

TERMS OF THE PAPER.
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THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

41ST YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, MAR. 14, 1859. NO. 24.

New Work

AGENTS—The Life, Speeches and Memorials of DANIEL WEBSTER, containing his most celebrated Orations, a selection from the *Speeches* delivered on the occasion of his death, and his Life and Times. By SAMUEL M. BAYLOR, A. M.
This splendid work is just published in one large volume of 840 pages. It is printed on fine paper and bound in a beautiful style; contains excellent illustrations and is a most valuable and interesting volume. The publisher offers it with commendation to the American public, and is convinced that it will supply an important want in the libraries of all the great men of the country, and as a standard reference for all who are interested in the life and times of the great men of the country. It is the most valuable and interesting volume ever published on the subject of the life and times of the great men of the country.

Wanted

200,000 BUSHELS WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, SEEDS, &c. Also, Flour and Country Produce generally, for which the highest market price will be given. We have constantly on hand at wholesale and retail, Flour, Salt, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Molasses, Castor-oil, Tobacco, Burning Fluid, Matches, Spices, Brandy & Frontier liquors, &c. &c. to which we respectfully invite the attention of Merchants, as we are determined to sell at as low a figure as the same articles can be bought elsewhere. We have also on hand a supply of the BEST QUALITY OF COALS, LUMBER, and all kinds of Building Materials. We are also selling low as we receive it direct from the mines. MILL FEED also for sale.
DUNN & WINTER, New Oxford, Jan. 14, 1859. 21a

Blanks!

COMMON Blank Deeds, single and double acknowledgment—Administrators' Deeds—Executors' Deeds, and for Administrators with the will annexed—Common and Judgment Bonds—Executions, Subpoenas, Subpoenas, &c. for sale at the lowest prices.
Also, blank SALE NOTES.
Galtzoff, Feb. 14, 1859.

J. W. Scott,

(Late of the Firm of Winchester & Scott.)
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE, and No. 814 MARKET STREET, (near the Baltimore and Annapolis Station),
PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. SCOTT would respectfully call the attention of his friends and friends to his new store, and is prepared to fill orders for SHIRTS at short notice. A perfect fit guaranteed. COUNTRY TRADE supplied with FINE GUARANTEED CLOTHING. [Oct. 4, 1858.] 1y

Gettysburg Railroad.

CHANGE OF TIME—Morning train with passengers for York, Columbia, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore and the North and West, will leave Gettysburg on Monday, the 22d inst. at 8 A. M. returning at 1:30 P. M. with passengers from Baltimore.
Afternoon train leaves Gettysburg at 2:30 P. M. for Harrisburg, returning with passengers from York, Columbia, Philadelphia, and the North and West, at 5:30 P. M.
The above arrangement has of necessity to be adopted at present, but it is expected that early in March such a spring arrangement will be made on the N. C. R. R. as to enable passengers over the Gettysburg R. R. to go through to Baltimore without any delay such as the present arrangement will occasion.
ROBERT McCURDY, Pres't.
Feb. 21, '59. 4f

Good and Cheap!

THE undersigned would inform his friends and the public generally that he continues this **CARRIAGE-MAKING BUSINESS**, in all its branches, at his establishment, in East Middle Street, near the first street, Gettysburg, Pa. where he has on hand a first-rate lot of work, and is prepared to put up to order whatever may be desired in his line, viz:—Rockaway and Boat-bodied Carriages, Field and Road Buggy, Top, Jersey and Trotting Buggy, and all other styles of Carriages. With good workmen and good material, he can give his work to be of the best quality—and his prices among the lowest. Repairs done at short notice, and at reasonable rates. Country produce taken in exchange for work. Call!
June 15, '57. JACOB TROZEL.

To the Country,

GOOD NEWS!—I have rented the Foundry for the ensuing year, and am prepared to make the different kinds of Castings usually made at a Foundry. I will keep constantly on hand the different kinds of Cast Iron, Pipe, Shovel, Cutters, Pots, Kettles, Pans, Wash Machines, &c. Stores and Machinery; Pumps, Verandahs and Cemetery Fencing made and put up with dispatch.
All orders will be attended to promptly; but being without cash, and money being scarce, I am unable to supply the country. I will be compelled to sell for cash, but on all country work 5 per cent. will be deducted. Suitable trade will be taken, if delivered at the time of purchasing. Give me a call. E. M. WARREN.
Gettysburg, June 1, '57.

Family Grocery

AND PROVISION STORE—GILLESPIE & THOMAS respectfully inform the people of Gettysburg and vicinity that they have just returned from the city with a general assortment of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS and FRESH FRUITS, which they are prepared to sell at as low a price as the market. They are also prepared to receive orders for all kinds of fresh provisions, and to deliver them at the time of purchasing. Give me a call. E. M. WARREN.
Gettysburg, June 1, '57.

Independent Riflemen

YOU will need for parade at the house of Mrs. Wm. B. McCrellan, on Saturday, the 15th of March next, at 10 o'clock A. M., with arms and accoutrements in non-combat attire. The order of the Captain, DAVID HARTMAN, O. B. 1858.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—A house of 5 rooms, situated on North Street, near the market square, for rent. Apply to Geo. E. BRIDGMAN.
Feb. 21, '59.

Horses, Cattle,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, &c. at Public Sale. The subscriber, intending to quit farming, will sell at Public Sale, at his residence, near Comport, 1 mile from Cashtown, in Franklin township, on Thursday, the 17th day of March next, the following valuable personal property, viz:—
6 WORK HORSES (2 being mares with foal), 3 two-year-old and 2 one-year-old Colts, 12 head of horned cattle, 1 large steer, supposed to weigh about 1500 pounds, 12 head of sheep, 1 first-rate four-wheel horse-drawn wagon, with bed, bows and cover, 1 narrow-wheeled wagon, 6 sets of harness gears, with traces, 2 saddles and bridles, cart and horse, thrashing machine and horse-power, window mill, grain drill, rolling screen, 2 pair hay ladders, line bed, ploughs and harrows, single and double shovel ploughs, 2 horse rakes, single and double trees, 2 pair spreaders, forks, rakes, shovels, clovered cut, scythes, leather lines, &c. Also, grain in the barn, and hay in the stack, 1 good ten-plank store, with pipe, eight-day clock and case, dining table, parlor chair, tubs, casks, hogsheds and miscellaneous items of value, with a large variety of other articles.
Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by JOHN HARTMAN.

Timberland

FOR SALE—in pursuance of authority given under the will of the late Henry B. Schroeder, deceased, will be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, on Saturday, the 19th day of March next, a valuable lot of TIMBERLAND, situated in Butler township, Adams county, on the public road leading from Chambersburg to Donderville, near the Conowingo Bridge, adjoining lands of Jacob Rex, B. F. Thomas and John Wisler, containing 5 Acres, more or less. The lot is covered with thriving white oak and upland hickory timber, some of it large—and the land is of an excellent quality and susceptible of high cultivation well cleared.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by TOBIAS BEVEL, Feb. 21, '59.

Special Notice

I HEREBY give notice that WILLIAM S. HAWK, who some time since peddled Fine Copper Ware and Silver for me, is no longer in my employ, nor has he been since September last. All persons are therefore notified to pay him no money on my account, or make any settlements with him for me, as I will not be responsible for his doings. J. B. MILLER, Feb. 28, 1859. 3f

Globe Inn,

Mechanicstown, Frederick county, Md.—Having been renovated and re-furnished, the proprietor assures the public that a call is only necessary to be convinced of the superiority of every care. HENRY HERR, Proprietor, Feb. 14, 1859. 5f

For Rent

COMFORTABLE Dwelling House [Mar. 1] GEO. ARNOLD. 5f

Wm. B. McCrellan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on the south side of the public square, 3 doors west of the Sentinel office. J. B. MILLER, Feb. 28, 1859. 3f

D. McConaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Boettler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street, near the Exchange and Postoffice), back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England, and in all other parts of the world, and highest prices given. Agents engaged to locate warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. Apply to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '58.

Edward B. Buehler,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language. Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near the drug store, and nearly opposite Daner & Ziegler's store. Gettysburg, March 20.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

HAS his office one door west of Boettler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street, near the Exchange and Postoffice, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. References: Drs. H. H. Horner, Rev. C. P. Kline, D. D., Rev. H. D. Bomber, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Steyer. Gettysburg, April 11, '54.

Removals

THE undersigned, being duly authorized person to make removals into Ever Green Cemetery, hopes that such as contemplate the removal of the remains of deceased relatives or friends, will avail themselves of this season of the year to have it done. Removals made with promptness—terms low, and no effort spared to give satisfaction. PETER THORN, Keeper of the Cemetery, Feb. 14, 1859.

Fine Old Brandy,

THE subscribers, Importers and Dealers in all kinds of Brandy, 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, enable them to furnish to their customers, under the most liberal terms, the following brands of Cognac and Rochelle: BERGNETT, Omer, Hennessy, Pottelion, Pineau, Castillon, J. D. Depuech & Co., T. Harnes, A. Bragnette, Martel, Mallet, &c., &c. of various brands and qualities.
WINE: Champagne, Madeira, Lisbon, Old Oporto, Tenedis, Burgundy, Rock, Mascata, Chateau, and Marquis. What most respects Holland Gout, Scheidam Schnapps, Jussac, Spirit, Scotch and Irish Whisky, Peach, Apple, Blackberry, Cherry, Gilger, and Raspberry Brandies; Cordials, Wine Bitters, Amsterdam Bitters, &c.
GENUINE and Sole Proprietors of the Old West Whisky. Constantly on hand an extensive stock of Old Monongahela, Rye and Bourbon Whisky, of various grades, some of which are guaranteed to be superior to any in the country, all of which are highly 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. Officers from the country (which are most respectfully solicited) will be promptly attended to. Great care taken in packing and shipping. All goods taken from our establishment are guaranteed to be of the highest quality, and of the most superior. J. B. MIDDLETON & BRO., No. 5 North Front Street, Philadelphia. Feb. 4, 1859. 6f

Post's Corner.

BOTH SIDES.
A man in his carriage was riding along, A gaily dressed wife by his side; In satin and lace she looked like the queen, And he like a king in his pride.
A wood yard stood on the street as they passed; The carriage stopped there at last.
And said, on bowing, with his eyes on me long, "I wish I was rich and could ride."
The man in the carriage remarked to his wife, "One thing I would give if I could— I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work, Whose face, on the morning, was fair, Went tripping along with a smile of delight, While humming a love-breathing air.
She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw, Arrayed in apparel so fair, And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart Those satins and laces were mine."
The lady looked out on the maid with her work, So fair in her little dress, And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth, Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot, Our minds and our time we employ In longing and sighing for what we have not, Ungrateful for what we enjoy.
We welcome with pleasure for which we have sighed,
The heart has a hold in it still, Growing deeper and wider the longer we live, That nothing but heaven can fill.
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.
The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home, The summer, the dawns are gay, The corn's top and the meadow in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy and bright; By their hardy mother's a knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
The head must bow, and the back will have to bend Wherever the day may go, A few more days, and the troubles all will end, In the field where the sugar cane grow.
A few more days for to toast the warty head, No matter, 'twill never be light, A few more days till we tatter on the road, Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Miscellaneous
The Power of Steam.
A pint of water may be evaporated by two ounces of coal. In its evaporation it wells into two hundred and sixteen gallons of steam, with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty-seven tons a foot high. The steam thus produced has a pressure equal to that of common atmospheric air; and by allowing it to expand, by virtue of its elasticity, a far less mechanical force may be obtained, equal in amount to the former. A pint of water, therefore, and two ounces of common coal, are thus rendered capable of doing as much work as is equivalent to seventy-four tons raised a foot high. The circumstances under which the steam engine is worked on a railway are not favorable to the economy of fuel; nevertheless, a pound of coal burned in a locomotive engine will evaporate about five pints of water. In this evaporation they will exert a mechanical force sufficient to draw two tons weight on the railway a distance of one mile in two minutes. The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring 700 feet each way, and is five hundred feet high, its weight being twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty millions of pounds. It is stated that in constructing this prodigious pile, one hundred thousand men were constantly employed for twenty years. Now, however, by means of steam, the materials of this pyramid could be raised from the ground to their present position, by the combustion of about four hundred and eighty tons of coal.

Novel Divorce Case.
The Harrisburg correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch writes: "There is now pending before the Legislature a divorce case differing materially from the case of Mr. and Mrs. Fry. It is an application for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, made by the parents of a young girl, scarcely fourteen years of age, who married a man more than twice her own age, in what I should term a childish freak. It appears that on or about the 9th of February last, the barkeeper of a well known hotel in Philadelphia induced this girl—the daughter of the landlord—to accompany him to the southern portion of the city, where they called at the Swedenborg church, and were married by the Rev. Mr. Clay. It was strictly enjoined upon her to keep the marriage a secret, but this was more than the little girl could do; and she confided the secret to her mother. The social and moral standing of the husband, the disparity of years between the parties, and above all, the marriage of her child before she had attained womanhood, conspired to affect the parents in such a manner as I would not undertake to describe, and to-day they are hero seeking a divorce."

A Bad Mark.—"I've got a boy for you, sir." "Glad of it; who is he?" "asked the master-workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the master-workman, "he has got a bad mark." "A bad mark, sir?" "I met him every day, with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."

Happiness in a Bed that was no more than the bottom.

The Objects of Life.

"Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best in the end."
"Let not your tongue cut your throat."
"False friends are worse than open enemies."
"Never carry two faces under one hood."
The Lock Haven Democrat says:—
We venture to say that there is no person, even those addicted to misrepresentation and get-together, busy-bodiness, but will confer that the above precepts are true to the letter.
We will consider this subject in two respects: 1st, the person who utters truth or falsehood; and 2d, the person to whom spoken. The person who speaks concerning any occurrence, facts or person, should always speak the truth, because he can, with the aid of his senses, have but a circumscribed knowledge of it. Therefore he is under the necessity of putting reliance upon others for much of this knowledge; and often, he must depend entirely upon the *ipse dixit* of one individual.

Now, consider for but a moment how vast and important concerns of life hang upon those words which pass between individuals, and then you cannot but perceive how enmities, embarrassments, breaking up of social circles, and other evils, may often ensue upon a few words spoken, perhaps carelessly. As speaking the truth is a virtue of no ordinary merit, so a lie is held in the utmost contempt. Even the most degraded regard it as a great disgrace to be charged with lying. The liar always resorts to this vice in order to promote his interests in some way, or else to injure some one at whom he has some spite; oftentimes these two motives are combined. No man ever yet, for a laudable end, told a lie—it was always going a wealthy pace upon some unsuspecting victim by dishonest and dishonorable means.

Both natural and divine law obviously forbid wilful falsehood. Why should men or boys lie? It rarely happens that the lie is successful. The liar is generally detected, and even if not, is as injurious to him. Suppose him to escape both detection and suspicion; he lives in constant fear that his secret will out. If he keeps the secret, still he feels that he is a liar. If he therefore should confess the truth, this should be enough; because the man who is known to be a liar, cannot be relied upon when he speaks the truth, and the moment after he has left the social circle, all join in despising him.

In the courts of justice, his reputation for lying follows him, because he who lies, will speak the truth in the common affairs of life, can easily be influenced in higher matters—two impartial persons will set his testimony aside. Whatever the object be, lying generally fails. If it be to wrong an innocent man by a false charge, he falls into the hands of the law for malice—or else is despised by the community at large. If every criminal enclosed within our State's, or other prisons, were asked, what was your first step from innocence and purity? His answer would be, telling a falsehood. In fact, the old adage is literally true—"show me a liar, and I will show you a thief." The boy who steals a handkerchief, or a piece of property, and this accusation is the first step towards a career of crime. Therefore, let us say to rich and poor alike,
"Honesty and fame form no condition rise. Act well your part, then, all the honor lies."

Steam Doctrining.

Some years ago, a bill was before the Alabama Legislature for establishing a Botanical Medical College at Wetumpka. Several able speakers had made long addresses in support of the bill, when one, Mr. Morrisette, from Monroe, took the floor. With much assumed gravity, he addressed the House as follows:—

Mr. Speaker, I cannot support this bill unless assured that a distinguished friend of mine is made one of the professors. It is what that college wishes to make for us—a regular foot doctor, and will suit the place exactly. He became doctor in two hours, and it only cost him twenty dollars to complete his education.
He bought a book, sir, and read the chapter on fevers, and that was enough. He was called to see a sick woman once, and he started. She was a very sick woman, indeed, and he felt her wrist, looked in her mouth, and then turning to the husband, asked solemnly, if he had a sorrel sheep?
"Why, no; I never heard of such a thing," said the man.
"Well, there is such things," said the doctor, nodding his head quite knowingly. "Have you got a sorrel horse, then?"
"Yes," said the man, "I drove him to mill this blessed morning."
"Well," said the doctor, "he must be killed immediately, and soup made of him for your wife."
The woman turned her head away, and the astonished man inquired,
"If something else would not do for soup?" The horse was worth a hundred dollars, and was the only one he had.
"No," said the doctor, "the book says so, and if you don't believe it I will read it to you—"
(Here the learned doctor read—
"Good for fevers—sheep sorrel or horse sorrel."
"There, sir—ain't that plain enough?"
"Why, doctor," said the man and his wife at once, "it don't mean a sorrel sheep or horse, but—"
"Well, I know what I am about," interrupted the doctor—"that's the way we doctors read it, and we understand it."
The House was in a roar! Now continued the member, unless my friend, the sorrel doctor, can be one of the professors, to which his great talents certainly entitle him, I must vote against the bill.
This blow, it is needless to state, effectually killed the bill.

Jefferson and his Fiddle.

The writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have excelled in playing on that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in after years, with glee, an anecdote connected with his life. He was absent from home when it occurred; and a slave arrived out of breath, to inform him of the disaster. After learning the general destruction, he inquired, "But were none of my books saved?" "No, massa," was the reply, "but we saved de fiddle."

A Gallant Act.

Recently, at Montevideo, whilst a French frigate was returning an American salute, one of the gunners had his arm blown off. As soon as the fact was known in the American squadron a subscription for him was started, which produced among ten ships, the very handsome sum of \$1,400. Upon its remission to him the French Admiral addressed to the American, one of those charming little notes, so graceful in the French language, but which a translation can hardly reproduce, and in which he said that although degrees of latitude and longitude might bind the geographical limits of our country and designate the allegiance of its subjects to its flag, there were no such confines to the generosity of the American sailor.

Gen. Washington and his Fiddle.

Gen. Washington once stopped at a hotel with an equid of subordinate officers and attracted the attention of an Irish servant. Pat was very attentive to the general, and promptly attended him. The general observed the Irishman gazing at him and his officers as they were about departing, and asking Pat, "how he liked the looks of his boys?"
"Well, your honor," replied Pat, "I'm not competent to judge of the stars in the presence of the sun."
A Poet.—"It's not proper for you to play at school, my dear, to-day, for it's Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little puss; "but it's Sunday-school I'm playing."

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Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve.

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The happiest thing in this world is religion which costs nothing.

Hoarts.

Hearts are of several kinds, and of widely different natures. First, there are hearts of gold, and these are of two kinds; about one kind the wall is high and strong, and to surmount it is work of extreme difficulty; but if you can get inside, you have entered Eden. Fragrant and sweet, and fair as the vision seems in dreams is that enclosed garden, and it is worth hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and falls as hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is, that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in mounting the wall.

Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle—a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to anybody, and less to the owner. But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation, but a real one—whose wall is low, and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nest in it, and sing as they spring upon its waving twigs and flowering vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty, and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Dull-brained bowers invite the way-worn traveler to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely one to the feast of soul, and a charmed light and glory hover in the whole joyous air. This is the true type of heart.

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Some years ago, a bill was before the Alabama Legislature for establishing a Botanical Medical College at Wetumpka. Several able speakers had made long addresses in support of the bill, when one, Mr. Morrisette, from Monroe, took the floor. With much assumed gravity, he addressed the House as follows:—

Very Cold.

The Cincinnati Enquirer is responsible for the following—a colloquy between the editor and a rural friend:—"Cold morning, Bob," said we, from beneath the folds of our heavy raglan. "Well, Squire," he responded, snapping his fingers, "it is a little searlin'!" "Searchling—why, man, it is the coldest day we have had yet."
"Shouldn't wonder," was the calm reply, "for I hear 't'll last right down at the St. Charles, that the thermometer was ten miles below Xenia."
We gave in at that point.

The Rev. Sidney Smith once said,

in writing of kissing, "We are in favor of a certain degree of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with a warmth and energy. Let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes, and sighs deeply immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to sobber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We still have the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we will think of when we die."
Discussion with an Illustration.—"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject before a western debating club in a bar room. Uncle Joe was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him deliver himself. Walking up to the bar he delivered his opinion, and his speech was so good that the audience was turned upon his opponent, and thundered out—"now smell it, you varmint!" It is needless to add that Uncle Joe "brought down the house," and also the decision for the negative.

The neat old lady in this place

who scrubbed through the floor and fell into the cellar, is but one among the many of the very nice females with which our country abounds. We know a good lady in New Jersey, who white washed all the wood she burnt; and another in Connecticut, who used to be up three days a day to scour the nation's dish out of which he ate his meals. The same good lady took her own food through a napkin ring to keep it from coming in contact with her lips.
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"Hold on, Dar."

The Piqua (S. C.) Register has the following, in a recent issue, describing an incident among the slaves:—"Quite a revival is now in progress at the African Church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents we cannot find a note. One brother was supplicating the throne eloquently; when another brother called out in a stentorian voice:—"Who dat prayin' ober dar?"
The response was, "Dat's brudder 'Mose.'"
"Hold on dar, brudder 'Mose'" was the dictum of the former, "you lot brudder Ryan pray, he's better 'quaint wid de Lord dan you am." Brudder 'Mose' dried up, and brudder Ryan prayed.

A Forgotten Minister.

A clergyman, in a recent issue, describing an incident among the slaves:—"Quite a revival is now in progress at the African Church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents we cannot find a note. One brother was supplicating the throne eloquently; when another brother called out in a stentorian voice:—"Who dat prayin' ober dar?"
The response was, "Dat's brudder 'Mose.'"
"Hold on dar, brudder 'Mose'" was the dictum of the former, "you lot brudder Ryan pray, he's better 'quaint wid de Lord dan you am." Brudder 'Mose' dried up, and brudder Ryan prayed.

A Naive Confession.

A young lady this "Kissmas" somewhat surprised her partner by expressing a decided aversion to monachos. On being pressed to give her reason for it, she first fenced off the question by declaring that a lady needs no reason for disliking things. On being further questioned, she glanced slyly at the mistletoe, and then darting an arch look at her partner's anxious face, on which the most luxuriant of monachos had been cultivated, she replied, with charming simplicity, "Well, I don't mind telling you. It is because they, oh, so tickle one!"

Very Cold.

The Cincinnati Enquirer is responsible for the following—a colloquy between the editor and a rural friend:—"Cold morning, Bob," said we, from beneath the folds of our heavy raglan. "Well, Squire," he responded, snapping his fingers, "it is a little searlin'!" "Searchling—why, man, it is the coldest day we have had yet."
"Shouldn't wonder," was the calm reply, "for I hear 't'll last right down at the St. Charles, that the thermometer was ten miles below Xenia."
We gave in at that point.

The Rev. Sidney Smith once said,

in writing of kissing, "We are in favor of a certain degree of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with a warmth and energy. Let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes, and sighs deeply immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to sobber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We still have the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we will think of when we die."
Discussion with an Illustration.—"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject before a western debating club in a bar room. Uncle Joe was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him deliver himself. Walking up to the bar he delivered his opinion, and his speech was so good that the audience was turned upon his opponent, and thundered out—"now smell it, you varmint!" It is needless to add that Uncle Joe "brought down the house," and also the decision for the negative.

The neat old lady in this place

who scrubbed through the floor and fell into the cellar, is but one among the many of the very nice females with which our country abounds. We know a good lady in New Jersey, who white washed all the wood she burnt; and another in Connecticut, who used to be up three days a day to scour the nation's dish out of which he ate his meals. The same good lady took her own food through a napkin ring to keep it from coming in contact with her lips.
Gen. Washington once stopped at a hotel with an equid of subordinate officers and attracted the attention of an Irish servant. Pat was very attentive to the general, and promptly attended him. The general observed the Irishman gazing at him and his officers as they were about departing, and asking Pat, "how he liked the looks of his boys?"
"Well, your honor," replied Pat, "I'm not competent to judge of the stars in the presence of the sun."
A Poet.—"It's not proper for you to play at school, my dear, to-day, for it's Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little puss; "but it's Sunday-school I'm playing."

Gen. Washington once stopped