

# The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"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.

37<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

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## Choice Poetry.

### SONG.

BY ELIZABETH ELLET.

Come, fill a pledge to sorrow,  
The song of mirth is o'er,  
And if there's sunshine in our hearts,  
'Twill light our theme the more.  
And pledge we dull life's changes,  
As round the swift hours pass—  
Too kind were fate, if none but gems  
Should sparkle in Time's glass.

The dregs and foam together  
Unite to crown the cup—  
And well we know the weal and wo  
That fill life's chalice up!  
Life's sickly revellers perish,  
The goblet scarcely drained;  
Then lightly quaff, nor lose the sweets  
That may not be retained.

What reck we that unequal  
Its varying currents swell—  
The tide that bears our pleasures down  
Buries our griefs as well.  
And if the swift-winged tempest  
Have crossed our changeful day,  
The wind that toss'd our bark has swept  
Full many a cloud away!

Then grieve not that night mortal  
Endures through passing years—  
Did life one changeless tenor keep,  
'Twere cause, indeed, for tears.  
And fill we, ere our parting,  
A mandating pledge to sorrow:  
The pang that wrings the heart to-day  
Time's touch will heal to-morrow!

## Select Miscellany.

### HAY CARRYING.

#### A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

At one end of the cluster of cottages, and cottage-like houses, which formed the little street of Hilton Cross—a pretty but secluded village, in the north of Hampshire, stood the shop of Judith Kent, widow, "Licensed," as the legend imported, "to vend tea, coffee, tobacco and snuff." Tea, coffee, tobacco and snuff formed, however, but a small part of the multifarious merchandise of Mrs. Kent; whose shop, the only repository of the hamlet, might have seemed an epitome of the wants and luxuries of humble life. In her window candles, bacon, sugar, mustard, and soap, flourished amidst calicoes, oranges, dolls, ribbons and gingerbread. Groceries were piled on one side of her door-way. Dutch cheese and Irish butter encumbered the other; and ropes of onions and bunches of radishes hung from the ceiling. She sold bread, butcher's meat, and garden-stuff on commission; and engrossed, at a word, the whole trade of Hilton Cross.

Notwithstanding this monopoly, the world went ill with poor Judith. She was a mild, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a heart too soft for her calling. She could not say no! to the poor creatures who came to her on a Saturday night, to seek bread for their children, however deep they might already be in her debt, or however certain it was that their husbands were, at that moment, spending, at the Chequers or the Four Horse-Shoes, the money that should have supported their wives and families; for, in this village, as in others, there were two flourishing ale-houses, although but one ill-accustomed shop,—but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! She could not say, no! as a prudent woman might have said; and, accordingly, half the poor people in the parish might be found on her books, whilst she herself was gradually getting in arrears with her baker, her grocer, and her landlord.

Her family consisted of two children—Mary, a pretty, fair-haired, fine lass, of twelve or thirteen, and Robert, a fine youth, nearly ten, a neighboring gentleman, Robert, conscious that his mother's was no gainful trade, often pressed her to give up business, sell off her stock, relinquish her house, and depend on his labor for support; but of this she would not hear. Many motives mingled in her determination: a generous reluctance to burden her dutiful son with her maintenance—a natural fear of losing caste among her neighbors,—a strong love of the house which, for five and twenty years, had been her home—a vague hope that times would mend, and all come right again, (wiser persons than Mrs. Kent have lulled reason to sleep, with such an opiate!) and, above all, a want of courage to look her difficulties fairly in the face. Besides, she liked her occupation—its petty consequence, its bustle, and its gossipry; and she had a sense of gain in the small peddling bargains—the penny-worths of needles, and balls of cotton, and rows of pins, and yards of tape which she was accustomed to vend for ready money—that overbalanced, for the moment, her losses and her debts; so that, in spite of her son's pressings and warnings, the shop continued in full activity.

In addition to his forebodings respecting his mother, Robert had another misfortune—the poor youth was in love. About a quarter of a mile down the shady lane, which ran by one side of Mrs. Kent's dwelling, was the pretty farm house, orchard, and homestead of Farmer Bell, whose eldest daughter, Susan—beauty of the parish—was the object of a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. And, in good sooth, Susan Bell was well fitted to inspire such a passion. Besides a light graceful figure, moulded with the exactest symmetry, she had a smiling, innocent countenance, a complexion colored like the brilliant blossoms of the balsam, and hair of a shining, golden brown, like

the fruit of a horse chestnut. Her speech was at once modest and playful, her temper sweet, and her heart tender. She loved Robert dearly, although he often gave her cause to wish that she loved him not; for Robert was subject to the interesting fever, called jealousy, causelessly—as he himself would declare, when a remission of the disease gave room for his natural sense to act—causelessly and penitently, but still pertinaciously jealous. I have said, that he was a fine young man, tall, dark and slender; I should add, that he was a good son, a kind brother, a pattern of sobriety and industry, and possessed of talent and acquirements far beyond his station. But there was about him an ardour, a vigor, a fiery restlessness, commonly held proper to the natives of the south of Europe, but which may, sometimes, be found amongst our own peasantry. All his pursuits, whether of sport or labor, took the form of passion. At ten years old, he had gone far beyond all his fellow pupils at the Foundation School, to which, through the kindness of the squire of the parish, his mother had been enabled to send him; and had even posed the master himself—at eighteen, he was the best cricketer, the best flute player, the best bell ringer, and the best gardener in the country;—and, some odd volumes of Shakspeare having come into his possession, there was some danger, at twenty, of his turning out a dramatic poet, had not the kind discouragement of his master, to whom some of his early scenes were shown by his patron and admirer, the head gardener, acted as a salutary check. Indeed, so strong, at one time, was the poetical furor, that such a catastrophe as an entire play might, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding Mr. Lescombe's judicious warnings, had not love, the master passion, fallen, about this time, in poor Robert's way, and engrossed all the ardor of his ardent temperament. The beauty and playfulness of his mistress, whilst they enhanced his fancy, kept the jealous irritability of his nature in perpetual alarm. He suspected a lover in every man who approached her; and the firm refusal of her father to sanction their union, till her impatient wooer were a little more forward in the world, completed his disquiet.

Affairs were in this posture, when a new personage arrived at Hilton Cross. In addition to her other ways and means, Mrs. Kent tried to lessen her rent, by letting lodgings; and the neat, quiet, elderly gentleman, the widow of a long deceased ever-since Robert was born, being at last gathered to his fathers, an advertisement of "pleasant apartments to let in the airy village of Hilton Cross," appeared in the county paper. This announcement was as true as if it had not formed an advertisement in a county paper. Very airy was the pretty village of Hilton Cross—with its breezy uplands, and its open common, dotted, as it were, with cottages and clumps of trees; and very pleasant were Mrs. Kent's apartments, for those who had sufficient time to appreciate their rustic simplicity, and sufficient humility to overlook their smallness. The little chamber, glittering with whiteness; its snowy dimity bed, and fresh sheets smelling of lavender; the sitting room, a thought larger, carpeted with India matting, its shining cane chairs and its bright casement wreathed, on the one side, by a luxuriant jessamine, on the other, by the tall cluster musk-rose, (that rose of which Titania talks) sending its bunches of odoriferous blossoms into the very window; the little flower court underneath, full of hollyhocks, cloves and dahlias; and the large sloping meadow beyond, leading up to Farmer Bell's tall, irregular house, and covered with a flouting vine, its barns, and ricks, and orchard—all this formed, an apartment too tempting to remain long untenanted, in the bright month of August. Accordingly, it was, almost immediately, engaged by a gentleman in black, who walked over, one fair morning, paid ten pounds as a deposit, sent for his trunk from the next town, and took possession on the instant.

Her new inmate, who, without positively declining to give his name, had yet contrived to evade all the questions which Mrs. Kent's "simple cunning" could devise, proved a perpetual source of astonishment, both to herself and her neighbors. He was a well-made little man, near upon forty; with considerable terseness of feature, a forehead of great power, whose effect was increased by a slight baldness on the top of the head, and an eye like a falcon. Such an eye; it seemed to go through you—to strike all that it looked upon, like a coup-de-soleil. Luckily, the stranger was so merciful as generally to wear spectacles; eye-glass cover of which, those terrible eyes might see and be seen without danger.

His habits were so peculiar as his appearance. He was moderate and rather fanciful in his diet; drank nothing but water or strong coffee, made, as Mrs. Kent observed, very wastefully; and had, as she also remarked, a great number of beathenish-looking books scattered about his apartment; Lord Berner's Froissart, for instance; Sir Thomas Brown's Urn Burial, Isaac Walton's Complete Angler, the Baskerville Ariosto, Goethe's Faust, a Spanish Don Quixote, and an interleaved Philoctetes, full of outline drawings. The greater part of his time was spent out of doors. He would even ramble away, for three or four days together, with no other companion than a boy, hired in the village, to carry what Mrs. Kent denominated his rods and ends, consisting for the most part, of an angling rod and a sketching apparatus; our incognito being, as my readers have by this time probably discovered, no other than an artist on his summer progress.

Robert speedily understood the stranger, and was delighted with the opportunity of approaching so gifted a person; although he contemplated with a degree of generous envy, which a king's regalia would have failed to excite in his bosom, those *chef d'artres* of all nations, which were to him as sealed books, and the pencils, whose power appeared no less than creative. He redoubled his industry in the garden, that he might, conscientiously, devote hours and half hours to pointing out the deep pools and shallow eddies of his romantic stream, where he knew from experience, (for Robert, among his other accomplishments, was no mean "brother of the angle," that fish were likely to be found; and, better still, he loved to lead to the haunts of his childhood—the wild bosky dells, and the sunny lanes, where a sudden turn in the track, an overhanging tree, an old gate, a cottage chimney, and a group of cattle or children, had sometimes formed a picture on which his fancy had fed for hours. It was Robert's chief pleasure to entice his lodger to scenes such as these, and to see his own visions growing into reality under the glowing pencil of the artist; and he,

in his turn, would admire and marvel at the natural feeling of the beautiful, which could lead an uneducated country youth instinctively to the very elements of the picturesque. A general agreement of taste had brought about a degree of association, unusual between persons so different in rank; a particular instance of this accordance dissolved the intimacy.

Robert had been, for a fortnight, more than commonly busy in Mr. Lescombe's gardens and hot-houses—so busy that he even slept at the Hall; the stranger, on the other hand, had been shut up, during the same period, in the little parlor, painting. At last they met; and the artist invited his young friend to look at the picture which had engaged him during his absence. On walking into the room he saw, on the easel, a picture in oils, almost finished. The style was of that delightful kind which combines figure with landscape; the subject was Hay-carrying; and the scene, that very sloping meadow—crowned by Farmer Bell's tall, angular house, its vine-wreathed porch and chimneys, the great walnut tree before the door, the orchard and the homestead—which formed the actual prospect from the windows before them. In the foreground was a wagon, raking after, all intent on their pleasant business. The only disengaged persons in the field were young Mary Kent and Harry Bell, an archer of four years old, who rode on horse back on the top of the wagon, crowned and wreathed with garlands of vine-leaves and bind-weed, poppies and cornflowers. In the front, looking up at Mary Kent and her little brother, and playfully tossing to them the lock of hay which she had gathered on her rake, stood Susan Bell—her head thrown back, her bonnet half off, her light and lovely figure shown in all its grace, by the pretty attitude and the short coat dress; while her sweet face, glowing with youth and beauty, had a smile playing over it like a sunbeam. The boy was nodding and laughing to her, and seemed longing—as well he might—to escape from his flowery bondage and jump into her arms. Never had poet framed a lovelier image of rural beauty! Never had painter more felicitously realized his conception!

"Well, Robert?" exclaimed our artist, a little impatient of the continued silence, and missing the expected praise, "Well? But still, Robert spoke not. 'Don't you think a good subject?' continued the man of the easel. 'I was sitting at the window reading Froissart, while they were carrying the after-crop, and, by good luck, happened to look up just as they had arranged themselves into this very group, and as the evening sun came slanting, exactly as it does now, across the meadow—so I dashed in the sketch instantly, got Mary to sit to me—and a very pretty nymph-like figure she makes—dressed the way with flowers, just as she was decked out for the harvest-home—the robe is really a fit model for a Cupid; they are a glorious family!—and persuaded Susan'—at that name Robert, unable to control himself longer, rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished painter in the full belief that his senses had forsaken him.

The unhappy lover, agonised by jealousy, pursued his way to the Farm. He had, hitherto, contrived, although without confessing his motive, even to himself, to keep his friend and his mistress assunder. He had no fears of her virtue or of his honor; but to Robert's romantic simplicity, it seemed that no one could gaze on Susan without feeling ardent love, and that such a man as the artist could never love in vain. Besides, in the conversations which they had held together, he had dwelt on beauty and simplicity, as the most attractive points of the female character—Robert had felt, as he spoke, that Susan was the very being whom he described, and had congratulated himself that they were still unacquainted. But now they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which to Robert had always seemed unconquerable; had won her to admit his gaze; had tamed that shyest, coyest dove; had become familiar with that sweetest face, and that dearest frame—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood he arrived at the Farm; and there, working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little brother playing at her feet, sat his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and a blush of delight—just the smile and the blush of the picture. At such a moment, they increased his misery; he repulsed her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. Her innocent answers were met to his frenzy—"The picture! had he seen the picture? and was it not pretty?—much too pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry—was not he pleased with them! What a wonderful thing it was to make a bit of canvass so like living creatures! and what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him, at first—sadly afraid of those bright eyes—and so had Harry—poor Harry had cried! but he was so merry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it! it was too pretty, to be sure—but then Robert would not mind that. She had told the gentleman"—"Go to the gentleman now," interrupted Robert, "and tell him that I relinquish you! It will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan!—your heart is with him. Go to him, I say!"—and, throwing from him with a bitter laugh, the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid her trembling hand on his arm to detain him, he darted from the door and returned to his old quarters at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his home. His mother and sister indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poor little Mary to give to her friend Susan, of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy; and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand messages, which, in the next breath, she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistencies of love, pined and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time misfortunes of a different nature were gathering round Mrs. Kent. The mealman and baker, whose bread she vented—her kindest friend and largest creditor—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town—the pest and terror of the neighborhood; and, on the same day, she re-

ceived two letters from this formidable lawyer, one on account of his dead client, the baker, the other in behalf of his living client, the grocer—who ranked next among her creditors—both threatening that if their respective claims were not liquidated, on or before a certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her for breach of faith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness—especially that forlorn creature whom the common people, adopting the pathetic language of Scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, "a lone woman!" Poor Judith sat down to cry in powerless sorrow and vain self-pity. She opened indeed her helpless day-book—but she knew too well that her debtors could not pay. She had no one to consult—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions, almost as long as her son—and time pressed upon her—for the letters, sent with the usual indirectness of country conveyance, originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the butlerman, carried on by the butlerman to the next village, left for three days at a public house, and finally delivered at Hilton Cross, by a return post-boy—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for payment, and that was Friday night! and Michael even to look at this accumulation of misery, poor Judith laid her head on her fruitless account-book, and sobbed aloud.

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow to grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking tenderly what ailed her. She put the letters into his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, soothed and cheered her. "All must be given up," he said, "and he would go with her the next day, to make over the whole property. Let us pay, as far as our means go, mother," pursued he, "and do not fear but some day or other, we shall be enabled to discharge all our debts. God will speed an honest purpose. In the meantime Mr. Lescombe will give us a cottage—I know he will—and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for, something worth living for. Be comforted, dear mother!"

He stooped as he said this, and kissed her; and when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and behind her the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between the mother and the son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger's presence. She stood in great agitation, pressing Mary's hand, (from whom she had heard the story) and immediately began questioning Mrs. Kent as to the extent of the calamity. "She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her—but a hundred!—did they want a whole hundred? And would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? and sell her goods? and turn Mary out of doors? and Robert? Oh! how ill! Robert looked! It would kill Robert! Oh," continued Susan, wringing her hands—"I would sell myself for a bondsman—I would be like a negro-slave, for one hundred pounds!"

"Would you?" said the stranger, advancing suddenly from the door, and producing two bank-bills: "would you? well, we will strike a bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds for this little hand—only this little hand!"

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "what can you mean?"

"Nothing but what is fair and honorable," returned her lodger; "let Susan promise to meet me at church to-morrow, and here are two hundred pounds to dispose of at her pleasure to-night."

"Susan! my dear Susan!" interrupted Robert, "she must choose for herself!" and for a few moments there was a dead silence.

Robert stood leaning against the wall, pale as marble—his eyes cast down and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure. Mrs. Kent—her head turning now towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son—was in a state of restless and uncontrollable instability! Mary clung crying about her mother; and Susan—her color varying and her lips quivering—sat unconsciously twisting and un-twisting the bank notes in her hand.

"Well, Susan?" said the artist—who had remained in tranquil expectation, surveying the group with his falcon eye—"Well, Susan! have you determined?"

The color rose to her temples and she answered firmly, "Yes sir! Be pleased to take back the notes. I love nobody but Robert and Robert loves me dearly, dearly! I know he does! Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert—your own dear son, and he so ill, would you? Let them take these things! They never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you, and I will work for you! Never mind being poor, better anything than be false-hearted to my Robert!"

"God forever bless you, my Susan!" "God bless you, my dear child!" burst at once from Robert and his mother, as they alternately folded her in their arms.

"Pray, take the notes, sir!" repeated Susan, after a short interval.

"No! that I will not do," replied the stranger, smiling. "The notes shall be your's—your's, Susan!—what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at church to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend Robert, here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides, you have claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet girl! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert, has purchased the Hay-carrying! We have had a good deal of talk about you, and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No," continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say—"No thanks! no apologies! I won't hear a word! Meet me at church to-morrow! But remember, young man, no more jealousy!" and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.

SPECIE IN THE U. S. TREASURY.—The statement of the U. S. Treasurer, published in the Washington *Union* of Saturday, shows that there is at present in the various depositories, subject to draft, the sum of \$26,248,106.40, of which \$3,849,903 is at New York; \$4,619,052 at Boston; \$4,597,515 at St. Louis; \$3,262,000 at the New York Assay Office; \$3,048,854 at the Mint in Philadelphia; \$1,686,989 at the Mint in New Orleans; and smaller amounts at other places of deposit.

## God and the Infidel.

Suppose there is a person to whom you have given existence, who depends entirely upon you for his station, position, prospects, the means of living, the air he breathes, the food he eats, the very muscles, sinews, bones, flesh that composes his body, the faculties that form his mind, the sense of honor and dishonor, right and wrong, pleasure and pain, rest and most inflexible energy—whom you have in spite of yourself saved from the inevitable consequences awaiting his madness, and reinstated with more glorious prospects than he possessed before, of renown and happiness. Suppose such a person, when you spoke, discredited your word, that he had no faith in your honor or intentions, and that he was resolved to act as he pleased without consulting your wishes on any subject whatever in the remotest degree. Would not such conduct convince you that such a person's nature was so radically vicious and depraved, that left to itself, it must become thoroughly irredeemable? Yet what more can you do than you have done to save him? Kindness has been exhausted. What remains but severity, to prevent his example and corruption from ruining others? Such is a faint resemblance of the case between God and the infidel.—*Morgan.*

## Ancient Inhabitants of Nebraska.

On the Upper Missouri there exists a tract of country known by the name of *Mauvaises Terres*, or bad lands; at one time, probably, the bottom of an immense lake, in which perished thousands of animals having now no representative on earth. It appears that the waters of this immense pond were removed by convulsion of nature or other, and the sediment at the bottom became indurated. The portion of the valley thus excavated forms a surface of ninety miles in length and thirty in breadth. The remains of animals which have lived and breathed long before the advent of man on earth are here found in such abundance as to form of this tract an immense cemetery of vertebrata. The bones are said to be completely petrified, and their cavities filled with saliferous matter. They are preserved in various degrees of integrity, some most beautifully perfect, and others broken. Two remarkable species of rhinoceros—the first ever found in America—were discovered here, and also a sort of panther, smaller than the present variety, and likewise a number of strange animals with long names, unlike anything which man ever saw alive. We know, then, that there were once individuals in Nebraska as curious, and as strangely shaped, and as pugacious as any quarter whom the present great rush of immigration will carry thither.

## Business.

If you want business, says our sensible friend of the *Lancasterian*, advertise. If you are a hatter, make your name so familiar to the public that when a man looks at his old hat, and says to himself, "I must have a new hat," he will think of you. If you are a tailor, make yourself so conspicuous that a man will think of you every time he brushes his coat. When a man looks at his old boots, this muddy weather, and says to himself, "I must go and buy a pair of water-proofs," have your name so familiar to him that he will think of you and your place of business, as he does of his boarding house, when he is hungry. It is the same way with everything and everybody who advertises extensively. Their names become familiar with the people, and are associated in their minds so much with goods and articles of merchandise, that all who want what they sell, are drawn, as by instinct, to their shops and stores. There is nothing like advertising. If you do not believe in it, try it, and be convinced.

## A Few Household Hints.

To Whiten the Teeth.—Mix honey with finely powdered charcoal and use the paste as a dentifrice.  
For the Perspiration of the Hands when Sweating.—Rub them occasionally with dry wheat bran.  
To Sew New and Stiff Cloth Easily.—Pass a cake of white soap a few times over it, and the needle will penetrate easily.  
To Clean Furniture Easily.—Shake off the loose dust, then lightly brush with a furniture brush, after which, wipe closely with clean flannel and rub with dry bread. This will make them look nearly new.

THEOLOGICAL.—Two juvenile disputants discussed as follows in our hearing a day or two since:

"I tell you, God is everywhere."  
"Ain't—neither."  
"I know better; my mother says so."  
"Don't care if she does. He ain't in that wire, (pointing to the telegraph string) cos that ain't his wire."  
The father staggered his little reverence for a moment, but after a minute had elapsed, a triumphant smile lit up his face, as he responded: "Well, I don't care, He's all round it!"  
How many a sceptic of larger growth might, out of the mouth of that "suckling," learn wisdom.

FALL FASHIONS—BONNETS.—A contemporary, "spreading" himself on the Fall fashions, remarks that as to the Fall Bonnet, there is nothing left of it to speak of. It has been gradually melting away, and it is now all gone except a small piece of wire, a feather from a sparrow's tail, a flower and a half, and three inches of lace. It has apparently reached the last degree of comparison, and we shall next either have no bonnet at all, or an imitation of the combination of a coal hod and a gig-top.—There is some talk that the next fashion will be a shawl of a bonnet; perhaps it will; it is next to now.

HOW GUNS ARE SPREAD.—A correspondent of the *London Herald* describes how the Russians spiked the guns:—"The spikes are about four inches long, and of the dimensions of a tobacco pipe; the head flat, which is naturally pressed to as a spring, which is naturally pressed to the shaft upon being forced into the touch-hole.—Upon reaching the chamber of the gun it successively passes its position, and it is impossible to withdraw it. It can only be got out by drilling—no easy task, as they are made of the hardest steel, and being also loose in the touch-hole, there is much difficulty in making a drill bite as effectually as it should do. Its application is the work of a moment—a single tap on the flat head with the palm of the hand sufficing."

The most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth.

## Odds and Ends.

Better lose a supper than take physio.  
The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it.  
An Irishman complained of his physician, that he stuffed him so with drugs, that he was sick after he got well.  
A rash and somewhat deluded young man has threatened to apply the Maine law to his sweetheart—she intoxicates him so.

Wanted.—A good strong adhesive plaster, to make busy-bodies stick to their own business.  
When you want a warm bath, and can't pay for one, just pull your neighbor's nose, and you will soon be in hot water.  
A piece of the "bright silver moon" was lately offered in change at the bank, but found deficient in weight.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there are none so useful as discretion.  
The Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

When you are low-spirited, and feel like looking at the world through a smoked glass, take to the country—instead of the bottle.

The sweetest sound in nature is said to be the voice of the lady we love. Next to this is the man who cries "lobsters."

ENORMOUS YIELD.—A field of sweet potatoes in Scott county, Iowa, yields 700 bushels to the acre!

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel, has been engaged to "fix up the locks of a canal."

Hagerstown is now lighted up with gas o' nights. Would not the introduction of gas pay here?

It is estimated that there are three hundred million pounds of paper used in the United States annually.  
BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—while one ascends the other descends.

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Mightn't they as well amuse themselves in smoking haas as smoking cigars?

One philosopher is worth a thousand grammarians. Good sense and reason ought to be the empire of all rules, both ancient and modern.

A Yankee, describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

In the North Carolina Legislature the committee on the judiciary have been instructed to report on the propriety of abolishing jury trials in the county courts.

A STEAM FIRE ENGINE FOR BOSTON.—The city council of Boston have decided that a steam fire engine should be purchased for the city at an expense of \$8,000.

The New York Dutchman says it is sorry up in Iowa, that the people have to sprinkle the rivers to keep the boats from kicking up a dust.

A fire-engine has just been introduced into one of the back towns of Wisconsin.—The editor in speaking of it, calls it a four wheeled squirt.

A new batch of counterfeit X's on the State Bank of Ohio, is getting into circulation. Look out for them, they are exceedingly well done.

He that is loudly praised, will be clamorously censured. He that rises hastily into fame, will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.

The Arctic disaster is undergoing an investigation in New York, and the developments made are of the most astounding and criminal character.

The editor of the *Lancaster Literary Gazette* says she would soon hustle her nose in a rat's nest of swindle tow; as allow a man with whiskers to kiss her.

Mrs. Swisshelm says that women have great and grievous wrongs. Among the number, is the neglect which allows them to live and die old maids. Send 'em to the workhouse.

The managers of the National Monument, now in course of erection, announce that this great work has now reached the height of 100 feet, and has already cost about \$230,000.

LOSS OF SPECIE.—On the 2d ult. a boat that was transporting specie on board the English steamer off Vera Cruz, was captured, with the loss of \$70,000. Oh, this tariff!

The heaviest tax payer in the West, is N. Longworth, Esq., of Cincinnati, whose tax this year is \$21,544. The rate is sixteen and three quarter mills on the dollar.

A Western editor, in answer to a complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, advised him, when news was scarce, to read the bible, which he had no doubt would be "new" to him.

The Washington *Union* says reliable information leads it to believe that HORATIO SEYMOUR, in spite of all the efforts to defeat him, will be declared Governor of New York for another term.

A padlocked umbrella has been invented for security to owners. A small padlock is affixed which cannot be taken off, nor the umbrella opened, except with the key, which the owner is supposed to have always about him.

Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning on my writing table? said an author to his servant. "Only the paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

An editor out West offers his entire establishment, subscribers, accounts, &c., for a clean shirt and a good meal of victuals. He has been trying the experiment of endeavoring to please everybody.

GEN. CASS.—The Detroit Times says the assumption that Gen. Cass had laid aside all aspirations for the Presidency, is entirely gratuitous. His friends will hurry his name forward in their own time, and he will be a candidate before the National Convention.

One of the political magnates of Boston, having been asked, just after the election, "What he thought of the whig party then," replied: "Think I'll tell you what. If I had a demand against it for \$10, I would make affidavit that it is about to leave the State."