

THE COMPILER.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

H. J. STAHLER.
"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."
39TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, JULY 6, 1857. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. NO. 41.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

The Republican Compiler is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLER, at \$1.75 per annum in advance. \$2.00 per annum 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, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tanning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "Corsettes" on the sign.

To Those Who Want Farms.

A FARM WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY MAN.

THE RICHMOND FARM COMPANY has made arrangements by which all who desire to settle or purchase a home can do so. The farms consist of the best limestone soil of the most superior quality for farming, in a rapidly improving place, into which an extensive irrigation is now pouring. The property is located in Elk County, Pennsylvania, in the midst of a thriving population of some 10,000. The climate is perfectly healthy, and the fertile soil of the western slope is unknown. It also has an abundance of the best quality of coal and iron. The price for any tract from \$3 to \$20 per acre, and for full particulars apply to the office of purchasing, or a share of \$25, entitling to locate the same for \$300, payable \$50 per month, or 125 acres payable \$4 per month. Discount for every sum of \$100 and under, paid in advance, a discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed, and for over \$100 a discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed.

In considering the advantages of emigrating to this locality the following are presented:

First—The soil is a rich limestone, capable of raising the heaviest crops, owing to which this settlement has attained its present great prosperity.

Second—It is the centre of the great North West Coal Basin, and is destined soon to become one of the greatest business places in the State. It will supply the great Lake market, (according to population and travel the greatest in the Union). It has five workable veins of the best Bituminous Coal, amounting in the aggregate to over 22 feet, which makes 22,000 tons of coal under each acre. This will make the land of inestimable value.

The eminent state geologist, Dr. C. H. Jackson, of Boston, has made a geological survey of the basin and analysed the coal, from one and a half miles of the basin. This report, together with maps will be furnished to inquirers.

Fourth—Three railroads are laid out through this property. The Sunbury and Erie Railroad gives us a market for our coal, to the Lake and the West. The Erie and Philadelphia Railroad gives us a market for our coal, to the Lake and the West. The Erie and Philadelphia Railroad gives us a market for our coal, to the Lake and the West.

The Music.

THE CHERRY TREE.

To Spring the good God spoke, and said,
"Go for the worm a table spread."
And soon the cherry tree is seen,
Covered with leaflets fresh and green.

Within his shell the worm awakes,
And quick his winter house forsakes,
Stretches himself, and yawns, and tries
To open wide his sleepy eyes.

And thereupon, without a pause,
Upon the nearest leaf he gnaws,
And says, "This hard to get away,
So tender are the leaves to-day."

And yet again the good God said,
"Now for the bees a table spread."
At once the cherry tree is light
With myriad blossoms pure and white.

A little bee the banquet spies
At early morn and dither flies,
Thinking "I now my thirst on slake,
And here my fragrant coffee take."

Out of these cups so clean and nice;
Then puts his tongue in, in a trice,
And says, "How very sweet!
Plenty of sugar here I meet."

To summer next, the good God said,
"Go for the birds a table spread."
And now the cherry tree doth glow
With ruddy fruit—a tempting show.

A sparrow lights upon the bough
And says, "I'll eat my fill here now;
I'll make me vigorous of wing
And give me strength of voice to sing."

Then to the Antman, God did say,
"They've laid enough; clear all away."
And chilling winds the branches tost,
And fell the sharp and bitter frost.

The leaves were changed to gold and red,
Then fluttered downward, withered, dead—
Till spelt of all its foliage fair,
The cherry tree stood lone and bare.

To winter, then, the good God said,
"Or what is left a covering spread."
Softly and fast the snow flakes fell,
And quietly settled over all.

Miscellaneous.

A Faithful Sentinel.

A CAUTIOUS INCIDENT.

BY SILVANUS COMB, JR.

The French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. It was on the 23d of October. The sentinels were doubled, and the strictest orders given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome.

At midnight Pierre Saincoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on this outpost, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the posse. Do you understand?"

"Ay, mon colonel, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are all around us," pursued the officer, "and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men nor brutes without good proof."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his firelock to his shoulder and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Saincoin was left alone.

Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp; or rather, around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine in which was a cove of willows. Beyond this cove the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow and steady tread the soldier paced his ground, and ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in some nightbird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour passed away, and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicions. He had stopped for a moment by the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild screech from the wood, and in a few minutes more a large bird flew over his head.

"Parbleu!" he uttered, after the nightbird had flown over; "could mortal man have stopped that fellow from passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he saw he saw a dark object just crossing the line towards the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing the musket quick to his shoulder, "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced towards the spot where the object had stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move on again towards the camp.

"Diablo!" cried Pierre, "more any further, and I fire! What? Parbleu, Le Prince? Ho, ho, why, Prince?"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap up on to the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince," Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now set upon his haunches.

Pierre recognized the intruder now as a great dog, of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been now missing for about a week. He had disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleu, mon grand Prince," Pierre uttered, as though the dog could understand every word, "the men will be happy to see you. Where have ye been so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, mon ami, you just keep your sitting there till the guard comes, and then we'll go to camp together.—Mind that, will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis, and due meaning, Pierre started on his beat again. He had got half way to the rock, when the idea of looking round struck him, and he did so.

The Prince was moving towards the camp again.

"Ha! Prince, that won't do! Stop! Stop, or I'll shoot! Diablo, the colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so now lie down.—Down! Down I say!"

With this the dog lay flat down upon his belly, and stretched out his forepaws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to get into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock, when he heard the movement, and on turning he could just see his meek companion making off.

"Diablo!" the honest fellow uttered, "I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here! Parbleu! Come here! Here, Prince! Mon Dieu, you must die if you don't!"

With a few quick bounds the soldier had got near enough the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped he stopped.

"Now, cher ami, you must stay with me. Here! Come back! I must shoot if you don't. Parbleu! what a thing to start the whole camp for, to shoot a dog!"

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested till the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now, Prince, we'll be relieved," the soldier said, stopping near the dog. "You shall go and see your old friends."

The trumping of the coming guard drew near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction, this time starting towards the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! Parbleu, don't you run off again!"

But the fellow took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Back! Back! Here!"

"Grand Dieu!" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus! In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the dim outlines now, and he fired. There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn for the guard were approaching.

"Quiet! Quiet!" he cried.

"Garde montante!" was the answer. And having obtained the countersign, he informed the officer what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer. "Prince, did you say?"

"He looked like Prince; but, diablo, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs!"

"Eh? Hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come; show us where he was!"

With this the officer of the mounting guard pulled his lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found, apparently in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

"Grand Dieu!" he cried, "what legs for a dog, eh?"

And no wonder he said so. The hind legs of the animal were booted, with every appearance of the pedal extremities of the genus homo. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again, a deep groan came up, and the words, "God take me," in the Prussian tongue, followed.

"Diablo! here's an adventure!" uttered the officer, and he made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face.

But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and having lifted the strange animal upon it they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp, they found half the soldiers up waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were now brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog's skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though apparently some

Some in an Auction Room.

The witty editor of the New York Transcript—a spirited daily—gives the following amusing sketch of a scene in an auction room in that city.

Lately dropping in at a book auction, there happened to be a man who annoyed the company and the auctioneer with a cigar. The book had gone up to twenty-seven cents and a half, and the auctioneer dwelling upon it, cried "And a half, and a half"—when smelling the annoyance, he shouted out, "D—n your cigar—and a half, and a half, and a half—twenty-seven and a half—thirty, thirty-two and a half, and a half—kick out the man with a cigar, and a half, and a half—going, going—thirty-five, thirty-five—thirty-seven and a half, and a half—could that cigar smoke—and a half, I'd rather have the devil about me—and a half, and a half, and a half—gives me the phthisis—and a half, and a half—going, going—forty, forty cents—forty-two and a half—his putting brimstone on the stove—and a half, and a half, and a half—I wish I had hold of that boy—and a half, and a half—I'd choke the rascal—and a half, and a half—going, going, going, going—who says forty—two—a treatise on the tooth ache, gentlemen—who'll give fifty cents for the tooth ache, and a half, and a half, forty-seven and a half—look at that boy, and a half, and a half, and a half—pocketing one of those penknives, and a half, and a half, fifty and a half—fifty two and a half—kick em out, I say, and a half, and a half—going, going, going, gone."

On the next day Pierre was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and the emperor said to him as he bestowed the boon:

"If you only make as faithful an officer, as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more."

Letting Down the Aristocracy.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at a magnificent entertainment in exclusive society for which the latest emeralds to fashionable circles are most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction, as she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintances; "her friends were few and very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss Mason when they went to the public school in William street together, noticed the hauteur of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low state.—But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her act, Miss Taylor walked up and with smiles of winning sweetness remarked:

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a weaver, and your name is Mason, but your father was a tailor. There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very out thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Miss Mason bit her lips in silence.

Krautsalat's wife has a great fancy for country life, and insists on keeping a hen in the back yard, as Hood says, "to furnish milk, butter and eggs, for the family. The other day she came to Krautsalat in great trepidation. "My dear," said she, "the hen has commenced to set. I took the eggs away from her, and she is setting now in one corner of the coal-bin, on an old axe-head." "Well, my dear," responded Krautsalat, in his subdued bithous way, "if the hen is setting upon an old axe-head, it seems quite likely she may hatch it."

The editor of an exchange paper publishes a punning "market report," in which he states that "tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, rakes not much inquired after, champagne brisk, rhubarb and senna are drugs, starch is stiffening, eggs lively, butter and lard rather strong, and paper is stationary. There is no life in dead hogs, but considerable animation in old cheese."

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen "Crabbe's Tales?" "Why, no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he; "I mean, have you read Crabbe's Tales?" "And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails."

A Queer Decision.—In Marion county, Ohio, a few days ago, a man sued another for the rent of a house. On the trial evidence was adduced that the house was haunted, and the jury decided that the defendant should be paid \$15 as damages, instead of paying rent.

The Universe.—Suppose the earth to be a ball of one foot in diameter. On that scale of proportion the sun would be one hundred feet in diameter, and the moon three inches. The sun would be two miles from the earth, the moon three feet—Jupiter ten fathoms from the sun, and Herschel forty. The highest mountains on the face of the earth would be one-eighth of an inch in height. Man would be an imperceptible atom.

Sam Slink on the Horse.

A man who don't love a horse is no man at all. I don't think he can be religious. A horse makes a man humane and tender hearted, teaches him to feel for others, to share his food, and to be unselfish; to anticipate wants, and supply them, to be gentle and patient. Then the horse improves him otherwise. He makes him rise early, attend to meal hours, and be cleanly. He softens and improves the heart. Who is there that ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet, and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, "Morning to you, master;" and when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the loving critter rubbed his head against him in return, that didn't think within himself, well after all, the horse is a noble critter? Is it nothing to make a man love at all? How many fellows ever went into a stable of a morning, and his critter whinnied to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately