

# The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

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

38<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE HAZEL DELL.

A POPULAR SONG.  
In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,  
Nelly loved so long,  
And my lonely heart I'm keeping,  
Nelly, lost and gone!  
Here, in the moonlight, oft we wandered,  
Through the silent shade,  
Now where leafy branches drooping downward  
Little Nelly's laid.  
All alone my watch I'm keeping,  
In the Hazel Dell,  
For my darling Nelly's dear me sleeping—  
Nelly, dear, far-well.  
In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,  
Where the flowers wave,  
And the silent stars are nightly weeping,  
O'er your Nelly's grave,  
Hope that once my bosom fully cherished,  
Smile no more for me,  
Every dream of joy has perished,  
Nelly, dear, with thee,  
All alone my watch, &c.  
Now I'm weary, friendless, and forsaken,  
Watching here alone,  
Nelly, thou no more wilt fondly cheer me  
With thy lovely tone,  
Yet forever, shall thy gentle image  
In my memory dwell,  
And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten—  
Nelly, dear, far-well,  
All alone my watch, &c.

## A Select Story.

### THE INDIAN'S PAYMENT; OR, "ME NO FORGET."

By MRS. CAROLINE A. SUGER.

It was in the month of November. The day had been cold and gusty, with occasional dashes of rain, and the evening, which set in early, promised to be one of gloom and tempest. The wind went rushing about that low, mournful howl which is known only in autumn-time, lashing the naked boughs of the old forest trees with its furious surges, whirling the dead leaves which lay heaped in the dark ravines into the meadow eddies, and driving everything before it, with a violence that made them only too glad to flee. The clouds, which had hung in scattered masses while the livid sun sent its struggling beams among them, gathered themselves into a single mighty one, and shrouded the heavens as with a pall, threatening every moment to burst into drenching floods.

"God pity the homeless, to-night!" exclaimed a young man in an emphatic tone, as pushing open the door of his log cabin, he dragged in the old buck-log that was to warm the rough hearth-stone, and irradiate the brow of the autumn storm. "God pity them and help them, too, for a cold and weary time they'll have. I trust no one wanders to-night in this wilderness: though lest one there should be, I'll do what I can to give them a beacon-light," and even while he spoke, he planted the huge knotty stick into a bed of crimson coals and filled the space between it and the old iron fire-binders with a generous amount of light, dry kindling, which soon burst into a brilliant blaze, not only scattering light and heat across the dim apartment, but sending a stream of moonlike rays through the tiny windows, that went dancing like a thing of life through the outer darkness, till it was lost in the mazes of the untracked forest.

"There," said the warm-hearted woodsman, as he watched the sky-bound sparks and the continuous glow, "I have done my part towards leading them to a home, if any there be abroad and wandering, and now I'll enjoy it myself," and he drew his seat to the homely board on which smoked a hunter's fare—steaks from the wild deer, a stew of birds which he had shot while standing in the door of his cabin, and cakes of powdered corn, nicely baked and browned on a clean corner of the rough hearth. A refreshing meal it was, too, for the hands of a loving and gentle wife had cooked it all, and honest, sturdy toil had awakened that keen zest for food which the idler never knew.

"A supper fit for a king," said he, as he returned to his cozy place before the fire. "We shan't starve yet a while, Moll—not in the woods, and strength in these bow-arms.—Only keep a warm hope in your heart, little wife, and our home will yet be a bonny spot." And then he folded, and seemed to be reading bright faces in the warlike firelight. And when her light evening chores were done up, his wife drew her seat close beside him, and as we are all wont on such stormy nights, when the hearth-stone beams, the two warmed their young memories and strengthened the pious of hope. And the evening sped on wildly and awfully without, but calmly and beautifully within, by the side of the blazing fire, whose streaming light was the only star that gleamed in that dim old forest.

"We'll keep the fire up all night, and as bright as we can, too," said the brave pioneer, as, he leaped into bed, instead of raking the coals, he threw on a fresh bundle of splints: "it is too awful a night for me to sleep sound, and I may as well tend it as not. God help them that roam, if any there be, and guide them this way. It shall never be said that I darkened my fire in a night like this."

Once and twice did he rouse himself from the slumber that in spite of his awe of the storm would steal over his senses, and renew the blaze that was dying away, but then as the rain ceased its dashing, and fell only on the rough roof with its lullaby tone, and the wind lashed his howls and only moaned in a weary like way, he suffered himself to sink in that calm, deep sleep which comes only to those who have labored with hands that were clean and hearts that were pure.

An hour or two passed on, and still he slept, and the old buck-log, with the evening's flame, dropped slowly in its crimson dikes, giving out a brighter and brighter glow, but only a faint, dim, and weary, and sick, there, and against the rough door a poor Indian

hunter, a brave and right loyal descendant of those red men who, ere the pioneer grinded his trees, was king of this wide old wood. Many a long, weary mile had he travelled since dawn, and when the dark set in so stormy and cold, he had drawn his torn blanket about him and sought only to find in the grove some hollow in which to lie down and await the death-hymn that had rung all day in his ears. A long time he wandered, entangling himself yet deeper in the intricate windings of the dense old wood.—But just when his feet lagged most and his heart was sorest, a beam from the woodman's fire lit on his path, and lit, too, a hope in his bosom. He followed the ray, and ere the last brand had fallen, was so near the home that his Indian eye could track the path which its owner had made in the forest, and follow it to his door.

But here he paused awhile. Would the white man be kind to his red-faced brother and give him the food he craved and a skin by the fire?  
"Me try him," said he, as he pushed against the door, "me try him,—he good to me, me no forget," and the wooden bar rattled and the woodman awoke, startled, but not afraid. (One bound brought him to the door, and with one hand on his guard and one on his rifle, he called, "Who's there—what do you want?")  
"Me Indian, me sick and me hungry, me—" but ere he could speak more the door flew open and he was bade to come in and be welcome.

"Friend nor foe stands outside my door on a night like this," said the sturdy host, as he threw on a generous amount of his light wood, and raked out the coals till they were all of a glow.  
"Me your friend, and me no forget," said the Indian, in a voice emphatic though weak, as he sank on the hearth-stone, tore off his blanket that was dripping and cold, and suffered the warm, rosy light to creep over his great brawny limbs and redden the cheek that had never been pale before.

"And I'm your friend, for God knows by your looks you need one," responded the brave pioneer, "and the best that I have shall be yours to-night," and sitting actions to words, he set out the remains of the evening meal, and then drawing out a clear bed of coals, laid over them a generous slice of the noble deer he had slaughtered himself, and had soon, a smoking meal to tempt the hungry palate of his guest. Then casting a bundle of skins on the floor, close to the hearth stone, and taking from off the bed whereon lay his wife, trembling in silent terror, a heavy blanket, he told the poor Indian to rest himself there till morning, and longer if he chose. And then with a heart lighter and happier than when he rose, he lay down again, drawing his pale companion closely to his breast, and quieting her fears with endearments as gentle and soothing as those a mother bestows on a frightened child.

When they awoke in the morning their Indian guest lay still on the floor in a sound, refreshing sleep. When he rose from his rustic couch they asked him not whence he had come nor whether he was going, but only to partake of their hospitalities so long as he thought fit. With Indian taciturnity, he said nothing, but ate with them, and then lay down again, and in this way passed two days. On the morning of the third, when the hearty breakfast had been disposed of, he drew his blanket around him and went to the door. As he crossed the threshold, he turned his face to the still seated husband and wife, and said emphatically, "Pale face good to Indian—me no forget," and as an arrow darted from his bow when the strong arm draws, he sped from the sheltering roof and was lost almost instantly in the mazes of the dense old wood.

For some weeks the incident was dwelt upon frequently by the family, but gradually it faded from their memories, and as years passed on, it was only once in a while recalled at the request of two buoyant lads, that "father would tell them an Indian story, a true story about a live Indian." Then taking them on his knees, he would relate to them what has just been written, and they would draw his arms yet closer round their trembling forms, and wonder if they would dare to go to sleep while a "live Indian" lay stretched before the fire; and they would say, "weren't you afraid, father?" and curl up to his heart, securing to feel their hair stand straight.

Alas, they, nor he, nor that still beautiful wife thought then of the sorrow that "live Indians" were to bring upon their happy hearth. Closer would those little ones have clung to him, and fairer arms than theirs would have been wound about his bosom. But the threatened blow came soon and sad, and a crushing one it was.

Many changes had occurred since the pioneer had cleared his first acre and built his cabin. What was then only a wild and tangled forest, with game starting up at every rod, had become, before the hands of labor and cultivation, a blooming plain, spotted with white men's homes. Not now, as once, could the hunter shout a buck while standing under his own eaves; he must roam now away over fertile fields and grassy meadow, across the rolling river and round the foot of a wooded hill, ere he would find the wild deer he so loved to hunt. But they were plenty there, and a smoking steak or a saddle of venison was often seen upon the settler's board.

It was to hunt a deer, to fill up, as he said, the empty spot on the table, that Hugh Ely, the warm-hearted pioneer of whom we have written, left his dwelling one morning in winter and hastened away out of sight of the smoke of the settlement, and far away from its sounds. Fleet was his foot, but fleet the foot of the noble buck he had started; and not until noon and when he was many miles from his home, did he succeed in pointing toward it his unwearied aim. Ere it fell, it gave one wild bound and leaped into a tangled brake, and after him went the hunter, flushed with success, but weary, too, with his lengthened chase. But with a wilder bound than the wounded game, and a fiercer fire in their glaring eyes, there burst upon Hugh a band of Indian warriors, and in a moment he was disarmed and bound and helpless as the dying deer which gasped just at his feet. Why he was then made captive, and why he was dragged with such many weary miles, no rest allowed, his torn and bleeding feet, no sleep his heavy eyelids, no hope his sad, lone heart, he never knew, though he guessed afterward, when they finally halted with him at a hunting ground.

They had been with them about a year, his faithful fulfillment of the mental tasks allotted him, his cheerful, contented air, his manly bearing of his captivity, so impressed the Indians that they relaxed somewhat their severity, and occasionally allowed him to wander off a piece into the woods, or to ramble beside the river. He was seated one bright autumn afternoon on a log that had fallen close to the water's edge, sadly musing on his lone and desolate condition, and wondering if he should ever again see the faces of those whose memory was so holy, when suddenly a low cooing sound, like the notes of a dove, broke the deep silence that reigned. Hugh heard it for some moments without observing it very closely, for he was intently looking into his darkened future. But after a while it struck him that the sound was an unusual one for the spot, and somewhat versed in Indian ways, he recognized it as one of those signs by which they express sympathy, pity or affection, and he gazed cautiously around to see if some human form was not concealed in the vicinity, wild with joy, at the thought that amid the dusky warriors who surrounded him, one there might be whose heart had yet a loving pulse.

A clump of low tangled bushes grew just back of his rude seat, the only spot close by that could conceal a friend or foe. He fancied, as he gazed there, he beheld it then move—he was certain of it—and it could not be the wind, for scarcely a breath was stirring. Then noiselessly some branches pushed aside, and from the opening there peered the red face of a stranger Indian. Instantly it looked upon the captive, so intently that its gaze was like a narrows fascination to him, and he stood rooted to the spot. In a few moments the branches were pushed still further aside, and a beaming red man was visible. It held in its fingers a pair of moose-antlers, it turned them up and down and around, and then pointed them southward, while from the stern lip issued the same cooing sound. The heart of Hugh leaped up with a quickened life, and he was starting to the side of the unknown, but as he felt now, friendly stranger, when the signal whoop for his return was sounded from the camp. The Indian pressed his hand to his mouth in token of secrecy, again waved the moose-antlers in token of escape, and darted through the bushes and out of sight so quickly, that it seemed to the observer the earth must have swallowed him.

More bravely than ever did Hugh now bear his captivity, for hope-branded brightly in his bosom. There was something in the mien of the unknown Indian which assured him he was planning his deliverance; and though he could not conceive who he was, or why he had taken so deep an interest in him, he was satisfied that in time, through means prepared by him, he should see again his beloved home—chase again his beloved family.

Many days passed ere he saw another token, but one sunny morning as he sat on the ground floor of his wigwam, engaged in one of his mental duties, the broad belt of sunshine that streamed in through the entrance was suddenly obscured, and raising his eyes, Hugh beheld the same red face that had peered through the bushes. It was but one look he had a chance to give ere it had vanished, but in another instant from the rear of the wigwam issued the same cooing notes that had so sweetly disturbed his mournful reverie once before. In another instant the shadow again intercepted the sunbeams, fleeing almost as quick as seen. As it passed, Hugh felt, rather than saw that something was thrown in; but when, as the sunshine again played upon his knees, he beheld a pair of moose-antlers resting there, a wilder, stronger pulse beat in his bosom, for he felt that the hour of his deliverance was near. He remembered that on the morning of his last escape, and he knew that on such occasions all the bravest of the bravest were gone, and inferred that as he should be left as he had been many times before, in the care of only the squaws and perhaps one or two Indians, his deliverance had selected that as the propitious time to effect his escape.

With leaden wings rolled on the hours that intervened between the token and the time.—But the morning sun dawned at length, and with its first beam the hunters sped away.—But so many duties had they left for their capture to perform, that it was late in the afternoon ere he could repair to his accustomed seat beside the river. But all day his somewhat weary heart had been cheered by those cooing sounds that first woke hope. Now they seemed circling in the air above him, and stealing up out of the mossy ground; and upon floating as it were on the breath of the few flowers that yet smiled on life. As he neared the water, louder and clearer rang the notes, and following them, he was led a mile or two down the bank to a spot he remembered as one where the river meandered a grassy soil with a tiny bay.

Scarcely had he stepped there ere a light came darted from under a shelving bank, and at the helm stood the Indian friend. Hugh lived long enough with red men to understand unspoken language, and a sign from his deliverer was enough to tell him that he must crouch in the bottom of the tiny craft and be motionless, under some skins.

The sun set and the moon rose, and still the canoe sped on over the blue calm waves, and not until midnight was it moored, and then Hugh knew that he was safe.—Up a steep ledge of rocks did his conductor lead him, and through a long, narrow and dark aisle, whose bottom, but for the friendly moose-antlers, would have sadly bruised his feet. At length they stopped, and the Indian, releasing his grasp, lighted a torch and revealed to the white man the fact he had guessed, that they were deep in the earth, in one of those weird-like caverns, of which legend loves to sing. A fire was kindled, the smoke somehow finding vent for itself without annoying the lookers on, and soon the crimson coals that dropped on the floor began to glow, as a broil a venison steak that the Indian had taken from his wife, looking tender and delicious and happy. Hugh, in less than two hours after he had entered the

cavern, slept soundly on a couch of dried grass, and dreamed several visions of home.

For several days they tarried there, the Indian going out each morning, but returning regularly at sunset, and always bearing a plentiful supply of game. When a week had elapsed, simply saying to Hugh, "We go now; they no find us," he led him forth and commenced journeying toward the South. One night after they had been long on the road, they walked to a much later hour than usual—walked till Hugh, who had fancied several times through the day he discerned familiar trails, and thought he must be close by his home, became lost as it were, and followed his guide blindly, thinking in his weariness and perplexity he must have been mistaken, and was still in a strange wood. They rested at length, but the white man had scarcely it seemed to him, closed his eyes, ere his Indian friend awoke him, and together they toiled up a steep and wooded hill that rose directly before them. But the intense, soul thrilling joy of the long absent one can only be conceived, when, on reaching its summit, he beheld close at hand the valley of his choice, the home of his heart.

When his emotion was somewhat passed, he turned to his deliverer, and in the mute but expressive signs of Indian language told his thanks. The red man heard him through, and then pointing at the dwelling of Hugh, said in the brief words he had learned of the English tongue:—"Many moons ago, Indian sick, tired, hungry. He go to white man's cabin—he no turn him off; he gave him supper—let him sleep on his skins—take blanket from his pretty squaw; he good to him till he want to go. I that Indian, me no forget. Now I pay you. Go home."

Often than ever did Hugh's little ones, as they bounded on his knees, beg for the story of the "live Indian" who had passed over the hill to the green, silent graveyard, they in turn told it to their little ones, nor failed to draw from it a moral, beautiful and holy as was the Indian's gratitude.

## Select Miscellany.

### "He died of a Broken Heart"

There is, we fear, no truth than poetry in this expression. The idea involved in it will do very well to sneer at by those in whom that organ has become encrusted by prolonged contact with the grosser actualities of life, but now and then a case occurs which is devoid of all sentimentalism, and for which neither imagination nor science can urge any other theory. In such cases there may have been no actual rupture of the cardiac organ, but the world will recognize them as those of broken hearts, and it is the simplest way of solving the riddle. The mysterious connection of mind and body has never yet been fathomed, and the effect of one upon the other is oftentimes startling, both to the metaphysician and the most profound student of the human frame. A case in point occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Monday. During the afternoon of that day, Mrs. Dellicker, wife of Leonard N. Dellicker, of the firm of Meek, Dellicker & Sage, extensive produce brokers of New York, who had been in ill health for some time, at Danbury, Conn., but who was considered convalescent, suddenly died. Mr. Dellicker had left her that morning, and returned to the city, in perfect health himself, and fondly anticipating her speedy and complete restoration. He had scarcely, however, reached his home, when a telegraphic message was brought him, announcing the sad tidings of her unexpected demise. He instantly sank into a chair, said that he felt very ill, and in a few minutes, however, and before the arrival of the medical man, he had ceased to breathe. The mortal remains of the partner of his bosom had not time to acquire the chillness of a corpse before their spirits were reunited in the land beyond the grave. Who will solve this problem?

The record of another case lies before us.—The father of Duckerman, the Boston defaulter, was well known as a genial man, with a smile and a pleasant word for every one he met.—Since the news respecting his son's swindling transaction was made known, all joyful expression left his face, and his stolid features, his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his ghastly, pallid color, all showed that deep grief had taken possession of him. Some ten days since, without any marked cause, he died. Anatomists might discover no strange spectacle, should they investigate the mortal tenements of these highly wrought souls, but under what head, in the bills of mortality, shall their deaths be chronicled? Call it by what name we may, the simplest and doubtless the truest record that could be made is that which we have placed at the head of this article.—Died of Broken Hearts!—*Phila. Sun.*

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—At Gloucester, Massachusetts, last week, the schooner "Shouting Star" was taken upon a marine railway for the purpose of discharging the cause of a leak in her bottom. Upon examination, a piece about one foot in length and eight inches in width, was discovered to be worn nearly to the thinness of a wafer. On taking off the plank, two pebble stones, each a little larger than a hen's egg, were found, and their constant rubbing, caused by the motion of the vessel, had worn the plank, which was upwards of two inches thick, nearly through. It is supposed they were dropped inside of the ceiling while the vessel was building, and there remained. Had the vessel gone to sea again without discovering this leak, she might have suddenly filled, and no cause could have been assigned for it.

TEN THOUSAND LIVES FOR A BUCKET.—About seven hundred years ago, in a country in Europe called Modena, and another country lying beside it, called Bologna, some soldiers belonging to the State of Modena, took a bucket from a well in the State of Bologna, and carried it away. The old bucket was of no value, and might have been replaced by a few pence, and it is said, the soldiers, carried it away for a trifle. But the people of Bologna took it as a great insult. They declared war against Modena, and had a long and bloody conflict about it. More than ten thousand human beings were butchered because of the old bucket.

Highly-heated shippers, with large rosettes on their bows, by the Philadelphia belles instead of gutter boys.

G. W. F. Mellen recommends a "free use of lemon juice, tamarind water, pickles and vinegar," against yellow fever.

## Dan Rice's Gratitude.

An interesting incident is related of Dan Rice, the celebrated circus performer, in a late number of the *Reading Gazette*. It appears that some fourteen years ago Dan left Reading with an exhibition of some sort, which turned out badly, and involved the promoter in difficulty. Judge Heidenreich, of Berks county, found him in this condition, gave him a suit of clothes, and lent him a horse and wagon, in order that he might pursue his business. Dan was still unsuccessful, and desistation soon overtook him again, while, to add to his distress, his wife was taken sick. In this dilemma he was forced to sell the horse and wagon, which the Judge had only loaned him, in order to raise means to take his wife home to Pittsburgh. Not long after this he obtained a situation in one of the theatres of Philadelphia, where the Judge one bright saw and recognized him, and in the morning called at his lodgings. Dan was still poor and seedy, and fully expected reproaches, if not worse, from his old patron, but instead of these the Judge insisted on his going a second time to a tailor's and being fitted out at his expense. To this, however, Dan would not consent, and they parted, never meeting again until one day last week, when his company was performing at Reading, and the Judge came down to attend Court. Dan's first duty was to hunt up his old friend, and invite him to take a short drive about town, to which he consented, and a horse and vehicle were soon at the door.

Dan's equipage, like that of his profession generally, seemed a pretty stylish turn-out.—It consisted of a bran new carriage of elegant make, a cream colored Arabian pony, and a speck and span new set of glistening harness—worth, when you come to estimate such things by dollars, some \$400 or \$500. The drive was taken and enjoyed, and time flew swiftly by, as the two friends talked and laughed over the half-forgotten events of old times.—Dan drove the Judge back to his lodgings, stopped out upon the pavement, and, before the Judge had time to rise from his seat, handed him the reins and whip, with a grateful bow, and said: "These are yours, Judge—the old horse and wagon restored, with interest—take them, with Dan Rice's warmest gratitude." The Judge was stricken dumb with amazement for a few moments, but soon recovered his self-possession and began to re-narrate. But Dan was insensible—he closed his lips firmly, shook his head, waved a polite adieu to his old friend in the carriage, walked off to his hotel, and left the Judge to drive the handsome equipage now really his own, to the stable. An honest man, and a man of honor, is Dan Rice, the Circus Clown!

## Alive or Dead.

You will be surprised to learn that a lady already married, has applied to the civil tribunal to obtain from it an injunction upon the Mayor of Paulin, her husband, to marry her to somebody else, though her first husband is still alive. You will be still more surprised to learn that the Civil Tribunal granted, especially when you remember that in France divorce does not exist. The lady was Mrs. Boudin presented herself at the office, and there is no fear in which nitrogen can be so readily supplied as in ammonia, the active principle and most important constituent, not only of Peruvian Guano, but of good barn-yard manure. Plants like annuals require a variety of food, and if their inorganic elements, such as silica, potash, phosphoric acid, lime, &c., are not present in the soil for chemical combination, and to form what may be called the material of the plants, of course no crop can result. Plants are found on analysis to contain not one, but several constituents. The differ in their relative proportions, but are each essential to its proper growth, and maturity. A long continued practice of applying Guano poultry does not "fatten" them, but it increases their vitality, and makes them more productive, and the other necessary ingredients, such as silica, potash, phosphoric acid, lime, &c., are not present in the soil for chemical combination, and to form what may be called the material of the plants, of course no crop can result. Plants are found on analysis to contain not one, but several constituents. The differ in their relative proportions, but are each essential to its proper growth, and maturity. A long continued practice of applying Guano poultry does not "fatten" them, but it increases their vitality, and makes them more productive, and the other necessary ingredients, such as silica, potash, phosphoric acid, lime, &c., are not present in the soil for chemical combination, and to form what may be called the material of the plants, of course no crop can result. Plants are found on analysis to contain not one, but several constituents. The differ in their relative proportions, but are each essential to its proper growth, and maturity.

Mayor—Why, Mrs. Boudin, you must know that Mr. Boudin is still alive.  
Mrs. B.—In course. But he is in prison for life for rape.  
Mayor—What difference does that make?  
Mrs. B.—Why, he's civilly dead by law, and I'm a widow.  
Mayor—Yes, but that law was repealed in 1854.  
Mrs. B.—Well, my husband was sentenced in 1852.  
Mayor—Exactly, and having been dead from 1852 to 1854, he was returned to life by the new law, and you ain't his widow, but his wife.  
Mrs. B.—Well, I do declare. Suppose I had gone and got married while Mr. Boudin was dead; what then?  
Mayor—There would have been no help for that; but, of course, I can't marry you now that he's alive.

So the question was, whether Boudin was alive, or whether he was dead. The Civil Tribunal naturally enough decided that the new law was only applicable to sentences registered after its passage, and that it cannot resuscitate individuals stricken by its predecessor. Two days afterwards Mrs. Boudin became a legal decision, no longer hesitated to perform the ceremony. Boudin, in his cell, felt ten years younger—perhaps a misfortune to a man imprisoned against time.

## Uses of the Telegraph.

The electric telegraph is becoming more and more useful. A peasant received lately by mail, a letter from his son Joseph, a Zouave, before he set sail. The young man mentioned the fact that his legs were yet whole, but that his shoes were the worse for wear. The affectionate father having purchased a pair of nine-and-a-halfs, was perplexed as to the means of forwarding them. At last he thought of the telegraph—the line to Marseilles ran through his village. He put the address on one of the soles, and slung the shoes over the wire. A pebble passing by struck by the solidity of their workmanship, appropriated them, placing his message in its stead. The next morning the old daddy returned to the spot to see if the telegraph had executed his commission. He saw the substitution which had been effected. "I vow," he exclaimed, "if Joseph hasn't already sent back his old ones."

WHAT IS SPACANTER?—"Spacanter" is the name of a species of fun known only to the Nantucket folks. A party of ladies and gentlemen go to one of the famous watering places, where they fish, dig clams, talk, laugh, sing, dance, play, bathe, sail, eat, and have a general "good time." The food generally consists ofchowder, baked clams, and fun. No one is admitted to the circle who will take offence at a joke, and every one is expected to do his or her part towards creating a general laugh.—Any man who speaks of business affairs (excepting matrimony) is immediately reproved, and on a second offence is publicly chastised. Care is thrown to the wind, politics discarded, war ignored, pride humbled, stations leveled, wealth scorned, virtue exalted, and this is "spacanter."

Mrs. Partington, in allusion to the many advertisements headed, "Ho! for California!" thinks a spade would be more useful than a hoe to the diggers.

## From the Pennsylvania Farm Journal.

### Mode of Using Guano.

Should Guano be ploughed or harrowed in? Should it be mixed with plaster, previous to sowing, or spread by itself? These are matters on which a difference of opinion exists among practical farmers, resulting we think partly from the different circumstances under which experiments have been made.

We have known three hundred pounds of Guano applied to the surface of grass lands, with the happiest result.—but the benefit was owing to its being sown immediately preceding a fall of rain, or subsequent spell of wet weather. This, with the consequent rapid growth of grass, prevented the loss of its ammoniac constituents by evaporation and exposure.—Still we would not from such an experiment say, that Guano should always be spread on the surface.

For the same reason, simply harrowing it in is often sufficient, particularly in heavy or retentive soils; but we would recommend whenever it is thus covered, or spread on the surface, it should previously be mixed with plaster, one part of plaster to two of Guano. The sulphuric acid of the plaster, uniting with the ammonia of the Guano, forms the non-volatile sulphate of ammonia; which if not so immediately active remains longer in the soil, and produces more lasting and permanent benefit.

Where the Guano is immediately ploughed down as we think it always ought to be, and we do not care how deep, this previous combination with plaster, charcoal, &c., to absorb the ammonia is not so necessary. Its own tendency to rise, will cause its distribution through the surrounding particles of soil, and immediate availability to the roots of growing crops. When ploughed down, even when subsowing was performed at the same time, we have known of its effects to be perceptible for years, and we would greatly prefer for three hundred pounds of it to be so applied, for the whole or indeed any other crop, than double the ordinary quantity of such manure, which is dried and looking as if it had been yard manure, which we have recently seen heaped into the fields. Our practice in respect to the application of manure, must be changed, and we are glad to see each year an increase of the number of farmers who are being satisfied on this point. Manure should all be hauled off in the spring for the corn crop, which is a grass feeder, and requires exactly that kind of food, while the wheat crop, if it requires anything, can be supplied with Guano. Better crops, both of corn and wheat, and a far more improved condition and fertility of soil, will result from this system.

An opinion is sometimes expressed, that Guano impoverishes land, and such a result is said to have actually occurred in many parts of Maryland and Virginia, where its effects were so remarkable, but the crops have since been diminishing in quantity, till its application is no longer profitable. This result has been explained. The lands in those districts have long since been exhausted by excessive cropping with corn, tobacco, &c., without anything being returned. Grain crops, and especially wheat, require nitrogenous manure, and there is no farm in which nitrogen can be so readily supplied as in ammonia, the active principle and most important constituent, not only of Peruvian Guano, but of good barn-yard manure. Plants like annuals require a variety of food, and if their inorganic elements, such as silica, potash, phosphoric acid, lime, &c., are not present in the soil for chemical combination, and to form what may be called the material of the plants, of course no crop can result. Plants are found on analysis to contain not one, but several constituents. The differ in their relative proportions, but are each essential to its proper growth, and maturity. A long continued practice of applying Guano poultry does not "fatten" them, but it increases their vitality, and makes them more productive, and the other necessary ingredients, such as silica, potash, phosphoric acid, lime, &c., are not present in the soil for chemical combination, and to form what may be called the material of the plants, of course no crop can result. Plants are found on analysis to contain not one, but several constituents. The differ in their relative proportions, but are each essential to its proper growth, and maturity.

To CRUISE BARKY HORSES.—The practice of an English horse dealer, who has cured numbers of them, is to hitch a steady horse or team behind them, and pull them back with it. It should be done somewhat far from the factory, and not to be done in the street, and will be glad to go forward at the word of command. The most stubborn will yield and be true and tractable after two or three such tortures. The aforementioned friend tells me, he never failed to conquer in a single instance; and that too without the stroke of a whip or otherwise mistreating the animals.

To GROW APPLES WITHOUT CORES.—Bury the ends of such limbs as are low enough in the ground (or turn down a saw-cut) in the spring up from it, and then cut away the limbs, and take up and plant the same fruit trees, want it to grow. It will produce fruit without core or seeds. So says an exchange paper.

## The First Know Nothing.

An old Methodist professor, who holds Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" next in his heart to the Bible, while he looks on Know Nothingism as a device of the devil to cheat American mankind out of all the elements of virtuous and truly evangelical Christianity it now possesses, has found in Bunyan the real foundation of the family he so reproaches, and accordingly sends us the following:

Much speculation has been indulged in, with reference to the original stock; and among which the present detestable Know Nothing family sprung. Its object is not very honorable, if we are to judge the family by the company in which it is found. Bunyan makes mention of old grandmother "Know Nothing" in his Pilgrim's Progress thus:—"But when Timorous was got home to her house, she bade-for-some-of-her-neighbors-to-write-Mrs. Know-Nothing's name on the wall." Mrs. Know-Nothing. This was a "no-no" all convened for the purpose of condemning the course of Christiana, the wife of Christian, who, with her children, had that morning started on a pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

At the commencement of the sporting season in 1823, the following important formation was exhibited at Lord Camden's, the Hermitage, near Sevenoaks:—"It is to give notice, that Lord Camden does mean to wash himself or any of his tenants with the 4th of September." A considerable lord to give such timely notice of his desperate intentions.