

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAULE.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

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

37TH YEAR.

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TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAULE, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOB WORK done neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

Valuable Farm at Private Sale.

THE subscriber, intending to remove to the West, offers at Private Sale, HIS VALUABLE FARM, situated in Reading township, Adams county, Pa., on the banks of Big Conowingo creek, being the best of Conowingo land, and in a high state of cultivation. It contains 136 Acres, more or less, and adjoins lands of Dr. C. Blish, Wm. Pecking, Henry Spangler and John Laydon. The improvements are a two-story BRICK HOUSE, (nearly new,) a Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Granaries, an excellent well of water between the house and barn, and several springs on the premises. The land is under good fencing, and well watered; part of it has been fenced; with due proportions of Woodland and Meadow, and all kinds of fruit—and is within a mile of two Grist Mills. There is upon the premises an excellent LIMB RILL, and a FLAGSTONE QUARRY not to be surpassed in the State. This property offers unusual inducements to purchasers. Persons wishing to view the farm are requested to call on the subscriber, residing thereon. THOMAS N. DICKS, July 9, 1855. 4m

A Chance for Farmers.

THE Subscriber, Executor of John Stewart, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on Saturday, the 15th day of September next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the Real Estate of said deceased—a very

VALUABLE FARM,

situate in Freedom township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of Abraham Kriss, the heirs of James Bigham, and George Foot, deceased, containing 118 Acres and 59 Perches, of Patented Land, in an excellent state of cultivation. The improvements are good, consisting of a Two-story Brick Dwelling, Brick Kitchen, Brick Smoke-house, Washhouse, a never-failing well of water at the Kitchen door, a large and convenient Barn, built of stone and frame. Wagon-shed, Corn-crib, and other out-buildings; also a good Tenant House, with a well at the door, a good Stable, a thriving Apple Orchard, and other fruit trees. About 40 acres of the Farm are in good Timber, with a fair proportion of excellent Meadow. The Fencing is in excellent order, being principally rebuilt and repaired during the present season. Persons wishing to view the premises will call on the subscriber. JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ex'r. Aug. 6, 1855. 1s

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, on very favorable terms, HIS FARM, situated in Hamilton township, Adams county, five miles west of Gettysburg, adjoining lands of Israel Irving, John Biessecker and others, containing 154 Acres. There are 45 acres of Timber, about 16 acres of Meadow, and the balance in a good state of cultivation, part Granite. The improvements are a good two-story LOG HOUSE, a new Double LOG BARN, with sheds, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Spring House, with a good Spring; several other good Springs, and running water on other parts of the farm. Also a good TENANT HOUSE; two thriving young APPLE ORCHARDS of about four hundred trees of choice fruit; also a variety of other fruit. The property will be shown and the terms made known by the subscriber, residing on the farm. JAMES S. WILSON. June 11, 1855. 3m

A Good Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber intending to remove, offers his FARM at private sale, and will sell on very reasonable terms. It is situated in Mountjoy township, Adams county, 1/2 mile west of the Baltimore turnpike, adjoining lands of Michael Troselle, Michael Fissell, George Bushman, and others, containing 156 Acres, more or less. The land is in good cultivation, part having been limed—is under good fencing, and well watered. About 20 acres are Woodland, and about 30 acres bottom land, 20 of which are now in excellent grass. The improvements are a large two-story BRICK HOUSE, Brick Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Carriage House, Smoke House, two excellent wells of water at the building, and a young Orchard of thriving trees. Persons wishing to view the premises, are requested to call upon the subscriber, residing thereon. MOSES SCHWARTZ. July 9, 1855. 2m

Administrator's Notice.

SUSAN PATTERSON'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Susan Patterson, late of Reading township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. JACOB AUBAUGH, Adm'r. August 13, 1855. 6t

Notice.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice to all persons trespassing on his premises, with fire-arms, or otherwise, as he will put the law in force against all who disregard this notice. JOHN ALBERT. Mountpleasant tp., Aug. 27, 1855.

BROOMS, Brushes, and Baskets, for sale by T. ZIEGLER'S. If you want a fine Broom or Silk HAT, call on PAATON & COBLEAN.

Choice Poetry.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

BY PAUL BENJAMIN.

Talk not to me of southern bowers,
Of odors breathed from tropic flowers,
Of spices from the Orient;
But of those sweets that fleetly fly
When June's fond breezes stir the low,
Grass-heaping under the plow.

This morning about the verdant bowers,
All wet with dew-drops—'tis the tears
By Night serenely shed;
This evening, like an army slain,
They cluster on the golden plain
With their first fading gleam.

And when they fall, and all around
Such plumes in the air abound
As if long-hidden hives
Of sudden richness were unsealed,
When on the freshly-trodden field
The sun new glories gives.

In little mood I love to pass
These ruins of the crowded grass,
Or listlessly to crowd
Through the redolent scents
Crushed from these downmost verdant tents,
Beneath a sunset sky.

It is a pure delight, which they
Will dwell in cities, far away
From rural scenes so fair,
Can never know, its lighted rooms
Permeated by exotic bowers,
This taste of natural air!

This air, so softened by the breath
Of those that sleep from the death
Of those that sleep from the death
And, secretly noted, like the best
Dear friends, with whom the world is blest,
Await the common doom.

And leave behind such sweet regret
As in our heart is living yet;
Though the breeze pass on, an every breeze,
Talk not to me of southern bowers,
Of odors breathed from tropic flowers,
But of the new-mown hay.

FROM PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

The hot midsummer, the bright mid-summer,
Rejoice in its glory now;
The earth is scorched with a golden fire,
The sun is hot, the day is long,
And fruits on every bough!

But the autumn days, so tender and calm,
Steeped in a dainty haze;
When the uplands all with harvest shine,
And we drink the wind like a fine cool wine—
Ah, these are the best of days!

Select Miscellany.

JEALOUSY AND PATRIOTISM.

ALLEGORY OF THE CHARTER OAK OF CONNECTICUT.

BY BEN; PERLEY POORE.

It was near the close of a beautiful October day, in the year 1686, that a man approached the town of Hartford, in Connecticut, by the road leading from New Haven. At that time, the valley of the Connecticut was densely wooded, affording, at that golden season of the year, every variety of tint that nature can display. The maple was gorgeously beautiful; the chestnuts were of a deep yellow; other species of trees had put on a motley livery, and the elms that bordered the highway were clothed in foliage of varied hues, from a lively green to the deepest orange, all mingling, by the nicest gradations of shades, like the prismatic colors. As he entered the main street, "the western waves of ebbing day" poured a flood of glistening light upon the diamond-paned casements in the eastern fronts of the houses; and beyond was the broad Connecticut, sparkling like a mirror. The overhanging arch was of a lovely azure, studded here and there with fleecy clouds; while high in zenith was the silver moon, only awaiting the retreat of her eclipsing orb to shed a more chaste light upon the lovely scene.

The young man was a fine specimen of the sturdy colonist of those days. Born in Deerfield, his infant slumbers had often been disturbed by the preparations of his father's regiment, when the war-whoop of the savage resounded through the whirling forests. The rifle was familiar to him in boyhood, and although he now carried on a farm at Middletown, he had not entirely relinquished his fondness for forest sports. We have said that he was young, but his electric black eye, compressed lip, and gallant horsemanship, showed that Everard Waltham could both think and act for himself, and was therefore, well qualified to represent his townsmen in the General Assembly, then in session.

Entering the main street, even then a beautiful avenue, Everard Waltham rode slowly along, occasionally bowing to some acquaintance, or speaking to one of the lads who were driving home the cows, kept at nearly every house, and nuzzling their shrill cries with the musical tinkle of the bells. At last, however, his gaze encountered a couple, which drew a half-suppressed oath from his pointing lips. Applying the spur to his horse, the high-mettled animal sprang to the other side of the road, and he thus had a good pretence for neglecting to salute them. In a few moments more he had reached the famed hostelry near the site of the present State House, and dismounting, threw his bridle to a negro hostler.

"Ah!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman who was pacing the porch, with a pipe in his mouth, "the member from Middletown has arrived just in time to see the sport."

"It matters not," replied Waltham, with a frown, for he thought the allusion was aimed at the couple he had met—Perhaps, that we may start more fairly, we should explain who that couple were.

The gentleman was Lieutenant Coffin, a pert coxcomb, who had been sent from the Massachusetts bay, a few weeks previous, in command of a detachment of Royal Fusiliers, destined as a body-guard for the new governor, Insufferably haughty, he kept aloof from every one, until, by chance, he met Henrietta Morley, with whom he had become so intimate that, on the evening in question, he had invited her to take a social ramble. And Henrietta—how can we describe her? Tall and gracefully formed, she was not what an artist would call strictly beautiful, but the absence of classical features is often more than compensated for by that sparkling vivacity which clothes the plainest countenances with radiant beauty. Her eyes were of a light blue, a profusion of golden locks shading her clear red and white complexion, and a pleasant smile ever lingered about her pointing lips. Passions always leave their wrinkles early in life, but over such faces as that of Henrietta Morley, years passed like the flight of a dove, their face looking often in the touch of its wing. And to the fact that she was his affianced bride, and you will not wonder that Everard Waltham regarded her with jealous interest.

But his tavern friend never divined what prompted his reply, and said, in a sharp voice: "It does matter though. Do you, a pledged republican, intend to let this scarlet-coated poppiny carry off his coveted prize?" "Not I!" and as he spoke, Everard's right hand instinctively clutched at the hilt of his heavy sword—it was one that his father had used valiantly in the cavalry of Cromwell.

"That's the spirit! Why fear the light steel of the king's minion, when there is such a precious charge at stake? Rather apply the torch, and leave him but a heap of ashes for his prey."

"What?" exclaimed Everard. "Why, that you are borrowing from the froquais."

"I care not; but I would rather hear the skin crackle in the flames than see it profaned by his hand."

"No, no! He can, perhaps, make her happy," replied Everard, in a choked tone of voice, as the couple approached, apparently in earnest conversation.

"Happy!" repeated the old man, gazing after Everard with a doubting expression. "Is the young man sane? Surely I do not see what happiness the royal governor can confer on a parchment charter!" and puffing resolutely at his pipe, he continued to perambulate the porch.

"Fool that I was, to trust a woman's vow!" said Everard, to himself, as he bolted the door of his chamber, to which he had retired.—"Here this maiden has entwined her charms around my heart, and now a stranger usurps my privileges, merely, forsooth, because he wears a scarlet coat, and, perchance, like a potato—the better portion of him beneath the ground, in the graves of titled ancestors."

And sitting moodily down, he brooded long over his faithless fair one.

At length the bell rang nine, and Everard, when the last stroke had died into silence, went out. The round moon was floating in the heavens, and the shadows of the many gabled houses lay darkly upon the foot-ways, save where the clear beams stole through the garden spaces, checking the beaten paths with the mosaic light and shade of the intervening trees. All was quiet, for in those days people retired early, to rise with the sun, and Everard met no one as his steps insensibly led him to the residence of Henrietta Morley. The plant of the whip-poor-will, and an occasional hoot from some wandering bird of wisdom, or the busy hum of nocturnal insects, alone broke upon the ear.

But calm as was the night, it failed to soothe the excited feelings of Everard, and when he approached the home of her who had thus won his love to trail it in the dust, he witnessed a scene that gave a demoniacal expression to his features. The door of Mr. Morley's house was open, and on the threshold, with a candle in her hand, that illuminated her lovely features, stood Henrietta. Nor was she alone. Standing on the door-stone, and thus with back toward the street, was a man, wrapped in a long cloak, with whom Henrietta was earnestly conversing. Everard felt an electric thrill of rage convulse his frame, for he had not the least doubt as to the man's identity, and with flashing eyes he clenched the sword hilt. At last the interview was ended, and the stranger walked rapidly away; but Everard followed, his cheeks ashy pale, and his lips savagely compressed together. He would obtain satisfaction, or the man who had thus stepped between himself and happiness should die like a dog. But the unknown evidently heard pursuing footsteps, and quickened his own into a run. Everard followed, but when opposite the "Wyls Mansion," he lost sight of the object of his pursuit. The great oak stood clearly developed above his head, and the beautiful river, a short distance beyond, was plainly discernible through the openings of the trees, yet there was no sign of any human being. After waiting some time, he slowly retraced his steps to the tavern, where, in agitated slumbers, he dreamed of Henrietta and his more favored rival.

When Everard arose in the morning, he found the town in an uproar, and learned, for the first time, that Sir Edmund Andros was expected to arrive from Boston. In vain had the colony plead its chartered rights to the king—he had determined to subvert the perverse Puritans, and had given full power to his representative. These had already been executed in Massachusetts and in Rhode Island, which had been despoiled of their charters, and Andros was now on his way to Hartford, to abolish all vestiges of republicanism.

Printing presses were to be subject to his censures; Episcopacy was to be sustained, and every officer, both civil and military, was to be of his own appointment. The people felt almost disposed to resist, and all was confusion.

About noon, the clear notes of the trumpet came floating in the air from the direction of Windsor, and soon the troops quartered in Hartford marched in that direction, to join the expected procession. The streets were crowded, and there were few residing within fifty miles distance who were not that day in Hartford.

At length the roll of the drum was heard, and soon the detachment of Royal Fusiliers came in sight, their ranks extending clear across the street, and the matches of their firelocks alight. They were commanded by young Coffin, who appeared in a new scarlet uniform, richly lined with gold, and carried his bright halbert with a languid air. Then, glittering with a jewelled order of knighthood, came Sir Edmund Andros, who is described as "a stout and soldierlike, followed by his council, these bitter foes of New England. The malignant Randolph, the renegade Dudley, and the profligate Bulfinch, rode scornfully along, followed by another detachment of Fusiliers, equally ready for attack as were their comrades in the van. They waited but the word to deluge the town with blood, and thus enforce the exact of their vice-regal master.

The scene that ensued in the Hall of Assembly is one of the most sacred pages of America's history. All the afternoon did gallant old Governor Treat plead that Connecticut might keep her charter—the guarantee of her rights, which had been professed by so much blood and treasure, poured out in the wilderness. But it was of no avail, and as the shades of evening darkened the hall, candles were lighted.

Sir Edmund Andros rose to conclude the session, and at his bidding, the secretary of state had laid a long box, containing the precious parchment, on the table before him. All at once, as if by concert, the candles were snuffed extinguished, and some slight confusion ensued among the spectators. When a light was brought, and the candles were re-lighted, the parchment had disappeared!

"You to Lieutenant Coffin," situated himself

Andros to the usher, and tell him to let no man pass."

The official hastened to the outer door, but the officer was not to be found, and after some delay, he so reported to Sir Edmund.

"What!" The officer of my guard absent. Can it be possible that he is conveying at this foul robbery? A hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the traitor!"

"May it please your excellency," said one of the few loyalists in Hartford, "I do not think that the young fellow is the one to blame. He has been captivated by Goodman Morley's daughter, and I saw him not long since, escorting her from hence to her home."

"Confusion!" muttered Everard, who had lost all interest in the great question, so buried were his thoughts under a load of grief. Returning to his hotel, he found a pressing invitation to go that evening to the house of William Wadsworth, upon important business.—An association of "liberty men," were to meet there, and he went as one of them.

The meeting was well attended, and when they were all seated around a hospitable board, Everard learned, rather to his surprise, that the royal charter had been abstracted in accordance to a preconcerted plan, and by their host.

"But where is it?"

"Where I took shelter last night, when a jealous mortal pursued me," said Mr. Wadsworth, laughing. Everard could recover his astonishment, he continued: "After all, gentlemen, I did not feel certain of success, until Henrietta Morley informed me, late last night, that she had so far carried out our plan as to have obtained a promise from her pompous admirer that if she visited the Assembly Hall he should escort her home. This rendered armed resistance out of the question, as the royal troops would have fired without orders from their own officer. So I will give you the young lady's health as our most efficient ally, although the advent of a favored love made it a difficult task for her to entrap that glittering fox, and at the same time I will propose the long existence of the old hollow oak before the 'Wyls mansion,' or the best of hiding places, from a pursuer or for a charter. Long may they exist."

Everard had elapsed, Everard Waltham had sought and obtained forgiveness; nay, he even made the fair Henrietta name the wedding-day.

"You have done your share of the work, dearest," said he, "and I do not like to expose you to the fascinating qualities of royal officers."

"Jealous man," she replied, "I suppose that when I am your wife you will lock me up when you leave home."

"Indeed I may—and where is there a better place than in the Charter Oak?"

The Blackguard and the Parrot.

A short time ago, while a number of workmen were engaged in making an excavation in a street in New York city, the superintendent, a great rawboned, loud-voiced fellow, spent his time chiefly in abusing and bullying the men, interlarding his remarks with coarse expressions and profane oaths, to the great disgust of the neighborhood. Some restraints which were made to him, at the instance of the ladies inhabiting the nearest houses, were treated with contempt, and only drew forth fresh explosions of vulgar profanity. At length the nuisance was abated in an unexpected way. A parrot near at hand, which was commonly very noisy, had been observed to be perfectly quiet, as if in a meditative mood, since the din commenced in the street. Suddenly, one day, when the superintendent made his appearance, the bird burst forth with a torrent of abusive language and foul epithets, in exact mimicry of what it had heard during several previous days. The bully stood amazed and confounded, while a general burst of laughter from many listeners attested the correctness of the imitation. This singular rebuke was effectual, and the bully was completely silenced. The parrot continued to repeat his new lesson for several days, but receiving no further instructions, it gradually forgot the blackguardism, and returned again to its usual respectable style of conversation.

GEOLOGY AT A DISCOUNT.—The geologist, if he be truly in earnest, is far too tired, after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and besides, generally manages to put his outer man into so unbecomingly a condition, that a grand hotel would have some scruples in taking him in. Prof. Sedgwick, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what he had to pay, he was told, "Purpence?" He could not avoid remarking on the smallness of the charge. "Ah, sir," said the landlady, "I should ask eight-pence of any one else, but I only ask tenpence from you, for I see you have been better days." At another time, a lady stopped by the roadside, where he was working, made some inquiries, and gave him a shilling, because his answers were so multiglit for his station. He met the same lady at dinner next day, to her great astonishment. A well-known geologist, long secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vacation, and dragged to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic. On another occasion, tired, and with his pockets full of the day's treasures, he mounted a stage-coach, and fell fast asleep. Waking at his journey's end, he was horrified to find his pockets as empty as when he set out. An old woman, who sat beside him, feeling the pockets full of stones, took him for a madman, who had loaded himself most effectually to secure drowning; so she shyly pecked the fossils, one by one, from the drowsy philosopher, and tossed them on the roadside.—*Musical World.*

ALM FOR COUGH AND BRONCHITIS.—Dr. Ebdone, an English medical writer, says: "No remedy has proved itself to be of such extraordinary value in the treatment of bronchial catarrh, in every stage of it, as album." It arrested my most violent spasmodic attacks of cough generally in half an hour, and in many instances in a few minutes. It should be administered by allowing a piece half the size of a pea to dissolve gradually in the mouth, and then to be swallowed." The *London Medical Circular* corroborates the above.

THE RICE CROP.—The Southern journals represent that the rice crops are unusually bountiful, and that the indications promise more than an average yield for this season.

The crop is superabundant in Kentucky, the present year, and contract for it are making, at *Springfield*, per bushel

Courting and Popping the Question by Telegraph.

The Albany, New York, *Argus* of August 15 tells the following romantic story:—"Some months since a young gentleman of this city entered the Morse telegraph office, and requested to be instructed in such of the mysteries of telegraphing as the operators could or would inform him—such as would not interfere with the secrets of the office. The obliging operator proceeded to do so, and in the course of his instructions explained to the freshman the *modus operandi* of telegraphic writing. It should be known that at one of the stations west of this city, in the small but enterprising village of D—, a female—the schoolmistress of the village—is the operator of the telegraph station. While the operator in this city was going through his explanations, the D— office called Albany, and made a business inquiry, to which an answer was returned by the Albany operator, who, in a professional manner, inquired the name of the anxious inquirer, and sent it with the gentleman's compliments, to the D— office (which the female had charge of). Miss C— (we mean the operator) replied, returning her compliments, and gave the state of the weather, &c., at D—.

The gentleman was "immensely" delighted at the idea of interrogating a person, and that person a female, one hundred and fifty miles distant, and through the kindness of the operator addressed several interrogatories to her, all of which were answered in a most gratifying manner. The novice in telegraphing was delighted, next to say unthought. He called again the next day, and persuaded the operator to again summon the D— office. Again did he telegraph a most delightful *l'adieu*—think of a *l'adieu* with his charming incoherence, or we should say, incoherence, for the novice was all absorbed in Miss C—, as the sequel will prove. For several days did he call and hold converse with the D— office, and its very obliging operator, each day becoming more and more interested. The subject of discourse, too, was naturally changed, inasmuch that the Albany operator began to feel in rather a "peculiar predicament," he being a sort of medium through which two lovers were holding communication. To be brief, the novice continued to call for a space of two weeks, each day growing more interested, until at last he put the question, direct and plump: "Will you marry me?" The telegraph never hesitates; it is a fast institution, and those who are connected with it become "fast," as if by inhibition. The lady consented and the novice, a few days after, went to D—, claimed his bride, and was married.—The parties are now residents of this city.

VENTILATING HATS.—William Sellers, a hat manufacturer of New York, has patented a contrivance which ventilates a gentleman's hat in the most perfect manner, and enables the wearer to regulate the temperature of his interior at pleasure. The crown of the hat is made into two parts connected by slides, so that the upper portion can be lifted apart from the lower, and held up by the slides—a free opening is thus made for ventilation. When the wearer wishes to close his hat, he merely presses downward the top of the crown with his hands.

CROWN'S ARTIFICIAL BIRDS.—An artificial aviary has been placed for exhibition in the Palace of Industry in Paris. Under an immense glass globe is a tree whose branches are covered with stuffed birds of brilliant plumage. On turning a key, a spring at the foot of the tree begins to run, the birds skip from branch to branch, and chirp and sing in the most agreeable manner. Their little beaks and breasts are in constant agitation, as in life, and not a few who have heard them declare that the notes are preferable to those of the living birds at the great aviary close at hand.

WALKING ON RED-HOT IRON PLATES.—Professor Pepper recently delivered a lecture in the Polytechnic Institute, London, before a large audience of mechanics, in which he remarked that the setting of the Thames on fire was no longer a joke, but a reality. By dashes a small bottle of sulphuric ether with particles of metal potassium into a flat cistern, a bright flame was produced, which illuminated the whole place. He then laid down four plates of red-hot iron on four bricks, and one of his attendants walked over them barefoot, without any injury. By wetting his fingers in ammonia, the professor dipped them into a crucible of melted lead, and let the metal run off in the shape of bullets into a shallow cistern of water.

A CHILD'S POETRY.—A story is related in one of our monthly magazines, of a child three years old, who on being lifted up to see the corpse of a little playmate, kissed the pale, cold cheek, and gently whispered, "Please give my love to God."

POOR ARITHMETIC.—The Reusselner Manor tenants once held a meeting and resolved that the payment of one-tenth of the produce was too heavy a rent, and agreed unanimously thereafter that they would pay only one-sixth. They never discovered their mistake until the rent became due.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.—The common mode of grinding children's marbles is a curious instance of simplicity in machinery. A number of stone chips, broken to a suitable size, are put together in a tin box, and fastened to the rim of a water-mill wheel, and there left to grind themselves into shape.

AN INHUMAN FATHER.—A villain named Thomas Williams a few days ago placed his infant child upon the railroad track, near Buffalo, and afterwards brutally assaulted a young man who rescued the child from its dangerous position. He was sentenced to the workhouse in Buffalo.

THE LARGEST HOUSE.—The editor of the *Buffalo Herald* says he saw in the town of Protection, New York, a day or two since, a man four years old, and still growing, well proportioned, nineteen and a half hands high, seven and a half feet. She is a good looking animal, and an iron grey. She is considered the largest animal of the kind in the world, and is the product of Erie county.

SACRILEGIOUS TOAST.—The following toast was given at Bader's, in New York, on the 1st of July:—"George! All honor to the clergy man who follows his Master instead of his *Paymaster*."

DEFIANCE OF A LITTLE BOY.—*Urbis liberum* was a young boy—switch-tender—A Schoolmaster,

A Mechanical Calf.

An inventive genius proposes in the *Scientific American* an arrangement by which to remove the milk from any number of dairy cows simultaneously, in the short space of ten to fifteen minutes. This I propose (says the writer) to accomplish by placing the cows all in stalls adapted for keeping them stationary during the process, by a pipe the whole length of the stalls under the cows, and immediately below their bags or reservoirs of milk. Connect the cows with this pipe by means of flexible tubes, each tube made of India rubber, so as to bite closely upon each of the four outlets (teats). Now the cows being thus connected with the lower or main pipe, this pipe will extend into the cream or dairy house, and is then connected with an exhaust pump, when one hand will in a few minutes extract all the milk, and it will run down into the main pipe, thence into the proper reservoirs in the dairy for creaming. You will see my idea is to pump the milk from each cow, and all by one and the same process. I base my plan upon the fact that the calf removes the milk by producing a vacuum with his tongue and organs of the mouth, and the milk at once flows from the bag to supply it.

COULD SEBASTOPOL HAVE BEEN TAKEN.—The *Illustrated Review*, published at St. Petersburg, contains a long article upon the siege of Sebastopol, which has been translated for the London press. In the article in question the Russian editor shows that, had the Allies undertaken intrepidly and daringly to assault Sebastopol when they first came before it, victory would infallibly have crowned the effort. The garrison was weak, says the article; the city was only partly surrounded by a wall, and defended for the most part by sailors unused to fighting behind ramparts, and though the defence would have been gallant and obstinate, the result would have been unquestionable. Now—says in substance, the *Illustrated Review*—the fall of Sebastopol is one of the most chimerical illusions that ever entered the head of a rational man. The editor sums up his argument with—"Sebastopol will not be taken."

LEVEL OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.—The popular notion which has so long prevailed that the Atlantic Ocean was many feet higher than the Pacific at the Isthmus of Panama, has been formally exploded. Colonel Totten, of the U. S. Army, who has been for some time employed as civil and topographical engineer by the Panama Railroad Company, has decided after a series of careful tidal observations, taken at Panama and in Aspinwall Bay, and connected by accurate levels along the line of railroad, that the mean height of the two oceans is exactly the same, although owing to the difference in the rise of tide of both places there are of course times when one of the oceans is higher or lower than the other; but their *mean level*, that is to say, their height at half tide, is now proved to be exactly the same.

FEMALE SHOULDER STRIKERS.—In an English newspaper of 1772, we find the following:—"CHALLENGE.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Eberkenwell, London, having had some words with Hannah Byfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and let me for three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in either hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle."

ANSWER.—I, Hannah Byfield, of Newgate-market, hearing of the resolution of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words; desiring home gloves, and from her no favor; she may expect a good thumping! The half-crown in the hands were an ingenious device to prevent scuffling.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says that a passenger on the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, being seized with a *grippe* while approaching the Gladale depot, the Conductor gave him an emetic, whereupon he threw up three pounds of fresh butter, and immediately felt better. It turned out that he had drunk some milk at the Burnet House before starting, and the Railroad had churned him.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—A wonderful discovery is announced as having been recently made by a French chemist, M. Berthelot—to wit, a new, easy and cheap method of separating platinum from the metallic base of common clay, from the other constituents. This metal exists in beauty pure silver, and surpasses it in ductility. Lithium it has existed only in small quantities, and has been esteemed rather as a curiosity, the price in France, a short time since, being about the rate of gold.—But by Mr. D.'s improved method it can now be produced in masses sufficient and cheap enough to replace copper, and even iron in many respects, and thus place the "new silver" into such common use as to suit the means of the poorest persons.

PROFESSIONAL TERMS.—A young lawyer inquired, upon being informed of an attachment between a young lady and gentleman, whether the gentleman was "the lover or the love?" So an attorney in Dublin wrote a challenge to a gentleman to meet him "in the Four Acres, by the name more or less."

RIFLED CANNON.—Major Jacobs, of the British army, writing of the modern improvements in artillery, says:—"Judging from experiments made, as an old artillery officer, as well as a shrewd and practical mechanic, I am deliberately of opinion that a four-grooved rifled iron gun, of a bore four inches in diameter, weighing not less than twenty four hundred weight, could be made to throw shot to a distance of ten miles or more, with force and accuracy."

SINGULAR VEGETABLE PHENOMENON.—A gentleman in New Bedford, Massachusetts, a few days ago opened a squash which he had purchased for his table, in which he found one of the seeds had sprouted and bore several leaves upon the sprout.

YOU ARE VERY STUPID, THOMAS! said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them seven and a half feet, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

FEMALE SURGICAL STUDENTS.—The New York Medical Times says that seven young and fair looking women will be daily seen at the New York Hospital, following the physicians and surgeons on their rounds; and are present at all operations, on males and females.

MONEY is defined to be a composition for taking stains out of character.