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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Choice Poetry.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Ye who know the reason tell me
How it is that instincts still
Prompt the heart to like—or not like—
At its own capricious will?
Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking—or disliking—
Oft before a word is said?

Why should smiles sometimes repel us—
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold,
What is that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?
Oh, no feature, plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun,
Prompts our liking or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit
Which protects us, and controls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls?
Is it instinct?—is it nature?
Or some freak or fault of chance,
Which our liking or disliking,
Limits to a single glance!

Like presentiments of danger,
Though the sky no shadow flings;
Or that inner sense, still stranger,
Of unseen—unuttered things!
Is it—O, can no one tell me—
No one show sufficient cause
Why our liKings—and dislikings—
Have their own instinctive laws.

Select Miscellany.

"It Can't be Helped."

"Can't be helped," is one of the thousand convenient phrases with which men cheat and deceive themselves. It is one in which the helpless and the idle take refuge as their last and only comfort?—it can't be helped! Your energetic man is for helping everything. If he sees an evil, and clearly discerns its cause, he is for taking steps forthwith to remove it. He busies himself with ways and means, devises practical plans and methods, and will not let the world rest until he has done something, in a remedial way. The indolent man spares himself all this trouble. He will not. He sits with his arms folded, and is ready, with his unvarying observation, "It can't be helped!" as much as to say—"If it is it ought to be, and we need not bestir ourselves to alter it." Wash your face, you dirty little school boy, you are vile and repulsive, and vicious, by reason of your neglect of cleanliness. "It can't be helped!" Educate your children, train them up in virtuous habits, teach them to be industrious, obedient, frugal and thoughtful, you thoughtless communities; for they are now growing up vicious, ignorant, and careless, a source of future peril to the nation. "It can't be helped!" But it can be helped. Every evil can be abated, every nuisance got rid of, every abomination swept away; though this will never be done by the "can't be helped" people. Man is not helpless, but can both help himself and help others. He can act individually and unitedly against wrong and evil. He has the power to abate and eventually uproot them. But, alas! the greatest obstacle of all in the way of such beneficial action is the feeling and disposition out of which arises the miserable, puling, ejaculation of "It can't be helped!"

STRANGE MEANS FOR THE RECOVERY OF A DROWNED MAN.—The first mate of the British ship *Wreath* was drowned at Panama on the night of the 20th of July, while attempting to get on board his ship. The body had not been recovered at the latest advices. In the account of the search for it the Panama *Star* records the following singular incident:—"The remark was made by some one that the most probable way of finding him was 'to bait a hook with a piece of pork and throw it overboard.' This, whether accidentally or intentionally, was done from the Pacific Mail steamship *Sonora*, and during the morning a shark took the bait, was hauled on board, and when cut open, much to the astonishment of all, in the monster's stomach was found half a pig, with the right arm of the missing man, with part of the shirt sleeve still remaining, by which it was easily identified to be that of the mate. The arm appeared as though the flesh had been cut through to the bone, about midway between the elbow and shoulder, and there the bone was forcibly torn from the shoulder joint, leaving the upper half quite bare."

FUNNY MISTAKE.—While the police stationed at the Atlantic Docks in Brooklyn, were patroling their beats a day or two ago, they discovered something lying in the water, which they supposed to be the body of a child. Word was dispatched to the Coroner, who arrived, and proceeded to have it taken out of the water: when, behold it was found to be the body of a good sized baboon! The inquest was not held.

COMFORT FOR TOM-BOYS.—Dr. Smith, Mayor of Boston, in an address at a Ladies' Exhibition in Boston, said: "That the little girls he knew when a boy, who used to climb trees and fences with the boys, and who were called '*Tom-boys*' by their mothers, were now, wherever found, leading women in society, with strong, healthy bodies and minds."

HYDROPHOBIA—ANOTHER REPORTED CURE.—A London paper says the following remedy for the bite of a mad dog, is reported to have been used by a person who was bitten by a rabid animal six times, and never used any other remedy:—Dissolve a pound of common salt in a quart of spring water, and wash and squeeze the bitten part immediately after the infliction of the wound, for an hour, and then bind some salt upon it for twelve hours.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—"Cleanliness is a virtue," said the moral newsboy, as he washed his hands in the gutter, and wiped them on the curb stone.

☞ How few of us realize that as we rise each morning, and commence our avocations, that we are only one day nearer our final home.

A Story for Our Own Times.

A venerable Hollander, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic with great honor, and having amassed a large fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country seat. But, before retiring, he wished to take leave of his friends and connections, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house.

The guests who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised, on entering the eating room, to see there a long oaken table, hardly covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated, they were served on wooden plates, with salted herrings, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vases filled with small beer, were passed round for the guests to serve themselves. The extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmurings among the company: but out of respect to his age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their frugal fare: and some of them complimented him upon the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke further, but, at a given signal which he gave, some servants habited as country-women entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the brown one, and some pewter plates succeeded the wooden ones Instead of rye bread, herring and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmers ceased; and polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste this, the second service, when they saw a butler enter, followed by half a dozen servants in brilliant livery, bringing the third. A superb table of mahogony, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the old oaken one. A sideboard was immediately covered with the richest plane and the most curious china, and the sight of profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely passed around, while a melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drank, and all were merry. But the good old man, perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves up to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus:

"I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me.—It is time I should retire myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast, which appeared so odd.—I have wished to give you an idea of our Republic. Our ancestors rose to their state, and acquired liberty, riches and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved these great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has retraced an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak clearly what he thinks, I must say, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you may have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of their brows, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise administration."

A DANDY AND HIS TURKEY.—Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man from the north, who had removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey. Marshall stepped up and asked him where he lived, and said, on being told—

"That's on my way, and I will take it for you."

When he came to the house the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"O, nothing," said the Chief Justice; "it was on my way and no trouble."

"Who is that polite old man who brought home my turkey?" inquired this man of a bystander.

"That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?" asked he.

"To give you a severe reprimand and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

True genuine greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful, but especially, the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

☞ Three young, conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry:

"Good morrow, father Abraham," said one.

"Good morrow, father Isaac," said the next.

"Good morrow, father Jacob," said the last.

"I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob," replied the old gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here are three of them!"

OBEYING ORDERS.—"Edward," said his mother to a boy of eight, who was trundling a hoop in the front yard, "Edward, you mesn't go out of that gate into the street."

"No, ma, I won't;" was the reply.

A few minutes afterwards his mother had occasion to go to the window. To her surprise she saw Edward in the street engaged in the very edifying employment of manufacturing dirt pies.

"Didn't I tell you," said she, angrily, "not to go through the gate?"

"Well, I didn't, mother," was the satisfactory reply. "I climbed over the fence."

☞ "Sonny, I don't see anything growing about here, what does your father raise on his land?"

"Wall, he raises hatmatacks, grass-hoppers, bed-bugs, hop-toads, tumble bugs, fat babies and other wegetables. Yesterday he raised a double-breasted pig pen right under the winder."

☞ A dandy with a cigar in his mouth, on board of a steamboat, once stepped up to a foreigner, and said

"Pray, sir, do gentlemen ever smoke in your country?"

"Gentlemen do not smoke in public in any country," was the laconic reply.

The Man-Monkey in Brazil.

The captain of the French schooner Adrienne, who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, Brazil, gives the following sketch of a tame monkey:—

"A short time ago I dined at a Brazilian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well tutored chimpanze of Mr. Vanneck's, a creole gentleman, whose slave had brought him the monkey, which he had caught in the woods. Every one praised the accomplished animal—giving accounts of its talents so wonderful that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled—saying that I was not the first who would not believe in these results of animal, education until he had seen with his own eyes.—He therefore proposed to me to call with him on Mr. Vanneck.

I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus shaded by bananas and palm trees, and at length observed its charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance and took us to the parlor—hastening to tell his master of our visit.

The first object which caught our attention was the monkey seated on a stool and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened: Mr. Vanneck, reclining on an easy chair, was wheeled in.—Though his legs are paralyzed he seemed bright and cheerful, and welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on sewing with great zeal.

I could not refrain from exclaiming, "How wonderful!" for the manner and process of the animal were those of a practical tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which showed that they were intended for himself.

An old negro now appeared—announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced as his neighbor. Madame Jasmin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years, who immediately ran to the monkey—greeting him as an old friend beginning to prattle with him.—Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end in his mouth, smoothed it with his left paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, and speaking in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us, said:

"Jack, your work put aside and sweep the floor."

Jack hurried to the adjoining room and came back without delay, with a broom in his paw, and swept and dusted like a clean housemaid. I could not perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, not on his four paws. He was about three feet high, but stooped a little. He was clad in linen pantaloons, a colored shirt, a jacket, and red neckerchief. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her daughter, then to us, like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass he hastened to relieve me from it—putting it back on the tray. Mr. Vanneck took out his watch, and showed it to the monkey; it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept it in taind that it was then his master required his lunch. If the watch was shown to him at any other hour he did not go to fetch the broth; while if three o'clock was past without the lunch being called for, he got fidgety and at last ran and brought it: in this case he was always rewarded with some sugar plums.

"You have no notion," said Mr. Vanneck, "how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience I have bestowed in the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to don his clothes; he used to take off his pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me he wears a straw hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is on the whole very cleanly. "Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, pointing to me, "this gentleman wants his handkerchief." The monkey drew it from my pocket and handed it to me. "Now show your room to my guests," continued his master; and he opened a door at which he stepped aside to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a matress, a table, some chairs, drawers, and various toys: a gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack went and reappeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile I had taken the gun from the wall, Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder flask and shot bag, and in the whole process of loading acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim and discharged the gun, without being the least startled by the report. He then went through the sword exercise with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method of education and training: the above facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talents for tuition. We stayed to supper, to which there came more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man servant. Going home my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had regaled the monkey with almonds. Jack had managed to steal it from his pocket, and on being afterward convicted of the theft he was severely punished by his master.

☞ "Good mornin', Sambo: berry hot wedder, Sambo. Dey do say dat it am berry hot in de city, dat dey hab to take off de tops ob de houses to let in de air."

"Well, Clem, it can't get no hotter in our house, cos de termometer got bang up to de top—dat am one comfort, Cuffy."

NATURAL CHICKEN RAISING.—At East Abington, Massachusetts, during the late heated term, a batch of eggs which had been deposited under the eaves of a barn by one high minded hoden, became sun penetrated to bring forth chickens, which walked out of their white houses in perfect health.

The Patent Safe—A Machine to Gull Greenhorns with.

There are undoubtedly many who have and some who have not read in the daily papers of persons, coming from the country to our city, being "taken in and done for" by what is called "the Patent Safe Game," and as no idea of what the game is can be obtained from the mere statement of the fact, we present the following description of it, in order to inform our people in the country fully of the matter, because cases are constantly transpiring of honest unsuspecting countrymen being fleeced by the very game of which they have heard so much. The sharpers who practice the "patent safe game" are keen fellows, and try to maintain an appearance the very reverse of rogues. Three confidants generally play the games, but two can do it. When they see a person called by them a "Sucker," who appears to be a fit subject to play upon, they learn his name, and something about him, such as the place where he came from, &c., (they have various ways of doing this, one of which is by searching the hotel register,) one of them, who is called the "Roper," goes up to him, names him familiarly, and shakes him by the hand. This at first rather astonishes the stranger, but the "Roper" looks so innocent, and is so obliging and kind, that he soon disarms his suspicion, and gains his confidence. He then invites him to go and see the wonderful pieces about the city, and walks about until he arrives at a proper place, when Mr. "Roper," by looking down on the ground, discovers, accidentally, of course, a little neatly turned wooden ball, which he picks up, and gazing upon it with a look of intense curiosity, he says meditatively to his dupe, "Well, this is really a queer thing: I wonder what it can be used for," and pressing it all round, to his apparent surprise, out he pushes an *interior* plug, (that is, a plug within another *concealed* plug,) With well assumed wonder he says, "Ah, what is this?" and pulls it out entirely, unscrewing its lid. "A nice little box: well, now, this is ingenious; and it has something in it, too." He then takes out a piece of white paper, shows "Sucker" the empty box, and throws the piece of paper on the ground. There is another piece of paper in the small chamber at the other end of the plug, but "Sucker" does not see this, and the plug is put back in its place.

A man is now noticed coming towards them attentively examining the ground, with despair depicted on his countenance. He attracts the "Roper's" attention, who says to his dupe companion, "This man has lost something valuable, let us put some questions to him." "You appear to be troubled in mind, sir; have you lost anything?" "Yes, sir, I have lost something that I would not have parted with for ten thousand dollars. I had spent years in inventing a new safe for fires, which I know would save millions worth of property, and was on my way to Messrs. Holmes & Butler's, the safe makers, to get one made; but, alas! I have lost the model! It had the appearance of a small carved wooden ball; oh, sir, what shall I do?" "Roper" says feelingly and honest-like aside to "Sucker," "I can stand this no longer; it pains me to see him. Friend," says he to the afflicted safe loser, "I think I know where it is," and taking it out of his pocket, asks, "Is this your model safe?" "It is, it is: thank you, thank you," exclaims the overjoyed safe man. "But how," says Roper, "can such a thing as that answer for a safe?" "Oh, I put a prop under it, (that is, the large iron ones manufactured from this model,) and when a fire takes place the support has but to be knocked away, and out it rolls down an incline plane into the street." "By all the powers," says "Roper," "that is a capital idea. I suppose you have it made to hold something." "Oh, yes, there is a box inside of it, and a paper in its chamber now." "I don't believe that," says "Roper," (and aside to "Sucker" he whispers, "I'll bet him on that piece of paper.") "I'll bet there is no paper in it." "How much will you bet? I'll put up $1,000." "I have not that much," (aside to "Sucker," "I'll take $100 from him,") "but I'll bet $100," and he takes out a number of bills, perhaps $50, and a bank check for other $50, and says to "Sucker" (for he has found out how much *he* has,) "will you loan me bills for this check until we get to my hotel?" All this has been done so honest and fair-like, that "Sucker" pulls out his pocket-book, gives accomplished "Roper" $50 in bills, and takes his check. Then the safe-man presses on the *conical* end of the plug, which is connected with the other chamber, takes it out, and from the other end pulls out the other piece of paper. The thing is done, and the safe-man having fairly won the bet, marches off with the money. The "Roper" looks sad and crest-fallen, but is soon relieved of his grief, for up comes a person assuming to be a policeman, charges them with gambling, and makes a grab at them. "Roper" shouts "*run*" to his *companion*, and takes to his heels, but poor "Sucker" is held by the *officer, and denying the imputation of gambling*, solicits to be let go. This the policeman allows, when in his fright "Sucker" flies the city, and soon finds out that his check is worthless; that the safe-man, policeman, and "Roper," were colleagues, and he the dupe of the *patent safe game*.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—On the 1st of November last, an American, on a banter, deposited $100 in the hands of an Englishman in this city, upon which the latter agreed to pay him $25 per month until Sebastopol should be taken. John Bull, as good as his word, has forked over each month, the last payment completing the sum of $200. When Sebastopol is taken the Yankee forfeits his principal only, so he is already a gainer to the amount of $100.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.—The celebrated Whitfield, when preaching on one occasion from the balcony of the court-house, in Philadelphia, cried out, lifting his eyes to Heaven: "Father Abraham, who have you in your bosom? Any Episcopalians?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Baptists?" "No." "Have you any Methodists there?" "No." "Have you any Independents or Seceders?" "No, no!" "Why who have you then?" "We don't have these names here; all here are Christians believers in Christ." "Oh, is that the case? Then God help us all to forget sectarian names, and to become Christians in deed and in truth."

☞ Hear one of our tripod brethren out in Hoosierdom:

"Oh, for a tongue to speak the doom,
The wretch deserves as hearty vile,
As to sack into a printer's room,
When the editor's out, and steal the
Very best of the exchange papers on his file."

WOULD YOU?

Baby crowing on your knee,
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair or thumps your "ee,"
Would you think it wasn't pretty?
Tell me, could you?
If you owned "the baby," would you?

Wife, with arm about your neck,
Says you look just like the baby;
Wants some cash to make a "spec,"
And you would refuse her—may be—
Could you? should you?
If you owned "the cottage," would you?

Little labor, little strife,
Little care, and little cot:
Would you sigh for single life?
Would you murmur at your lot?
Tell me, should you?
If you owned "the cottage," would you?

Health and comforts, children fair,
Wife to meet you at the door,
Fond hearts throbbing for you there:
Tell me, would you ask for more?
Should you? could you?
If you owned "the ready," would you?

A bachelor friend says the above "is all in his eye," and intimates most emphatically that *he would*.

NOT AFRAID OF HIS BOOTS.—On one of the Sound Steamers, the other night, the Captain, as usual, was looking around to see that every body was "tucked in" all right, when, going into the lower cabin, he spied a pair of big boots on the extremities of their owner in fearful contrast with the snow white quilt that surported them. The considerate Captain shook Mr. Boots gently, and intimated to him, in the mildest way, that it was against the rules of the boat for gentlemen to wear their boots in bed. As soon as the awakened owner was able to comprehend the case, he remarked very cooly, "Oh, it won't hurt them; I guess; they are an old pair. I'll risk 'em."

☞ Ambition may play a mighty game—it may task the sinews of nations, and make the servile multitude automaton dancers to its own stormy music—but sun and moon and stars go forth on their sublime mission independent of its power, and its utmost efforts can not change the laws which produce the transient glory of the rainbow.

☞ George Washington, in one of his messages to Congress, uses the following language: "To every description of citizens, indeed, let praise be given. But let them persevere in their affectionate vigilance over that precious depository of American happiness, the constitution of the United States. Let them cherish it too, *for the sake of those who* FROM EVERY CLIME *are daily seeking a dwelling in our land.*"

☞ Let ancient or modern history be produced, they will not afford a more heroic display than the reply of Yankee Stonington to the British commander. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied for them.—"*We want balls; will you sell them?*"—They answered: "*We want powder, and we'll return your balls.*"

☞ A Vermont editor advises the young ladies in those diggings—and we see no reason for its not applying elsewhere—to abandon the "good old way" of doing up matters in the courting line, and recommends this summary method: "When you have got a man to the sticking point—that is when he proposes—don't turn away your head, or affect to blush, or refer to Pa, or ask him for more time—all these tricks are under-stood now—but just look him right in the face, give him a hearty smack, and tell him to go without delay and order the furniture."

ATTEMPT TO STARVE A CHILD FOR HIS FORTUNE.—A brute named John Blattner, and a creature named Louisa Koch, of St. Louis, were recently arraigned on the charge of attempting to starve to death Blattner's little son, Franz, aged eight or nine years. It seems that Franz's mother died a short time since, leaving a little property, which she possessed in her own right, to her son. Soon after her death, Blattner took home this woman Koch, and they together conspired to starve the boy to death, for the sake of his little inheritance. They accordingly tied his hands behind him and fastened him up in a room to die. But the neighbors suspecting some foul play put the police on the scent, and the child was found, after having been two days and nights without food or drink.

A SWIMMING BREAKFAST.—The *London Dispatch*, in noticing a swimming club at Maidstone, containing seventy-nine members, first-rate swimmers, &c., says:—"The first aquatic breakfast is to take place on Monday next, at seven o'clock, when every member will be required to partake of the repast in the river."

BURYING BEES FOR THE WINTER.—Enoch E Kalb, of Lovettville, Virginia, states that having a swarm of bees last fall, which had no honey, and not knowing if they would live over the winter, he buried them air tight on the warm side of the hill, in a case sufficient to keep all dampness out, and, as soon as he uncovered them this spring, they were full of life and vigor, and instantly went to work and are still working finely.

☞ There was a famous member of Parliament who was a glutton at dinner, but who was remarkable for his neglect of all ablutions. His son was standing one day in the bow-window of a Club-house, in London, conversing with Lord Somebody, when the father passed down on the opposite side of the street. "Jack," said the noble lord, "what *does* make your father's hands so dirty?" "Well," said the affectionate young man, "I believe it arises from a bad habit he has of putting them up to his face."

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as pretty as I do; and she has lots of toys." "I can't help that, my dear," responded the foolish mother; "her father is a shoemaker." "But I don't play with her father—I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

REMARKABLE CASE OF SELF CONTROL.—The Brunswick Telegraph tells a story which, it says, is literally true, of a young widow down on the Kennebec, who said to an acquaintance who was condoling with her upon the recent death of her spouse, "I hope you'll excuse my not crying; but the fact is, *I jong always makes me of nose bleed.*"

Pen and Scissors.

☞ Eat sparingly, and defy the physician.

☞ An idle man is a bolster for the devil.

☞ Homer lived one thousand years before Christ.

☞ Never expect others to keep for you a secret which you could not keep yourself.

☞ He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.

☞ Serve every one as much as you can, and compete with no more than you must.

☞ It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of retaliation and not to exercise it.

☞ A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

☞ Her Vonderyderbushschraggerwegatzerman is not dead.

☞ Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which health and retirement afford the body.

☞ Men who cannot reason, resort to precedents, as if there were not more bad precedents than good ones.

☞ A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured.

AN EFFICIENT OFFICER.—A policeman was seen in Broadway during the late storm trying to arrest the rain.

☞ Experience, says a German writer, keeps a good school, but charges very high for tuition.

☞ Some people open their mind as if to show how much filth could be stowed in a narrow place.

☞ "Take a pinch of snuff, Pompey?" "No, massa, tank you; nose not hungry dis time."

☞ A young lady was discharged from one of the largest vinegar houses in London. She was so sweet that vinegar was kept from fomenting.

☞ Girls who 'aint handsome hate those who are—while those who are handsome hate one another. Which class has the best time of it.

☞ A horse with three legs arrived at Halifax last week in the brig Isabella, from Porto Rico—two "fore" and one "aft." Another Barnumism.

TELEGRAPHIC KISS.—The other day a man was found mounted on a ladder, with his lips pressed to the telegraph wires. He was kissing his wife in Philadelphia "by telegraph."

☞ Said a Scotch girl, "I dinna ken wha' mak's brother Will like the lasses so. For my part, I had rather have one laddie than twa lasses."

☞ An old lady, while indulging a few evenings since, in reminiscences of her girlhood, when she had lots of *beaus*, exclaimed: "Why the truth is, that at one time I was so happy that I was fairly uncomfortable."

☞ "What is the meaning of a backbiter?" said a reverend gentleman, during an examination at a parochial school. This was a puzzler. It went down the class till it came to a simple urchin, who said, "P'raps it be a flea."

SOME OF THE USES OF SPECIE.—One firm in Maiden Lane, New York, melts down in gold and silver $1,550,000 in the course of a year. Another firm in Fulton street, silversmiths, use a hundred thousand dollars in silver coin in a year.

MIDDLE NAMES.—Of the fifty-six patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, but three had middle names. They were Thomas Treat Paine, of Massachusetts, Richard Henry Lee, and Francis Lightfoot Lee, of Virginia.

PROFANE AUTHORESS.—Grace Greenwood has taken to swearing. She said recently of an old mill which had gone to decay, the water having dried away in the stream, "it wasn't worth a dam."

☞ Mayo, one of the most celebrated Carthagenian generals, about the commencement of the Christian era, wrote twenty-eight works on agriculture, which, by order of the Roman Senate was translated into Latin.

SPORT IN KENTUCKY.—Hunter—I say, friend, is there anything to shoot about here?

Boy—Wall, nothing just about here, stranger; but the schoomaster is down the hill, yonder; you can pop him over.

☞ The horses of Queen Victoria and the royal family cost £70,000: the free schools for the people, £10,000. The reason of this difference is said to be, because the horses are fed on corn, and the people on chaff.

☞ "Shall we take a *bus* up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the city.

"O, dear, no!" said the frightened girl. "I would not do that in the street."

☞ A Missouri editor announces that the publication of his paper will be suspended for six weeks, in order that he may vist St. Louis with a load of bear skins, hoop-poles, shingles, oak bark, pickled cat-fish, &c., which he has taken for subscription.

RATTLESNAKES.—These venomous reptiles seem to abound in Southern Oregon. Three men recently went to the mountains where dens of these snakes were known to exist in large numbers, and in a short time killed seven hundred of them.

☞ A lady disbeliever, to puzzle a phrenologist, asked him—"What kind of people were those who have distructiveness and benevolence equally and largely developed?" "These, madam, are the persons that kill with kindness."

☞ A distinguished teacher defines "genius" to be the "power of making efforts." If so, the fellow whom we see reported as having fallen down drunk and making "efforts" to raise himself by feeling upwards for the ground, must be an awful "gemus."

A MARKED TRAVELLER.—A snapping turtle has been captured at Sanbornton, New-Hampshire, with 1805 and 1806 carved on its back. Mr. David Clark, now of Franklin, was the person who carved the first date, and the shell of the turtle was then four and a half inches across by seven in length. In forty-five years it has grown but one inch longer and wide