

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAULE.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37TH YEAR.

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Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

U. S. SENATORS.—Robert W. Johnson, Democrat, has been unanimously elected by the Arkansas Legislature, as U. S. Senator, for six years, from the 4th of March, 1855. Hon. D. S. Reid, Democrat, has been chosen U. S. Senator by the Legislature of North Carolina, for the same term.

The Public Works.

A movement is now on foot to abolish the Canal Board, and instead of three Commissioners, to create a Superintendent, who shall exercise the functions of the present Board. Previous to the election we heard much about a sale of the Public Works, and were led almost to believe that should Mr. Pollock be elected Governor, his first act would be to urge the sale; but no sooner did the figures show that he was elected than the cry of "sell the public works" ceased, and the project was started by the Whig papers, to place them in the hands of one man and that man to be appointed by the Governor.

We have never favored a sale of the Public Works of the State, because we doubted the policy, but we would infinitely prefer to see them sold than have them placed under the control of one man, with the entire patronage which attaches.

If the arguments used for a sale were good previous to the election, they are good now, and if those who advocated the measure were sincere then, they show their sincerity by still continuing to advocate the sale. Abuses may have existed in the management of the Public Works, but we deem it a very poor way of correcting those abuses, by removing three men; and confiding the whole management of the improvements into the hands of one. If three men will join in corruption, as is charged by the Whigs against the Canal Board, and which, from our knowledge of them we are unwilling to believe, is it not more likely that a single individual, having the entire control and disbursement of the public money, would be corrupt also, and to a greater degree, because his opportunities would be better?

We have no objection to such legislation on the subject as will throw every guard around the management of the public improvements and the treasury of the people, that can possibly be thought of, to protect the interests of the tax-payers, but we cannot for the life of us see how such ends will be accomplished by the proposed change. As we said before, if there is danger that three men, sworn to be honest, will prove dishonest, is it likely one man will be pure? And if the counsels of three intelligent officers be inefficient in so extensive and important a matter as the management of the Public Works, extending from one end of the State to the other, how will it be with a single individual? There is not a Railroad in the Union, no matter how short or unimportant, that is under the control of a single individual, but each has its board of managers, and why should it be so with the improvements of the State?

Revenue of the Country.

The wise policy of Democratic measures, and the election of Democratic men to execute them, was never more apparent than at the present crisis. The receipts from the sales of the public lands have been nearly six millions more than in former years. About seven millions of acres have been sold, producing about nine millions of dollars to the Treasury. The revenues from imports have been somewhat diminished, the importations during the past year not being as large as in former years. The demand has not required so large a supply. The Treasury is in a healthy condition, and without a National Bank, Fiscal or any other illegitimate agent, and the Galphins and Gardiners are kept outside of the bar.

There are now over twenty-five million dollars of surplus in the treasury; and there seems to be no means of reducing the amount thus locked up, and rendered useless. Government bonds come in slowly for payment; holders preferring the bonds to the cash and the premium offered.

The deficiency in the Post Office Department will be less this year than it was last year. The receipts are larger, and the expenses have been reduced in every possible way. The Post Office Department, it is believed, will yet pay its own expenses without any increase of the rates of postage.—*Lewisburg Democrat.*

For the long evenings—take a paper.

Choice Poetry.

The Little Boy's Burial.

BY WM. CULLER BRYANT.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away;
With calm, sad brows, and raven hair,
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep;
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waean hands across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds, in the misty spring,
Of cloudless skies and summer, sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggle eyes in sport he bound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The shuttle of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet,

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye;
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache, and tears will start.

The bow, the band, shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust,
And all of love that earth can claim
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his mother part shall dwell
A prisoner in his narrow cell;
But he whom now we hide from men,
In the dark ground, shall live again;

Shall break the clouds, a form of light,
With nobler mein and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

Select Miscellany.

The Pretty Apple Girl—A Cincinnati Story.

Some years ago, when I was a rambler through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking up trifles to interest the readers of the local columns of a city paper, I often purchased apples, nuts, and candies of a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues.

She was not handsome, in the common acceptance of this much abused word, but there was an artlessness, and yet a winning grace, in her manners, which convinced me that her station in life should be above the one she then occupied. She wore, invariably, a close fitted pink calico dress. I felt that her parents must be very poor; and as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicions that her wardrobe could not be so very extensive; yet, as she always appeared so scrupulously neat and tidy, it was a great mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was never any variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that ladies are proverbial for a love of variety in dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so marked an exception.

I have always delighted to study character, either in high or low life, and I took it upon me to investigate the pretty apple girl's peculiarities. Her fruit was excellent and tempting, but I often made purchases merely for the sake of forming acquaintance. At length, known to her as a liberal patron, she began to have less reserve with me than when I first noticed her, and finally I was emboldened to make enquiries in reference to her family. It was some time before she conversed freely, but, by dint of perseverance, I learned that she lived with her mother, in a pleasant cottage on a quiet street in the suburbs of the city. I knew the spot—its attractiveness had often interested me, and I now became more curious than ever to hear the history of the apple girl in the pink calico dress.

I ventured to ask permission to call on her mother, and make her acquaintance under the plea of a love for birds and flowers, with both of which the place was surrounded. I did not receive the encouragement I wished, but still was left to hope that my curiosity might be some day gratified. As obstacles to my purpose increased I became more determined, and I resolved to change my tactics. I could not understand the girl's disinclination to allow our acquaintance to become, in any respect familiar, but I knew that she would not dare to treat me rudely, and watching my opportunity, one Sunday morning I addressed her, as she stood at the street gate of the cottage, and, as I admired some flower which grew in a bed near the house, she could not escape, politely, from the necessity of inviting me to walk through the yard. Accidentally we met the mother. I had an invitation to enter the cottage; of course I accepted with pleasure, and finding the mother inclined to be more communicative than the daughter, I managed to learn that they were French folks, although they both spoke English remarkably well. The cottage parlor was furnished plainly, but elegantly.—There were upon the wall several pictures, and upon the mantle a number of delicate works of art, which I was satisfied could not have been purchased by the limited earnings of an apple girl.

Why a young girl, who lived in such a cottage, with such evident taste and cultivation, should invariably wear a pink calico dress, and sell fruits, nuts and candies in the street, was to me a perplexing mystery.—There was a web of romance weaving around the mysterious apple girl which became more and more interesting and every day my resolution to unravel it grew stronger. There was so much modesty in the girl's bearing at her apple stand—she seemed so much afraid of scandal, should any one converse with her longer than was necessary to make purchases, that there was no way left for me to solve the mystery of her life but by visiting the cottage. Again I went without an invitation, and boldly made known the curiosity which led me to force myself upon their acquaintance.

The daughter laughed heartily and gaily. "We have been as much at fault to understand your curiosity as you have to recognize our circumstances with my employment."

"Then we should be mutual confidants," I observed: "I have been very frank with you and I hope that you will reciprocate."

"But our relations are not similar," she replied archly. "We are not responsible for your curiosity, you are for ours."

"How so?" I cried.

"It was forced upon us."

"Indeed: and was not mine forced upon me, in such a manner, too, as left me no choice, but to seek out the mystery? A truce to this bandying of words; you will not take advantage of frankness for any other purpose than to reward it with full explanations."

She looked at me a moment, as if questioning my apparent honesty, and then said pleasantly—

"Well, as you have been so good a patron of my apple stand, and have taken so much pains to know the romance of my history, if you will promise secrecy, I'll tell you."

"I'll accept any conditions I can fulfil," I answered, eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden then," said the girl.

We had a pleasant seat under a rustic arbor, when the lady remarked—

"Mother told you we lived in a village near Paris?"

"She did," I answered, "on my first visit."

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage and an income sufficient to support us. Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brothers, but I had a play-mate dearer to me than a brother. As we grew older, his parents who were rich forbade him to visit our house. We met in the fields. We loved, and would not be separated. His father learned that we still met, and he was very angry. He told his son that if he visited me he should not stay at his house. Our fathers had been bitter enemies, but we could not understand why that should make us enemies when we loved each other; and Emile declared that he would not neglect me, if his father did shut his doors against him. One day he said to me, 'I am going to run away, but not from you—from father, and you shall come to me, and then we shall never be parted again.' It was hard for me to consent, but Emile insisted, and we took leave of each other, and he did run away. It was a long time before we heard from him—then we got a letter, which told us he was in America. I had changed very much since Emile's absence, and mother was afraid I would die; I coaxed her to take me to America. Emile told us in his letter that he lived in Cincinnati. When he arrived at Boston we inquired for Cincinnati, and were directed to this place. Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived, expecting to meet Emile."

"Have you never heard from him?" I inquired.

"Only once," she answered.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed, if we did, we would not stay here long."

"Have you never written to him?"

"We do not know his name. He has changed it, as he told us in his letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I dream about him every night. I know he is not dead, and I shall soon meet him."

"What makes you so confident that you shall find him?"

I made this inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly:—

"That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emile and I played together in France, I often wore a dress similar to this one. If he should see me anywhere in this dress he would know me. I might see him and not know him, but he would recognize me, and I would not dress in any other style for fear we might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street," said I, with a look of admiration for her devotion, which she could not mistake. "There is certainly no necessity, that you should be so occupied."

"Yes there is," she answered naively, "I must be where Emile could see me, if he were to visit this city. I dare not be on the street all the time, unless occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed, "but all who know your history will honor you. Accept my sincerest wishes, that your devotion to the love of your youth may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy reunion."

"Thank you—thank you—but he is my lover now, as much as when we were in France, and I know I am going to see him soon. I'll show him to you here before winter. I know I will. Mother says I am foolish, but something tells me to hope and I do hope."

"May you not be disappointed," I said almost involuntarily.

A few days after this interview I missed the apple girl in the pink dress, from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to the boarding-house at supper-time a note was handed to me. It contained these words:—

"DEAR SIR—Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you about the romance of my humble dress and occupation."

I went—the mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and taking both of my hands in hers in almost a delirium of joy, she cried—

"He's come—he's come."

In her pink dress at the apple stand she had met Emile the day previous.

I stood that night as a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended. The devotion of the simple hearted girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced—her homely talisman proved a true one.

The *Detroit Advertiser* says, that on Thursday week, a rough looking character walked into a clothing store in Detroit, remarking that he wished to look round and see where the best goods were, as he intended to break in there that night and help himself. The clerk laughed, and allowed him to look as much as he wished. When night came, sure enough the store was broken in, the cashier's drawer robbed of \$150 in cash, and \$700 worth of nice clothing carried away. Nothing has since been heard of the rascal.

On Dec. 1st it is rumored that Hon. D. B. VANDERBILT, late an Associate Judge of Lancaster county, and recently detected in extensive peculation frauds, and forgotten in New Paris, living high, and apparently happy.

Advice.

Advice, in these times, is just about the meaneast as well as the cheapest commodity in the market. It's had enough at any time; and, indeed, whenever we feel desirous to be universally hated, avoided, and despised, the means are always in our power. We have but to advise, and the consequences are infallible.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded upon the rock of eternal attachment, was terminated in the following manner. On a certain occasion, one remarked to the other:—

"My dear friend, I don't think your figure is particularly suited for dancing; and as a sincere friend of yours, I would advise you to give it up in future."

The other, naturally affected by such a mark of sincerity, replied:—

"I feel very much obliged to you, my dear friend, for your advice. This proof of your friendship demands some return. I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race."

The advice of neither was followed—the one continued to sing and the other to dance—and they never met afterwards but as enemies.

So much for giving "advice."

Stubb's Revenge.

"Poppy, old Smith's grey coat has broken into our cabbage patch again."

"He has, has he? Well, just you load my rifle, my son, and we will see if an ounce of lead will not lead Mr. Smith's coat to reform his habits."

This colloquy passed between Mr. and Master Stubb's, just after tea. As soon as dark came, Mr. Stubb's takes his rifle, marches over towards old Smith's farm, and when within about thirty rods of old Smith's barn, he raised the "deadly tube," took aim, pulled the trigger, and dropped "one of the best looking grey coats in the country." Stubb's having fulfilled his mission, returned home, went to bed, and slept with a lighter conscience than he had enjoyed during the last eight months. The next morning, while seated at breakfast, he should be seen striding towards the domicile of Mr. Stubb's, but old Mr. Smith. Smith entered the house—Smith was excited, and for a moment lacked words to express himself.

"Mr. Stubb's, I've come over to tell you that a horse was shot near my barn last night."

"Sorry to hear it, Mr. Smith, although not at all surprised, for that grey coat of yours was not at all calculated to make friends."

"But it wasn't my grey coat that got shot."

"Wasn't your grey coat? Well, which horse was it?"

"It wasn't mine at all, but one of yours—that grey coat you purchased last week of Widow Dubois. He broke into my pasture last evening; I intended to send him home this morning, but it's no use now, his brains are all scattered round the barn-yard."

Mr. Stubb's was thunder-struck. The idea that he had killed the wrong horse, drove him to desperation, and caused him to seek relief, in a direction that rather astonished his household. The last seen of Stubb's, was chasing his oldest boy, Jim, down the turnpike, with an eight foot sapling.

"You Are a Brick."

A certain College Professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the numbers was unknown to the Professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the Professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a brick," was the startling reply.

"Sir," said the Professor, half starting out of his chair at the supposed impertinence, but not quite sure that he had understood him correctly, "Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable!" said the Professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you attempt to insult me!"

"Insult you?" said the student, in turn astonished. "How have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the Professor with stifled indignation.

"No, sir, you asked me my name, and I answered your question. My name is U. R. A. Brick—Cried Reynolds Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the Professor, sinking back into his seat in confusion. "It was a misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr.—ahem—Mr. Brick?"

GENDER AND CASE OF AN EGG.—The following occurred in a school not one hundred miles from London:—

Teacher.—"What part of speech is the word 'egg'?"

Boy.—"Noun, sir."

Teacher.—"What is its gender?"

Boy.—"Can't tell, sir."

Teacher.—"Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy.—"Can't say, sir, till it's hatched."

Teacher.—"Well, then, my lad, can you tell me the case?"

Boy.—"Oh, yes, the shell, sir."

CONCLUSIVE.—A Clergyman of the Universalist denomination was accused, while in Lowell, of "violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him." He replied as follows:—

1. I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting.
2. My wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell.
3. I have not attended even one of these meetings for any purpose whatever.
4. Neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend these meetings.
5. I never had a wife.

USING THE WHEELBARROW.—The Japanese have a most confused idea of carts, carriages and other vehicular arrangements. A gentleman lent one a wheelbarrow the other day to carry home his baggage. He did it in the following manner: he lashed his trunk to the handles, the handles to the wheel, and then shouldered the whole superstructure. The last we saw of him, he was going up Water street, wondering what the dense people could find about him to laugh at. Queer folks are these Orientals.

What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner of a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the arch, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and molasses on it."

A Scientific Rogue.

The local editor of the Petersburg Express relates the experience of a Norfolk lady at the State Fair. She had entered one of the crowded omnibuses of Main street, in order to meet her friends at the Fair Grounds; and as numbers were there anxious to get seats in the same vehicle, it was pretty close work.

A fashionably attired gentleman, very distinguished looking, took his seat by the side of the lady. He was dressed in the best black, with a most religious looking neck-tie. A handsome talmia cloak hung gracefully over his shoulders, while his hands (of most noble-blooded symmetry, encased in spotless and delicately-colored "kids,") rested tranquilly on his lap. The ladies present could not help admiring the aristocratic model of those hands.

On drawing near the Chinese entrance to the Fair Grounds, our fair informant felt something stirring her dress near her pocket. It surely could not be the hands of her genteel neighbor, for they were tranquil in his lap. Again she felt something fingering near her sash, where her watch was fascinatingly lodged. She put down her hand, and grasped the warm fingers of an unknown hand, belonging evidently to the genteel personage by her side. The idea of a three or four hundred-man so terrified the lady that she shrieked and swooned—right off!

With a bold swing of his "talmia," the aristocratic "kids" disappeared, and their owner, amid the confusion, said he'd run and get some water to restore the lady. He did so, but we presume he went very far to fetch it, for he has not yet been heard of in connection with said "water."

When the lady found herself in speaking condition, she told the cause, and perceived that her port-montee and pencil case were gone, and the marks of a pair of nippers on her watch-chain.

The pair of neatly gloved hands were "shame," "decoy ducks;" while from beneath the facilitatingly constructed folds of the talmia, the real flesh and bone were wandering indiscreetly in search of the fair lady's valuables.

EXTRAORDINARY FEATS IN THE AIR.—On Tuesday afternoon, Mons. Godard made an extraordinary balloon ascension from New York, the following account of which we find in the *San*:

At half-past three o'clock, accompanied with Mr. Arata, of Havana, Mons. Decan, Isaac H. Benedict and one of the animals belonging to the Hippodrome fastened in the car of a parachute, he cut the cords asunder which bound him to the earth, and taking his seat on a trapezium—a wooden pole suspended at each end from the cars with ropes, twenty feet long—bounded up at a rapid rate, amid the huzzas of the multitude. When about an eighth of a mile up he cut the parachute loose from the balloon, and it descended safely to the earth, with its freight unharmed.

Mr. Godard then commenced the performance of his gymnastic feats in the air. At one time he whirled over and over the pole of the trapezium; at another time grasping it with a single hand he swung his body to and fro as a school boy would on a swing. Then again, he appeared to be hanging to it with his chin only, then standing upon it—both hands hold of the ropes—then on one leg, then without any grasp of the lines, and finally as the balloon ascended nearly out of sight, the daring voyager, stooped, rolled over upon the trapezium and in mid-heavens hung suspended from it, head downwards, with a single foot locked over the pole!

There perhaps could not be a greater exhibition of daring than this. Many persons who watched the feats trembled in their shoes as they saw him pass through his aerial evolutions. He, however, restored them to their natural equilibrium of composure on ascending by the ropes of the trapezium, a distance of 20 feet, into the car of his ship, and to the company of his passengers. He was going off in a N. N. E. direction slowly when last seen.

"Little Dam Brook."

A clergyman, seeing a little boy playing in a small stream by the road-side, inquired for his father.

"He's over to the little dam brook," exclaimed the lad.

"What!" said the reverend gentleman, shocked at the boy's profanity, "can't you speak without swearing?"

"Well, he is over to little dam brook any how," persisted the boy as he went spluttering through the water and mud after a butterfly.

"He's been over to the little dam brook all day, and if you don't believe it, you can go up to that house and ask mother."

The clergyman sought an interview with the mother immediately, and complained of the profanity of her child. After telling her, however, what the lad said, she laughingly informed him the "little dam brook" was a title by which the stream was called to distinguish it from "big dam brook," situated a few miles further to the eastward.

He now felt how he had wronged the boy, and therefore owed him an apology. Hurrying back to the spot, he exclaimed:—

"Boy, I wronged you in accusing you of swearing; but you should have told me that 'little dam brook' was only the name of a stream, and then I would not have scolded you."

"Well, 'tain't no difference," said the happy youngster, as he held aloft a struggling frog that he had speared with his mother's clothes stick.

"There's a big dam on big dam brook, and a little dam on little dam brook, and we would have had a little dam on this brook, only 'spect it's so small it ain't worth a dam."

—*Dodge's Museum.*

A SENSIBLE BOY.—A miserable old lady kept an inn. One day a fashionable society caller came on her for something to eat. Some bones that had been pretty well picked were placed before him.

After finishing his dinner, a little boy, son of the landlady, noticing that the soldier found it very difficult to make much of a dinner, put some money into his hand as he stepped out of the door. When his mother came in she asked her how much it was worth to pick those old bones?

"A shilling, my dear," said the old lady, expecting to receive the money.

"I thought so," replied the boy, "and I gave the soldier a shilling for doing it."

WOOD GAS.—Late experiments in making gas from wood in Philadelphia have been so successful as to warrant the erection of a number of belms for the purpose, which in a few weeks will be in full operation. The gas so produced is said to have illuminating power equal to the same quantity of coal gas, and can be furnished cheaper.

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Doesticks Runs with the "Masheen."

701 NARROW STREET,
NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1854.

I am not known by the cognomen of "Mose," nor do I answer to the name of "Skyscey"—neither, as a general thing, do I promenade the middle of Broadway with my pantaloons tucked into my boots. Still, by way of a new excitement, I lately joined the fire department, and connected myself with the company of Engine 97.

Bought my uniform, treated the company, took up my quarters in the bunk-room, where I slept by night in a bed occupied in the daytime by a big yellow dog. First night, went to bed with my boots on ready for an alarm. At last it came—seized the rope with the rest of the boys; started on a run; tugged and toiled till we got her into the 11th district, four miles and a half from home; found that the alarm had been caused by a barrel of shavings, and the conflagration had extinguished itself; had to drag her clear back; turned in; half an hour, new alarm; started again. Hose 30 laid in the narrow alley, got our apparatus jammed on the corner; 97 victorious; took his seat by the side of the lady. He was dressed in the best black, with a most religious looking neck-tie. A handsome talmia cloak hung gracefully over his shoulders, while his hands (of most noble-blooded symmetry, encased in spotless and delicately-colored "kids,") rested tranquilly on his lap. The ladies present could not help admiring the aristocratic model of those hands.

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At half-past three o'clock, accompanied with Mr. Arata, of Havana, Mons. Decan, Isaac H. Benedict and one of the animals belonging to the Hippodrome fastened in the car of a parachute, he cut the cords asunder which bound him to the earth, and taking his seat on a trapezium—a wooden pole suspended at each end from the cars with ropes, twenty feet long—bounded up at a rapid rate, amid the huzzas of the multitude. When about an eighth of a mile up he cut the parachute loose from the balloon, and it descended safely to the earth, with its freight unharmed.

Mr. Godard then commenced the performance of his gymnastic feats in the air. At one time he whirled over and over the pole of the trapezium; at another time grasping it with a single hand he swung his body to and fro as a school boy would on a swing. Then again, he appeared to be hanging to it with his chin only, then standing upon it—both hands hold of the ropes—then on one leg, then without any grasp of the lines, and finally as the balloon ascended nearly out of sight, the daring voyager, stooped, rolled over upon the trapezium and in mid-heavens hung suspended from it, head downwards, with a single foot locked over the pole!

There perhaps could not be a greater exhibition of daring than this. Many persons who watched the feats trembled in their shoes as they saw him pass through his aerial evolutions. He, however, restored them to their natural equilibrium of composure on ascending by the ropes of the trapezium, a distance of 20 feet, into the car of his ship, and to the company of his passengers. He was going off in a N. N. E. direction slowly when last seen.

"Little Dam Brook."

A clergyman, seeing a little boy playing in a small stream by the road-side, inquired for his father.

"He's over to the little dam brook," exclaimed the lad.

"What!" said the reverend gentleman, shocked at the boy's profanity, "can't you speak without swearing?"

"Well, he is over to little dam brook any how," persisted the boy as he went spluttering through the water and mud after a butterfly.

"He's been over to the little dam brook all day, and if you don't believe it, you can go up to that house and ask mother."

The clergyman sought an interview with the mother immediately, and complained of the profanity of her child. After telling her, however, what the lad said, she laughingly informed him the "little dam brook" was a title by which the stream was called to distinguish it from "big dam brook," situated a few miles further to the eastward.

He now felt how he had wronged the boy, and therefore owed him an apology. Hurrying back to the spot, he exclaimed:—

"Boy, I wronged you in accusing you of swearing; but you should have told me that 'little dam brook' was only the name of a stream, and then I would not have scolded you."

"Well, 'tain't no difference," said the happy youngster, as he held aloft a struggling frog that he had speared with his mother's clothes stick.

"There's a big dam on big dam brook, and a little dam on little dam brook, and we would have had a little dam on this brook, only 'spect it's so small it ain't worth a dam."

—*Dodge's Museum.*

A SENSIBLE BOY.—A miserable old lady kept an inn. One day a fashionable society caller came on her for something to eat. Some bones that had been pretty well picked were placed before him.

After finishing his dinner, a little boy, son of the landlady, noticing that the soldier found it very difficult to make much of a dinner, put some money into his hand as he stepped out of the door. When his mother came in she asked her how much it was worth to pick those old bones?

"A shilling, my dear," said the old lady, expecting to receive the money.

"I thought so," replied the boy, "and I gave the soldier a shilling for doing it."

WOOD GAS.—Late experiments in making gas from wood in Philadelphia have been so successful as to warrant the erection of a number of belms for the purpose, which in a few weeks will be in full operation. The gas so produced is said to have illuminating power equal to the same quantity of coal gas, and can be furnished cheaper.

What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner of a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the arch, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and molasses on it."