THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

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

41ST YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1858. NO. 7.

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.

Co-Partnership

NOTICE.—The undersigned have associated with them in the Lumber business, E. C. BENDER. They would therefore give notice that the business hereafter will be conducted under the firm of SMALL, BENDER & Co., and they hope, by strict attention to business and an earnest desire to please, to merit a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon them.

KILLIAN SMALL & CO.

Lumber Yard,

ON *North George Street, near the Railroad,* YORK, PA.

We would invite the attention of Mechanics, Builders, and others, to our large and well selected stock of *LUMBER*, consisting of every description of White Pine Boards and Plank, Joist, Scantling and Fencing. Also, Pine and Chesnut Shingles, Laths, Pickets, *Worked Flooring and Weatherboarding*, Siding, &c. We are prepared to CUT TO ORDER any size, quantity and quality of *WHITE PINE & OAK LUMBER*, at the shortest notice, and have it delivered to any point accessible by Railroad. We also manufacture and keep on hand a general assortment of

SASH, DOORS,

Shutters, Blinds, Window Frames and Door Frames.

☞ Orders for any sizes not on hand filled with dispatch.

☞ Our stock and assortment is equal to any others, and we are determined to sell at the lowest market prices.

☞ All orders and communications addressed to the undersigned, at York, Pa., will receive prompt attention.

SMALL, BENDER & CO.

York, May 24, 1858. 1y

Valuable Real Estate,

AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscribers, Executors of ABRAHAM SNYDER, deceased, offer at Private Sale, that

DESIRABLE FARM,

on which decedent resided upwards of twenty years, situate in Tyrone township, Adams county, adjoining lands of George Meckley, Heirs of Jacob Wolf, Anthony Deardorff, Samuel Deardorff, and David Hoover containing 202 ACRES, more or less with good proportions of Timber and Meadow. The improvements consist of a two-story Weatherboarded Dwelling HOUSE, Bank Barn, Wagon Shed and Corn Crib attached, Cooper Shop, and other out-buildings; 2 never-failing wells of water, one at the house, the other at the barn; and an excellent Apple ORCHARD, with a variety of other choice fruit. Conowago Creek runs through the Farm, and there are also two springs on the property. The fences, mostly of chesnut rails, are good, and the land is in a good state of cultivation, two-thirds of it having been limed. The property will be shown by Samuel Bollinger, residing thereon.

Also, A TRACT OF MOUNTAIN LAND, containing 7 acres, more or less, situate in Menallen township, Adams county, adjoining lands of George Meckley, Jacob Gulden, and others.

JOHN SNYDER,
FREDERICK HOLTZ,
Sept. 6, 1858. *Executors.*

☞ The sale notes given for personal property of said deceased are now due, and immediate payment is required. The notes are in the hands of F. Holtz.

For Sale,

CHEAP—Two Small Dwelling HOUSES and Lots, situate in Chambersburg street. Possession 1st of April next.

GEO. ARNOLD.

Gettysburg, Oct. 11, 1858. tf

This Way!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—J. C. GUINN & BROTHER have just returned from the East with a large and well selected stock of Goods ever offered in this market, all of which will be sold cheap, such as Delaines, Delaine Robes, Cashmeres, Coburg Cloths, Alapacas, Debaises, Ginghams, square and long Shawls, Blankets and Domestic Goods of all prices.—Men's Wear in great variety, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Jeans, blue, black, brown, and green Cloths; a large assortment of Vestings. Also, Groceries and Spices of every description, which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest. Give us a call. All we ask is to show the goods and we will be satisfied with the result. No trouble to show goods.

J. C. GUINN & BRO.

Oct. 11, 1858.

Cheap! Cheap!

MORE NEW GOODS!—JACOBS & BRO. have just returned from the city, with a verylarge assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Winter Goods, and everything else in the men's wear line. They also offer plain and fancy Shirts, Collars, silk and cotton Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, &c. Having bought unusually low, for the cash, they are enabled to sell CHEAPER THAN EVER—an excellent full cloth suit, made up, for $13, for instance. Give them a call, at their new establishment, in Chambersburg street, a few doors west of the Court-house, before purchasing elsewhere. [Oct. 11.

Fine Old Brandies.

THE subscribers, Importers and Dealers in *WINES & LIQUORS*, would most respectfully call the attention of purchasers to their Old Establishment, *No. 5 North Front Street, Philadelphia*, where they have a large assortment of Wines and Liquors of the choicest brands and qualities. Having made arrangements with some of the first houses in Cognac and Rochelle, enables them to furnish to their customers, upon the most liberal terms, the following brands of Cognac and Rochelle

BRANDIES: *Otard, Hennesy, Pellerson, Piset, Castillion*; J. J. Depuy & Co., T. Himes, A. Sergnette, Martel, Marett, &c. &c., of various brands and qualities.

WINES: *Champagne, Madeira, Lisbon, Old Oporto, Teneriffe, Burgundy, Hock, Muscat, Claret, Sherry, and Malaga Wines.*

Holland Gin, Scheidam Schnapps, Jamaica Spirits, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Peach, Apple, Blackberry, Cherry, Ginger, and Raspberry Brandies; Cordials, Wine Bitters, Amsterdam Bitters, &c.

Also, Agents and Sole Proprietors of the Old Wheat Whiskey. Constantly on hand an extensive stock of fine old Monongahela, Rye and Bourbon Whiskey, of various grades, some of which are guaranteed to be superior to any in the country, all of which are high-by improved by age.

From our long experience in the business, and a thorough knowledge of the tastes of the community, we flatter ourselves to be able to fill all orders that may be entrusted to us.

Orders from the country (which are most respectfully solicited) will be promptly attended to.

☞ Great care taken in packing and shipping.

☞ All goods sent from our establishment are guaranteed to give satisfaction, with the privilege of being returned.

E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO.,
No. 5 North Front St., Philadelphia.
March 22, 1858. 3m

FLOUR AND FEED for sale by
GILLESPIE & THOMAS.

The Poet's Corner.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

When the snow-flakes softly rattle
On the darkened window-pane,
And the night-winds moan and murmur
In a wild and fitful strain—
Oh, how welcome is the cheerful,
Brightly burning, ruddy light,
Glowing from the evening fire-side,
Glowing, sparkling, warm and bright.

How the mellow beams are dancing
On the ceiling in the hall,
E'en within the heart's dark corners
With a gentle glance they fall,
And in the clear and pleasant radiance,
As in waves of gold it plays,
Melts the soul that's filled with sadness,
Lights the eye with radiant rays.

Loved ones meet around the fire-side,
Through the dreary winter eve,
While the storm without is wildest,
Tales of other days to weave,
Songs that to the heart are dearest,
Breathed upon the hallowed air,
Voices gay in mirth are mingled,
"Household words" are sweetest there.

How the aged and the weary,
Look back to the happy hearth,
By whose merry light they started,
Ere they tasted aught but mirth.
Though the glow has long been faded,
Brighter than of yore it burns,
When the spirit, worn with wandering,
To that cherished vision turns.

Then when falling snow-flakes rattle,
On the darkened window pane,
Let us gather round the fire-side,
Heedless of the night-wind's reign.
And when Life's cold winter cometh,
'Mid the darkness and the storm,
We'll again, in Memory's chamber,
Meet around the fire-side warm.

The Story Book.

JOHN CLARKE AND HIS FORTUNE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Never mind the house, John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife.

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty summers old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone—a star amid the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me."

"Hush, dear!"

"I bequeath to John Clarke, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one-horse shay, which has stood in my barn over twenty-five years, requesting that he shall repair it, or cause it to be repaired in a suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people gathered there tittered, all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of it!"

"Wish you joy," said a red-headed youth, with a grin, as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow, but a little white hand laid on his coat sleeve restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny, with her sunny smile; "please don't notice them for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left all his silver, "served him right for marrying that ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he calculated a good deal on the old gentleman's generosity." To which she added, in a whisper that only her own heart heard, "He might have married me. He had the chance, and I loved him better than any one else—better than that pretty little fool, Jenny Brazier."

"Now we will see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt, thro' her nose; "he stopped short in wickedness just because he expected a fortune from my poor, dear brother. Thanks to massy that he left me five hundred dollars. Now I can git that new carpet; but we'll see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clarke'll have to be contented with his little ten feet shanty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to good old Deacon Joe Hemp.

"Well, I reckon he is content—if he ain't he ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife she's bright enough to make any four walls shine," was the Deacon's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that gal. Why she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-piano like sixty, and manages a house first-rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings, than all the forty-piano gals you can scare up 'tween here and the Indies—fact!"

"I'd like to know what you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

"Jest what I say," replied good old Deacon Joe, coolly.

"Well, that John Clarke'll die on the gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best citizens, and go to the legislature yet," replied old Deacon Joe, complacently.

"Doubt it!"

"Yes, may be you do, and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, isn't it, when he's trying his best. No, John Clarke won't be a good citizen, if you can help it. People that cry 'mad dog' are plaguey willin' to stone the critter while he's a running, I take it; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John, I'm glad you're going right now, and I've got faith in you, and if you want any help, why come to me and I'll put you through?' That's the way to do the business, Mr. Spriggs."

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all," replied Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to, any way, if I have the chance. Fact is, he's such a smart little wife that he don't really need any help."

"No—it's a pity then that brother Jacob left him that one-horse shay."

"You needn't laugh at that; old Jacob never did nothing without a meaning to it. That old shay may help him to be a great man yet. Fact is, I think myself if Jacob had a left him money it might have been the ruin of him. Less things than a one-horse shay has made a man's fortin'."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him; I don't."

"No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his neighbor turned away, "but if he had married your raw-boned darter that plays on the forty-piano, he'd a been all right, and no mistake."

"A one-horse shay!" said the minister, laughing; "what a fortune!"

And so it went, from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some already rich—had offered the poorest man among them—the owner of the one-horse shay—a dollar of the bequeathment left to him or to her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, everybody had prophesied that John Clarke, a poor, motherless boy, would come to ruin, and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in the early years of manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed, his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after they had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged, that will only please them too well. We are doing nicely now, and you know if they do cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably; isn't our home a happy one, if it is small? And oh! John by and bye!"

An eloquent blush—a glance towards her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that ever new story of innocence, beauty and helplessness, that brings cares akin to angels' work.

For once, John Clarke stopped the gossip's mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance, and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when the corporation paid into John Clarke's hand the sum of six hundred dollars for the privilege of laying a track thro' his one little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and six hundred dollars," thought John with an honest exultation, "well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look out."

He did, and saw the old one-horse shay dragged by a stalwart negro.

"Massa says as how the old barn is gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your shay," said the African.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly, but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money now to have the old shay fixed up, can't you? You ought to; according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash!" muttered John.

"But you could at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could."

"Then I'd have it done, and bless me, I'd keep it, too. You've got a good horse, and can have the old shay made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in. Shan't we shine?"

"Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's, to-morrow, and see what he will do it for."

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you come right over to the shop!" shouted the carriage-maker's apprentice, at the top of his lungs; "old Deacon Joe's there, an' says he's right down glad—golly, its hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds, and hun——"

"Stop, boy! what in the world does he mean, Jenny?" cried John Clarke, putting the baby in the cradle face downwards.

"My patience! John, look at that child—precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John; I'd go right over and see," said Jenny, by snatches righting the baby, "it's his fun, I suppose."

"Tain't any fun, I tell ye," said the boy, while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! guess you'll say it ain't fun when you come to see them 'ere gold things and the bills."

This added wings to John Clarke's speed, and in a moment he stood breathless in the old coachmaker's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller!" cried Deacon Joe.

"Look here—what'll you take for that old shay? I'll give you four thousand dollars!" cried the coachmaker, in great glee.

"Four thousand!" cried John aghast.

"Yes, just look at it! You're a rich man, sir, and by George I'm glad of it; you deserve to be."

The carriage-maker shook his hand heartily.

What do you suppose were the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when he found the old shay filled with gold and bank bills? I mean the cushions, the linings, and every place where they could be placed without danger of injury—thieves never would have condescended to the one-horse shay.

Five thousand five hundred dollars in all! Poor John! or rather rich John! his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipoise of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming-top. Now he could build two houses like the one his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory!

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first, Deacon Joe proposed to take the old shay just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and upon a tin trumpet proclaim the good tidings to the whole town, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife.

"La! they'll know it soon enough," she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years after, when John Clarke lived in a big house, they all voted for him to go to the "legislater." So much for that old one-horse shay.—*Peterson's Mag.*

Select Miscellany.

Seasoning Sausage Meat.

Mrs. Bissell sends the following to the Agriculturist: For fifty pounds of meat, take eleven ounces of salt, five table spoonfulls of pounded saltpetre, five table spoonfuls ground black pepper, four table spoonfuls of ground allspice, five table spoonfuls of sage. Mix them well together, and then incorporate well with the meat.

Cracker Pudding.

We can testify that the following is not "bad to take." Stir into three pints of sweet milk, two beaten eggs, three table-spoonsfuls of sugar, and any spice you like best. Beat in four soda crackers, and when soaked soft, stir in as many raisins as you like—the directions given to us, say one pound to the above quantity of materials, but for our personal consumption we would say, "more pudding and less raisins, if you please, ma'm;" with quantum sufficit of vanilla flavor, or of nutmeg.

How to Dry Rhubarb.—It is said that rhubarb can be dried for future use simply by preparing as for pies, peeling the stalks, cutting into small pieces, and drying in the sun or a moderately warm oven. The flavor is regarded as improved by the drying operation.

Cleaning out an Obstructed Drain.—This has been successfully effected by using a large eel, which works itself slowly through, followed by the water.

Raw Meat in Dysentery.

Dr. Weisse, St. Petersburg, first in 1845, advised the employment of the lean of raw meat, very finely minced, in the chronic diarrhœa of children, giving two teaspoonfuls four times a day. Since then the same practice has been extended to various forms of obstinate diarrhœa with good effect. Mr. Pensa, now practising in Egypt, reports the benefit he has derived in several cases of severe dysentery occurring in adults, from the employment of raw, or nearly raw, minced meat given in doses from two to three times a day.

A Rich County.

The following recent sales in Lancaster county, Pa., show the high figure land commands in the "Garden County," notwithstanding the times are out of joint so much:—The farm of John G. Prenner, 1 mile west of Lancaster, containing 124 acres, sold for $161 24 per acre. Ephraim Bear's farm in West Earl, 111 acres, sold for $162 per acre. Enos Conrad's in E. Lampeter, 56 acres, brought $146. The "Spring Dale" farm in Manheim township, of Nathaniel, Jr., sold for $197, half the grain being reserved. The farm of John Jones, in Upper Leacock township, sold at $171 an acre.

Immense Corn Crop in Kentucky.—The Louisville Journal says that the corn crop has never been so large in Kentucky as the present crop promises to be. It states that there are fields in the blue grass region estimated at 175 bushels to the acre, while fields promising 75 to 80 bushels are quite common.

☞ There is not a spider hanging on the King's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, and to be a nothing.—*Spurgeon.*

☞ "How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband.

"Till he got a wife," calmly answered the husband.

BY REQUEST.

The Dying Californian.

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying—
Soon you will miss me from your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken
And I go from hence away.
I am going, shortly going,
But my hope in God is strong—
I am willing, brother, knowing,
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, God assist her,
Now that she is growing old,
That her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper—
'Tis my wife I speak of now—
Tell, oh, tell her how I miss her
Whilst the fever burns my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed—
Hold as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast.
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He said so in His word.

Oh, my children, heaven bless them,
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
'Ere I sink beneath the sea.
It was for them I crossed the ocean,
And what my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I've gained an ample portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
With the tears her memory stirred.
Tell them I never reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gained a port called heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they will find their brother there—
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share.
Hark, I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis his voice I know so well—
When I am gone, oh, don't be weeping—
Brother, here's my last farewell.

"An editor out West says that when he was in prison for libelling a Justice of the Peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff."

☞ This may be an exaggeration—most articles credited to papers "out West" are—yet it approximates very near to the truth. Editors are expected to puff everything and everybody. If Whitkins makes a speech about something, his friends are offended if the editor does not laud him to the skies, and write him down a wonderful orator. If Dr. Snatchem concocts a medicine which is, according to his representations, to make the old young, and pave the world with blessings, the editor is expected to proclaim the humbug to the ends of the earth. Steamboat captains, railroad conductors, omnibus drivers, oyster openers, doctors of divinity, lecturers, actors, and singers, must all be puffed, or the editor ceases to be a "good fellow," and forfeits the esteem of his distinguished friends. No class of men in the world are imposed upon to the extent that editors are; their brains and their time must be given up to every one for every purpose, simply because everybody has brass enough to ask for them.—When will editors unite to put down this evil?—*Phila. Argus.*

New Cigar Boat.—A new curious ocean steamer is now being built at Baltimore by Messars. Winans, the distinguished locomotive engineers. The hull is of the form of an immense cigar, 180 feet long, and 16 feet in diameter, without keel or flat deck, and is built very strong, for the purpose of being driven through the waves. She is to have neither masts nor spars, and the only thing to be visible above deck is the smoke stack and ventilator. She is to have four high pressure locomotive engines, which are to drive a propeller amidships. Every part of the vessel is to be of iron, well braced, and so divided into water-tight compartments as to be a life preserver. She is expected to be ready in six weeks, and to make her first trip to New York, and from thence to Liverpool.

Changes in the Cabinet.—Public rumor is again at work creating difficulties in the Cabinet of the President and foreshadowing specific changes which are soon to be announced to the country. Of course there is not a word of foundation for what is said on this subject.—The President and his official advisers are a unit; and there really seems to be no encouragement to the anxious persons who would have it otherwise.—*Washington Union.*

The Impiety of Crinoline.—The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinoline incompatible with a true Christian's profession, seem to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp-meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery county, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord.

☞ Some writer has compared friendship to our shadows, and a better comparison was never made; for while we walk in the sunshine of prosperity, it sticks to us; but the moment we enter the shades of adversity, it deserts us.

Speaking Out in Dreams.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*—a remarkably good paper for its size, by the way—tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs:

"An amusing incident occurred on the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost:

"As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom, a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but in it as the lamp was lit she awoke, and, half asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy upon her, remarking at the same time, 'the devil has got me at last.' Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called upon her:—'Mollie, don't make such a noise; it is I, be not afraid.' The poor African immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, missus, dat you; jest what I 'spected; I always thought if I ever got to de bad place, I see you dar.' These remarks were uttered with such vehemence, that not a word was lost, and the whole car became convulsed with laughter."

Exposing a Parson.

A minister was one Sabbath examining a Sunday-school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, who usually assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting upon customers.

"What is your name?"

No reply.

"What is your name?" he repeated.

"None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl; "you know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some more ale?'"

The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

☞ Dinner was spread in the cabin of that peerless steamer, the "New World," and a splendid company were assembled about the table. Among the passengers thus prepared for gastronomic duty, was a little creature of the *genus* Fop, decked daintily as an early butterfly, with kids of irreproachable whiteness, "miraculous" neck-tie, and spider-like quizzing glass on his nose. The delicate animal turned his head affectedly aside with:

"Waitah!"

"Sah?"

"Bwing me the pwopellah of a female woostah!"

"Yis, sah?"

"And, waitah! tell the steward to wub my plate with a wegetable wulgarly called onion, which will give a delicious flavoah to my dinnah."

While the refined exquisite was giving his order, a jolly western drover had listened with open mouth and protruding eyes. When the diminutive creature paused, he brought his fist down upon the table with a force that made every dish bound, and thundered out:

"Here! you gaul darned ace of spades!"

"Yis, sah."

"Bring me a thunderin' big plate of skunk's gizzard!"

"Sah?"

"And, old ink-pot, tuck a horse-blanket under my chin, and *rub me down with brickbats while I feed!*"

The poor dandy showed a pair of straight coat-tails instanter, and the whole table joined in a "tremenjus rore."

An Editor turned Printer.—The Editor of the Pittsburg *Post* has been trying his hand at "setting type." His effort appeared under his editorial head a few days since, and will be found below. He will no doubt be "one of them" some of these days:

a NeW priZer.

This is our first effort at type settinG. We presume that it will show that we can learn fast—we are sELf-tAUGHT too!; We want no help we will have it right wit-out aSsisTanceE! The droof will neep no connection—we don't intend to tRY EXPERIMENTS; but we will let the pRinters know we are oNe of 'em.

tAKe noon the art of drinting; wHy its fast as easy as rolling off a Log.

A Verdict as is a Verdict.—A Mobile (Ala.) paper says that an inquest was recently held in that city, on the body of a man who died from taking an over dose of vegetable pills. On opening the body, the interior was found to be one huge cabbage, but dead, to its core, from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient, unfortunately, never drank. The jury returned a verdict of "*quits.*" "Quits, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dismayed Coroner—"never heard of such a thing.—What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man, the man most certainly killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!"

The Height of his Ambition.—One of our exchanges tells of a lazy genius up his way, who being asked as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied:—"To marry a rich widow that has got a cough!"

☞ The steam frigate building at New York, for the Russian Government, is six thousand tons, and it is estimated will cost $1,200,000.

☞ Some writers, in again attempt to be cutting and dry, give merely what is cut and dried.

The Term of Judge Church.

The Easton Argus argues that the effect of the appointment of Gaylord Church to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of William A. Porter, will be to exclude John M. Read from the bench. The case is thus stated by that paper:

"The Amendment to the Constitution, adopted in 1850, provides that 'any vacancies happening by death, resignation or otherwise, in any of the said Courts, shall be filled by appointment by the Governor, to continue until the first Monday of December succeeding the next general election.'

"January 19, 1858, John C. Knox, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, resigned his office, and upon the same day William A. Porter was appointed by the Governor, 'till the first Monday of December succeeding the next general election.'

"October 16, 1858, William A. Porter resigned his commission, and now Gaylord Church is appointed by the Governor, and holds a commission, the language of which is precisely the same. How then is John M. Read to obtain his seat?"

The same article cites the opinion of the Supreme Court, contained in 5 Casey 518, in relation to the term of Chief Justice Lewis, which certainly makes a strong case in favor of the position taken by the *Argus.*—*Pennsylvanian.*

How the Old Whigs of Massachusetts Go.

Mr. Richard Yeadon, the editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, in writing to his paper from Boston, speaks of the prevailing sentiment of the Old Line Whigs of that city, the associates and supporters of Daniel Webster. Rufus Choate has been openly with the Democracy since 1856, and Mr. Yeadon says:

"I strongly hope and verily believe that Winthrop, Everett, the Curtises, Hilliard, and numerous others, will incline the same direction, and at least be *with* if not *of* the Democracy, at the approaching State elections. Indeed, on my telling Mr. Everett of the happy coincidence I had found between my host and myself, in that we were both Old Line Whigs turned Democrats, and expressing the hope that our example would be numerously followed, he pleasantly remarked: 'Well, I have taken the first step myself in that direction, as I addressed the Democratic Young Men on the Fourth of July.'"

We are not surprised at this. There is no other party for Mr. Everett, the great student and expounder of Washington's life and history, to associate with. It is a curious fact in our political history, that nearly all the first class men of the old Whig party, North and South, the contemporaneous and personal friends of Webster and Clay, are now active Democrats. It is the small men, the political tricksters and traders, who are ready to join a sectional party, whose triumph would prove the death knell of the Union—and the demolition of the cherished hopes that our national progress has inspired in the hearts of the lovers of freedom everywhere.—*Newark Journal.*

Sense.

A rough common sense pervades the following, in which there is more truth then poetry:

"Great men never swell. It is only three cent individuals who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person can ever mistake the spurious for the genuine article. The difference between the two is as great as that between a bottle of vinegar and a bottle of the pure juice of the grape."

Snake Charmer.

Wirsen, the celebrated snake charmer, gave an exhibition in this place, on Wednesday evening last. It would seem like an impossibility to those who have never seen this performance, to believe that a man could so completely fasciate a snake as to enable him to handle it in any manner he thought proper, without the least danger of the snake's biting him. He had ten large and venomous snakes—one viper, one black snake, one copper head moccasin, and seven rattle snakes. He would put them all together and place them round his neck, when they would rub their heads all over his face in the most affectionate manner. He would then put them all together and place them in his bosom next the flesh, and then pull them out one at a time. After placing them all in a box, he selected the largest rattlesnake, prized open its mouth, and exhibited to the astonished audience the large and dangerous fangs of this detestable reptile.—*Orange Chronicle.*

☞ A singular suit for the recovery of the amount of a life insurance policy, is in progress at Detroit. The suit of the widow for the recovery is resisted on the ground that the policy holder, Mr. S. M. Holden, of Ann Arbor, was murdered in order to obtain the money. The Company involved is the Mutual, of New York; the amount $9000.

Satisfactory.—"Hallo, boy! did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?"

"A rabbit?"

"Yes! be quick! a rabbit!"

"Was it a kinder gray varmint?"

"Yes! yes!"

"A longish creter, with a short tail?"

"Yes; be quick or he'll gain his burrow."

"Had it long legs behind, and big ears?"

"Yes! yes!"

"And sorter jumpe when it runs?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Well, I hain't seed such a critter about here."

☞ A youth who desired to wear the matrimonial yoke had not sufficient courage to "pop the question." On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old man replied, quite passionately, "why, you booby, how do you think *I* managed when *I* got married?" "Oh, yes," said the promising lover, "you married *mother*, but I've got to marry a *strange* girl."

☞ Democratic principles are immutable—they are as pure and as worthy of our affections in defeat as in victory—they will triumph as ever, and is a very short period the present temporary defeat will be forgotten.

☞ It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other poisonous substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart will not do the same thing instinct.