

TERMS: The Compiler is published every Monday morning, by Henry J. Stahl, at \$1 75 per annum in advance. 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. See Printing done with neatness and dispatch. Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tanning Establishment—"Compiler" on the sign.

J. C. Neely, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business entrusted to his care with promptness. Office nearly opposite Palumbo's Store, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, April 11, 1859.

Wm. A. Dunoon, ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in the North-west corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 9, 1859.

A. J. Cover, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to Collections and all other business entrusted to him. Office in the North-west corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 5, 1859.

Wm. B. McClellan, ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in West Middle street, one door west of the new Court House, Gettysburg, Nov. 14, 1859.

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 Frazier's drug store, and nearly opposite Dunner & Ziegler's store. Gettysburg, March 20.

D. McConoughy, ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street), ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PATENTORS. Having 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 all States. Apply to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 11, '53.

Dr. A. W. Dorsey, FORMERLY of Carroll county, Pa., having formerly resided 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.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D., HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Pickler's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. References: Drs. Hagner, Rev. C. P. Knapp, D. D., Rev. H. W. Wagner, D. D., Rev. Prof. H. Jacobs, President of the Sem. Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

Furs! Furs! THE highest prices will be paid for all kinds of Furs, at the sign of the BLUE HORN, Jan. 2.

New Grocery. THIS WAY FOR BARGAINS.—The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of town and country, that he has opened a Grocery, Confectionery and Retail Store, at York street, two doors east of St. James' Lutheran Church, where he has now on hand a general assortment of goods in his line—such as: Syrup, from 40 to 70 cents per gallon; Sugar, all kinds; Coffee, different kinds; Vinegar, Salt, Fish, Cheese, Soda, Almonds, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Apples, Peaches, Cinnamon, Mustard, Soda, Ginger, Starch, Rice, Tea, Candles, Nutmeg, Cloves, Concentrated Lye; Brown, Buckwheat, Candies, all kinds; Eggs, Walnuts, Palm Nut, Almonds, Ground Nuts, Almond Raisins, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Crackers of all kinds, Butter and Eggs bought and sold. He invites the calls of the public, convinced that his assortment will please, both in quality and price. He is determined to sell cheaper than the cheapest.

W. M. BITTLE, Gettysburg, Dec. 10, '58.

House and Lot FOR SALE.—I will sell a small Dwelling HOUSE AND LOT, on Chambersburg street. Also, several other Lots in the Borough. GEO. ARNOLD, Gettysburg, Sept. 12, 1859.

Ladies' Dress Goods AT COST.—Now is the time for Bargains. GEO. ARNOLD offers the following goods at cost: 25 cent Muslin Belanes at 20, 20 cent do. at 15, 12 1/2 do. at 10; Berage Belanes at similar rates; 50 cent Coburg (cloths at 37), and 37 1/2 cent do. at 25; Alpacas, Silks, Calicoes, Sax Flannels, &c. at the same rates; also Long and Square Shawls, cheaper than the cheapest. Call and see them. Nov. 28, 1859.

TYSON & BRO. make it a point to retake their Pictures until it gives entire satisfaction; and no extra charge for children pictures. Nov. 28.

WHAT'S THE RIGHT WAY.—When times are hard and money scarce, goods should be sold cheaper for cash. Silk Hats at \$1 25 to \$4 00, Shoes in proportion, Silk Hats at \$1 50 to \$2 50, Fur and Wool Hats and Caps at such low prices as to suit choice buyers. SAMSON'S.

PICTURES! Pictures! Pictures! of all the latest styles. Call on the BROTHERS' new Gallery, N. E. cor. of the Diamond.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—Palata, Oil, &c. always on hand and will be furnished at low rates. FAHNSSTOCKS.

PRIME article of SYRUP, the cheapest in town, at SYDNER & BENKER'S.

THE best OVER-COATS ever offered in any Clothing Store outside of the city, (gentlemen who have seen them will testify to the fact that the material and the excellent making can't be excelled.) A few more left at SAMSON'S. Dec. 26.

ONE of the accomplishments in Music.—Guitars, Accordions, Flute, Flutes, Fiddles, and all the necessary fixtures. During the long winter nights an hour may be spent advantageously, when you can buy these instruments so cheap at SAMSON'S.

WHO needs a TRUNK or CARPET BAG or one of these new Railroad styles? Look at them. You can't see better than to buy them at SAMSON'S.

NO one can doubt the cheapness of the jackets at the western Shawls and woolen and cotton Under-shirts and Drawers, cotton and woolen Socks, woolen Jackets, excellent to work in, the three styles of French and cotton Caps, Collars, Gloves, Suspenders, &c. One note, the new style of French embroidered Stockings at SAMSON'S.

A VARIETY of Fall Bonnets, Trimmings, Shawls, Flowers, &c., at SAMSON'S.

TALLOW.—A prime article of Yellow and Red Tallow, at SAMSON'S.

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR. 42ND YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JAN. 23, 1860. NO. 17.

POET'S CORNER.

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.
Always look on the sunny side,
And though life checker'd be,
A lightsome heart betwixt us depart,
And time fly pleasantly;
Why sit and moan o'er fancied ills
When danger is not near?
Care is self-consuming thing
The hardest never can wear.
Always look on the sunny side,
And though you do not find
All things according to your wish,
Be not disturbed in mind;
The greatest evils that can come
Are lighter far to bear,
When met by fortitude and strength,
Instead of doubt and fear.
Always look on the sunny side—
The gloomy path is far too dark
For happy feet to tread,
And sells of pain and sorrow,
Of friends estranged and dead.
Always look on the sunny side,
And never yield to doubt;
The ways of Providence are wise,
And faith will bear you out.
If you but make this maxim yours,
Believing all is for the best—
Look on the sunny side.

MISCELLANY.

Disbanding of the Revolutionary Army.
When has the sun in all his course since time began, shone upon a scene like the disbanding of the Revolutionary army? Where is the history that can show its parallel, or the people that can boast its equal? An army flushed with victory, that has just achieved the independence of its country, and given it a name and a place among the nations; had effected, with indescribable toil and hardship, the high purposes of its enlistment, and that had large and just claims upon the treasury as well as gratitude of the nation, is summoned on parade for the last time. Their arrearages are unpaid—they are without a dollar in their pockets—without comfortable apparel—without a single day's rations in their knapsacks, hundreds of miles from home—which home may have been desolated, in their absence, by savage violence—many of them crippled by sickness and protracted sufferings—and all of them goaded to extreme sensitiveness, by a most eloquent exhibition of their grievances, and an exciting portraiture of their grievances, by a talented and ingenious orator. Will their love of country overcome the promptings of selfishness, and the keen and bitter stings of disappointment? Will they refuse to listen to the song of renunciation? Will these war-torn and neglected veterans pile their arms, and literally beg their passage homeward? Will they quietly surrender the means of redress in their hands, and trust cold charity for bread, and the tardy justice of the country for remuneration? O, it is more than human—it is God-like! The drum beats—the line is formed—the flag of independence is advanced to the front—the officers, with uncovered heads, bid their men a silent farewell! Filing off, they pile up their arms in solemn silence, and with clasped hands and averted eyes, are dismissed each to his own way. Is there aught in Grecian or Roman story, in ancient or modern revolutions, that can equal the last act of our veteran fathers' magnanimity and patriotism?

Old Hundred.
You may fill your choirs with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeples, and cost most as much—but give us the spirit of the "Old Hundred" hymn, sung by young and old together. Mothers have hallowed it; it has gone up from the bed of saints. The old churches, were generation after generation have worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar, where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred"—from respite to tower top, the air is haunted with its spirit. Think a moment of the assembled company who have at different times and different places joined in the familiar tune.—Among joined in the strong, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, the ray faces all beaming with inspiration of the heavenly and melodious sounds, "Old Hundred!" King of the sacred band of "ancient airs!" Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing these. And when we get to Heaven, who knows but what the first triumphant strain that welcome us may be: "Be thou, O God! exalted high."

As the world goes, the man who is saving, prudent and economical, trying to do what is right, paying his honest debts, and "laying up something for a rainy day," is called "a mean case" by the loafer who spends all his time laying around on old store boxes at the corners, squirting tobacco juice, and who wouldn't do any honest work for a dollar an hour. There is this consolation, however, that the good and virtuous in every community will applaud such a man, and what is more and better, his own conscience will sustain and cheer him.

A popular writer says that a woman "should be won by degrees."—Certainly—win first her ears and eyes, then her heart, then her lips, and then her hand.

A schoolmaster was taken up for bigamy. "Which wife," asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?" Brown always ready at a joke, replied, "It is a matter, and of course must stick to his last."

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About Kissing.
The Rev. Sydney Smith once said, in writing of kissing. "We are in favor of a certain degree of abstinence 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 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 slobber 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 have had the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us for forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we will think of when we die."

An old woman who was in the habit of declaring after the occurrence of any unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many another who work of had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, wife! wife! what—what—do you think. The old grindstone has gone and sat on our grindstone!" The old woman was ready, and hardly waiting to hear the last word she screamed out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so, you old fool! I told you so! You always would let it stand out a door."

A good story is told of Dr. McKenzie, of the Press. Some time ago the doctor accompanied some fair Philadelphians to the Navy Yard in Brooklyn. The day was fine, but gusty; he was eloquently describing on the ferry boat the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when a puff of wind gently lifted his hat off his head, and carried it like a bird flapping its wings up the river. "Good heavens!" cried the doctor, "there's some poor fellow's hat in the air." Well, that's a joke I always laugh at. The roar of laughter which greeted him all around, and the direction of his eyes took to his head, induced him to put his hand there. "By the powers," quoth he, "it's my hat!" But his native wit returning, he said, as he saw it fluff itself into the waters of the East River, "That's true to nature—a beaver always takes to the water!"

How a fellow from Shuhsburg, in the mining district, was elected to the State Legislature is related by the Milwaukee News. The district was miscellaneous, the Republicans being dangerously numerous, so the Democratic candidate, who was a miner and employed men to work in the bowels of the earth, secured the services of fifty-three staunch Republicans to mine in his shaft on the forenoon of election day, the understanding being that in the afternoon they should be allowed to go to the polls. The fifty-three descended the ladder 158 feet into the shaft, and were soon busy at work, drilling, cutting, blasting, &c. The candidate and employer saw them well employed, they ascended the ladder, reached the surface, and with the help of two or three friends in the secret, drew the ladder up after him, leaving fifty-three good Republican voters hard at work, a hundred feet below, with no means of getting out till the ladder was replaced. Taking two sections of the ladder off to have some one round up in, he left for the polls, a mile distant, and when the votes were counted at night, to the surprise of his opponent, he had forty-two majority! An hour later these might have been seen fifty-three able-bodied men, each one bearing a lighted candle, emerging from a certain hole in the ground, like ants from a viol of molasses, profaning fearfully, and vainly seeking for the man who "pulled up the ladder," but for two days no such man could be found. Concluding they had been sold in earnest, after a consultation the miners agreed to charge nothing for their services, drink at their employer's expense, and let the matter drop—but he was elected.

Yunker Dew Drops.—"Why, Uncle Dewhite, how dew you dew? Dew come and rest a little while, dew; how does aunt Hannah dew, and how is she dewing now? dew dew tell us about the news. Come, dew set up to the table and dew as we dew; dew help yourself, and dew talk some, and dew not make me dew all the talking. Now dew say something, dew."

John Brown's Gun.—The Senate Investigating Committee have directed that the "Joyn gun," which the abolitionist traitor, Brown, treacherously obtained and treasonably used, should be sent from Richmond to Washington. Its weight is thirty-one pounds, and it carries a ball weighing two and a half ounces. Brown boasted that he could kill his man easily, if only two miles and a half off.

Matrimonial on Dix.—There is a rumor in court circles that one of the diplomatic lions in Washington, the representative of one of the great European Powers, is soon to lead to the hymeneal altar the accomplished niece of the President.

The New York "Aino" says that "Dan Siskien is positively out of time." Practice reminds that Dan never did his right key but one.

The New Journal of Commerce says the report of the Intended withdrawal of the Southern Medical Students in that city, is believed to be incorrect.

The "Cool of the Evening."—Sidney Smith was complaining of a young gentleman who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name, a privilege which, as Sidney Smith remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends. Shortly after, the gentleman in question entered the room, and familiarly addressing Smith as "Sidney," inquired how he thought of passing the day. "For my part," he added, "the Archbishop of Canterbury (the then Dr. Howley) has often invited me to pay him a visit at Addington Park, and I think I shall drive down and return in the cool of the evening." "Ah," returned Smith, "then let me give you a word of advice; I know something of the Archbishop; he is a very excellent man, but rather proud; don't call him 'William' or 'might not like it.'" A roar of laughter followed this significant speech, and as the discomfited youth left the room, Sidney Smith turned round and quietly remarked, "I think I have settled the 'cool of the evening' at last."

Baptism in Hoops.—At Chicago, last week, a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady, by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The Union says: "The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to do so, and he proceeded to perform the rite. The minister told her of the inconvenience that must result from her obstinacy, but she persisted. When she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation; she was swallowed up in the swirling skirt; the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of the ridiculous, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady that the minister succeeded in effecting the rite. Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously inclined audience, who could not keep from laughing in their pocket kerchiefs."

A Model Speech.—Hooper, in his Montgomery "Mail," says—Some men carry a whole newspaper to say a very little. Others "knock the block out" in a few brief sentences, as the Senator from Madison, Col. Fleming, did yesterday, on the bill to prevent adulteration of liquors. It is a speech after our own heart, and here it is:

Mr. President.—This is the most important measure that has been before this body at this session. Spirituous liquors, sir, is a beverage in which we all indulge, more or less. It is well known, sir, that there are persons so lost to every sense of humanity, as to put strychnine and other poisonous substances in this popular beverage. Sir, in my opinion, the villain who perpetrates so great an outrage ought to suffer death.

Spirit of Southern Ladies.—A correspondent of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser relates the following: "Touching the question of Southern rights, I was recently conversing with a young lady of this county, noted for good sense and originality, who was earnest and eloquent in praise of the patriotic resolutions adopted by the ladies of Richmond, that they would not wear any article of dress manufactured at, or brought from the North; that sooner than do so, they would learn to weave cloth with the old-fashioned loom, &c. I, of course, agreed with my young lady friend in everything she said; but I was (I must confess) rather puzzled to know what the dear lady would do for 'hoops,' as I rather bashfully asked the question: 'What will you do for steel and brass? I imagine my discomfiture at her characteristic and patriotic reply, 'Waltz oak splits forever!'"

The Clock in the steeple at Trinity Church, Newport, was presented to the congregation in 1758, by Jahiel Brenton, and continued to run without interruption for about one hundred years. For the last twenty-five years, however, it has been out of order, and all efforts to put it in order have met with no success. A person has at last undertaken the job of repairing it, who is confident of restoring it perfectly and putting it in running order by the last of January.

Decrease of Mormons.—The Mormons, according to their own census, are decreasing in Utah. In 1856 they numbered 89,000, in 1857 only 81,622, and in 1858 only about 80,000. They claim, however, that they are increasing in the country at large and in the world, and they ascribe the diminution in Utah to temporary causes and absences. It is computed that there are 32,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, and 7,000 on the Continent of Europe, besides some 6,000 in Canada, 4,000 in California, and several thousand in the Eastern States and South America. Altogether they number 126,000. Utah is the only place where they practice polygamy and carry out their theories of civil government as well as of religion, and it is the only place where they do not increase.

In Detroit they say there are but three rounds in the ladder of a negro's ambition—a banjo, a bow-harper, and a white wife.

Holmes, after telling that a dog was shot for biting a woman's leg, said it was a pity to shoot a dog with such a fine taste!

Girls want nothing but husbands, and when they have got them, they want everything else.

A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate to abolish the franking privilege of members of Congress; whereupon several of the mammoth city presses, with peculiar zeal, ask that the bill be so amended that all newspapers be charged with postage, even those circulated within the limits of the counties where they are published. This is not the first time the city press has attempted to crush out their feeble rivals in the country, and that too by the aid of Congressional enactment. The motive for this request is apparent. The country press has now but a sickly existence, and can hardly sustain itself, since the circulation of city papers has been so greatly facilitated by means of railroads. City publishers have the advantage of steam power to print as well as to circulate their papers, and it is idle for the country publishers to attempt to compete with them, so long as they are compelled to print by hand, and circulate papers by slow stages and horseback carriers. Members of Congress must be made to understand these things, and the country press should be the fountains of news and literature in the larger cities, is worthy of grave consideration; and must impress every candid mind with its evil consequences. Let the country press be superseded by the city press, and the result will be, that the interests of the country, and the teachings of its people, will be entrusted to those who scribble for the city press. Metropolitan notions will be imposed upon rural parties, and irresponsible penny-pushers seek to control the minds and manners of the country masses. What folly. Those who favor such an order of things are governed by selfish considerations, or sadly afflicted with mental abrasions. The city Gorgons of the press are willing to devour their co-laborers in the country, and that too, by the grace of Congress and in the most complacent style. They are ready to advocate any reduction of postage rates which will benefit them, or any change of rates that tends to oppress their country co-temporaries. They very coolly ask Congress to impose on the country papers the same postage for a country circulation that they pay for whole States. The same for ten miles, they pay for thousands. Beautiful scheme indeed to crush out the rural press.

The Lawrence Massacre.—According to the evidence taken before the Coroner's jury, the statements current as to the known insecurity of the Pomberton Mills, at the time of their first occupation, are fully borne out. Mr. Tuttle, the master mason, who put up the brick work, testifies that he told Mr. Bigelow, the contractor, when engaged on the work, that the walls were too weak for such a building, and that he subsequently informed Mr. Putnam, one of the owners, of the same fact. It was known, and had been repeatedly commented upon, that the building was entirely inadequate to sustain the weight of machinery necessary for the operations of the mill. The timbers of the flooring in the upper stories had so little support in the walls that brick projections had to be built to sustain them. The foundations were literally percolated with water, which could be heard gurgling through the stones.

We find the following in the Memphis Bulletin of the 17th. How sad and touching, yet how beautiful is the loving, heroic exaltation of the little angel!
On Friday afternoon a fatal accident happened to a little girl, daughter of Mrs. Cole, residing seven miles south of this city, on the Horseshoe road.—The little girl, whose age was seven years, was playing in the house with her twin brother, when he, in the wantonness of sport, snatched a gun and fired at her, seventeen buckshot taking effect in her throat. She immediately ran toward the door, where meeting her mother, she exclaimed, "brother didn't go to do it," and died almost instantaneously.

A lady in Nashville was making a visit to the penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper who was showing her about, said to him, in an undertone: "Dear me! the rickiest-looking women I ever saw in my life! What are they doing?" "They are here," he replied, "because I say here; they are my wife and daughters, madam!" But madam was traveling out as fast as possible.

A Poetical Estimate of Kissing.—A "poem" on kissing, sent in by a new correspondent, sums up the pleasures of that delightful titillation of the labial nerves in the following strong and comprehensive comparison. We presume it is just so:
"Strawberries and cream, when 'tis hot,
May induce us to stay and not rot,
But please, reason, cream and berries are set
Like a kiss from the girl that I love."
—Springfield Republican.

An editor is an individual who reads newspapers, writes articles on all subjects, sets type, reads proof, works at press, folds the papers, prints jobs, runs on errands, sews wood, works in the garden, talks to all who call, receives blame for many things he never does, works from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M., and never collects half his debts. Who does not wish himself an Editor?

A letter in a Salt Lake paper, from Washington county, represents the yield of cotton there to be very good, two thousand or three thousand pounds having been already picked, and five thousand or six thousand pounds more remaining to be picked.

Cowhiding.
Served Him Right for His Impertinence.—The Brooklyn Daily Times tells a story about a certain Dr. S., who, being called to visit a sick man, undertook to kiss the sick man's pretty wife. A few days later, the Doctor, thinking no doubt of his patient's pretty wife, called again. In the meantime she had told her mother and sister of the Doctor's act, and they resolved to summarily punish the doctor for his impertinent conduct.

The wife and sister had supplied themselves with a couple of pounds of flour apiece, and a good strong cowhide. The doctor entered the apartment where they both were sitting, and commenced casting his glances at the young wife, when she said to her sister, "are you ready?" sister replied "yes," where puff, puff, went a couple of pounds of flour all over the Doctor's head, eyes, nose, mouth and other upper regions. He was blinded and taken "all aback," but came to his senses, when the flour was immediately followed by sharp and heavy blows from the cowhide, well laid on by the hands of the young wife, whose arm was strengthened by the thought of the insults she had received from him.

The Doctor yelled furiously and tried to escape, but no go—the flour was locked. Then he ran out the back door and tried the yard gate, followed all the way by the wife, who was unmercifully plying the cowhide all the while. But that gate was locked also, and it was not until his coat had been well dusted that he succeeded in making his escape over the fence, into his gig, and away.

Man Eaten by Rats.—On Saturday week, an old man named Nathaniel Townsend, was found dead in his bed, in New York. The body was very much gnawed by rats. The old man had for some time past lived alone, and the neighbors not having seen him for several days, determined to break open the door, which was done, when a horrible sight presented itself to their view. This is the second man found in that city, eaten by rats, within a week.

Singular State of Prison Discipline.—The prisoners in the jail at Indianapolis, Indiana, are a funny set of fellows. They hold a mock trial on one Quinn, charged with wife murder, a few days ago, and convicted him. They then made a rope from strips of blankets, and proceeded to hang him, which they very nearly accomplished, the tarnation cutting him down barely in time to save his life.

The Director of the U. S. Mint having been interrogated as to a rumored change in the devices of the several silver coins of the country, replies that there will be no change in either the half or quarter dollar pieces at the present time. The dime, however, will appear in a new and improved dress in 1860. The nickel coin has also undergone some changes.

A skating match came off on Candler's Pond, near Providence, R. I., on Thursday week, between ten skaters for a pair of \$15 skates. The match was mile heats, best two in three, and was won by Mr. Henry Randall, in 2:28 and 2:24. The ice was rough, retarding the progress of the competitors to some extent.

Vice President Breckinridge is the grandson of the Hon. Samuel Stanhope Smith, one of the most learned and elegant gentlemen and scholars of his day; and his great-grandfather was the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, also a President of Princeton College, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from the State of New Jersey.

A man who won't take a partner because he can borrow one, has invented a machine, with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

The editor of the Louisville Journal advises young ladies to "remember that oranges are not apt to be prizetaker after being squeezed a few times."

A writer of the last century quaintly observed that when the cannons of the princes began war, the cannons of the church were destroyed. It was said, first mitre that governed the world, and then nitre; first Saint Peter, and then saltpetre.

An application by Judge Terry for a mandamus, to compel the removal to the fourth district court of the indictment against him for killing the late Senator Broderick, has been refused.—He has thereupon appealed to the supreme court.

Soreness of mind, a good wife, roast beef, and a cold water bath, will make most any man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Mrs. Partington, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, said "Pode fellow! I has no friend that will set up for him part of the time!" And she sighed to be young again.

Physicians in India raise blisters with red hot irons, and dress them with cayenne pepper. If such treatment does not make people "smart," we don't know anything else that would.

It has been beautifully remarked that a woman's heart is the only place for a man's liberos. An instance of the impression, and an eye of sorrow and change cannot effect it.

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Fruits of Abolitionism.
They are maturing rapidly.
1. They have caused many deaths by violence, and sent distress upon thousands of families in the slaveholding States.
2. They have caused or will have caused the free negroes to be expelled from most of those States, greatly to their injury and distress.
3. They have caused the slaves throughout the Southern States to be more vigilantly guarded, and more severely dealt with in case of insubordination.
4. They have tied up the hands of anti-slavery men in the slaveholding States, and caused many of them to be expelled or imprisoned, including Abolition lecturers, preachers, book peddlars, &c. Or if some of them have not yet been expelled, they doubtless soon will be. Many innocent persons are greatly inconvenienced, through unfounded suspicions. A missionary of the Southern Aid Society writes as follows: "Only the light of eternity can reveal the extent of the suffering caused to innocent thousands by that wretched affair at Harper's Ferry. May God restore peace to our country, and prosperity to his church in it."
5. They have greatly damaged the merchants, manufacturers, and in fact the whole population of the North, by checking the interchange of commodities with the South, heretofore so advantageous to all concerned.
6. They have exposed our nation to the direct calamities, which none but God can wholly avert.
7. They have shown themselves to be without common discernment, or else reckless of consequences to everybody but themselves. Who, after this, would be an Abolitionist?
8. They have shown themselves to be without common discernment, or else reckless of consequences to everybody but themselves. Who, after this, would be an Abolitionist?

How it Will Work.
A very large moiety of the people of the Northern States are engaged in manufacturing and producing articles to be consumed in the South. Another large moiety are "middle men," called merchants; but they are nothing more than agents to receive goods and products of Northern manufacturers and producers to sell to southern consumers, and in turn receive from southern consumers their products to be disposed to northern consumers. Now, suppose for a moment, that the "irrepressible conflict" of the Republican party is to go on, and that the South is ultimately driven from the Union—a result not at all improbable in the present state of affairs—what will be the result to northern manufacturers, producers and laborers? Will not the spindles of Massachusetts cease their hum—the shops of Lowell become silent—the fires of the forges and machine shops of Pennsylvania be put out—the "middle men" cease to meet on change to discuss the price of corn and cotton, and count up their gains—the shipping engaged in the carrying trade be laid up to rot at our wharves—in short, will not this war upon southern rights and southern institutions, result eventually in wide spread ruin and desolation among all classes at the north—and all to gratify a few sickly sentimentalists, or corrupt and heartless politicians, who, under the lead of Greeley had rather rule in such a pandemonium than live in a Union with slave holders? Will not our northern mechanics and operatives pay too dear for the "almighty nigger," if they still adhere to the fortunes of the Republican party in its war upon the southern half of the confederacy.—Eris Evers.

Speaking Out.—Colonel Van Zant, a member of the Rhode Island Republican Convention, and candidate for the Attorney Generalship, declared in a speech that he would vote for the runaway "nigger." Fred Douglas, if the Republicans should nominate him for President. Thos. Davis, who was President of the Convention, was the leading speaker at the John Brown sympathy meeting in Providence last month, and Seth Edelford, whom the Convention nominated for Governor, was an endorser of, and a contributor for, the circulation of Helper's book, which advocates the massacre of Southern slaveholders.

Sitting Up all Night.—A Miss Hart, of Hamilton, O., with two other females, undertook to sit up all night, Christmas Eve, so as to be at early Christmas service. Two fell asleep on the lounge, while Miss Hart wrapped herself up in a comfortable bed, and went to sleep in the open grate. Her clothes took fire, she screamed and ran into the hall, and the man of the house being aroused, dashed her out into the snow, extinguishing the flames, but not until the poor girl was fatally burned.

Singular Metamorphosis.—A man in Cincinnati named Lewis A. Allen, was terribly beaten by rowdies, a few months ago. During his illness his hair fell off, but since his recovery his hair has grown out. Stranger still—it is not its original color, which was sandy, but perfectly black, as are also his whiskers, which he cultivates extensively. A complete metamorphosis in his appearance has taken place.

The newspaper is emphatically the poor man's library, his history, and his best instructor. The weekly sheet brings him a vast treasure of information, which he cannot read without being a wiser and better man. It has been aptly said, that a newspaper is as good as a lesson for the thoughtful. When a newspaper and Bible are seen upon the table in the family circle, there will be found intelligence and virtue.

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