THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

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

42ND YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JAN. 16, 1860. NO. 16.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

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Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

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

Wm. A. Duncan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in the North-west corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa. [Oct. 3, 1859. tf

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Gettysburg, Pa. [Sept. 5, 1859.

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Gettysburg, Nov. 14, 1859.

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Gettysburg, March 28.

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.

DENTIST.

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. Stoever.

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

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It detects at the same moment, both size, thickness and weight, from a Half Dime to a Dollar in Silver, and from $1 in Gold up to $20, besides foreign Gold and Silver, and sells as quickly as seen, without the assistance of a word. It is simple, eminently useful, durable, economical and perfect. ☞ A Warrantee goes with every one that is sold.

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It is worth its price ten times told.—*City Item.*

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Bank Note Reporter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 28, 1859. 2m

Everybody Take Notice!

THAT the undersigned has just returned from the city, and has now on hand, and intends keeping constantly, as fine an assortment of GROCERIES and QUEENSWARE as has ever been kept in this place. Also a very fine assortment of FRUITS, such as Raisins, Malaga Figs, new dried Currants, drum Figs of first quality, prime Dates, ORANGES and LEMONS, a prime article of Leghorn Citron, a splendid article of Brandy Peaches, prime articles of Cheese and Teas, Spices of all kinds; also a lot of fresh NUTS, such as Pecans, Almonds and Palm Nuts—and a great many other articles in the Fruit and Grocery way, too numerous to mention. Also a lot of FANCY NOTIONS, such as Soaps, Perfumeries, &c.

Come one and all,
And give me a call,

H. G. CARR.

Store in Henry Thomas's room, next door to Sanger's Bakery, in East York street.

Gettysburg, Dec. 19, 1859.

Tavern Licenses.

THE following applications to keep Public Houses of entertainment, have been filed in my office, with the requisite number of signers, and will be presented at the Court of Quarter Sessions, on the 14th day of January next:

DANIEL TOBINY, Borough of Gettysburg.
JOHN ALL MORRIS, Freedom township.
BENJAMIN J. PETERS, Franklin street tavern.
JOHN CROWER, Cumberland.
ROBERT G. WOLF, Clerk.

Clerk's Office, Gettysburg, Dec. 19, 1859.

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THE highly valuable pills which are recommended by the proprietor as a family medicine, are offered to the public with the full confidence that they will prove to be what they are represented, a safe and efficacious medicine. For sale by the proprietor and by druggists and dealers in medicine generally throughout the country.

HURLBURT & CO.

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Sept. 26, 1859. 6m

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

THIS celebrated preparation is still in high repute, and its wonderful cures are the subject of conversation in every circle. Its mild and healing properties are well known to many, who have been cured by its use of Pulmonary Complaints, which, but for this medicine, would have ended in Consumption and Premature Death. Prepared only by

SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Boston.

For sale by all Druggists everywhere.

Oct. 24, 1859. 1y

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

THE CHEAPEST MEDICINE IN USE.

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

THE CHEAPEST, because it cures the quickest and most surely of any medicine known to man. THE CHEAPEST, because it costs less than any other medicine. THE CHEAPEST, because it lasts longer than any other medicine. THE CHEAPEST, because it cures more than any other medicine. THE CHEAPEST, because it cures more than any other medicine. THE CHEAPEST, because it cures more than any other medicine.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

Oct. 24, 1859. 1y

POET'S CORNER.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

BY GOSTER.

The warder looked down at the dead of night
On the graves where the dead were sleeping,
And, clearly as day, was the pale moonlight
O'er the quiet churchyard creeping.
One after another the gravestones began
To heave and to open, and woman and man
Rose up in their ghastly apparel!

Ho, ho, for the dance!—and the phantoms outsprung
In skeleton roundel advancing,
The rich and the poor, and the old and the young,
But the winding-sheets hindered their dancing.
No shame had these revelers wasted and grim,
So they shook off the ceraments from body and limb,
And scattered them o'er the hillocks.

They crooked their thigh-bones, and shook their long shanks,
And wild was their reeling and limber;
And each bone as it creaked, it clinks and it clanks,
Like the clapping of timber on timber.
The warder he laughed, though his laugh was not loud;
And the Fiend whispered to him—"Go, steal me the shroud
Of one of those skeleton dancers."

He has done it! and backward with terrified glance,
To the sheltering door ran the warder;
As calm as before looked the moon on the dance
Which they footed in hideous order.
But one and another retiring at last,
Slipped on their white garments and onward they passed,
And a hush settled over the graveyard.

Still one of them stumbles and tumbles along,
And taps at each tomb that it seizes;
But 'tis none of its mates who has done it this wrong,
For it seems its grave-clothes in the breezes,
It shakes the tower gate, but that drives it away,
For 'twas nailed o'er with crosses—a goodly array—
And well was it so for the warder!

It must have its shroud—it must have it betimes—
The quaint Gothic carving it catches;
And upwards from story to story it climbs,
And scrambles with leaps and with snatches.
Now woe to the warder, poor sinner, betides!
Like a spindle-legged spider the skeleton strides
From buttress to buttress, still upward!

The warder he shook, and the warder grew pale,
And gladly the shroud would have yielded!
The ghost had its clutch on the last iron rail,
Which the top of the watch-tower shielded,
When the moon was obscured by the rush of a cloud,
One! thundered the bell, and unswathed by a shroud,
Down went the gaunt skeleton crashing.

MISCELLANY.

"I Dare Refuse to Fight."

After school at night, George joined some boys who were amusing themselves by sliding down hill on their sleds. George had drawn his sled up to the top of the hill, and was sliding down again, when one of the boys to tease him, drew his sled directly in the path, so that when George's sled came in contact with it he was thrown off into the snow. George was inclined to anger at first; but he soon recollected himself and thought "if I do not get angry now, *this* will be a triumph I am sure."

All the boys gathered around and said, "Give it to him, George; give it to him. I would pay him well for that."

"No," said George, "if he has done wrong, that is no reason why I should do wrong too."

"It is because you *dare not* fight me, that you have grown so wonderful good all at once," said the boy who had thrown him from his sled.

George felt his spirit begin to rise at this taunt; but he knew he was in the right of it, and he answered calmly:

"I *dare refuse* to fight, notwithstanding your sneers; and I leave you to judge which requires the greatest courage."

All the boys knew that George was right, and had displayed the best and most difficult kind of courage; so they urged him no more to fight, and even the boy who had thrown him from his sled could not help feeling ashamed of his conduct.

A Pleasant Incident.

Sitting in our sanctum, says a Western editor, now some years past, on a cold and blustering Autumn day, we were attracted by the entrance of a bright-eyed, thoughtful little boy, but thinly clad, who told the old story of "no father—family sick—out of employment," &c. We were disposed to express a mock sympathy, and say we could do nothing; but the boy's eyes were so swimming with tears, and he so trembled from head to foot, while his conduct and demeanor bore such an impress of truthfulness and sincerity, that we could not find it in our heart to speak harshly, and finally dismissed him with a handsome little sum, contributed in the main by printers—who, by the way, are proverbial the world over for their generosity.

The next evening we were somewhat surprised to find the little fellow hanging diffidently about our office door. This time, however, his eyes were bright with happiness, and a sweet smile played over and lit up his handsome features. We asked him to come in, but he merely stepped forward timidly, so as to catch our ear, and earnestly, though stutteringly, whispered, "Mamma prayed for you last night," and then disappeared as noiselessly as he came.

Thank God, thought we, for that mother's prayer. And though years have passed since then—though we have battled through rainy hailstorms, and mingled in life's struggles, as we are all forced to do—a remembrance, "Mamma prayed for you," still sounds as gratefully and as sweet as when it first fell from the lips of that innocent boy.

☞ Small troubles are frequently the greatest which happen to ordinary people, and are those which they can bear the most easily.

The Bright Side.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be.—So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to exact all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within him; and above all, he should look upon the right side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day.—In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill, becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—*Selected.*

Romance and Reality.

A few years ago a young gentleman from this State, belonging to one of the worthiest families in the Commonwealth, married a young lady, the daughter of a man distinguished by his services to his country. This young lady had been brought up as fashionable young ladies are. The wedding was of course celebrated by a round of splendid parties, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." A big establishment was set up, and almost an army of servants employed to attend to the wants of the bride. Knowing nothing of practical life, her wants were only bounded by her imagination. Her husband, prudent in other things, went into extremes to gratify her whom he promised to love and protect. The consequences were what might have been expected; and to-day that man huckasters, with an old horse and wagon, through the country, to obtain the necessaries of life. His wife, however, true to her education loits at home, unwilling to exert herself in the least to prove a help-mate to her unfortunate husband. Fashionable education destroys all the finer sensibilities, as well as all the useful qualities, of its votaries.

Benedicts on a Lark.

How they "Fooled the Women."—One day last week a party of married gentlemen, numbering some sixteen persons, arranged to have a sleigh ride, a supper, and a "good time" generally.—The supper was to be had at Waldron's about five miles from Mount Pleasant, Ohio, the parties being all residents of the latter place. They managed as they supposed, to keep their wives ignorant of their plans, but the women were not as ignorant of their movement as they had supposed. Accordingly, when the "stag party" were nearly ready, with keen appetites sharpened by the ride, to sit down to the sumptuous supper provided, the ladies who had managed to arrive just in time, walked in and seated themselves at the table, utterly refusing to recognize their "smart husbands," and treating them as entire strangers. In this way they appropriated to themselves everything upon the table. After supper, the ladies, who had brought music with them, danced for a while, and then returned home without once speaking to their husbands, and treating all advances on their part with coldness.

A Movement Against Negroes in Canada.—By the proceedings of the Court of Assizes of Essex county, Canada, it appears that the Grand Jury made a presentment to the Court, based upon a representation emanating from the authorities of the township of Anderton, in regard to the negro population of the county. The Grand Jury submit the document that was presented to them to the Court, and urge that some action be taken in the matter. The Anderton authorities say: "We are aware that nine-tenths of the crimes committed at Essex, according to the population, are so committed by the colored people." And they further urge "that some measures may be taken by the government to protect us and our property, or persons of capital will be driven from the country." The Court, in alluding to this presentment, remarked that "he was not surprised at finding a prejudice existing against them (the negroes) among the respectable portion of the people, for they were indolent, shiftless, and dishonest, and unworthy the sympathy that those mistaken parties extended to them; they would not work when opportunity was presented, but preferred subsisting by thieving from respectable farmers and begging from those benevolently inclined."

☞ A lie is like a pound of putty—you can roll it and twist it and mould it into any shape you please, but you cannot change its nature; the lie remains a lie—the putty is still putty.—The truth—oh, that is a rock—firm, unyielding, solid, indestructible.

☞ The Americans are followers of no nationality.—*Boston Post.* We must confess that we cannot follow you in that last.

☞ There is said to be no *infallible* test of the approach of death, and physicians generally tell their declining patients that "while there is life there is hope." These things may have been true some time ago, but the science of pathology is advancing, and the approach of the grim monster may now be told with certainty—at least, in the case of colored people. The discovery of this test is due to an aged colored female of our town, familiarly known as Aunt Becky—a character, by-the-way, particularly famous as the subject of numerous revivals in the "African meetin'." Some years ago Aunt Becky was living with an old darkey called uncle Johnny; and one fatal evening Uncle Johnny was carried home on a board, having been maliciously, wickedly, and feloniously shot—mortally wounded by divers slugs discharged from a shot-gun. The District Attorney was sent for to take his dying declaration, and on entering the house found Aunt Becky in a flood of grief. The Attorney, finding the old man in rather a comfortable frame of body, remarked to Aunty that "Johnny wasn't as bad as he expected to find him, and might perhaps get well again."

"Oh no, Squire, bless your heart, Johnny's a dead nigger. I cooked him a nice piece of fitch to-night, and he wouldn't touch it; *and whenever a nigger turns away from fitch he's gwine to die certain!*"

☞ "Doctor White, once a resident of our village, who, many years since, perished in the snows of the Western prairies, was noted as much for his eccentricities as for his skill in medicine and surgery. He was once returning, on horseback, from a visit to a patient, when he was overtaken on the road by a townsman, also mounted, who informed him that he was on his way to see him for the purpose of getting rid of a 'raging tooth' with which he was troubled.

"A malicious twinkle lighted the Doctor's eye, for he had long owed the sufferer a grudge, and here was an opportunity to 'feed it fat.' Directing him to ride alongside, he commenced an examination of the offending member, feeling around it with no very tender finger, and lancing the gum, while both still kept their horses' backs.

"The preliminaries concluded, he drew out his tarnkey, an old-school, vicious-looking instrument, and fitted it carefully to the tooth. Charging the patient to 'hold hard,' he drove his spurs into his horse, which, with a sudden bound, galloped off, almost dragging the victim from his saddle, the Doctor triumphantly flourished the bloody fang, firmly grasped in the jaws of the tarnkey.

"The patient was afterward heard to say that he had no desire to have another tooth drawn by *horse-power!*"

☞ Old Rowe kept a hotel in the northern part of this State, which he boasted was the best in "them parts;" where, as he used to say, you could get any thing that was ever made to eat. One day in comes a Yankee, sends his horse around to the stable, and stepping up to the bar asked Old Rowe what he could give him for dinner.

"Any thing, Sir," says Old Rowe; "any thing, from a pickled elephant to a canary-bird's tongue."

"Wa'al," says the Yankee, *eying Old Rowe*, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."

Out bustled Rowe into the dining-room, leaving our Yankee friend nonplussed at his gravity. Presently he comes back again.

"Well, Sir, we've got 'em all ready right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole one, 'cause we never cut 'em."

The Yankee thought he would have cod-fish and potatoes.

☞ "A neighbor of mine missed corn from his garner, and his suspicions rested upon a reckless fellow whom every body called 'Sam.' The corn was kept in a chamber over the kitchen, adjoining the wood-house, toward which the chamber was left open and accessible by a ladder. The victim of this midnight 'theffery,' as another neighbor calls it, determined to satisfy himself concerning the identity of the thief, made a temporary bed upon the kitchen floor and lay down to watch. About the hour when 'church-yards yawn' he was aroused from a partial slumber by the rattling of the ears of corn overhead, when he suddenly called out at the top of his voice,

"'Sam!'

"'Hello!' responded the thief, taken entirely off his guard by this sudden call.

"'Don't take more than a bushel!'

"'Then I shall have to pour it out; for I've got two in the bag already!'"

Diabolical.—Can a fellow who is stooping to catch a sight of a dog, be said to be "stooping to con-cur?"

Can a tall man without money be "short?"

Can a nigger ever get "blue?"

☞ The trouble you dread may never come; and if it does, its character may be so changed by the time it reaches you, that you may not dread it; or you may be raised above it, so that it may pass away without affecting you.

☞ The extent of railroad lines opened in Germany, including Prussia and Austria, up to the end of 1858, was 7,[illegible] miles. Their cost has been $[illegible],000,000.

☞ Despite nothing because it turns weak. The fly and locust have done more hurt than ever the bears and lions did.

Swallowed an Oyster Alive.

At a late hour, the other night, the door of an oyster house in St. Louis was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-woolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—"isters?"

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator, "and fine ones they are, too."

"Well, I've heard of isters afore," said he, "and this is the fust time I've seed 'em, and *perhaps* I'll know what *thar* made of afore I get out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate, and scrutinized the uncanny shellfish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed anything hold on so—takes an amazin' site of screwin', hoss, to get 'em out, and ain't they slick and slip'ry when they does come? Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller lodgin', jist to realize the effects, as uncle Jose used to say about speckulation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker, "now come, that's strikin' it on rite strong, hoss, *for isters.* A dozen on 'em ain't nothin' to a chicken, and there's no gettin' more'n a picayune for 'em.—I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're a witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag; "none of your tricks, for I've heard that you city fellers are mity slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset; deliberately put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of mingled amusement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it *stood* open. Fear—a horrid dread of he didn't know what—a consciousness that all wa'nt right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend, "the creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added he, in a most hopeless tone.

"Get a paxen pump, and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "O, gracious!—what'll I do?—Its got hold of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken!—do somethin' for me, do—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough—the Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and, desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while, at the same time, his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length, becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired—

"How are you now, old fellow? did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss—ugh, ugh, o-o-o my innards. If that *ister* critter's dyin' agonies didn't stir a 'raption in me equal to a small arthquake, then 'twint no use sayin' it—it squirmed like a serpent, when that killin' staff touched it; I—," and here with a countenance made up of unfeigned agony and prominent determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "if you get two chickins from me for that critter, I'm d—d!" and seizing his coal skin, he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at this point, would have made a spectator believe that they had all been suddenly struck with palsy.

Seeds from a Mummy.

At a recent meeting of New York Horticultural Society, Professor S. B. Morse presented some sweet peas, found in the breast of a mummy that had lain *for 3000 years in an Egyptian tomb.*—Strange as the statement may seem, the Society was assured by the Professor, that a portion of those peas thus found, had been planted and actually vegetated. From this fact it would appear that the vitality of seeds is scarcely affected by the lapse of time. Exclusion from the air and moisture, perhaps, are the circumstances necessary for the preservation of seeds and grain, during many centuries.

Fried Potatoes.—How few cooks know how to fry potatoes. There is nothing so easy to get and yet so palatable for breakfast, with a thick, tender beef-steak, or a mutton chop, fizzing from the gridiron. To fry raw potatoes properly, they should be pared, cut lengthwise into slices an eighth of an inch in thickness, dropped into a pan over the fire, containing hot beef drippings, turned frequently, nicely browned all over but never burned. The addition of a little salt and pepper, while in the pan, and a little flour dredged over them, is an improvement.

Christmas among the Slaves.—The Petersburg (Va.) *Press*, in speaking of the Christmas celebration in that region says:

"As for the negro population, it is impossible for us to describe their enjoyment. Webster's dictionary does not contain enough words of the proper sort to do it with. Enough be it to say that each darkey was ten times as big as the biggest white man, and fifty times as saucy as they naturally are. The specimen pertaining to our office made himself scarce at an early hour, forgot to build our fire, brush our table, clean our pens, or do anything else that ought to have been done, and we dare say that at the present writing he is either drunk as a sot, or locked up in that edifice that stands in such loving contiguity with the Mayor's office. We hope the latter, with all our heart and soul."

The Free Negroes.—The Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegraph*, a Republican paper, says the colored population of Harrisburg exceeds that of any other town in the State, and this class is made up, to a great extent, of indolent, intemperate, worthless and disorderly persons of both sexes, some of whom are before our magistrates almost every day in the week.

We do not know of any paper in the State that has done more towards encouraging worthless negroes to emigrate to Pennsylvania, than the *Telegraph*, and it should not now complain at the result.

Fifteen Hundred Dollars a Week for a Lady's Dresses.—Ladies are invited to pass a week with the French Court at the Emperor's country place of Compiegne. They have four *toilette* a day, and are never expected to wear the same gown twice. The cost, therefore, for a lady's dresses for that week, is usually about fifteen hundred dollars!

☞ A merchant entered his store in the morning and found his Bobby attempting to throw all kinds of somersets.

"What are you about?" asked the merchant looking astonished at the evolutions of the boy.

"Obligin' my girl," replied the exhausted youth. "She's writ me a letter, and at the bottom she said—turn over and oblige, and I've been going it *for mor'n half an hour.*"

☞ The tongue of childhood, in its earnest and innocent lisping, not unfrequently gives utterance to the most exquisitely poetic expressions, which seem to fall from their tiny lips by inspiration. A few days ago, a bright eyed little boy in this city, about six years old, retired up stairs to bed, leaving his mother below, without the customary good night kiss. As he kissed his father and bade him good night, he naively said: "Tell mamma good night for me. I forgot to kiss her, but tell her that *I kiss her in my heart.*"

☞ The Milwaukie *News* says the best protection from mosquitoes will "be obtained by marrying a pretty woman." These pests never bite a man when they can find something better and sweeter.

☞ Listening to a lady who was pouring out a stream of talk, Jerrold whispered to the person next to him, "She'll cough soon, and then we can strike in."

☞ We would intimate that wives over pull hair, yet few persons can have failed to observe that, as a general rule, married men get bald much sooner than bachelors.

☞ The printing materials of the *Berks County Democrat* office have been sold at Sheriff's sale. They were knocked down, at low prices, to various purchasers. This is the concern started by Lauman & Co.

☞ The wisdom and mercy of God will be found written on every event which concerns you.

☞ A mass of the best counsel and of the size of a whale, contains more oil than there is in that fish.

☞ Live so that when death comes you may celebrate the friends.

☞ A branch of the Middletown Bank is to be established at Hanesburg.

A Voice from the Grave.

Addressed to the Christians, the Patriots, the Statesmen and Politicians, of New York.—In the United States Senate, in February, 1850, Henry Clay concluded a speech on the slavery question in the following "words of wisdom." We have published them before, but they will bear perusal a thousand times:

"If one dark spot exists upon our political horizon, is it not obscured by the bright and effulgent, and cheering light that beams around us? Was ever a people before so blessed as we are, if true to ourselves? Did ever any other nation contain within its bosom so many elements of prosperity, of greatness, and of glory? Our only real danger lies ahead, conspicuous, elevated and visible. It was clearly discerned at the commencement, and distinctly seen throughout our whole career.—Shall we wantonly run upon it, and destroy all the glorious anticipations of the high destiny that awaits us? I beseech the abolitionists, themselves, solemnly to pause in their mad and fatal course. Amid the infinite variety of objects of humanity and benevolence which invite employment of their energies, let them select some one more harmless, that does not threaten to deluge our country in blood.

"I call upon that small portion of the clergy which has lent itself to these wild and ruinous schemes, not to forget the holy nature of the divine mission of the founder of our religion, and to profit by his peaceful examples. I entreat that portion of my countrywomen who have given their countenance to abolition, to remember that they are ever most loved and honored when moving in their own appropriate and delightful sphere, and to reflect that the ink which they shed in subscribing with their fair hands abolition petitions, may prove but the prelude to the shedding of the blood of their brethren. I adjure all the inhabitants of the free States to rebuke and discountenance, by their opinion and their example, measures which must inevitably lead to the most calamitous consequences. And let us all, as countrymen, as friends, and as brothers, cherish in unfading memory the motto which bore our ancestors triumphantly through all the trials of the revolution, as, if adhered to, it will conduct their posterity through all that may, in the dispensation of Providence, be reserved for them."

Daniel Webster on Abolitionism.

Daniel Webster, in the United States Senate, spoke as follows:

"Now, sir, this prejudice has been produced by the incessant attrition of abolition doctrines, by abolition presses and abolition lecturers upon the common mind. *No drum head in the longest day's march* was ever more incessantly beaten than the feelings of the public in certain parts of the North. They have been beaten *every month*, and *every day* and *every hour* BY THE DIN AND ROLL AND RUB-A-DUB OF THE ABOLITION PRESSES AND ABOLITION LECTURERS, and that it is which has created these prejudices."

And, again, he declared:

"I am against agitators North and South. I am against all narrow and local ideas North and South, and against all narrow and local contests. I am an American, and I know no locality in America. My heart, my sentiments, my judgment demand of me that I should pursue such a course as shall promote the good, and the harmony, and the union of the whole country. This I shall do, God willing, to the end of the chapter."

A Kentucky Sentiment.

A series of joint resolutions, all in the good music of the Union, have been offered in the Kentucky Senate, among them the following:

4th. Resolved, That we look with admiration and approval at the Union demonstrations in the North, and promise our Union-loving friends of that section our hearty co-operation in quelling sectional strife and restoring fraternal feelings in the different sections of our confederacy. We are for the equality of the States, the supremacy of the constitution, the execution of the laws and preservation of the Union. We ask nothing more than we are willing to award to others.

Split it the Kansas Legislature.—LEAVENWORTH, K. T., Jan. 9.—The Territorial Legislature of Kansas passed a joint resolution adjourning to Lecompton, which Governor Medary vetoed.

The Legislature passed it over the veto by a two-thirds vote of a quorum. A question having arisen as to the constitutionality of the vote, the majority adjourned to Lawrence, while the minority remained at Lecompton. Both factions claim to be the legal body, and it is apprehended that another series of Legislative difficulties will be created by this disagreement.

An Indian Kills a Bear and the Bear Kills the Indian.—On Tuesday of this week an Indian hunter encountered a huge bear near Beef River Station, and the affray proved fatal to both. The Indian shot the bear, wounding him severely, and then rushed up, exulting to dispatch him with his tomahawk.—Mr. Bruin "locked horns" with Mr. Indian, and a struggle for life ensued. The conflict must have been a terrible one, as the belligerents were both badly maimed. They were found a short time after, lying a few feet apart, dead.—*Eau Claire (Wis.) Free Press.*

☞ At Rochester last Friday evening a young man named King, indicted for grand larceny, was being conducted to jail in irons, accompanied by two constables. He knocked down one of his custodians, tripped the other from his feet, jumped into a sleigh which *happened* to be passing, and made off.—He has not been retaken.

☞ Gerrit Smith is at his home in Peterboro', very much improved in all respects, but not fully restored to health; and the doctor has prohibited him from receiving visitors, and from giving personal attention to his correspondence.

☞ Peter A. Browne, Esq., a distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar, died in that city on Saturday week.

☞ A man recently got married in Kentucky one day and hung himself the next. No doubt he wanted to try all varieties of misery that which he lived back.

☞ The Rutland (Vt.) Herald says that theatricals—"the performance of Hamlet the talk."