in our own community of late, that we are heartily sick with it. The most appropriate topic our ministers could discuss upon in their next sermons would be this one."

Mr. Wise, the astronomer, has gone to Washington, to experiment in balloon navigation for the Smithsonian Institute. He will send up a squadron of balloons, in the shape of a regiment, and will cut loose from a balloon when two miles high, (leaving the balloon in charge of a companion), and descend with a canvas air-conductor.

It is said that hoops made of sheet-iron constructed as to serve for tents, and in case of a shower, all that they will have to do will be to take down a spring, and in a moment the whole will be unrolled (like a mat) and a little house of sea-weed.