

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.

37TH YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

"The three sisters were buried side by side; white roses lay upon their breasts, and the collars were crowned with flowers."
O! bear them to their rest!
White roses on their breasts and in their hands;
Through slumber deep and bliss
They pass in beauty to the eternal lands.
Thais was no outworn life
Of falling locks and unremembered vows;
The world's sad care and strife
Had traced no sorrow on their marble brows.
O, call them not too young!
God's peace was on their lips—their life was love.
Long was their stay—too long
For angels who had left their homes above.
The weeping paths shall come,
And spread the petals that have withered green;
The joy shall build her home
In a bower where their favorite seats have been.
They shall come back no more:
Morning shall miss their glad, sweet smiles, and deep
Break o'er the spot where side by side they sleep.
And will ye still complain,
Whose cheeks with unweaving tears are wet?
They shall be yours again!
Beyond this prison-house of dark regret.
If perfect light were ours,
Ye could not miss the lost, but humbly say:
"The Father gave these doves,
And the dear Father taketh them away."
O! bear them to their rest;
White roses on their breasts and in their hands;
Through slumber deep and bliss
They pass in beauty to the eternal lands.

Select Miscellany.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

THE STEAMBOAT ELOPEMENT.

By J. D. F. BROOKS.

The last bell of the New York and Boston steamer had just ceased ringing, the morning had been cast off, and the huge wheels were beginning to revolve, when a fashionably-dressed young gentleman came rushing down to the river, shouting for the captain to hold on and take him on board. He was followed by a stout porter bearing a trunk on his shoulder, while a number of ragged juveniles were flocking around him, laden with a hat-box, valise and umbrella, and yelling for a sailing. "Hold on, and I'll pay double passage!" he anxiously shouted, when he observed that the captain took no notice of his hail, and that the boat increased her distance from the wharf. "Give me a shillin', sir, a shillin'," vociferated the ragged crew. "Clear out, you little devils!" he exclaimed, seizing his chatters, and swinging his carpet-bag round, keeling them heads over head. I was leaning over the taffrail, looking at him, when my attention was attracted by a very pretty girl, who uttered a voluntary exclamation of "Oh, Charles!" and immediately hastened away. I then remembered that I had noticed her apparently watching anxiously for some person before the boat started. In a moment or two after her disappearance, I was surprised by observing the boat backing up to the wharf, and wondering at the captain's notion, I went forward to the promenade deck, and to my surprise, found the aforesaid dandy earnestly entreating the captain to go back for the young gentleman, "for," said she, "he is my brother, and must have been delayed." As the captain was a gallant man, he of course yielded to her request, and gave orders to return for him. When within one or two feet of the wharf, his baggage was flung aboard by the porter, and immediately afterwards the alighted on the lower deck of the boat in the same unceremonious manner as his baggage, the porter giving him a regular swing aboard, thereby causing the fashionable young gentleman to utter sundry exclamations not altogether pious; but no matter—he was on board, and that was sufficient. As she had said he was her brother, I thought no more about it; but when at the supper-table I observed how attentive he was to her, I thought it was strange that he should be spending his soft glances and words so lavishly upon a sister. "It is his way," I thought, and dismissed the subject. The evening wore away, and the passengers were dropping off one by one to their berths. "Come, Frank, let's turn in," said Ed Greenwood, my chum, who was with me. "Just as you say," I replied; "my number is 121—what's yours?" "118," was the answer, "same we have a look at them." "Very well," said I, and off we started. We had been disappointed in obtaining a state-room, for the boat was unusually crowded, and accordingly we had to put up with cabin berths. We went below into the cabin, and looked at the numbers aft. "98, 99—if the numbers are so far aft, where can ours be?" exclaimed Ed, as we were getting close to the stern. "Here it is," said I, finding it almost the last one—about twelve inches in height. "How is a fellow going to sleep there?" anxiously inquired Ed, looking rudely at it. "Sleep! it's only a place to stay in. Suppose you take the dimensions of it." "Hum! dimensions—well, I'll try." So saying he clambered up to the berth, and lying down on the ledge, I pushed him in. "Oh! hold on!" he shouted, and in fact, I was obliged to do so from laughter. There he lay upon his back, as the space would not admit of his lying upon his side, and the pillow raised his head so high that his nose was flattened against the top. "Oh! pull me out," he implored; "the roll of the boat will grind my nose down." To remedy this, I pulled the pillow out from under his head, which gave him more room, and he accordingly made up his mind to stay. I then went to look for my number, and found it at the very extreme end of the stern, and so small and insignificant that I proceeded to the forward state-room and camped on one

of the small lounges there. I stowed myself away, and endeavored to go to sleep. I tried for a long time, and at last got into a drowse. I had been in this situation about an hour, I should think, when a sudden roll of the boat awoke me. I did not move, and soon became aware that some persons were very near to me, by the low conversation which I heard. "So I heard suppressed sobs, and someone whispering in a soothing tone. "Your father will pardon us, I am confident," I heard whispered. "Oh, no, he will not, when I have treated him—so unkindly," sobbed out a feminine voice; "oh, I wish I could return." "Dear Lucy, we shall return after we have been to Boston, and been married," said her companion, soothingly. "Ha, ha! an elopement," thought I, and my curiosity was excited to know who they were. Accordingly, I cautiously shifted my position in such a manner that by slouching my hat over my face, I could watch them unobserved. What was my surprise to see the young gentleman who had come aboard the steamer at the eleventh hour, caressing the lady who had been so anxious for his arrival; queer brother and sister. By the drift of their conversation, I learned that he had persuaded her to elope with him from New York, where they lived, and proceed to Boston, and there get married. She had consented, but when aboard the boat she repented of the act, and it was as much as he could do to pacify her. It appeared he had a rival, and one whom her parents favored, but like "Young Lechman," he staid not for broke, and he stepped not for stone." But they thought not so, and our hero was forbidden further intercourse with his lady love. Accidentally raising my eyes on a range with the lattice work at the top of the state-rooms, I thought I saw a face pressed against it, looking in at our loving couple. I looked steadily a moment, and soon felt confident that it was a person watching them.—The first thought that came into my mind was that the person was his rival, or that it might be her father who had come on board unperceived by them. This impression grew stronger, and I began to feel quite an interest in their welfare. Numerous were the plans I thought of to apprise them of the fact; then I thought they might think I was making myself too officious. But the longer I thought of it, and saw those eyes peering out, the more I came to the determination of attracting their attention to the personage. Accordingly, I made a feint as if I had just been awakened, thereby attracting their attention.—The gentleman caught my glance without moving his head, and then asking pardon for my boldness, I called his attention, cautiously to the fact of their being watched. He thanked me in a whisper and then warily glanced at the face. I saw by the start he gave that it was not all right. Without changing his position, or betokening his alarm, I heard him whisper to Lucy that her father was in the opposite state-room. The poor girl turned pale, and I began to be afraid that there might be a scene. "Oh, mercy! father came on board unperceived, and intends, when we arrive at Fall River, to carry me back with him," she whispered. "Oh, I cannot part from you now! what shall I do?" "Do not be alarmed, Lucy; we'll give him the slip yet," said her lover, and then slightly leaning over to me, he whispered, "You are a stranger to me, but as a gentleman, I must make a confident of you, as you can partially imagine our situation. Yonder gentleman is Lucy's father; he refused his consent to our union; we eloped, and took passage on board this boat for Boston, where we intended to be married; but I am afraid he will prevent us, unless we can devise some method of giving him the slip. Can you help us?" "I think I can," I replied. "At the supper-table I heard a gentleman who sat next to me, addressed as Reverend; you can call upon him, state the case, be united and thereby secure your prize. I will ascertain of the clerk his name and state-room, and then inform you, and you can act accordingly." "Thank you, sir; I shall be under eternal obligations to you," said he, as I arose and went aft. After considerable trouble I found the clerk, and through him I ascertained the whereabouts of the reverend gentleman. I informed Charles, the lover of it, who immediately sought him—Lucy in the meantime retiring to her state-room, while I threw myself upon the same seat again and kept a careful watch upon her father. Charles, after a long time, made his appearance, and stated that his mission had been attended with success, the clergyman siding with us, and promising to meet him in a few moments on the after-deck. "And, Frank—I believe that is your name," he continued, "you would confer a great favor upon me if you could be present at the ceremony." I willingly consented, and we forthwith proceeded aft, where, in the silence of the night, with the bright stars above and the rushing waters beneath for witnesses, they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony being over, Charles and his pretty bride shook my hand, expressed their gratitude for my kindness, and wished me to consider them friends for life. The clergyman bade them good night, and retired to his room, while they followed his example, and I returned to my lounge to endeavor to get a snooze until our arrival at Fall River. We arrived at the wharf in about two hours. I sought out Charles and his bride, and found the clergyman with them. While waiting in the gangway for the boat to be moored, I looked about me and observed Lucy's father watching the runaway couple from a concealed place. I mentioned it to them, and Lucy clinging closer to her husband's arm. "We've ought to fear," said he, gaily, as he pressed her closer to his side. The boat was at last moored, and the plank laid down the gangway to the shore; the passengers rushed on shore in a hurry to take the cars, and with them our friends, but ere they had reached the cars, a strong hand was laid on Lucy's arm, and the voice of her father sounded in her ears. "Lucy, you have disobeyed me, and you must come with me. Young man," said he, turning to Charles, "I have an account to settle with you, release your hold of my daughter." "Not so fast," said Charles, laying his hand on his arm. "Mr. Clayton, I repeat you, and it is far from my wish to quarrel with you, but I must state to you that you have no control over Lucy now, for she is my wedded wife.

You look surprised, and no wonder. By the kindness of a friend, and this gentleman, (taking the hand of the clergyman,) we stole a march upon you. In plain English, he married us aboard the boat this morning, while you were watching us from your state-room. Now, Mr. Clayton, my advice to you is, to make the best of it. I will endeavor to make a good son-in-law, and before you discard me, just try me." Mr. Clayton bit his lip, and pondered a moment; then looking up with a smile, and extending a hand to each, he said— "Lucy, you were wrong to leave me in the clandestine manner you did, but I pardon you, Charles, I may have misjudged you—I hope I have—and to you also I will extend my pardon, and freely give my consent to the union that has taken place.—Now let us secure seats in the cars, and to-morrow we will return to New York." Such a finale was glorious to both of them. Lucy went for joy, while Charles could hardly restrain from following her example. BY AND BY.—There is music enough in these three words for the burden of a song. There is a hope wrapped up in them, and an articulate beat of the heart. By and by. We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again. We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been "loving in their lives," one to California, the other to her lonely home. Everybody says it some time or other. The boy whispers it to himself, when he dreams of exchanging the stubbed little shoes for boots like a man. The man murmurs it—when in life's middle way he sees his plans half finished and his hopes yet in bud waving in a cold, late spring. The old say it when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to day for to-morrow. The weary watcher for the morning, while away the dark hours with "by and by—by and by." Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to find it in the almanac—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know it would surely come. But, fairy-like as it is flitting like a star beam over the dew shadows of the years, nobody can spare it—and when we look back upon the many times those words have beguiled us, the memory of that silver by and by, is like the sunrise of Ossian, "pleasant but mournful to the soul." "FROM THE SERLINE TO THE RIDGEBACKS."—The Railway (N. J.) Advocate tells the following good story at the expense of one of the "upper ten" of New York: "Mr. — is one of the 'merchant princes' of the Empire City, and though living in one of the most spacious mansions on the Fifth avenue, his entire family consists of himself and his wife.—Meeting a friend from the country one day, he invited him up to view his house. The friend was shown the gorgeous rooms, with tessellated floors and magnificent frescoed ceilings, and finally was taken into the lower rooms, in one of which he found a small regiment of colored servants seated at a banquet table. On his return home he was asked if he had seen Mr. S.—and so? "Oh, yes!" "What is he doing now?" "Well, when I saw him, he was keeping a nigger boarding-house on the Fifth avenue!" MECHANICS.—The following beautiful extract is from Bulwer's celebrated play, entitled the "Carpenter of London." It is a high compliment to mechanics: "What have they not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasure, and made the raging billows their highways, on which they rule as on a fanned steel? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to our wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they rule triumphant on the wings of the mighty wind. To the wise, they are flood gates of knowledge, and Kings and Queens are deo-rated by their handiwork. He who made the universe was a great mechanic." PRINTING PRESSES, PELPETS AND PETTICOATS.—These are the three great levers that govern the world. Without them the bottom would fall out, and society would become a chaos again.—The press makes people patriotic, the pelpet religious, but women sway all things. There would be no going to church if there were no girls there, neither would there be any going to war were the soldiers to meet with no applause but from the masculines. Without the sun-shine shed by women, the rose of affection would never grow, nor the flowers of eloquence germinate. In short, she is the engine of life, the great motive power of love, valor and civilization. In proof of this, truth in all history speaks trumpet-tongued. IT IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SATISFACTORILY demonstrated, that every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a new wrinkle to her face! It is thought that the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband, it will remove one of the old wrinkles! Mr. Caudle is delighted with the discovery, and anticipates sunshine the year round, as Mrs. Caudle has an unquenchable desire to appear young and handsome, and mourns deeply over the rapid departure of her youthful charms. Poor curtained husbands are looking up. THE WOMAN ANCHOR.—An exchange says: A difference of opinion occurred between a lady and a gentleman, on the street, the other day, in Jackson, Miss. Unavoidable words ensued, when the gentleman drew a Colt's latest invention, and fired three or four times at the lady, missing her every time. Whereupon she seized a brickbat, let slip at her assailant's head, and laid him sprawling upon the sidewalk. OUR DAN SAYS whenever he wants a hot bath, and has L. the change to pay for it, he has only to tell his girl that he has about made up his mind to select another sweetheart, and he is in hot water directly. A SMART MAN.—During one of the warm days of August, a fellow in Burlington threshed five bushels of oats, five of wheat, five of rye, one sheaf of four deputies, and two constables. A chaplain at a State Prison was asked, by a pious friend, how his parishioners were: "All under correction," was the reply.

Rudeness and Gentleness. In a certain town are two boys of nearly the same age, each the oldest of a family of children; but as opposite in disposition as you can conceive. Samuel is the tyrant of his family. His little brothers and sisters always run when they see him coming and hide their playthings as quickly as possible when they hear his noisy and lawless footsteps. If he passes them by without breaking their playthings, they think themselves fortunate. He insists that as he is the oldest, he must be obeyed, and he so often obliges them to do little favors for himself which he really has no right to demand.—Is it strange that none of the children love him? Adin, on the other hand, is a very different boy. He, too, is the oldest of his brothers and sisters; but he never thought this a reason for making them fear and wait upon him like so many slaves.—He is always welcomed with delight to their little circle, for he directs and assists them in their sports, and often denies himself the pleasure of playing with his old associates, for their sakes. All their little doubts and disputes are carried to him for settlement, and no one is so ready as he to help them out of a difficulty. Is it strange that they love their older brother, and are proud of him, and always ready to do him a favor when it is in their power? Punishment Among the Egyptians. In Egypt, in olden times, murder was a capital offence. So also was a neglect to aid a person attacked on the highway, when assistance could have been rendered. A parricide was treated with the most dreadful severity, the criminal being put to death with every variety of torments. Perjury was capital; and false accusers were condemned to undergo the same penalty of the innocent accused, had the latter been convicted. A breach of the law of Amasis, which obliged every Egyptian once in the year to show the magistrate of his district his manner of life, was punished capitally; and if the party could not prove himself to be an honest employment, the consequences were the same. Rape was punished by execution; treachery by cutting out the tongue. Adultery was punished with a thousand lashes as the man's penalty, and in the woman with the loss of her nose. This was not by any means a mild sentence, yet we are told that "adulterers" were not unfrequently among the Egyptians. FANNY FEAR DANGERBROTHERY.—She is full forty, is Fanny. Sports curls like a girl of sixteen. They are Auburn—positively so. Has a keen, flashing eye. Nose between Grecian and Roman, rather thin and rather good looking.—Cheeks with a good deal—quite too much coloring. Comes of roud, Bad taste, but no business of ours. Lips well turned, and indicative of firmness rather than of sugar. Chin handsomely chiseled. Whole countenance betokens a woman of spirit and high nature generally. Form fine. Chest a model. Not surpassed. Carriage graceful and stately. Rather tall, and emphatically genteel. Pretty foot. Ankle to match. Hand small.—Like to show it.—Dresses in the cut-and-dash school. Fond of ribbons, laces, millinery, &c., generally. Talks rapidly. Is witty and brilliant—cutting and lashing. Proud as Lucifer. Fond of fun. Hates most of her relations.—Treats her father and Nat. almost brutally. Has three as pretty girls as ever wore curls. Is proud of them, and justly. Is heartless. Is a flirt. Lives in clover. Is worth \$20,000. Got it by pen and ink. When passing the street takes eight eyes out of ten. On the whole, wonderful woman is Fanny.—Boston Dispatch. TIME TO GO TO BED.—Joseph was a bad boy. He had succeeded in blinding his mother for some time as to his imbibing propensities. One night Joseph came in before the old lady had retired. He sat down, and with that look of semi-intoxicated wisdom began conversing about the goodness of the corps and other matters. He got along very well until he espied what he supposed to be a sign on the mantel-piece; he caught it, and placing one end in his mouth, began very gravely to light it at the candle. He drew and pulled until he was getting red in the face. The old lady's eyes were opened, and she addressed him: "If thee takes that tennepny nail for a cigar, it is time thee went to bed." WOOD HAULING.—A *Brain New Wrinkle!*—On Thursday last, Sheriff Phillips had a wood hauling party, or as they used to be called a "frolic," to convey wood from his farm near Dublin, to this Borough. It reached from Doylestown to the vicinity of Swartzlander's Mill, and numbered one hundred and fifty-two wagons, a number of which carried a cord, and upwards, and were drawn by four and six horses. The aggregate that came in the procession, was eighty cords!—Doylestown Democrat. MILITANT EDITOR.—The editor of the *Waukesha (Wis.) Democrat* apologizes for lack of editorial matter in his last issue, by informing his readers that through the week he had been engaged in sundry law suits, and that at the time of going to press he was under arrest on four different warrants—one for assault—one for assault and battery—one for riot—and one for assault and battery with intent to kill. Shouldn't wonder if that man fights his way into Congress yet. THE POSITION OF THE EYES IN MAN.—A sagacious old gentleman remarks how fortunate it is that our eyes do not project like those of some animals, for if they did, what a number of boys we should see making faces at us behind our backs! FRIENDS.—Aristhines wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it, lest it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice. How few persons at this day would discover and apply so striking an analogy. A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures, not men." He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote for a Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired his reasons for doing so. "You told me to vote for measures," said the son, "and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

Barnum on Advertising. He says—"Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise freely and efficiently. I freely confess that what success I have had in my life may fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you that they have tried advertising and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homeopathic doses of advertising, will not pay perhaps—it is half a portion of physic making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Advertise liberally, and the cure will be sure and permanent. Some say they cannot afford to advertise; they mistake—they cannot afford not to advertise. In this country where everybody reads the newspapers, the man must have a thick set who does not see that these are the cheapest and best mediums through which he can speak to the public, where he is to find his customers. Put on the appearance of business, and generally the reality will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping, his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising.—While you are sleeping, or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, and never would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspaper." Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad. We have had for some time past, on our table, the annual report of the Superintendent, by which we learn that, whilst the increase of tonnage hauled over the road was 1007 tons greater in '54 than in '53, yet owing to the reduction of tolls made by the Canal Commissioners a year ago, the State received \$82,424 less than it did in '53. Still, the net profit of the road over the working expenses and necessary yearly repairs is \$445,619 39—being nearly equal to 10 per cent, (we believe) on the original cost of the road. In this part of the report, Col. BAKER says: "The railroad companies throughout the country, (in consequence of the high price of labor and material) are making a united effort to increase the rate of charges upon their respective roads; and for the same consideration, I think the toll on many kinds of goods could be materially advanced upon this road, as it appears that the present toll does not induce a sufficiently increased amount of tonnage to warrant the reductions heretofore made." From the statistics furnished by the Superintendent in his report, it is clear that had the rates of toll remained as they were in 1853, the net profit of the road during the last year would have exceeded half a million of dollars! And yet this is a portion of the main line of the public works that many of the Whig and Know-Nothing press are willing to sell at half price, or even give it away for nothing! The tax-payers of the Commonwealth should watch closely the action of the present Legislature. The inexperience and recklessness, not to say corruption, of a majority of the members will be fatal to the interests of the State, unless the people have Argus eyes upon them. If the deed is once consummated, it will then be too late to apply a remedy. FOURTH OF MARCH.—WHY SELECTED?—Do our readers generally know the reason why the Fourth of March was chosen as the day for the inauguration of the President of the United States? It was selected because the Fourth of March in every year, commencing from the first inauguration, cannot come on a Sunday for at least three hundred years. This fact shows the great regard which the framers of our government had for the Sabbath.—*Exchange Papers.* The above is going the rounds of the press, and it is a little singular that such a glaring blunder should be suffered to pass, as we find it, through the columns of papers of well earned reputation, uncorrected. Every day in the year has its recurring periods, on which it must fall on Sunday. It was but in the year 1849 that the fourth of March occurred on Sunday, and the inauguration of Gen. Taylor was postponed in consequence until Monday, the 5th. Mr. Monroe's second term commenced on the 4th of March, 1821, Sunday, but there is no notice on the journals of Congress of his having taken the oath, nor is there any notice of Vice President Tompkins having taken the oath, who was also Vice President during Mr. Monroe's first term. But this omission, was not on account of the 4th of March occurring on Sunday, for there is no record of the oath by Mr. Madison at the commencement of his second term, though there is of that of Mr. Elbridge Gerry, who succeeded Mr. George Clinton, Vice President during Mr. Madison's first term. It is a fact worthy of notice, however, that both Presidents Washington and Jefferson took the oath of office at the commencement of their second terms; as did also John Adams, Vice President, during the two terms of Gen. Washington, and George Clinton at the commencement of his second term, which began with Mr. Madison's first. Gen. Jackson also renewed his oath of office at the commencement of his second term, March 4th, 1833. To return the Sunday question, the 4th of March will fall upon that day this year, 1855, again in '77, which will be the commencement of a Presidential term, but who the happy man will be is rather a difficult problem just now. The 4th of March again occurs on Sunday in '83, '88 and '94 in the present century, but neither of these are inauguration years. Further than this we shall not go on the present occasion. Such of our readers as may attain to that period, and be anxious respecting the fourth of March, in the twentieth century, will, by dropping a note at this office, stir up the editorial corps (not ours by the way) for further information.—*Balt. Sun.* "My dinner don't agree with me," said a man to his wife, after an extraordinary hearty meal. "I don't blame it my dear; I saw you jawing it so hard." A Hungarian, desiring to remark upon the domestic habits of a young lady, said—"Oh, Miss, how homely you are!" An honest Dutchman, on being asked how often he shaved, replied:—"Dree times a week, every tye put Sunday—ten I shave every day." What word is that in the English language, of five letters, which by adding two, becomes shorter?—Snooze.

Huge Radish and Turnips raised with Guano. We received yesterday from Baldwin county the following note, with the accompanying vegetables. They speak for themselves: "I send you a turnip and a radish taken from poor, piney-wood lands, with a very slight sprinkling of guano. The turnip measures twenty-two and a half inches, and the radish two feet in circumference. I do not remember the names. The seeds were sent to me by friend McFaire, who obtained them from the East Indies." The turnip is shaped like the first Dutch, but is more regularly and smoothly formed, and is greenish on the upper surface. The radish in its huge dimensions is without its likeness in this region.—*Mobile Tribune, January 7.* CURRANTS GRAFTED ON THE MAPLE.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, says, that he transplanted into his door-yard a young, thrifty maple, and grafted into it scions from a currant bush. They grew well, and when ripe looked very handsome. He says that you must not graft until the sugar water ceases to run. A cow was slaughtered, a short time since, on the farm of Andrew McMurtry, in Bryant, N. Y., and imbedded in her heart, was a cut nail, over two inches long. The heart appeared considerably decayed in consequence. The animal, to appearance, had always been healthy. BUTTER.—In churning cream, add a lump of butter to the cream before commencing, and the butter will come in two-thirds the time it would without. DRAFTS ON THE FUNDS.—The Harrisburg correspondent of the *Pittsburg Union*, in a late letter, thus speaks of "the hands and tails" of the present Know-Nothing State Administration: "The heads and tails of the present administration must be already short of funds, as I have learned from reliable authority that the Secretary of the Commonwealth has already drawn a quarter's salary, besides \$2,000 from the School Fund. Who complains? They are the people's servants, and under a reform administration have a right, if they please, to draw their money in advance. SENATE.—The Lebanon Courier, heretofore a rampant Know-Nothing agitator, in speaking of secret political organizations, uses the following sensible language: "For our part, we have no sympathy for secrecy in political action, and we hope soon to see the day when all secret political societies will be disbanded, and the motives and principles of every party hung on the banner on the outer wall, challenging the public scrutiny and judgment." A SMART BOY.—"Well, sonny, whose pigs are those?" "Old sows, sir." "Whose sow is it?" "Old woman's, sir." "Well, then, who is your old man?" "If you'll mind the pigs, I'll run home and ask the old woman." "Never mind, sonny, I want a smart boy, what can you do?" "Oh! I can do more than considerable, I can walk the gesso, ride the turkey legs for flies to county by, cut buttons off dad's coat when he is at prayers, keep tally for dad and mamma when they scold at a mark—old woman is always ahead." "Got any brothers?" "Lots of 'em—all named Bill, except Bob, his name's Sam—my name's Larry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for shortness." "Well, you're most too smart for me." "Well, you're most too smart for me." "Travel on, old stick in the mud, I shant hire you for a boss to day." A SKEWED ANSWER.—The following well told anecdote is we presume, authentic, as we take it from the *Weekly American Organ*, published at Washington, D. C.:—"A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six-sided building which he had constructed, lifted up the window, and addressed them; 'What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office—do you take it for a church?' 'Faix,' answered one of them, 'I was thinkin' so, until I saw the devil poke his head out of the window.'" Mr. Jones, after having spent an evening over his bowl, went home a little "how come you so." He was fortunate enough to find his better half asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration, he thought it would be policy to turn over lest his breath might betray him; when Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world, said: "Jones you needn't turn over, you're drunk clean through." A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing too severely, the company laughed at him; his boy that led him, perceiving this, cried, "Father, let us become, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler; "we shall have their money, presently, and then we will laugh at them." SHUT THE DOOR.—It is always well to keep the door shut, and when the thermometer is at zero, the following is particularly appropriate: "The blindest that the door—But behind or before, Be sure to shut the door." DIVERTING DIALOGUE.—"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not my love." "Then why did you tell Anne, this morning, to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, dear." A pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself under a green veil or any similar abomination, than the sun has to put on green spectacles. Love fits into rhyme as naturally as peas into a pod—in fact, rhyme without love in it would be pod.