The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHLE. "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.

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

Choice Poetry.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise.
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise.
All's for the best, if man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest.
This is no dream for the pun lit or poet:
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best.

All's for the best; see this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
Go! Away weaned swallow or heart-stricken dove.
All's for the best! be a man but confiding;
Providence tenderly governs the rest;
And, go frail bark of his creature is guiding,
Wisely and wearily all for the best.

All's for the best; then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
And, in the midst of your dangers and errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best!—unclasped, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope, and be happy, and all's for the best!

Select Miscellany.

The Sight of the Dying.

The late Abner L. Pentland, of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying,—"Mother, I can see a great distance!" Doubtless this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith to a calm death-bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in the mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see far off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, and the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being: the vista of futurity opens the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God; the glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him. With Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of his Father; and, as he dwells with rapture on those enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him, and like Elisha's servant at the gates of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills, in the chariot of the Lord of Hosts.

Interesting Facts upon the Eyes & Ears.

The organ of vision is considered the most delicate organization in the human frame; yet, many who have been born blind, have been enabled to see by surgical operations, and the following is an interesting fact concerning one of that class. A youth had become 13 years of age, when his eyes were couched by the surgeon. He thought scarlet the most beautiful color; black was painful. He fancied every object touched him: and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling, for instance, the cat and dog.—When his second eye was couched, he remarked that the objects were not so large in appearance to this, as to the one opened at first. Pictures he considered only parti-colored surfaces, and a miniature absolutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bushel into a pint.

Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians have been the best performers of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that two boys were playing in a distant corner of the room, instead of studying—although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Professor Sanderson, who was blind, could in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye to others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said, "This room is about twenty-two feet long, eighteen feet wide and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of the ear. Verily: "We are mysteriously and wonderfully made."

THE MINIE RIFLE.—The Cleveland Herald is informed by an intelligent officer of the army that the Minie Rifle ball is being adopted into our service, upon an improved plan. Instead of a short iron tube inserted in the ball, it is to be made with a cavity, into which a portion of the charge of powder will be forced, and its explosion does the whole work of spreading the ball, so as to completely *stud* or fill the rifled bore of the gun, and drive it on its mission of death. The manufacture of muskets in our armories is to be abandoned, and our troops are to be armed with the improved Minie rifles with bayonets.

THE CLOCK IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.—A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly* thus describes the machinery of this great London clock:—"The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight of the end of it is one hundred weight: the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dial is eight feet, and the weight of each, seventy-five pounds; the length of the hour figures, two feet and two and a half inches. The fine toned bell which strikes, is clearly distinguishable from every other bell in the metropolis, and has been audible at the distance of twenty miles. It is about ten feet in diameter, and is said to weigh about four and a half tons. The bell is tolled on the death of any member of the royal family, of the Lord Mayor, Bishop of London, or the Dean of the Cathedral. The expense for building the cathedral, was over a million and a half pounds sterling.

☞ Vulgarians always value people according to their success. To men worth 10,000 dollars they bow twice as low as to one who only lays claim to five thousand. If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death" and wear watch seals about the size of brickbats.

From the Washington Union.

A High Example, Dedicated to the American Clergy.

"*I have spoken openly to the world;* I have always taught in the Synagogue, whither all the Jews resort; AND IN SECRET HAVE I SPOKEN NOTHING.—*Jesus Christ, John xviii.*

There is such comprehensive pertinency in this grand and impressive sentiment, that we hesitate whether to regard it in the light of an invocation to liberal and public action, or as an appeal of heavenly inspiration against future intolerance. It refers undoubtedly to the past, but it may also be reproduced for the present. There was a significance in the circumstances that led to this declaration. The Saviour was about to *suffer and die for his belief.* He was offered up as a sacrifice to a relentless religious proscription. Inflamed bigots demanded his life upon weak and wicked reasons. *They overawed the civil power*, and compelled a conviction against justice and law. *He had unconsciously offended a proscriptive and cruel order.* Mark how, before his accusers and judge, and in reply to the Roman Governor, He scorns the imputation of secresy! The cherished expedients of his foes—secresy and intolerance—how He repudiates and rebukes them! It was in such a frame of mind that He was carried forth and crucified.

We are told that many clergymen belong to the secret order of the present day—the "Sanhedrim" where political offenders are doomed unheard, and religious opinions graduated and prescribed upon pain of disfranchisement. We know that many of them openly encourage these doctrines, and that pulpits, from which should emanate only calm councils and peaceful precepts, are now made by fanatical clergymen to ring with the prejudices and passion of fanaticism and the threats of excited partisans. This we know, and read of daily: and it is in condemnation of such an example that we hold up the dying words of the Saviour of man.

The history of the Saviour, apart from his direct and chief connection with religion, furnishes many sublime lessons and warnings: but nowhere is his character so luminous and so grand as in his sufferings for the sins of others, his toleration of different opinions, his universal charity, his welcome to the stranger, and his discouragement of all secret and clandestine proceedings, especially when these interfere with established rights and laws. How many of our modern preacher-politicians think of this while bounding on the crusade against all who worship God in a way that differs from their own? Will it be out of place if we introduce, for the edification of these reverend leaders, the following passages from the sermon on the Mount? We hope these teachings have not been forgotten in the new zeal of the clergy for temporal and worldly affairs:

"Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

"Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid.

"Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light to all that are in the house.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father in heaven."

Many instances in the wonderful career of the Son of God, who dwelt among the lowly and the poor, and taught "peace on earth" to all mankind, illustrate his adherence to these truths. Going to Jerusalem, on one occasion, he sent some of his disciples forward to a village to prepare supper and lodging. The people, however, fearing that he was going to the temple of Jerusalem, refused to afford him the necessary accommodations. This greatly offended the disciples, who applied to their Master, asking if they should not call fire from heaven to destroy such inhospitable people. He reproved the intemperate and misguided zeal of his disciples, saying, "Your zeal is not of God, because it is not according to knowledge." How many of our political clergy have forgotten the good Samaritan when they rail at Catholics, or rave against the people of the South, or hurl their anathemas against those who refuse to accept their ideas of Bible construction?

That there are numbers of pious and God-fearing men in the ranks of the American clergy who deplore and protest against this sad prostitution of sacred functions to political purposes, we are grateful to be able to admit. They see and they feel whither it is tending and where it must end: and they know that when the teachers of religion are once fully embarked upon the sea of political polemics, the decay of national morals will mark also the approach of national dissolution. To these men the nation looks in such a crisis as the present. They have a duty to perform, at least as high as that to which they are primarily dedicated. *They must save the American people from being lost in the dangers of intolerance by recalling the American clergy to a sense of their duty to God and their country.*

AUTOGRAPHS OF ROBERT BURNS.—At the sale of the late Mr. Pickering's collection of manuscripts and autograph letters, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, in Wellington street, were some highly interesting relics of the poet Burns, which realized extraordinarily high prices. The greatest attraction was lot 277, being the celebrated "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," written in a fine bold hand, as if the subject had inspired the very handwriting of the bard: this sold for thirty pounds, and was purchased for America. The original document, signed and sealed, appointing the poet an excisemen, produced £5 12s. 6d. The other letters and poems, all holograph, sold for high prices. Among these our space only allows us to mention the following: Lot 222, letter to R. Cleghorn, with the first stanzas of "The Chevalier's Lament," £5 2s. 6d.; 225, letter to Mrs. Dunlop, thanking her for friendly criticism, "Not the blasting depredations of a canker toothed caterpillar critic," £5 12s. 6d.; 241, part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, containing "Auld lang Syne," and other verses, £9 2s. 6d.; 244, part of a letter to Mrs. M'Lehose, containing the beautiful lines "To Mary in Heaven," £7 10s.; 259, "The Brigs of Ayr," £6 5s.; 276, "On Cessnock Banks a Lassie dwells," and "Auld lang Syne," on one leaf, £10 10s. In the same sale three autograph letters, addressed by Dr. Johnson to Ryland, sold for £12 16s. 6d.; a collection of letters to Lord Ligonier, Master-General of the Ordnance, produced seventeen pounds; and Joseph Ritson's Bibliographia Scotica, with an autograph note to George Chalmers, requesting him to deliver it into the hands of Walter Scott, £10 10s.—*London Times.*

☞ Speak not, rather than speak ill.

City Police Report.

The War in Europe outdone—Tremendous Excitement in Feltzer's Court.—The most productive source of quarrels among neighbors, is the practice of keeping pet animals. In Feltzer's court, reside two families—honest well-bred people of congenial tastes and habits, except that the Hopkinses, who reside at No. 5, have a partiality for dogs, while the Wilsons, at No. 8, show a decided preference for cats.

We have observed that the poorer people are, the more pets of this kind they choose to keep. As mere chroniclers of passing events, we state the fact; and leave it for philosophers to find out the why and wherefore.

The Hopkinses keep four dogs, of various sizes, ages and sexes. The Wilsons entertain six cats, embracing, as we suppose, similar varieties. At first, the human portion of the two families were on the best possible terms, but the cats and dogs, having a constitutional antipathy to each other, frequently indulged in little bickerings, or small acts of mutual aggression.

Yesterday afternoon, one of the "Hopkins dogs," who was threatened with opthalmia, in consequence of a severe scratch in the right eye, received a few evenings before, from the paw of a masculine mouser belonging to the Wilsons, observed the tail of his feline enemy projecting from a cellar-window; and, forgetful of the laws and usages of civilized warfare he immediately took the appendage between his teeth and began to chew it, as a sailor would a piece of pig-tail tobacco.

The unfortunate owner of the tail, who, (as may be guessed,)—was not far off, uttered a shriek which brought all the other "Hopkins' dogs" to the scene of action. As for the Wilson cats, they behaved as others of their species generally do; that is, they showed no sympathy for the sufferer, and selfishly kept out of the way. But several of them who had been on visits in the neighborhood, and made an effort, on the first alarm, to get home, were intercepted on the way, and so outrageously maltreated by the dogs, that their cries for quarter resounded through the whole court.—Out rushed all the Wilsons to the rescue: viz. Mr. Wilson, with the tongs; Mrs. Wilson, with the shovel; Misses Polly, Ellen and Sophronia Wilson, with sticks of wood; Master Neddy, Billy and Tommy Wilson, with hearth-bricks; Mr. Wilson's mother, with the stump of a corn broom; and Mrs. Wilson's sister, with a slop-bucket.

This timely reinforcement, so well armed and equipped for battle, soon turned the tide of victory against the dogs, who began to show their inclination to an inglorious retreat, when the door of No. 5 being thrown open, out sallied all the Hopkinses, except Mr. Hopkins himself, who was absent from home. However the party led on by the intrepid Mrs. Hopkins, who was armed with a pressing board, reanimated the drooping courage of the Hopkins' dogs, and the fight as historians often say "now became general." The Wilsons had the advantage in numbers and in minitions of war, but the Hopkinses, including the dogs, were superior in that "indomitable courage" which is characteristic of the canine and Anglo Saxon races, so the event of the day, for sometime, remained doubtful. But at last, Mrs. Hopkins having received a shovel-thrust in the face, from Mrs. Wilson, began to fall back, at which a cry of exultation was raised by all the Wilsons, and the entire rout of the Hopkins party seemed inevitable.

At the nick of time, little George Hopkins raised the inspiring cry of "Daddy is coming!" The effect was magical. Half the Wilsons immediately retreated, and the other half seemed to become nerveless. Daddy Hopkins wrenched the tongs from the hand of Wilson, and ferociously demolished the corn broom in the hand of Wilson's mother. This was the final triumph; the Hopkinses remained masters and mistresses of the field, and the Hopkins' dogs wagged their tails triumphantly.

But all parties, victors and vanquished, were up this morning for a breach of the peace, and gave security for their own good behaviour, and the good behaviour of their dogs and cats. The office was completely thronged with Hopkinses and Wilsons, and the Hopkins' dogs, all of whom attended to witness the upshot of the legal proceedings.—*Sunday Mercury.*

☞ The number of processes through which a needle goes in its manufacture, is as follows: 1, wire received; 2, weighed; 3, guaged; 4, cut; 5, rubbed; 6, counted; 7, point'ed; 8, washed; 9, cut back; 10, pointed at the other end; 11, examined; 12, counted; 13, washed; 14, weighed; 15, annealed; 16, stamped; 17, pressed; 18, spitted; 19, piled; 20, broken; 21, heads piled; 22, oil burnt off; 23, soft-straightened; 24, evened; 25, counted; 26, hardened; 27, evened; 28, stropped; 29, tempered; 30, weighed; 31, examined; 32, picked for crooks; 33, hard-straightened; 34, counted; 35, scoured with seven emeries, washed and evened between each; 36, washed and dried; 37, weighed; 38, evened; 39, headed; 40, weighed; 41, ground at the point; 42, weighed; 43, scoured with one emery and glazed; 44, weighed; 45, washed and dried; 46, weighed; 47, evened; 48, headed; 49, picked for waste set; 50, weighed by count; 51, set; 52, examined; 53, weighed for drillers; 54, blued; 55, drilled; 56, rubbed; 57, weighed from drilling; 58, examined; 59, rounded by finishing; 60, finished once; 61, rubbed; 62, finished again; 63, rubbed; 64 examined; 65, counted in 25's; 66, papered; 67, labelled; 68, tied up; 69, collected; 70, packed up.

☞ Mr. Cooper, in his "Dictionary of Surgery," gives the following infallible cure for corns, which may be found very valuable at this particular season. Take two ounces of gum ammoniac, two of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the composition on soft leather; cut away as much of the corn as you can, then apply the plaster, and renew it every fortnight till the corn is away.

☞ Boiled Potatoes should never be covered with a dish after coming from the pot in which they are cooked, as they will assuredly become "soggy." Better allow them to remain in the pot, after pouring off the water, placed as near to the fire as will keep them moderately hot. Potatoes are spoiled by tight cover placed over them after boiling.

☞ Lamparter, the murderer of officer Ferguson, of Pittsburg, died lately in Missouri, from a lever brought on by remorse.

☞ Why is a good sermon like a kiss? Because it requires only two heads and an application.

From the Spirit of the Times.

Sut Lovengood's Daddy "Acting Horse."

BY ———, OF TENNESSEE.

"Hold that ere hoss down to the yearth." "He's a spreadin' his tail to fly now."—"Keep him whar he is." "Wo, Shavetail." "He's a dancing a jig." These and like expressions, were addressed to a queer looking, long legged, short bodied, small headed, white haired, hog eyed, funny sort of a genius, fresh from some bench legged clothing store, and mounted on "Tarpoke," a nick tailed, bow-necked, long, poor horse, half dandy, half devil, and enveloped all over in a perfect net-work of bridle reins, cruppers, martingales, straps, circingles, and red terretin, who had reined up in front of Pat Nash's grocery, among a crowd of wild mountaineers, full of fight and mean whisky.

"I say, you durned ash cats, jist keep your shirts on! You never seed a rale hoss till I rid up: Tarpoke is jist next to the best hoss that ever shelled nubbins, an' he's dead as a still worm, poor old Tickytail."

"What killed him, Sut?" says an anxious inquirer.

"Why, nuthin', you 'tarnal fool; he jist died so, died a standin' up, at that.—Warn't that good pluck? Froze stiff; no not that adzactly, but starved fust, and then froze arterwards, so stiff that when dad and me pushed him over, he just struck out so (spreading his arms and legs) like a carpenter's bench, an' we waited seventeen days for him to thaw afore we could skin 'im. Well, thar we was—Dad an' me (counting on his fingers)—Dad, and me, and Sall, and Jake, (Fool Jake we call him, fur short,) an' Jonas, an' Phineas, an' me, an' Callima Jane, Sharlotteean, an' Simeon Paul, an' Cashus Henry Clay, an' Noah Daniel Webster, an' me, an' the twin gals, an' Catharine Second, an' Cleopatra Anthony, an' Jane Lind, an' Tom Bullion, an' the baby, an' the prospect, an' mam herself, all left without ara hoss to crap with. That was a nice mess for a 'spectable white family to be slashin' about in, warn't it? I be durned if I didn't feel like sorter stealin' a hoss sometimes. Well, we waited, an' rested, an' wished, and waited, until well into strawberry time, hopin' some stray hoss mout come along, but dog my cat, of eny sich luck as that ever cums whar dad is, he's so dratted mean, an' lazy, an' ugly, an' savage.

"Well, one nite, dad he lay awake all nite, a snortin' an' rollin', an' a blowin', an' a scratchin', and a whisperin' at mam, and next mornin' says he, 'Sut, I'll tell you what we'll do: I'll be horse myself, and pull the plough, while you drive me, and we'll break up corn groun', and then the 'old quilt' (that's mam) an' the brats kin plant or let it alone, jest as they please'—So out we goes to the pawpaw thicket, and pealed a rite peart handful of bark, and mam an' me made geers fur dad, and they becum him mitely: then he would hav a bridle, so I gits an old umbreller what I found; it's a little forked piece of iron, sorter like into a pitchfork, ye know, and we bent and twisted it sorter into a bridle bit, snafil shape, (dad wanted it kurb, as he sed he hadn't work't for sum time, an' mite sorter feel his oats and go to cavortin.) Well, when we got the bridle all fixed on dad, he chomped the bit jist like a hoss, (we aliers sed so when he warn't about,) then I put on the geers, and out dad and me goes to the field. I a 'leadin' dad by the bridle, and a totin the gopher plough on my back.—When we cum to the fence, I let down a gap, an' it made dad mad; he wanted to jump the fence on all fours, hoss way. I hitched him into the gopher, and away he went, dad leaneu forard to his pullen' rite peart, and we made sharp plowin', dad goin' rite over the sprouts and bushes same as a rale hoss, the only differ was he went on two legs. Presently we cum to a sassafrac bush, and dad, to keep up his karracter as a hoss, bulged squar into it, and thru it, and tore down a hornet's nest nigh onto as big as a hoss head, and all the tribe kivered him rite strate. He reared and kicked once or twice, and fotched a squeal wus nor ara hoss in the district, and sot into runnin' away, jist as natural as ever you seed. I let go the lines and hollered, 'Woa, dad, woa!' but ye mont as well said woa to a locomotive Gewhillicans! how he did run! When he cum to a bush, he'd clar the top of it, gopher an' all; p'raps he thought there mout be another settlement of bald hornets in it, and that it was safer to go over than thro', and quicker done; every now and then he'd paw the sides of his head with fust one fore leg and then t'other, then he'd gin himself an open handed slap, that sounded like a waggon whip, and a runnin' all the time, and a carrin' that gopher jist about as fast and as high from the yearth as ever a gopher was carried, I swar. When he cum to the fence, he busted rite thru' it, tarin' down nigh in o seven pannels, scatterin' and a breakin' the rales mitily, and here he left gopher, geers, single-tree, and klevis, all mixed up, not wuth a durn. Most of his shirt stuck on the splintered end ov a broken rale, and nigh onto a pint of hornets staid with the shirt, stingin' it all over, the balance on 'em, about a gallon an' a half, kept on with dad. He seemed to run jist adzactly as fast as the hornets could fly, for it wur the tirest race I ever did see.—Doun thru' the sedge grass they all went, the hornets making it sorter look like smoke all roun' dad's bald head, and he with nothin' on yearth but the bridle, an' nigh unto a yard of plough line sailin' behind.

"I seed now that he war aimin' for the swimmin' hole in the kreek, whar the bluff is over twenty-five feet perpendikler to the water, an' it's nigh unto ten feet deep.—Well, to keep up his character as a hoss, when he got to the bluff, he jist leaped off, or rather he jist keep on runnin'. Kerslunge into the kreek he went. I seed the water fly plum above the bluff from war I was. Now, rite thar, boys, he overdid the thing, if that was what he was arter, for there's nary hoss ever foaled durn'd fool enough to loye over 'em, such a place; a cussed mule mout a done it, but dad warn't a acting mule. I crept up to the edge and looked over: thar war dad's bald head, for all the yearth, like a peeled onion, a bobbin up an' down, an' the hornets sailin' an' a circlin' round turkey buzzard fashion, an' every once in a while one, and sometimes ten, 'ud make a dip at dad's head. He kept up a right peart dodgin' under, sometime arter, an' the water was kivered with drowned hornets. 'What on yearth are ye doin' in thar, dad?' sez I. 'Don't (dip) yer see these cussed (dip) infernal varmints (dip) arter me?' 'What,' sez I, 'them are hoss flies thar—ye aint really feared are ye?'—'Hoss flies, h—ll!' sez dad, 'thy're rale (dip) genuine bald hornets, (dip) you infernal cuss!' 'Well, dad, you'll have to stay rite thar till nite, an' I'll feed ye. I sorter think you won't need any currien for a week or so.' 'I wish I may never see to-morrow (dip) if I don't ruinate you (dip) when I do get out,' sez dad. 'Better say you wish you may never see another bald hornet, if you ever play hoss agin,' sez I.—and knowin' dad's unmollified nature, I broke from them parts, and sorter cum to the copper mines. I staid hid out till next arternoon, when I seed a feller a travelin', an' sez I, 'What was goin' on at the cabin this side the kreek when you passed it?'—'Why, nothin' much, a man was sittin' in his door, with nara shirt on, and a woman was gressin', his back an' arms, an' his head was about the size of a ten gallon keg, and he hadn't the first sight ov an eye—all smooth.' 'That man was my dad,' sez I.

"'Been much fitin' in this neighborhood, lately?' sez the traveller, rather dryly.

"'Not wuth speaking or pursonally or particulery,' sez I. 'Now boys, I hain't seen dad since, and would be feared to meet him in the next ten years. Let's drink.'"

And the last I saw of "Sut," he was stooping to get in at the doggery door, with a mightily mixed crowd at his heels.

A Thanksgiving Turkey.

A contriver of ways and means residing Down East, some years ago, being in want of a turkey wherewith to be thankful according to law, on the last Thursday in November, set his wits to work to procure one without labor, love or money. Turkeys as everybody knows are fond of apples and apple trees, for their couch, and our hero, going in the stillness of the night, singled out a fine fat gobbler from a tree nigh, belonging to one of his neighbors. While reconnoitering the roost, he heard the feathered bipeds say, distinctly "*quit! quit! quit!*" But considering these as words of course, he did not regard them a feather, but taking a bit of red yarn from his pocket he made it fast to the leg of his intended prize, and retired without further alarming the brood, or at all disturbing the owner.

The next day he went to his neighbor's house with the following interrogatory:—"You hav'nt seen no stray gobbler here, have ye?" The neighbor answered that he had not: but there might possibly be one among his turkeys, and asked him if he should know the turkey on seeing him.

"Oh, yes, yes," said the witty man of inventions, "I should know him very well, by a bit of red yarn he had around his right leg."

Accordingly the whole flock of turkeys were assembled, and the man deeply regretting his loss, and declaring he would not have taken a silver dollar for the bird, began to examine the whole lot.

"Gobble, Gobble, Gobble," said the indignant turkey, taller than the rest by a head.

"Ah! that's he," said the man, springing up as he spoke, "that's the very identical turkey; don't you see he's got the mark on?"

"Well, he has sure enough," said the honest neighbor, taking two quids of pig tail, in two minutes, 'and yet I'll be darned and toasted alive, if that don't look as much like a gobbler of mine, as two white beans. However, as the critter belongs to you, why, take him, that's all."

He said no more, but caught the turkey, and handed him over—as he supposed—to his rightful owner. The other thanked him for his trouble, and after inviting him to come and take a thanksgiving supper with him, telling him he should be as welcome to a bit of the turkey, as though it were his own, he marched off triumphantly, with his prize under his arm, and a laugh in his sleeve.

Rather Suspicious.

Sam.—Julius, when you missed your dog, how did you find out whar he went to?

Julius.—Why, you see, Sam, I was walkin at de north end, de odder day, and saw a large string ob sassengers hangin outside de door ob a butcher's shop. I walked by two or three times, and de fourth time I whistled—and lor, gosh o'mighty, Sam, de way dem sassengers curled up was a kaushun to this child. I didn't want to hurt de man's feelings, but I knew what had bekome of de dog.

POOR BOY'S COLLEGE.—The Printing Office has indeed proved a better College to many a poor boy, has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society, has brought out more intellect and turned it into practical, useful channels, awakened more mind, generated more active and elevated thought, than many of the literary colleges of the country. How many a dunce has passed through these colleges with no tangible proof of fitness other than his inanimate piece of parchment; himself, if possible, more inanimate than his leather diploma! There is something in the very atmosphere of a printing office calculated to awaken the minds and inspire a thirst for knowledge. A boy who commences in such a school, will have his talents and ideas brought out; if he has no mind to draw out, the boy himself will be driven out.—*N. Y. Globe.*

DR. JOHNSON'S COURTSHIP.—While Dr. Samuel Johnson was courting his intended wife, in order to try her, he told her "that he had no property; and moreover, he once had an old uncle that was hanged." To which the lady replied "that she had no more property than he had; and as to her relatives, although she never had one that was hanged, she had a number that *deserved to be!*"

WHAT NEXT?—The celebrated Dr. Hines has turned up at New Orleans. The Delta says:

"The celebrated Dr. Hines will deliver a lecture on Saturday evening, at the American Theatre. The subject of the lecture is rather a startling one: 'Penitentiary cruelties and murders!' As the doctor has had quite an extensive experience of penitentiary life, having been sundry times an involuntary guest in those institutions, and being, withal, a person of intelligence and profound erudition, his lecture cannot fail to be an interesting one."

☞ An exchange paper asks very innocently, if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the lapse of ages. Another replies that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from 18 to 25 it puts down as extra hazardous.

☞ I hold it to be a fact, says Pascal, that if persons knew what was said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is manifest from the disputes to which indiscreet reports from one to another give rise.

☞ On the line of railroad now building from Kenigsberg to the Lake of Constance, over the Alps, there are thirteen tunnels and twenty-five viaducts. Thirteen thousand laborers and two thousand horses are continually employed upon it.

The Railways of the United States.

The Merchants' Magazine contains an elaborate article in relation to the railways of the United States, as well as of the world. From it, we learn that the number of miles of railway now in operation upon the surface of the globe, is 40,344. Of these, 17,020 are in the eastern, and 23,324 are in the western hemisphere. They are distributed as follows: In Great Britain, 7,774 miles; in Germany, 5,340 miles; in France, 2,180 miles; in Belgium, 532 miles; in Russia, 422 miles; in Italy, 170 miles; in Sweden, 75 miles; in Norway, 42 miles; in Spain, 60 miles; in Africa, 25 miles; in India, 100 miles; in the United States, 21,528 miles; in the British Provinces, 1,327 miles; in the Island of Cuba, 359 miles; in Panama, 50 miles; in South America, 60 miles.

The longest railway in the world is the Illinois Central, which, with its branches, is 731 miles in length, and has been constructed at a cost of $15,000,000. The number of miles of railway in the United States, exceeds the rest of the world by the amount of 2,712 miles.

The total number of railways completed in the United States, is 271; the number of railways in course of construction is 174; the number of miles in operation, 21,528, which have been constructed at a cost of $616,766,333. The number of miles in course of construction is 16,738.

The State of Massachusetts has one mile of railway to each seven square miles of its geographical surface. Essex county, in that State, with a geographical surface of 400 square miles, has 150 miles of railway facility; which is a ratio of one mile of railway to each three square miles of its surface.

The Sin of Tight Lacing.

Corsets are beginning to make a direful show in the millinery windows. Small waists are exhibited in the streets by pale, cadaverous, grave-yard looking darlings, as if the contraction of the vital portions of the body indicated sense or patrician origin. For several years past the use of corsets has been repudiated, much indeed, to the benefit, both moral and physical, of the female population. It is to be regretted that the silliness of fashion is now to step in and make our mothers and future mothers the delight of doctors and undertakers. Is the figure improved by being pinched in at the waist? Does any one believe that such distortion of the frame will increase the matrimonial attraction? No one but a stupid ignoramus would admire such disfigurement—a kind of vapid puppy, not fit to be trusted alone in the streets. No longer ago than yesterday we saw a sensible looking clerk pinched up in corsets to such an extent that she could not utter a sentence of ten words without painful exertion. Her lungs must have been damaged beyond cure if she remained in that harness six hours. Young woman! if you desire health, respectability and declining years that will not make you a nuisance, forswear corsets. If you wish to keep your clear complexion, or to obtain one—if you are careful about a breath that shall not be offensive, abandon corsets. If you would not be acquainted with the most awful disease, such as would make death welcome instead of terrible, do not gird yourself with corsets. It is nobody's business, you may say, but your own. There's the mistake. It is everybody's business to prevent the deterioration of the human race, and corsets are famous in that work. Avoid the corseted female, gentle wife-seeker, as you would a pestilence. Make yourself agreeable to stout waists and faces that look as if they were not galvanized into existence.—*N. Y. Post.*

☞ At Guilford, Connecticut, is a stone house which is the oldest in the United States. It was raised in the old Indian war before the revolution, as a fort. About twenty miles east of the stone house, on the "Hommonnasuck" river, lived a man whose name was Stannard. By some means he had made himself obnoxious to the Indians, and they therefore seized him and held a council, at which it was determined to burn him. A hot fire was accordingly made around a stake, and Stannard, with his arms bound with thongs behind him, waited to be cooked, while the Indians went through with their pow-wow. In the mean time Stannard worked his hands clear of the thongs, and seizing a "*papoose*" from the back of a squaw, tossed him into the middle of the fire, and the long-legged Yankee *leaned* for the stone house. Whether he made his mile in 2.40, more or less, we know not; history and tradition are silent. The doors of the stone house closed in upon Stannard just as the whole tribe came howling and yelling to the wall. Stannard was made safe, but the *papoose was roasted!*

A GREAT FIRE IN LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.—*Two Men Burned to Death.*—On Monday night week a fire broke out at Lafayette, Indiana, in the block of buildings occupied by Messrs. Rose & Son and E. M. Weaver & Co., which destroyed the warehouses of those gentlemen, and the stores of two or three other persons in the same block. The warehouses were full of produce, and the damage to property caused by fire, it is thought, cannot fall short of $50,000. Mr. Rose, the proprietor of one of the warehouses, and an Irishman attached to the establishment of Messrs. Weaver & Co., are reported to have perished in the flames. Both were in their stores at the time the fire broke out, but were unable to effect their escape.

A COSTLY FLOWER.—The New York Mirror says: "A Fifth avenue young lady, well known in fashionable society, was the recipient, on New Year's day, of the most elegant flower-gift we have ever seen in this or any other country. It was made in the shape of an elaborately wrought table, with an octagonal base, enclosing a canary bird suspended under the central basket in a beautiful cage. The flowers were of the richest and rarest—native and exotic—and we are told that the cost of this supreme piece of folly was nearly $200! The party who sent it is reputed to be a financier of decided ability and large landed interests."

☞ Three hundred and twenty-six Revolutionary Pensioners died during the past year. The number now on the pension roll is one thousand and sixty.

☞ A Yankee in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement.

☞ A private in the 93d Highlanders, writing to his father, informed him that a sheet of paper forming his letter had cost him five shillings.