

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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

38TH YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

From the Louisville Journal.

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

I'm dreaming of the years, Will,
When we were boys together,
When o'er life's soft and sunny skies,
There came no wint'ry weather;
For memory turns full of joy, Will,
To the joyous days of youth,
Those sunny days of peace and hope,
Which alas! will come no more.

I mind me of the old oak, Will,
In whose shade we used to play,
And the little attic chamber,
Where we used to kneel and pray;
And then the clear, cold brook, Will,
That cast its foot-prints on the sand,
Whose liquid wave we used to seek,
From summer's noon-tide ray.

Remembrance brings the school-room, Will,
Whose walls I've seen decay,
For its spirit once so gay and bright,
Have long since passed away;
With rank and noxious weeds, Will,
Its grounds are covered o'er,
For the little feet that tread its paths,
Shall press the soil no more.

Ah! I mind me of those scenes, Will,
That checked our young years,
And often cause, mid' midnight's strife,
Some angry words to utter;
For though 'mid scenes of mirth, Will,
We've quaffed of freedom wine,
We've known our feet to play the fiddle,
As when we both were boys.

Yet, 'twere needless to repine, Will,
That youthful days are o'er;
Hope whispers fair in fancy's ear,
Of pleasures yet to share;
Ah! but of other things, Will,
Though with future raptures blessed,
Remembrance bright will still incline
To love our boyhood best.

ENVY.

"Charity envieth not,"—1 Cor. viii. 4.
Are others happier than ourselves?
With greater bliss endowed?
Do they, as we justly deem, live wiser,
Than us, a lighter load?

Poverty more of heavenly joy,
And love, and peace, and bliss,
Around them do the smiles of heaven,
In richer glory shine?

Letcher preserve our hearts
From envy's dark control,
And free us from the baneful power
Which foully blinds the soul;
And let our aspirations rise
To him who breathes prayer,
That, like our own fellows, we
His precious gifts may share.

Select Miscellany.

How Murat met his Fate.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, equally without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced of his own accord toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade, lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit them to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive death of a part of its horror. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of his chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged, and, looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile,

"My friends," said he, "do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space naturally compels you to rest the muzzles of your muskets against my breast; do not tremble—aim at the heart—here it is."

As he spoke thus, he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained, in one focus of love, the image of his wife and of his four children; as he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last hour, or to have their images in his last look. He fixed his eyes upon this portrait, and received the death blow without feeling it, absorbed in contemplation of all he loved upon the earth! His body pierced with twelve balls, fell with arms open, and his face to the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom which he could no longer possess, and which he had come to conquer for his tomb.

They threw his cloak upon the body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pizzo. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch; not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the champions of the new Alexander.

TOUCHING EXHIBITION OF GRATITUDE.—One of the Philadelphia papers relates the following of a German girl, named Mary Skellinski, who was placed on trial on Monday, for the alleged larceny of a hundred dollars. She was defended by Win. H. Martin, Esq. The defendant was acquitted, and late in the afternoon of Monday, when the jury had rendered a verdict of "not guilty in manner and form as indicted," while the court house was crowded with spectators, forgetful of every feeling but joy at her release, and gratitude to her defender, she astonished the court, the bar, and the lookers-on, by such an affectionate embrace and such a kiss as was distinctly heard throughout the court room. Mr. M. was rather taken aback by this novel feat, but he for submitted with the best grace possible. The spectators strained down the face of the poor girl, as she left the court room, grateful for the defence which had been made in her behalf, and, regardless of the remarks elicited by her novel mode of evincing her gratitude.

"We must take the rough and thorny as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity.

Take pleasure in your business, and it will become your recreation. Hope for the best, think of the worst, and bear whatever happens.

THE BURNING OF THE WILLOWS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"This must be the house; the junction of two roads, and a brook in front of the banks covered with willows. The place meets the description exactly. Order the men to dismount with the exception of a couple of patrols on each road."

The British were dressed in the blue and scarlet uniform of the British light horse, a corps that was formed after the landing of the English troops in New Jersey, as soon as horses could be had to mount the men. He was an officer of some rank evidently, who spoke the above words, and his carriage and demeanor was both haughty and aristocratic in the highest degree. Why not—he was the eldest son of a British earl.

"The house appears to be deserted, Col. Halcourt," said his junior officer, as he dismounted.

"We will see. This way, a dozen of you," he said to his men. "Try the door yonder, if it is fastened break it open, and report if any one is inside. If there should be any and they attempt to escape, shoot them down, but give them warning to surrender."

The men advanced to the door, which they found to be fastened; and after demanding admission, to which they received no answer, they proceeded to break it open, which delayed them some time, for the door was a strong oak one.—This done, they entered.

"Do you know the man by sight, lieutenant?" asked Col. Halcourt, while the men were busy ransacking the house.

"No, sir; but there is a fellow I picked up on the road now in the rear that knows him well."

"Order him to the front."

The countryman had not a very prepossessing countenance. There was a bold surliness and cruel expression of features extremely displeasing.

"What is your name?" said Col. Halcourt, in his quick, military manner.

"John Classen."

"Do you know Peter Van Dyke?"

"Very well."

"Is that his dwelling?"

"Yes—though since his mother's death and his sister's getting married, it is hard to say where he keeps himself."

"Does he bear the name of being a great rebel, and a dangerous man to those who favor the king in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, from the Passaic to the Hackensack and thirty miles around. If I had my way he'd be hung long ago, and his house burned over his head; he is the leader of every rebel gang from the army, and points out the honest farmer's houses who stand by their king, whose barns they plunder, and carry away the grain."

"Why, you tell a bitter story about him; has he ever injured you?"

"Injured me? He and a parcel of robbers himself, came one afternoon to burn my house, and hang me before the door, which they would have done but for the timely arrival of a number of friendly neighbors, well armed, when they went off in double-quick time."

"Does he not venture into New York, sometimes in disguise?" inquired the colonel.

"I've heard so. He was slippery from a boy up, and could disguise himself any way. He's a precious scamp, and you'd do a favor to this part of Jersey, if you hang him the minute you catch him."

This conversation had been held near a stone wall, on the other side of which was an old garden; but the troubles of the times, had left it uncultivated, and the gooseberries and current bushes had grown up rank and untrimmed, and the briars stretched over the walls, covering the ground from sight.

Under this, and within ten feet of the Col. and Classen, lay crouched the very man they were talking of. He had barely time to escape from the house and conceal himself upon the approach of the horsemen, whom he did not then suspect to be within ten miles of him.

Twice, or thrice, on hearing the base lies of Classen, he was on the point of rising and confronting him; but a little reflection was left, and he thought that was not the occasion to put his life in jeopardy, which he certainly would do, since the party of troops had come expressly to take him.

"Do you know with any certainty, Classen; how long since Van Dyke has been seen in the neighborhood?"

"I have heard he was seen last night two miles from this, in a by-path through the woods, coming in the direction of his house."

"That is the information I received, and I am determined to capture him sooner or later. If you can point out his whereabouts, or arrest him yourself, you shall have a reward of fifty guineas."

Classen was as avaricious and fond of money as he was wicked. Fifty guineas was a large sum indeed, particularly in those days when gold was rarely seen.

"I will catch him, Colonel, before he is three days older; I know one of his haunts."

"Why would he of no use this time of day. Besides he may not be there for a day or two, and I shall have to be cautious in looking out for him."

"Well, secure him, and the fifty guineas shall be yours."

Several of the soldiers now came from the house and stated they had searched it from top to bottom, but found no one, although from appearances, some one had been there recently.

The colonel, followed by Classen, passed on to the house, while the fugitive lay quietly in his concealment.

It was a plain framed house of middle size, built partly of stone in the old Dutch style, and very comfortable within.—There was but little furniture—a few tables, chairs and cooking utensils. The better part, Classen said, had been taken away on the occasion of Van Dyke's sister's marriage, a year before, as her part.

"Here is a great coat, sir," said one of the soldiers, "that was found on the floor of the kitchen, near the back door. It must have been dropped in a hurry."

"Feel if there are any papers in the pockets," said Col. Halcourt.

"Yes, sir, there is a bundle of 'em."

The colonel took the package, looked at the superscription, broke the seal, and going to the window commenced reading them to himself with a countenance of surprise.

"So, so—here is a list of our troops, and their numbers in and around the city. At Elizabethtown and Newark, one thousand, Gen. Clinton leaves soon for Charleston with

five thousand. Why, these documents are indeed of importance. Who can play the spy so thoroughly in our camp? This is a most dangerous character to be abroad. Men," he said aloud, "and you, Classen, search every hole and see if any more papers can be found."

Nothing could give Classen greater delight than this order. Curiosity and other reasons had long urged him to enter the house during Van Dyke's absence for that very purpose; but the dread that Van Dyke might return while he was thus engaged, had heretofore prevented him from undertaking it. He was now armed with proper authority, and protected.

What he found or discovered, he did not report to Col. Halcourt, but made the same report as the soldiers, that nothing of importance could be found. "Very well; we will now leave the place and return to quarters at Powles Hook,—Hodgeson, place some dry wood in the middle of this room, and when I give the word apply the match."

"What! Are you going to burn the willows, Colonel?" said Classen, his face gleaming with satisfaction.

"Yes, I will burn the nest of this rebel carrier-bird. It is well he is not within my reach or he would swing for it. One such fellow, with his secret spying and finding out, is of more injury to us than a regiment of rebels in an open field."

Little did the British commander imagine the young man was then almost within sound of his voice.

"To horse, men, all except Hodgeson." By this time Classen and the colonel had approached within hearing of Van Dyke, when he halted with his troopers.

"Now, Hodgeson, apply the match—mount and fall in."

It was with anguish Van Dyke heard the order, from his hiding place. The Willows, as the farm house was called, had been the birth-place of his ancestors, and there he had passed all his life. But what could he do? Nothing.

Presently a thick black smoke arose and burst from each door and window. This was followed by a brilliant flame, that shot far into the sky, and the crackling of the well-seasoned timber, dry with a century's preparation, could be heard at a great distance.

"There will be one rebel shelter less to-night. It is a pity they were not all burned down; then the king would have more friends this side of the water.—These rebels are like dogs—a good whipping makes them better natured. The house is nearly consumed, for the embers are beginning to fly before the evening breeze. By files, to the right face, trot!" And the horsemen wheeled into the road.

"Fifty guineas, you say, colonel, if I take Van Dyke?" asked Classen again.

"Yes, fifty guineas."

"Then I will leave you here and keep a watch around. He may return here before a great while. Where shall you halt?"

"At the Oaks, five miles off, and stop for an hour or two for a forage party.—If anything should occur within that time you know where to find me." The officers and troops rode away.

Classen lingered around, and gradually approached the building, which, with the exception of the walls, was a heap of ruins.

"So, John Classen, you have glutted your vengeance upon me, and this is your work—viper, wrangle!"

Classen turned, and beheld within six feet of him, Van Dyke leaning on his musket.

"No, no, Peter," the wretch murmured, trembling as he spoke, "it was the British officer; you know that I wouldn't injure you."

"Speak not another word, liar, or I shall forget myself and blow your brains out. I heard all. You are to have fifty guineas for apprehending me. I am everything that is bad. I came to burn your house down, but fled when your friends approached. Wretch, I saved your dwelling and your worthless carcass, and these ruins are my reward."

"Peter, dear Peter."

"Soundred, do not apply the word dear to me. It sounds worse than the hiss of a snake. Listen, John Classen; the chief reason of your animosity to me is because Kate Wessels preferred my hand to yours."

"Thank God! She and her father are now safe from your persecution, for they are now within the American lines.—Now hear me; I spare you this time, for you are unarmed; but when next we meet, be it in town or village, forest or road, at wedding or funeral, your life or mine. Go!"

Classen waited not a second bidding, but disappeared in the direction taken by the soldiers in double quick time, his hair standing on end, for, like all rogues, he was as cowardly as he was bad.

Van Dyke paused a moment, and thus pondered in his own mind.—"That soundred will bring some of those horsemen back, for he will imagine that I may linger two or three hours around this old place. Yes, yes, I will, after some twenty of our lads have prepared an ambush for them. Fifty guineas will draw Classen anywhere, coward as he is, especially when backed by the red coats."

It was not long before Van Dyke returned with his party, who he gathered by a signal; and as night had fallen, they took their stations where they could remain unperceived. For the space of an hour all was still, when the distant tramp of horses was heard on the road.

"Here they come," said Van Dyke.—"Each choose his man, but leave Classen to me. You will know him by the coat he wears. I will give the word when to fire."

In a short time the party of horsemen rode up to the willows; and true enough they were red coats, headed by a lieutenant, with Classen.

"Fire!" shouted Van Dyke.

So sudden and deadly was the aim that not more than half a dozen remained in their saddles, and they wheeled their horses and fled as quick as possible. Van Dyke had intentionally aimed at the horse of Classen, and he fell with his rider. To secure Classen was the work of a moment.

"Now, lads, bring out the rope and throw it over that willow branch; we have alarmed the enemy, and he will be down upon us."

"Mercy, mercy!" cried Classen.

All was in vain; the noise was slipped over his head; they strung him up, and there he was left a corpse. The burning of the willows had been avenged.—*North's Messenger.*

A sailor who visited some exhibition in which gold-work was used, found himself by an accidental explosion, suddenly blown out of the building into an adjoining yard. Considering it a part of the performance, he gravely inquired of his neighbor what was to be done next.

Gold-mining in California—The Prospects.

A correspondent of the *Boston Post* thus speaks of the mining prospects in California:—"Dust is high for lack of water, which latter is said to be usually low. Old heads predict early rains and a hard season. So mote it be. The country is so netted with ditches now that the water is distributed very much, which greatly facilitates mining operations.—Rich strikes are made every day, and you may set it down as a point not worth arguing that the mines will not give out in your day or mine. The old miners say the country isn't fairly 'prospected' yet, nor is it. Gold lies everywhere, from the river-beds to the mountain-tops. It is found in the bowels of the hills, in old water-courses, covered deep with the washings of many centuries; perhaps by volcanic convulsions. I have seen this year claims paying \$1,500 a day to eight men, and paying that, too, week after week. To go down about sundown and see them 'span out' was a rich sight; to see the rich bright gold turned over and over in the muddy water; here a lump and there a lump, some round like shot, some like drippings of candles, as though it had been vomited forth from the bowels of the earth in running streams, some rolled out flat by the grinding of huge boulders, and mixed with it all the beautiful glistening scales, and the fine dust, almost an impalpable powder—gold—all gold—in every conceivable shape. No! it isn't all gone yet, but for many a year to come the mines will yield their rich treasures to the hardy laborer."

EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMING.—Two of the sailors belonging to the schooner J. T. Grice, while she was lying at our anchorage, at Provder Horn, concluded to cross the bay on a hunting and fishing excursion. They went over to Sand Point in a small boat, left her on the beach to take a hunt, and while they were out, the wind freshened up and their boat blew off. When they returned and saw the boat some distance out, one of them concluded to swim after it; he failed to overtake it, and finding the sea too high for him to attempt to get back, swam on, and actually made the shore at Stephen's Bayou, a distance of ten miles from where he started, and on the opposite side of the bay. Who'll brag of swimming the Hellespont after this?—*Indianian (Texas) Bul.*

FIGHT BETWEEN A RATTLESNAKE AND HOGS.—The *States Rights Democrat*, published at Elba, Ala., narrates the following:—"Two gentlemen were lately in the woods, when their attention was attracted by an uproarious noise of hogs. Thinking that something uncommon was to pay, they repaired to the spot, and found that the hogs had been in a fight with a very large rattlesnake. The fight, from appearance, had been a long and desperate one. The snake was torn to pieces, three hogs dead, and a fourth dying. The say that, as the last hog would groan, the snake would raise his head, being unable to do anything else. The snake and hog soon died. They report that for thirty yards around, the grass and ground were torn up. The snake was six and a half or seven feet long. The hogs, in the fight, had demolished all the rattles except two."

MUSIC BY STEAM.—A Mr. Stoddard, of Worcester, Mass., has constructed an instrument for making music by steam. It consists of a series of whistles like those used on locomotives, being made of different sizes, so as to produce the desired tone corresponding with each note. This completes the machine, with the exception of a cylinder similar to those used in a common hand organ or music box, containing cogs, which, when properly arranged, will, if turned by hand, or otherwise, operate upon the valves in such a manner as to play any tune desired, by simply changing the position of the cogs, which are arranged so as to be moveable.

ELIMINATING METALLIC POISONS.—The newly discovered process of eliminating metallic poisons from the human body by means of chemical electricity, which has excited so much interest in the medical and scientific world, is as follows: A metallic bath is insulated from everything, and partially filled with acidulated water, to convey more readily the electric currents. The patient lies upon a seat in the tub, insulated entirely from the bath. When gold, silver or mercury is in the system, nitric or hydrochloric acids are employed; when lead is suspected, the acid used is sulphuric. This done, the negative pole of a battery is put in connection with the bath, while the positive pole is in the hands of the patient. The electricity now precipitates the metallic impurities, and discovers every particle of metallic substance concealed in the most profound tissues, bones, joints and nerves of the patient, resolving them into their primitive forms, and extracting them entire from the human organization, deposits them upon the sides of the bath, where they can be easily seen.

THE CRANBERRY CURE OF ERYTHROPAL.—The *New Haven Palladium* records another case of the complete cure of erysipelas by the simple application of raw cranberries pounded fine. The patient was a young lady, one side of whose face had become swollen and inflamed that the eye had become closed and the pain excessive. A poultice of cranberries was applied, and after several changes the pain ceased, the inflammation subsided, and, in the course of a couple of days, every vestige of the disease had disappeared.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH DISPATCH.—It is stated that the Connecticut Historical Society have in their possession, for preservation, the first line sent over the Magnetic Telegraph in America. The graphic question, "What hath God wrought!" was the first connected sentence, dictated by Mrs. Annie G. Ellsworth, now Mrs. Smith, of Indiana, daughter of Henry L. Ellsworth, Esq. It was sent from Washington to Baltimore, to Professor Morse.

IMMENSE WEALTH.—The *Rothschils*, according to their own estimate, possess \$700,000,000 in personal property, exclusive of real estate, securities, mines, &c., which amount to at least half as much more, making the enormous sum of over one thousand million dollars, or an amount much larger than the entire valuation of New York city.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—The *Journal of Health* says:—

1st. A man out of money can't be happy.

2d. A man out of health can't be happy.

3d. A man without a wife can't be happy.

Therefore, I have come to the conclusion, that the best way to be happy is to take care of your health, keep out of debt, and get a wife.

Poetical Effort.

Worcester county produced something better pretty girls, tall corn, fat pigs and big "horned critters," as witness the following effort of a votary of the muses, the manuscript of which was recently rescued from the obscurity of a *May basket*, hung at the door of one of our fair friends in the above-mentioned flourishing agricultural district of this State.—The writer must have drank deep of the fluid from the poet's fount—probably the "original package":—

"Now Sarah Deer
do not weep no more
for it is that ain hear
With plenty of love in store.
Sarah has not wept no more ever since.—
Boston Post.

A LADY'S OPINION.—The meekest and most contemptible of mankind may yet find some humane advocates; and male coquettes have at least one defender. The poet Campbell says that he once heard a lady of distinguished beauty and rank defend Sir Thomas Lawrence from the charge of having been guilty of paying attentions to ladies without intending to follow them up by an offer of his hand. A gentleman remarked that he thought Sir Thomas was highly blameable. "No," replied the lady, who was said to have been herself the temporary object of the great painter's attentions; "no, not exactly—not so much to blame," said the lady musingly. "What!" exclaimed the gentleman—"you astonish me. Not to blame for such conduct?" "No, not so much," was still the lady's musing response. "Can you really, madame," said the gentleman again, "defend such behavior as a desertion?" "Why, sir," interrupted the lady, "to confess the truth, I am firmly of the opinion that the majority of women would rather be courted and jilted, than not courted at all."

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—We are told that the following conversation was overheard among two Volunteers on the Rio Grande. Scene, night. Two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in the mud.

Volunteer 1st—"Jim, how came you to volunteer?"

Volunteer 2d—"Why, Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a red cent for me, and so I volunteered—and besides, I like war! Now tell me how you came out here?"

Volunteer 1st—"Why, the fact is, you know I—I—I have got a wife, and so I came out here, because I like peace!"

Hereupon both the volunteers turned over in their blankets, got a new plastering of mud, and went to sleep.

THE PHRENOLOGIST POSSED.—An itinerant phrenologist was passing through one of our New England villages, stopping at each house he passed, in hopes of making his scientific acquirements the means of putting a stray quarter into a pocket-book which was far from being plethoric.

Among others, he stopped at a rustic farmhouse, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in the backyard, in splitting up wood for consumption in the approaching winter.

The old farmer did not take much notice of our phrenologist, who, after watching the axe ascend and descend a few times, ventured to broach the object of his visit, by saying:

"Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like to have me examine the heads of your children? I will do it cheap."

"Wall," said the farmer, pausing between two strokes, "I rath'er guess they don't need it. The old woman combs 'em with a fine-tooth comb, once a week."

NEW INVENTION.—A Yankee down-east has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supersede gas. He covers the interior of a flour barrel with shoemaker's wax—holds it open to the sun, then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut out and sold in "lots to suit purchasers."

STRANGE BED.—First Loafer—"Why, Jim, how pale you look; what's the matter?"

Second Loafer—"Oh! got no sleep last night."

F. L.—"How was that?"

S. L.—"Why, you see another feller took my cellar door, and so I had to take another, and I can never sleep in a strange bed."

DEPARTING MALES.—"Now, girls," said Mrs. Partington, the other day to her nieces, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll be murdered."

"Why so, aunt?" inquired one.

"Why, I see by the paper that we've got almost fifteen thousand Post Offices, and nearly all on 'em despatches a mail every day—the Lord have mercy on our poor widows."

A correspondent of the *Madison, Wisconsin Democrat* pays Chicago the following compliment:

"Men are getting rich faster, and living higher and doing more business, and drinking more, and going to the devil generally by a shorter road in Chicago than in any place I ever saw out West."

A LITTLE INCIDENT.—At an assemblage of a few friends, one evening last week, the absence of a lady was noticed, which was apologized for by an acquaintance, who stated that she was detained by a little incident.

"Ah, yes," exclaimed Mrs. John Smith, "and a beautiful little incident it was too; weighs just nine pounds and a half."

HOME PRACTICE.—Old Dr. Foster, who practiced in the "healing art" at Buxford, some years ago, was in the habit of cooking up all sorts of roots and herbs into medicines and specifics, and trying them upon his wife, and it they did not kill her, he was ready for all his other patients.

A Convention of husbands is to meet shortly at Syracuse, to take some measures in regard to matters of fashion. They say possessing any, says they resemble Noah's carpenter, who built a ship in which other people were saved, though they were drowned.

Gold is said to have been discovered on Indiana river, Nicaragua.

Money is well spent in purchasing tranquility of mind.

In man's works, as those of God, the intention is the great thing to be studied.

Be the same to your friends, both in adversity or prosperity.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

Farmers' Clubs.

Among the best instruments to awaken interest in the improvement of our modes of cultivation, there are none that stand higher than the one named at the head of this article. A few words as to the uses of these associations and their mode of action, may not be thrown away. Every farmer has peculiarities in his management of each branch of his calling, and for every one of his peculiarities, if he is a sensible man, he has a reason that to him is abundantly satisfactory. He is confident that if his neighbor would but follow his mode of cultivating a crop or rearing an animal, he would be greatly benefited, and eminently more successful than he is to follow his own. While his neighbor believes precisely the same in regard to him. Let these two men with half a dozen others who hold all shades of opinion on the points where the two differ, meet to discuss the mooted questions, and there are a hundred chances to one that the opinions and practice of every man in the room would be modified and improved. In the present unsatisfactory condition of agricultural science, next to a long series of carefully conducted, well arranged, detailed experiments, there is nothing so much to be desired as a bringing out of opinions, and a comparison of the practices of practical men. And we can conceive of no means so well calculated to do it as a pleasant neighborhood gathering of farmers of an evening, to talk over the modes of practice pursued by them individually in reference to some particular subject to which the evening is devoted. There need be no formality or speech making; let it be entirely a conversational meeting, and a record kept of the mode advocated by each person, in order to give some value and perpetuity to the discussion.

Our word for it, a dozen farmers in any town who will meet and start some subject to be discussed, as for instance the best mode of harvesting Indian corn, whether to cut it to the ground or to cut the stalks and leave it to rip