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.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment—"COMPILER" on the sign.

Dr. A. W. Dorsey,

FORMERLY of Carroll county, Md., having permanently located in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country in the practice of the various branches of his profession. Office and residence, Baltimore street, next door to The Compiler office, where he may be found at all times when not professionally engaged.

REFERENCES.

Prof. Nathan R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., Baltimore Md.
Dr. J. L. Warfield, Westminster, Md.
Dr. W. A. Mathias, " "
Jacob Reese, Esq., " "
John K. Longwell, Esq., " "
Geo. E. Wampler, Esq., " "
Rev. Thomas Bowen, Gettysburg.

Oct. 25, 1858. 6m

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. REFERENCES: Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stover.

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

Wm. B. McClellan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on the south side of the public square, 2 doors west of the Sentinel office.

Gettysburg, August 22, '53.

D. McConaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street.) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PENSIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.: also American Claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. ☞ Apply to him personally or by letter.

Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

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 Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.

Gettysburg, March 20.

J. C. Neely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business intrusted to his care with promptness. Office nearly opposite Fahnestock's Store, Baltimore street.

Gettysburg, April 11, 1859. tf

A. H. Dill,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly to collections and all business entrusted to him.

Office between Fahnestocks' and Danner & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore st., Gettysburg, Pa.

May 9, 1859. 6m

Notice.

THE notes and book accounts of JONN WEIKERT have been placed in the hands of the undersigned for collection—to whom those indebted are requested to make payment. All persons failing to pay their vendue notes when due, will be charged interest from date.

E. B. BUEHLER,
Attorney at Law, Gettysburg.

May 16, 1859. 3t

Election.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Stockholders in the Gettysburg Water Company, that an Election for Five Managers of said Company will be held at the house of Geo. W. McClellan, in Gettysburg, on Saturday, the 4th of June next, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M. By order of the Board. S. S. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

May 16, 1859. te

Wool! Wool! Wool!

20,000 LBS. WOOL wanted at the Good Intent Woolen Factory, (York Springs, Pa.) for which the subscriber will pay the highest price in Cash or in exchange for Woolen Goods.

May 9, 1859. 4t WILLIAM MEGARY.

A Word to the Wise!

DON'T FAIL to call and see SAMSON'S New Goods—a large and splendid assortment of MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING and Furnishing Goods—an extensive lot of all kinds of HATS, BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS—an unrivalled assortment of TRUNKS and CARPET SACKS, some very handsome and new styles.—Also, a large and splendid variety of Setts, Breast Pins and Ear Rings; WATCHES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c., &c. A very handsome and new style RAILROAD TRAVELLING BAG. In short, everything in his line.

After all said and done, SAMSON'S IS THE SPOT to buy your goods at the right prices. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Those who wish to buy to sell again will do well by calling, as I can and will sell them goods cheaper than they can buy them in the city.

April 18, 1859.

Change of Hours

ON THE GETTYSBURG RAILROAD!—Summer Arrangement.—On and after Thursday, April 21st, the MORNING TRAIN will leave Gettysburg at 6.30 o'clock A. M., connecting at Hanover Junction with Express train to Baltimore at 9.32, and Mail train from Baltimore at 9.32, returning to Gettysburg at 12.30 noon, with passengers from Baltimore, York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and the North and West.

The AFTERNOON TRAIN will leave Gettysburg at 1 o'clock, P. M., connecting at Hanover Junction with Mail train to Baltimore at 3.37, returning to Gettysburg about 6.30 P. M., with passengers from York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and the North and West.

On Tuesday and Saturday evenings of every week, the Evening train will wait at the Junction until 5.30, on the Evening Express train from Baltimore, which leaves Calvert Station at 2, P. M., thus enabling passengers to leave Gettysburg on those days at 6.30, A. M., reach Baltimore at 12.15, P. M., attend to business there until 3, P. M., and return to Gettysburg the same evening.

☞ By the above arrangement passengers can go either North or South on the Northern Central Railway both morning and afternoon.

B. M'CURDY, President.

April 25, 1859.

Groceries,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—Molasses and Sugar by the barrel, Coffee by the sack, and all kinds of Groceries, either by the quantity or in small amounts, at prices that defy competition. Call at once at

April 4. FAHNESTOCK BROS'.

Call and See

THE celebrated New Jersey REAPER & MOWER, at the new Ware-room of SHEADS, BUEHLER & KURTZ.

March 14, 1859.

Spouting.

GEORGE & HENRY WAMPLER will make House Spouting and put up the same low, for cash or country produce. Farmers and all others wishing their houses, barns, &c., spouted, would do well to give them a call.

April 18, '53. tf G. & H. WAMPLER.

THE subscriber respectfully invites the attention of the Ladies to his full and complete assortment of LADIES' SHOES and GAITERS, of almost every style and color. Call and examine for yourself—no trouble to show goods—at R. P. McILHENY'S.

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, MAY 30, 1859. NO. 35.

Foreign Attachment.

SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK, vs. CHARLES W. HOFFMAN. } No. 13, August T., 1859. Foreign Attachment.

ADAMS COUNTY, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county—greeting:

We command you, that you attach Charles W. Hoffman, late of your county, by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, in whose hands or possession soever the same may be, so that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Gettysburg, in and for said county, on the 15th day of August next, (1859,) then to answer Samuel Fahnestock, of a plea in debt not exceeding $500, and also that you summon all persons in whose hands or possession the said goods or chattels, lands and tenements, or any of them, may be attached, so that they and every of them be and appear before our said Court at the day and place aforementioned, to answer what shall be objected against them or him, and abide the judgment of the Court therein, and have you then and there this writ. Witness the Hon. Robert J. Fisher, President Judge of said Court, at Gettysburg, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1859.

JACOB BUSHEY, *Prothonotary.*

S. Fahnestock & Sons, vs. Charles W. Hoffman. } No. 14, Aug. T., 1859. Foreign Attachment.

ADAMS COUNTY, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county—greeting:

We command you, that you attach Charles W. Hoffman, late of your county, by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, in whose hands or possession soever the same may be, so that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Gettysburg, in and for said county, on the 15th day of August next, (1859,) then to answer Samuel Fahnestock, James F. Fahnestock and Henry J. Fahnestock, late partners doing business under the name, style and firm of S. Fahnestock & Sons, of a plea in debt on note under seal not exceeding $425, and also that you summon all persons in whose hands or possession the said goods and chattels, lands and tenements, or any of them, may be attached, so that they and every of them, be and appear before our said Court, on the day and place aforementioned, to answer what shall be objected against them or him, and abide the judgment of the Court thereon, and have you then and there this writ. Witness the Hon. Robert J. Fisher, President Judge of our said Court, at Gettysburg, this 29th day of April, A. D., 1859.

JACOB BUSHEY, *Prothonotary.*

Fahnestock Brothers, vs. Charles W. Hoffman. } No. 15, Aug. T., 1859. Foreign Attachment.

ADAMS COUNTY, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county—greeting:

We command you, that you attach Charles W. Hoffman, late of Adams county, by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, in whose hands or possession soever the same may be, so that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Gettysburg, in and for said county, on the 15th day of August next, (1859,) then to answer James F. Fahnestock, Henry J. Fahnestock and Edward G. Fahnestock, partners, doing business under the name, style and firm of Fahnestock Brothers, of a plea in debt on note under seal, not exceeding $900, and also that you summon all persons in whose hands or possession the said goods and chattels, lands and tenements, or any of them, may be attached, so that they and every of them be and appear before our said Court, at the day and place aforementioned, to answer what shall be objected against them or him, and abide the judgment of the Court thereon, and have you then and there this writ. Witness the Hon. Robert J. Fisher, President Judge of said Court, at Gettysburg, the 29th day of April, A. D., 1859.

JACOB BUSHEY, *Prothonotary.*

David Middlecoff, vs. Charles W. Hoffman. } No. 16, Aug. T., 1859. Foreign Attachment.

ADAMS COUNTY, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county—greeting:

We command you, that you attach Charles W. Hoffman, late of your county, by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, in whose hands or possession soever the same may be, so that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Gettysburg, in and for said county, on the 15th day of August next, (1859,) then to answer David Middlecoff, of a plea in assumpsit, and also that you summon all persons, in whose hands or possession the said goods and chattels, lands and tenements, or any of them be attached, so that they and every of them be and appear before our said Court, at the day and place aforementioned, to answer what shall be objected against them or him, and abide the judgment of the Court thereon, and have you then and there this writ.—Witness the Hon. Robert J. Fisher, President Judge of said Court, at Gettysburg, the 29th day of April, A. D., 1859.

JACOB BUSHEY, *Prothonotary.*

By virtue of the above Writs, I have attached the following described Real Estate of Charles W. Hoffman, the defendant therein, viz:

No 1. A LOT OF GROUND, situated in the borough of Gettysburg, on the north side of Chambersburg street, and fronting thereon 29 feet, with a double Brick Dwelling House, Smith Shop and other improvements.

No. 2. A LOT OF GROUND, fronting on said Chambersburg street, adjoining lot of Abraham Scott, with a two-story Brick Dwelling House and other improvements thereon.

No. 3. A LOT OF GROUND, adjoining No. 2 on the east, fronting on said Chambersburg street 29 feet, with a Stable thereon.

No. 4. A LOT OF GROUND, adjoining No. 3 on the east and No. 1 on the west, fronting on said street 25 feet, with a large Coachmaker Shop and other improvements thereon.

No. 5. A LOT OF GROUND, lying west of the Foundry, on the corner of the Railroad and Franklin street, in said borough, with a Steam Grist and Saw Mill thereon.

No. 6. A LOT OF GROUND, adjoining No. 5 on the west, containing 3 acres, more or less.

No. 7. THREE LOTS OF GROUND, each fronting 30 feet on the north side of said Chambersburg street, adjoining lots of H. Jarome Walter on the east.

No. 8. A LOT OF GROUND, on said Chambersburg street, adjoining a public alley on the north, with a Stone Basement for a House thereon erected.

The said Lots, from No. 2 to No. 8 inclusive, being unoccupied.

ISAAC LIGHTNER, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, May 16, 1859. 6t

Mowing and Reaping

MACHINE AGENCY, 633 Market Street, Philadelphia, where farmers meet and judge for themselves, between SIX OF THE BEST COMBINED MACHINES NOW IN USE! and purchase the Machine of their choice.

EMLEN & PASSMORE,
633 Market St., Philadelphia.

April 4, 1859. 3m

JUST received a lot of Scythes and Snaths, at the new store of A. SCOTT & SON.

Poet's Corner.

"THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM."

In all probability a sanguinary conflict is now raging in southern Europe. The fair valleys of Italy will be devastated by fire and sword; and the iron hand of war will fall heavily upon the peaceful and helpless. It seems to us that Southey's famous lyric, "the Battle of Blenheim," will be good reading this morning, and we therefore print it:

It was a summer evening;
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kasper cried,
"Who put the French to route;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Franklin and Thomas Paine.

When Paine was writing his infamous attacks on the Christian religion, he submitted a part of his manuscript to Dr. Franklin for his inspection and opinion. The following is the answer of that philosopher and patriot:

DEAR SIR—I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and favors particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on the subject, and the consequences of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good will be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion; you have a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possess a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consist of weak and ignorant men and woman, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth, of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security.—And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, *that is to your religious education*, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps, a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be if *without it?* I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore, add no *profession* to it; but simply subscribe, yours, B. FRANKLIN.

Filial Love.—A plain old gentleman went with his team, to bring home his sons, two young sprigs, who were soon expecting to graduate. While returning they stopped at a hotel in one of our country towns for dinner. The landlord, struck with the dashing appearance of the two gentlemen, made himself very officious, while he took the old man, from his homespun appearance, to be nothing but a driver, and asked them if they wished the driver to sit at the same table with them.

"Well, Dick," said the younger, aside to his brother, "as he is our father, and it is his team, and he will bear the expense, I think we had better let him eat with us."

"Yes, I think so, too, under the circumstances," he replied. "Landlord, give him a place at the table."

☞ The man who was built on mathematical principles, straightened up some after awhile.

Gen. Washington's First Love.

A correspondent of the *Century*, in giving some reminiscences of the old county seat called "The Cottage," in Hanover county, Virginia, gives an account of General Washington's suit to and rejection by Mary Cary:

Her father was Wilson Cary, Esq., of "Celeys," in the county of Elizabeth City, descended from the noble family of Hudson, in England. His relative, Col. Archibald Cary, of "Ampthill," in Chesterfield, was at his death the heir apparent to the earldom. The worthy old gentleman seems, from all we know of him, to have been as proud as the Coureys or the Somersets; and to have thought his family the noblest in the land.—He lived in great state, with chariot and horses, plate and velvet and embroidery—a worthy of the old school, fully satisfied with the "order of things," and enjoying serenely the good gifts of Providence. His beautiful daughter was a great heiress, and had many suitors—the accident which befell one of them has made her remembered in many books. He was a young man of very high character, a relative of Geo. Wm. Fairfax, Esq., who lived at Belvoir, on the Potomac; and here he met Miss Cary, who came to visit Mrs. Fairfax, her eldest sister. The young man at once proceeded to fall in love, which he did with an ardor characteristic of his nature. When Miss Cary went back home to "Celeys," on James River, he followed her like a courageous gallant, and laid open siege to the fair fortress. In the good old times, however, something more was necessary than the consent of the young lady; and so the youth duly asked a private interview with the awful old lord of the manor, who listened to him silently throughout. When the lover had finished, Mr. Cary rose, made him a low bow, and said that if this were young Mr. Washington's errand at "Celeys," his visit had better terminate; his "daughter had been accustomed to ride in her own chariot." And with this allusion to the poor condition of the younger son, the interview terminated. Young Washington bowed and turned away, and in due time married Martha Dandridge Custis, who "resembled Miss Cary," says my authority, "as much as one twin sister ever did another."

But the old tradition does not end here.—Many years fled away—Mary Cary was Mrs. Ambler—and her discarded suitor was the man who had just received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown; whom the whole civilized world hailed as greatest among the great—"the foremost man," not of America, but "of all the world." He passed through the old metropolis, Williamsburg, at the head of his victorious troops, and the people were crazy with joy and adoration almost. The vast multitude nearly prevented his horse from proceeding—the calm statue on horseback passed on serenely. All at once he perceived at a window, or in the crowd, his old love, Mary Cary. He raised his sword and saluted her profoundly. She fainted.

But it does not seem that the lovely woman was to blame. She had not been able to return the affection of the youth—that was all.—She married him who won her heart, Edward Ambler. He was not unworthy of this noble lady in rank or in character. He was descended through his mother from the great Huguenot house of La Roche Jaqueline, in Vendee, and inherited the honest instincts of his race. At twelve he had been sent for his education to England; he graduated at Cambridge, and then made the grand tour of Europe, returning to Virginia when he was twenty-one. He was married to Miss Cary soon afterward; became Collector at York, and was so much respected that when Lord Bottetourt came to Virginia as Governor, he brought a letter of introduction to the Collector. He died at thirty-five; and the Revolutionary War breaking out soon afterward, his beautiful widow moved away from the scene of her grief, and took refuge in the "Cottage," far up in Hanover.

Revolutionary Anecdotes.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs, the following ludicrous incident occurred. The Americans had pursued the English so closely that they had taken refuge in a brick dwelling, while in their haste to close the door upon the rapidly advancing Americans, they shut out some of their own officers, who were immediately surrounded by their captors. The Americans were now exposed to a galling fire, from those within the building; and they only found safety by interposing the persons of their captives between themselves and the marksmen at the windows. Among the British officers was one Major Barry, who, without the slightest resistance, began only with a profound solemnity to enumerate his many titles. "Sir, I am Henry Barry, Deputy Adjutant General of the British army, Secretary to the commandant of Charleston, captain of the 52d regiment, &c." "Enough, enough," replied Col. Manning, in whose hands he had fallen. "You are just the man I was looking for. Fear nothing; you shall screen me from danger, and I shall take especial care of you," and with the pompous major held before his person, the American officer secured a safe retreat.

Governor Griswold, of Connecticut, was once indebted to a happy thought of his wife for his escape from the British, to whom he was extremely obnoxious. He was at home, but expected to set out immediately for Hartford, to meet the Legislature, which had commenced its session a day or two previous. The family residence was at Blackhill, opposite Saybrook point, and situated on the point of land formed by Connecticut river on the east, and Long Island Sound on the south.—British ships were lying in the sound, and as the Governor was known to be at this time in his own mansion, a boat was secretly sent ashore for the purpose of securing his person. Without previous warning, the family were alarmed by seeing a file of marines coming up from the beach to the house. There was no time for flight. Mrs. Griswold bethought herself of a large meat barrel or tierce, which had been brought in a day or two before, and was not yet filled. Quick as thought, she decided that the Governor's proportions—which were by no means slight—must be compressed into this, the only available hiding place. He was obliged to submit to be stowed in the cask and covered. The process occupied but a few moments, and the soldiers presently entered. Mrs. Griswold was of course innocent of all knowledge of her husband's whereabouts, though she told them she knew well that the legislature was in session, and that business required his presence at the capital. The house and cellar having been searched without success, the soldiers departed. By the time their boat reached the ship, the Governor was galloping up the road on his way to Hartford.

One morning, during the siege of Charleston, Gen. Moultrie was awakened by a more than ordinary furious cannonading from the enemy, and just as he leapt from his bed, a cannon ball came crashing through the house, traversing the entire length of the bed, tearing it to pieces, and scattering the fragments in every direction, after which mischief it continued on its career.

Gen. Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time the General went on the ground, armed with sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun. "What are you about to do?" exclaimed he; "is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?"—"What are you about to do?" exclaimed the General, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intend to murder. I'm about to kill you, and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than 'twould take old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breach of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder. This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood, and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life.

A Bargain by Arithmetical Progression.

While engaged in the tobacco and cigar business, I used to have for a customer in cheap cigars one of those knowing fellows whose knowledge serves better to bore his victims than advance science. You could not make *him* believe that—oh, no! Tell *him* there were regalia cigars that cost forty dollars per thousand!—it might do to stuff down the throats of those who knew no better; *he* was none of them. And so it was with everything; he always knew best. It always appeared to be his delight to draw me into some controversy, no matter what the subject, in order to hear himself *hold forth*. I tried every way I could think of to circumvent him; and at length I *did* succeed in laying him out as flat as a flounder.

It was Saturday afternoon, he came in, made his purchase, and seated himself, to deal out his usual portion; but I was awake for him.

Captain, said I, I have made up my mind to go to California, and if you wish to go into a speculation, now is your time.

As how? said he.

Why, you see those fifteen boxes of cigars; well, there are two hundred and fifty in each box, and I will let you have the whole fifteen at a low rate, providing you take them all.

Very well, said my friend, let us hear the conditions.

You give me one cent for the first box, two cents for the second, four cents for the third, and so on, doubling on every box.

Done, said he; fetch on your cigars. Suppose you think I have not money enough—eh?

Not at all; so let us proceed. Here is your first box.

He drew from his pocket a leathern purse and out of it he drew a handful of coin.

And here is the cent, said he, depositing a green discolored copper upon the counter.

Here is your second box.

Here is your two cents.

Very well, here is your third box.

And here is your four cents, said he chuckling.

Here is your fourth box.

Exactly. And here are your eight cents!—He! ha! ha! old fellow—go on.

Here is your fifth box, said I, handing down another.

And here is your sixteen cents.

Here is your sixth box.

And—ha! ha! ha!—here is your thirty-two cents.

Here is your seventh box.

And here—ha! ha! the joke is getting too rich—here is your sixty-four cents, and half of your cigars are gone.

Here is your eighth box, said I, assuming a cool indifference that perfectly surprised the fellow.

And here is your dollar and twenty-eight cents.

Here is your ninth box.

Here is your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty-six cents.

Here he drew his wallet thoughtfully, and on the slate made a small calculation.

And here is your five dollars and twelve cents.

Here is your eleventh box.

And here is your—twice five is ten, twice twelve is twenty-four—ten dollars and twenty-four cents.

At this stage of the game he had got quite docile, and I continued—

Here is your twelfth; hand over twenty dollars and forty-eight cents.

Here the globules of perspiration, large as marrow-fat peas, stood out in bold relief on his face, but at length he doled out the sum.

Here is your thirteenth box; pile out forty dollars and ninety-six cents.

If I do, I shall, he will not. With that he left, and I have been unable to get near him since.

Popping the Question.

One evenin' as I was sittin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the sticking pint, sez I, "Hetty, if a feller was to ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Then she laughed, and sez she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me; but I was too cute to loose the opportunity, and so sez I agen, "Suppose it was *me?*"—And then you orter have seen her pout up her lips, and sez she, "I don't take no suppooses." Well now, you see there was nothin' for me to do but tuch the gun off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Lor, Hetty, *it's* me.—Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a hullaballoo in my head, I don't know 'xactly what tuk place, but I thought I heered a yes whisperin' somewhere out of the skrimage.

Swallowed a Shovel.—A man down town, swallowed a shovel yesterday morning; before *doing so, however*, it was converted into whisky. This morning the man was doing as well as could be expected "under the circumstances."

The Lover's Puzzle.—To learn to read the following, so as to make good sense, is the mystery:

I thee read see that me.
Love is down will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and up and you if

☞ "Are you near sighted, Miss?" said an impertinent fellow, to a young lady that did not choose to recognize him. "Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

The Distinction.—Mynheer Drinken makes a distinction thus: "Too much whiskey is too much, but too much lager beer is almost enough."

A Good Story.

The following amusing sketch of the manner in which an irascible President of old Cambridge was once mollified by a mug of flip, is from the pen of "Jack Robinson:"

Apropos of Porter, whose name I have just taken in vain: I heard a good college story the other day, which I may as well set down here. Porter is an institution in Cambridge. He is a person of varied accomplishments, and keeps "a house of call." None like him to brew beshop or mingle a shandy goff.—But his *chef d' œuvre* is flip. It is reported among the students that Ganymede, when dying—because it's all nonsense about Ganymede being immortal—he left Jupiter's service, married Hebe, set up an inn with his savings, and died at a good old age—it is reported that Ganymede left Porter the recipe for making both nectar and ambrosia, which recipe he surreptitiously copied from Juno's receipt book, and Porter, improving on the idea, conceived the happy thought of making both divine materials, and producing an ineffable beverage—something which should combine the elements of the supernal meat and supernal drink—a harmony of solid and fluid, to which each element should contribute its celestial flavor. He carried out the idea. He mingled the ambrosia and the nectar, and all Olympus turned pale with envy, for the result was flip.

With such a classic origin it was not to be wondered at that under-graduates, who are notorious for their love of mythological matters, should find themselves attracted to Porter's and there refresh their reminiscenses of Olympus with draughts of the divine beverage. In fact, such was their devotion to this branch of classic study, and so inspired did they frequently get—inspired even to the Pythonic pitch of being unintelligible in their speech—that the matter attracted the attention of the President of the College—a venerable gentleman of the period, whose name I have forgotten. Heartless and ignorant persons entirely misconceiving the spirit in which the undergraduates visited Porter's, reported to this worthy person that the students were in the habit of getting drunk every night on flip. It must be seen to.

The President put on his most authoritative wig and stern countenance, and sallies out to blow up the Classical Porter, for leading his students astray. First of all he thinks, in order to be able to speak more decisively, that he will taste this noxious beverage with his own lips. Then there can be no mistake. With much dignity he enters Porter's. He is greeted with respect. He interrogates Porter:

"Sir, many of the under-graduates come here, I understand?"

"A few," modestly replies the landlord.

"They come here frequently, Mr. Porter?"

"They drop in now and then, sir."

"And they drink a beverage called flip, sir?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"They drink a great deal of it, Mr. Porter?"

"Well, sir, they do take considerable."

"They get drunk on it, Mr. Porter?"

The discreet Porter remained silent.

"Make me a—a—flip," at length says the venerable President; still frowning and indignant.

Porter, whose *sang froid* has never for a moment forsaken him, employs all the resources of his art.

Presently a superhuman flip, with an aromatic foam, which Venus might have arisen from, creaming over the edge of the goblet, is the result of his efforts. He hands it respectfully, and with some anxiety, to the President, on whose face judicial thunder clouds have been gathering. The President tastes it gloomily. He pauses. Another sip.—The thunder clouds have not yet flashed forth any lightnings. Porter, resigned, awaits the outburst. The President gazes wonderingly at his glass. A general emollient expression seems to glide over his face, and smooth the frowning brows. The lips relax, and a smile seems about to dawn. He lifts the glass once more to his lips, heaves a sigh, and puts it down. It is empty!

"Mr. Porter," he says, "the students get drunk on this, sir?"

Porter sees that the storm is passed, and boldly answers in the affirmative.

"Sir," says the venerable man, walking gravely away, "sir, I don't wonder at it!"

Legal Advice.

A gentleman ordered a suit of clothes from a tailor, and specially enjoined him that they must be made by the next Tuesday, and that they must be made in the finest style, and that unless the tailor could have them ready to a certainty, beyond a peradventure, to the day, that he must not undertake them; but Snip promised faithfully that they should be finished *ad diem*. Tuesday came and no clothes; the enraged gentleman flew to the cabbage man's house, and said:

"What's the reason that my clothes were not ready as you promised? Here, you have kept me in the city at a loss of time and business only to disappoint me: now, if we had you in our part of the country, I tell you what they would call you; they would say you were a perfect *squirt*."

The knight of the goose explained that the only competent workman he had, capable of making the suit, had a wife lying at death's door, and he could not possibly leave her.

The outraged gentleman was not able to smother his disappointment, and berated the tailor soundly for failing in his positive promise.

The ninth fraction of the *genus homo* could not stand this, and plainly told his customer to go to the caloric regions of Pandemonium.

The customer, red with rage, rushed across the street to a lawyer, and in an excited, vehement and hurried manner, said:

"Do you know Snip, the tailor, across the way here?"

"Yes, I know him," answered Brief.

"Well, now, I want your advice," said the gentleman; "I want to know what you would do in such a case. That infamous stitch-house has not only kept me here in the city on expense, to the great detriment of my business, and disappointed me in a suit of clothes, but, when I went to remonstrate with the fellow about it, what do you suppose the impudent rascal told me? He told me to go to h—ll!" With these words the gentleman laid a ten dollar bill on the desk, and said, "Now what would you do?"

"Do you mean this for a retainer?" said Brief.

"I do," was the reply.

"Then," said Brief, quietly folding up the X and putting it in his pocket, "he told you to go to h—ll. Well, my opinion and advice to you is, don't you do it. There is, moreover, no statute or local law that can compel you to a specific performance. I say don't you do it."—*Cin. Enquirer.*

Dying Consolation.—An old unloved Deacon in his last hours was visited by a neighbor, who said:—"Well, Deacon, I hope you feel resigned to going." "Y-e-s," said the Deacon. "I-I think I-I am resigned." "Well," said the other, "I thought it might be consoling to you to know that all the neighborhood are resigned also."

Who Paid for the Kiss?

A stout drover, on his way to the Capital, with twenty or thirty beeves, passed by a farmer's house, in the front of which happened to stand a remarkably buxom, blooming woman, the farmer's wife. Inflamed with the sudden passion of admiration, the dusty-footed traveler approached the motionless beauty, and, not knowing how else to enter into conversation, asked for a glass of water. It was willingly brought to him; but, in returning the glass, he suddenly threw his arms around her, pressed her close to to his heart and gave her the most sonorous of unmistakable kisses. Which fury appeased, the rough customer once more overtook his cattle.

The farmer was in the field not far off, and, to call him and make enraged report of the proceeding, was the work of as few minutes as possible. Instantly unhitching the plow-horse, the injured husband mounted and rode after the invader of his rights, overtook and tempestuously accused him.

The guilty purloiner was not going to defend himself, however. On the contrary he confessed humbly that he was in the wrong—regretted that he could not give back to the lady the kiss he had so culpably taken from her without her permission—but pleaded for pardon on the ground that the temptation was too strong for human resistance. She was too beautiful! Would not the wronged spouse compromise—say for five dollars, or so?

Between the compliment to his wife and the sight of the pocket book, the injured husband was mollified—took a ten-dollar bill—gave back a "five," for change, and returned, thinking himself, on the whole, no poorer for the transaction. In which frame of mind he remained, till, on bringing the ten dollar bill to light again, for a purchase, a fortnight afterwards, he *found that it was a counterfeit!* Five dollars for the kiss, but *who* paid it?

☞ "Captain Brown was one of our most respected citizens of a former generation. In his family lived Sim Chappel, a sort of half-witted, good-for-nothing fellow, such as may sometimes be seen in our old farmers' kitchens, and whose principal business appears to be to do chores and drink cider.—Sim was not exactly a 'natural,' but sufficiently shallow, with a very slight touch of shrewdness, to be quite amusing at times.

"On one occasion Sim got *dreadfully mad* at something or somebody, and declared positively that he would drown himself, and made off for the river, some quarter of a mile distant, apparently for that purpose. Not knowing what the fellow might do, Captain Brown told one of the boys to follow him and watch his motions. The lad took a circuit and arrived on the bank of the river soon after Sim did, and concealed himself among some bushes where he could observe him unperceived. Sim stripped and waded in until the water was up to his chin, when under he went. After holding his breath as long as he well could, up he popped, puffing and blowing like a purpoise. But he was not to give it up so; he made three several and determined efforts, but it was no go. His temper had probably by this time cooled down considerably, and he made for the bank and commenced dressing. The youngster who had been watching his manœuvres, ready to split with laughter at his comical attempts to drown, now made his appearance, and with as much gravity as he could command, said:

"'Sim, why did you not keep your head under and drown yourself?'

"'*W-why*,' said Sim, his teeth chattering with cold, '*I couldn't breathe!*'"

Retributive Death of a Dog.—A very wealthy but very malicious English lady is living in Paris, possessing (besides her money) but one charm—a wonderful complexion. Of course, the unnatural rivalry, by which the new fashioned plaster cosmetics outdid her own authentic red and white, put her in a rage. She hit upon a revenge. The most admired dog in good society was the remarkable King Charles spaniel she carried habitually in her lap: and by careful training, this favorite was taught to kiss a lady—that is to say, he would jump to the face of any one who approached him, and apply unexpectedly his salivated wiper. The first victim was the pretty Baroness ——, of Havana, who, by the close application of the dog's tongue, as she stooped to caress him, was one cheek porcelain, and the other earthenware, but alas for the King Charles! The Baroness had that day made a first experiment of a new and wonderful cosmetic, the principal ingredient of which was arsenic. He died of that kiss.

A Shot in the Flock.—We wonder if the following Paixhan shot, from the "Notes from the Plymouth Pulpit," by Henry