

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.

The following beautiful little poem from Tennyson's new volume—"Maud, and other Poems"—is said to be a true passage from the poet's experience. Whether it is or not, it is MARVELL enough to be thus set down:

The Letters.
Still on the tower stood the vase,
A black yew gloomed the stagnant air,
I peep'd at the chancel pane,
And saw the blue and white
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A bad of pain across my brow,
"Old altar, Heaven's message shall meet
Before you bear my letter now."
I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song
That nuck'd the wholesome human heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part,
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw with half unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.
She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,
Then raised her head with lips compressed,
And gave my letters back to me,
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts were scarce and please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I looked on these.
She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public ear,
She told me all her friends had said;
But in my words were seeds of fire,
"No more of love; your sex is known;
I never will be twice to you;
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be beloved."
"Thou slander, meanest spawn of Hell,
(And woman's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thou'rt now my life will be secure;
I spoke with heart, and heart and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms;
Like torrents from the stormy sky
We rushed into each other's arms.
We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapor-braided blue,
Low breezes fan'd the beffroy bars,
And homeward to the tower I drew.
The very grass appear'd to smile,
So fresh they were in shadow'd dells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells."

Select Miscellany.

Disciplining Fowls.

The Chinese living in canal boats send their ducks ashore during the day time to earn their living, and whistle them home at night. The last duck gets a switching.—There is constantly a duck race—each one trying not to be the last. Some years back I kept some fowls, and among them was a very fine large Dominique cock, that would get into my flower garden, and then call his family around him. There was of course, great scratching among them, until I interrupted the sport by driving them off. The hens would fly in great alarm; not so chancier, but perching himself on the fence he would send me a crow of defiance, and as soon as my back was turned, cluck a recall to his hens. This scene was repeated so often that at last I got out of patience with his impudence and run him down. When I caught him I thought that the Chinese method of drilling birds of another feather might have some effect on my prisoner; so holding him by his legs, I laid him down on his favorite scratching place, and with a switch, whipped him across the wings. After he had been well chastised I let go of him and arose; he lay still. I stepped back a foot or two, when he raised his head. At a motion of my switch, however, he laid his head down again. I then retreated some twenty feet, keeping my eye upon him, and holding the switch "in terrorem." He lay almost perfectly quiet during the time. Occasionally he would raise his head, but the slightest motion of my right arm at this distance was sufficient to make him resume this unnatural position.—Being much amused at the success of my experiment, I held him in this position by the power of whip and eye for fifteen minutes, and in the end he had a little difficulty in starting him off. The consequence was a complete reformation in his moral character, and he never afterwards trespassed on ground that was forbidden him.—*Maine Farmer.*

Extraordinary Fight between Eleven Hundred Horses.

Southey, in his History of the Peninsular War, relates the following:—"Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Fuenen, were cavalry, mounted on five black long tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1,100 in number—and Romano was not a man who would order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were, therefore, taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued such as probably never before was witnessed.—They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twelve together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been seen rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romano, in mercy, gave orders to destroy them; but it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the last boat had quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."

A Lawyer, being sick, made his last will and testament, and gave all his estates to fools and madmen! Being asked the reason for so doing, he said, "From such I got it, and to such I return it again."

Extraordinary Life Insurance Case.

A recently published work upon insurance companies contains the following anecdote:—"A merchant appeared in the commercial walks of Liverpool, where, deep in the mysteries of cotton and corn, a constant attendant at church, a subscriber to local charities, and a giver of good dinners, he was much respected. The hospitalities of the house were graciously dispensed by his niece. But at length it became whispered that his speculations were unsuccessful; and it was necessary for him to borrow money. This he did upon the security of property belonging to his niece. A certain amount of secrecy was necessary for the sake of his credit, and the Liverpool companies readily assented. He insured her life with at least ten different life insurance companies, for £2,000 each; and the game was again played over.—The lady was taken ill, the doctor was sent for, and found her in convulsions. A specific was administered, but in the course of the night he was again summoned, but arrived too late. Next morning it was known to all Liverpool that she had died suddenly. The body lay in state, and the merchant retained his position, and bore himself with a decent dignity under his affliction. He made no immediate application for the money, and scarce alluded to it; but he had selected his victims with skill.—They were safe and honorable men; and he duly received his £20,000, (\$100,000). From this period he appeared to decline in health, and was recommended change of climate. He went abroad, and with him his clever partner, who possessed the wonderful power of simulating death, and deceiving the medical men."

Amusing Metamorphosis.

The St. Johnsbury (Vermont) *Caledonian* relates an amusing incident which recently occurred at the Island Pond passenger depot, in that State. Among the passengers from Montreal was an ancient specimen of the human species, of gigantic proportions, apparently of the feminine gender, who might have been taken for Walter Scott's Meg Merrilies, or one of the witches in Macbeth. Her head and shoulders were covered with a large old fashioned shawl, fastened under the chin, while from underneath the shawl a huge mass of uncombed black hair straggled in elfin locks down her cheeks, completely covering the upper part of her countenance. On her left arm swung a somewhat dilapidated satchel, while with her right hand she vainly endeavored to keep the wandering folds of a faded calico dress of magnificent dimensions from trailing upon the platform. Thus appeared, the traveler stepped forth amid the crowd, ogled by the giggling boys, and shunned by the hotel runners. To the astonishment of the bystanders, she boldly stepped forward and demanded if she was in the United States. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she coolly remarked that she did not wish to show the modesty of any one, but she should take the liberty of "shuffling off," not "the mortal coil," but a portion of her unique garments. No sooner said than done. Off came the venerable shawl and the antiquated dress; when lo and behold! the weird-looking old woman was metamorphosed into a bouncing young man of twenty-five, who two days before (as he said) had deserted from the service of Queen Victoria, in Canada, and had assumed this disguise to aid him in his escape.

The following is good, but old. In fact, many editors have a great respect for age in the selection of funny things:—"The hard shell Baptists" are a well known sect in the south and south west. They are not related that we know of to the hard shell democrats in York state, though their christian name is the same. They go dead against all Bible, temperance, and education societies; hate missions to the heathen, and all modern schemes for converting the rest of mankind.—Of course they are opposed to learning, and speak as they are suddenly moved. A Georgia correspondent writes to Drawer, and relates the following of one of their preachers:—"Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, 'When Abraham built the ark.' The other behind strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, 'Abraham wasn't there.' But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, 'I say, when Abraham built the ark.'"

"And I say," cried out the other, "Abraham wasn't there."
The hard shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, "I say Abraham was there, or thereabouts!"

FOUR MONTHS' EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.—I. M. Buckman, who, four months ago, started *The Balance*, a neat and spicy little paper, in Mansfield, Tioga county, retires perfectly satisfied with his brief experience. He says:—"We have been weighed in the balance, and our side of the scale has come down *lump*. We commenced with nothing, and retire four hundred dollars worse off. Our aspirations have been knocked into "pi"—our love for the human family materially injured; but we retire with the best feelings to the whole biped race, politicians in particular."

The following is a literal copy of a list of questions proposed to a debating club in a Western town:—"Subject of Discussion—Is dandin morally wrong?—Is the reading of fustian books commendable?—Is it necessary that females should receive a thorough literary education?—Or females to take parts in politics?"

"Alice," said little Mary the other day, "let us go to the boy's theatre to-morrow."
"No," said Alice, "I can't go."
"Why?" persisted Mary; "why can't you?"
"Because," said Alice, "I can't go without having my *enchant* with mother, and I don't want to do that."
Remarkable juvenile precocity that.

A printer, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it.
"In printing," he said, "all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily."

A contemporary, speaking of the report on gentlemen's fashions, says:—"There is not much change in gent's pants this month."—Very likely.

Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in defence?—"Nothing, please your honor, but an habitual thirst."

Laughable Occurrence.

A few days ago a man-of-war's man, a regular "tar," stepped into the Post Office, and addressing one of the clerks, asked, "Do you know Jim Jenkins, Springfield?"—"Not I," replied the clerk, surprised; "why do you ask?" The sailor replied, "Because I wanted you to give a letter to him," saying which he produced an epistle. "Very well," replied the clerk, "the letter will be sent to him, but you must put a stamp on it."—"How the deuce can you send a letter to Jim Jenkins unless you know him?" replied the tar. "Oh! that does not matter," answered the clerk, "I can send the letter, but it will cost you three cents for a stamp."—"Stamp!" cried the sailor; "show me one."—"A stamp was accordingly shown to him, when he exclaimed, "no, shiver me, if I put Jim Jenkins off with three cents, for he often spent a dollar on me; haven't you got anything handsomer than this?" The clerk replied in the affirmative, and showed him a ten cent stamp. "Well," cried the other, "this is decent, but haven't you got anything better?" The clerk said no, when Jack, a new idea occurring to him, remarked, "All right, put ten of them (the ten cent ones) on the letter; confound my limbs, I will never send Jim Jenkins less than a dollar's worth." Saying this he threw down the dollar on the counter, took up the stamps and stuck them on the letter, which he threw into the letter box, with an expression of satisfaction at having spent a dollar's worth on Jim Jenkins.

M'LE RACHEL.—The presence of this accomplished actress in New York has roused the wits of that city either to make or to remember numerous anecdotes about her, some of which are quite amusing. We translate the following from the "Courier des Etats Unis." She owns quite a pretty country house in the valley of Montmorency, to which she has given the funny name of *My Health*. This leads occasionally to strange misconceptions. Being asked one day, "How is your health, Mademoiselle?" "Tolerable," she answered; "but the hard wind the other day blew down its weather-vane." Her interlocutor, of course, did not understand her, and looked amazed. A note is now going the rounds, addressed by her to a bricklayer, in the following terms:—"Sir, on the receipt of this do me the favor to send to Montmorency three hundred well-burned bricks, wanted for the repair of *my health*."

A BAD FRIEND, BETTER BROKEN THAN KEPT.—My friend Richards, says an Eastern correspondent, was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge just as often as he made it.—The last time I had seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew. "Why, Richards," says I, "you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."
"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

A MICHIGAN SNAKE STORY.—The *Romulus* (New York) *Eagle* says that Mr. J. Midman, of Cato Four Corners, while returning from a visit to Romulus in his carriage, recently, encountered a pair of immense rattle-snakes, engaged in fighting a bee's nest. The snakes used their tails to beat off the bees, and in a short time were in possession of the honey of their antagonists. Mr. M. attacked and killed one of the snakes, which measured 35 feet, and had 67 rattles in his tail. The skin and rattles may be seen at his residence at Cato. Probably Mr. Midman wears multiplying spectacles.

GOOD.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied:—"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work a day, I must do that very first thing, in an hour. After it was done I was allowed to play, with much more pleasure than if the thought of an unfinished task obtruded upon my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in turn, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

A man who does not claim to be a judge of swine says:—"Last spring I bought a little pig from a drove, and he was good for eating, but wouldn't grow much. He got so after a week or two that he would eat a large bucket full, at a time, and then like Oliver Twist, call for more. Well, one morning I carried out a water bucket full of dough, and after he had swallowed it all, I picked the pig up and put it in the same bucket I had fed him from, and the little cuss didn't half fill it full."

Dr. E. P. Fearing, of Nantucket, Mass., has taken from the stomach, abdomen and left side of a patient named Jane James, sixty-two needles, and it is probable, it is said, that quite a number remain to be removed. They were swallowed 12 years ago, when the patient was deranged, and imagined herself a pincushion!

COME TO HIS SENSES.—The Seneca Falls Revue tearfully tells the following "melancholy affair":—"At Niagara Falls, last Friday night, a young man, name unknown, who had been disappointed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his hat and coat, and casting one lingering look into the gulf beneath him—turned and went back to his hotel! His body was found the next morning—in bed."

HEAVY GRAIN OPERATION.—In one day, at Chicago, last week, a single party purchased six hundred thousand bushels of wheat, to be shipped for Boston. The price averaged \$1.50 per bushel—making the nice sum of nine hundred thousand dollars.

"Ma, who made the plums on these trees?"
"God made them, my child."
"Did he make them all, the little green ones too?"
"Yes, my dear, all of them."
"I guess if he had to eat them, he wouldn't make them."

A SUBJECT FOR BARNUM.—The editor of the *Eddyville* (Iowa) *Free Press* boasts that a lady of that place, under 21 years of age, has been the mother of seven children.

The Scotch have a saying, "Who cheats me once, shame befall him; if he cheats me twice, shame befall me."

The good heart, the tender feelings and pleasant disposition make smiles, love and sunshine every where.

THE GREASED POLE.

SHOWING HOW ZEKI PHILPOT GOT SUCKED IN, AND THEN AGAIN HOW HE DIDN'T.

Ezekiel Philpot was born in America, somewhere near the head waters of the Penobscot, and when he arrived at the age of nineteen, he had got his growth and "cut his eye teeth," a circumstance which was generally admitted by all who knew him.—One bright morning in June, Zeke placed his long body in a clean shirt, run his long legs through a pair of striped trousers, wrapped a span new waistcoat about his breast, hauled up his stiff cotton dickey and tied a check gingham about his neck, and then donned his swallow-tailed coat, the brass buttons of which looked like a row of newly risen stars. Zeke was literally a pioneer in the "Bloomer costume," at least one would have thought so to see him as he now stood. He disdainful to have his trousers legs dangling in the mud, or to have the cuffs of his coat slopping in the wash bowl, so his blue stockings peeped forth from beneath the tops of his cowhides that looked up full six inches to the trousers bottoms, while his boy wrists had free scope from either shirt sleeve or cuff.—Zeke's hair, which was of no color in particular, but bore all the lighter shades of the vegetable kingdom, was down flat with pure bear's bile, and directly on the top of his head he put a white hat, somewhat resembling an inverted butter firkin, and after gazing at his presentment in the looking glass for four and a half minutes, was heard to say—

"Thar, Mr. Zeke Philpot, if you don't slide on that, then I guess what ain't what, that's all!"

Zeke was bound for Bosting, with a load of genuine apple-sass, and he expected, ere he returned, to make a slight contribution, if not more, in the great metropolis. The old mare was harnessed, and in due course of time Zeke and his load arrived in Bosting, where the "sass" was disposed of to good advantage; and with seventy-five dollars in his pocket, our hero began to look around to see the sights.

"Hello!" exclaimed Zeke, as he stopped one morning before a blazing placard which adorned one of the back walls in Flag Alley; "wat'n tar'nation's that!—A Golden Ladder—a Road to Fortu-ne—oh, fortin, that's it—a road to fortune!"

Zeke went on to decipher the reading beneath, and gradually he gained the intelligence that on Back Bay there was to be a pole twenty feet high, and upon the top of which the proprietor would place a prize of \$200, to be obtained by any one who could obtain it. Chances \$5.

"Well, two hundred dollars is some pumpkins," soliloquized Zeke. "I've clumb some poaty skinny trees in my day. I'll just walk into that feller's tew hundred, rot me if I deon't!"

With this feeling of cupidty, Zeke started for the scene of action, and 'twas not till he had run down a dozen apple women, that he remembered his entire ignorance of where Back Bay might be, and when this information was gained, he appeared to remember that the "old man" hadn't been seen to.

Zeke was economical in his horse-keeping. He hired a single stall in a small shed near the Providence Depot, bought his own hay, and took care of his own animal.—Bhinter he hastened his steps, and having fed and watered his beast, he took from his wagon-box an old wool-card, and raked down the mare in the most approved manner. To be sure the steel teeth moved a little more harshly over the bones than usual, but then Zeke was in a hurry, for that "tew hundred" was in his eye.

At length, by dint of much inquiry, Mr. Ezekiel Philpot found his way to the spot where the people had already begun to collect around the "Golden Ladder."

"Hat-lo!" exclaimed Zeke, as he came up; "whar's the chap wot keeps this ere pole?"
"I'm the man," answered a burly fellow with a red nose and a pimpled chin, who occupied a chair near the pole; "want to try a chance? Walk up, gentlemen, walk up—only three dollars. Who wants the two hundred?"

"Hold on, ole feller," interrupted Zeke; "dew yer mean to say hee how there's tew hundred dollars in that 'ere bag up' the top of that pole?"

"Certainly."
"An' if I ken git it it's mine?"
"You can have a chance for three dollars, Mr. Zeke."
"Zackly. Wal, now, there's yer three dollars, an' neow here's what goes for the hull lot."

Zeke divested himself of his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and giving a powerful leap, grasped the pole about ten feet from the ground. A single second—not longer—he staid there; and then—slipped back upon terra firma. Zeke looked at his hands, and then down upon his striped trousers.—Then he looked at his hands again; and raising them up to his nose, while a deep, long snell seemed to set his doubts and queries at rest, he uttered—

"The Deuce! Hog's fat, by thunder!"
A broad laugh from the crowd soon brought Zeke to his senses, and convinced him that he had been sold. But ere he could find his tongue again, an old salt, about "three sheets in the wind," paid for his chance, and essayed to climb the pole. The sailor huffed half way up, and then he slid. The crowd laughed again, but this time their attention was turned from Zeke to the new aspirant, and after waiting a moment in a sort of "brown study," our hero quickly slipped away, remarking to the nosed man "he was gone to get three dollars more, an' he'd be darned if he didn't try it again."

In an hour Zeke was again upon the ground. "Neow, ole feller," said he to the man who took the entrance money, "I want tew try that 'ere thing wunst more, an' I want yew! understand, 'at I shall jis' take off my shews this time."
"Got nothing in your stockings?" suggested the red-nosed man.

"Nothin' but my feet," returned Zeke, as he planted thirteen inches of flesh and bone in the lap of the inquisitor.

Zeke paid his three dollars, and minus coat, vest and "shews," he grasped the pole. Slowly, yet steadily he crept up from the ground. He hugged like a blood sucker to the greased pole, and by degrees he neared the top. His hand was within a foot of the bag of dollars, and he stopped to get breath. One more lift, and then another, and the prize was within his grasp. Zeke slid to the earth with the two hundred dollars!

"Thar! know'd I could dew it. I hain't clumb spruces and white maples all my days for nothin'! Good bye, fols, an' I t'ny of yew er come deor a eas, stick yuv as call."

Zeke left the crowd in wonder, and made the best of his way to the stable. He shut the door of the shed, and then pulling up his trousers, he untied from the inside of each knee one half of the steel-toothed leather of his old horse-card!

"Wall, old Dobbin," said Zeke, patting the mare affectionately on the back, while he held the pieces of card-leather in his hand, the scattering teeth of which had been filed sharp, "rather guess I ken 'ford to buy yew a new heard now."

Eating Oysters.

It was only a few evenings ago, that I happened to be sitting at a side table at R's, eating saloon, in this place, indulging in "a few fried," before going to bed.—The oysters were particularly fine, and should have engrossed all my attention; but visions of doctors and dyspepsia would intrude themselves upon me. The opening of the door disturbed my not very pleasant reveries, and when I raised my head, my eyes fell upon a rather strange looking specimen of humanity. He evidently belonged to that class of persons called Yankees—not a genuine Yankee, such as come from Vermont State, and are notorious for their wooden nutmeg propensities; not that kind.—Here we apply the term "Yankee" to those individuals who come down the river semi-annually with lumber.

Well, as soon as he entered, he walked, or rather lounged, up to the counter, behind which R. was standing, and after watching his motions for a moment or two, broke out with—
"I say, captain, they look plump; s'pose you open us a few raw?"

A plate was put out before him, and R. commenced serving them out pretty rapidly, as I thought, but not fast enough for the impatient river man. The oyster hardly touched the plate before the Yankee would hook it up with his fork, and gulp it down at one swallow, and then he would flourish his fork before R's face, and cry—

"Hurry up the oakes! Wake up, old man! &c., until R., who had always prided himself on his dexterity in unpeeling the "sea toads," became quite excited. At last, in reply to some cutting joke of the Yankee, R. said in no very genteel tone—

"Look here, friend, you seem to pride yourself on being a fast eater. Now I'll bet you \$20 I can open oysters faster than you can pick up and swallow them, and not half try!"
"I don't like to be bluffed off in that way, stranger," says the Yankee; "but you are a little ahead of my pile. S'pose you make it \$10, and I swan if I don't take you, and give you five for a starter."

This was agreed to, and both parties pulled out their money, and deposited it in my hands. After all was fixed, R. deliberately opened the five he was to start with, and then rolling his sleeves up to his elbows, called out to the Yankee, who was standing, fork in hand, and anxiously awaiting the commencement—
"Now for it!"

The words had hardly left his mouth before he had added another to the plate, and then a second, and a third, following in quick succession.

The Yankee was not idle all this time, but had been stoving them away at a rate that threatened soon to empty the plate before him. R. was beginning to look blank, and I was just thinking that he was going to give up and "acknowledge the corn," when suddenly, by a dexterous twich, he threw one out on the bar counter.

Yankee stopped a moment to cry "foul," but seeing that one had been gained on him by his hesitation, swallowed it, dust and all. The next went clear over the counter on the floor, and the next, and the next.
The Yankee evidently began to see the game, for instead of losing time expostulating, he went scrambling over the floor after the oysters, which now flew to all corners of the room, only waiting to give them a wipe on the sleeve of his coat before engulfing them.

Thus we were kept in doubt which would beat, until R. capped the climax by making one slight—accidentally, of course—right in the spit box! The astonished man gazed for a moment at the oyster as it lay, half embedded in the dirty saw dust, and then dropping his fork, made a straight coat tail out of a side door.

As the door closed upon him, all hands joined in a hearty laugh at the expense of the vanquished hero, in which R.'s voice was most conspicuous; but a woful change came over his countenance as he examined the stakes which I just handed him. You may judge how the laugh turned, when he exclaimed, in a voice not unlike the rambling of distant thunder—
"Counterfeit, by the eternal!"

INSTANTANEOUS GINGER BEER.—Fill a bottle with pure cold water, then have a cork ready to fit it, also a string of wire to tie it down with, and a mallet to drive the cork, so that no time may be lost; now put into the bottle sugar to your taste (syrup is better), and a teaspoonful of good powdered ginger; shake it well, then add the sixth part of an ounce of super-carbonate of soda; cork rapidly, and tie down—shake the bottle well—cut the string—the cork will fly—then drink your ginger beer.

AWKWARD PREJUDICE FOR A KNOW NOTHING EDITOR.—Mr. Van Antwerp, editor of *The Repository*, a Know Nothing paper at Hudson, New York, on election day went to the polls to deposit his vote, and when he got there it was challenged, on the very consistent ground that he was not a citizen! Mr. Van Antwerp "acknowledged the corn" and retreated.

STREAMING THE POLICE.—Two policemen recently went to arrest a man in one of our great manufacturing towns, whom they found attending to a steam engine. No sooner was the engineer aware of their intention than, raising the safety valve, the place was instantly enveloped in impenetrable mist. When the vapor had cleared away the man was away also.

CARE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—A London correspondent says:—"It often excites remark, the danger to which the Queen is exposed by her travelling so frequently by railroad; but you have no idea of the care taken of her sacred person. The royal saloon in which she rides, has on top a signal telegraph, worked from the interior of the carriage. A man travels on the tender, looking back wards, so as to keep this telegraph constantly in view. He has also tied round his arm the end of a cord, communicating with the guard at the end break, thus giving the guard free communication with the driver. By this means no accident can occur which vigilance can guard against."

Fatten Swine Early.

Many farmers defer fattening their swine until the winter season, so as to kill them the last of January or first of February, and sometimes later. The reasons given for this course are, that the late season affords more leisure for grinding corn and grain, and more time to attend to feeding.—This is not, however, the best economy, as a general thing. The temperature of all warm blooded animals is, at most times, higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, and a constant consumption of fat in the body is required to keep up this elevation of temperature. The amount of heat given off from the surface of the body depends upon the relative coldness of the air. In cold weather, then, more heat producing elements, that is, more fat—is required to sustain the animal than in warm weather; so that from the same amount of food there will be less surplus fat left to increase the size of the animal. To illustrate: Suppose that in September and October an animal eats 15 lbs. of corn per day, but requires only 10 lbs. per day to supply the loss of heat, there will then be left 5 lbs. of corn, or .33 per cent. to increase the bulk of the animal. But in January and February, owing to the increased coldness of the atmosphere, the animal will require at least one-fifth more food—that is 12 lbs. of corn—to keep up the natural warmth of the body.—This leaves but 3 lbs., out of 15, or 20 per cent. to increase the weight. On this account alone it is quite evident that early fattening is more profitable.

The same reason suggests the importance of keeping fattening animals, especially, in warm pens or stalls as little exposed to cold as can be.

MILK AND BUTTER.—In answer to the question, "how much milk does it take to make one pound of butter?" a correspondent of the *Agricultural Gazette* states, as the result of 20 years' experience on dairy farms, he finds that it takes 2 gallons 5 1/2 pints of milk to make one pound of butter for the summer half year, and 2 gallons 3 1/2 pints for the winter half year; or for the 12 months 2 gallons 5 pints of milk to make one pound of butter, and 2 1/2 pints of cream to make one pound of butter. The stocks from which the experiments were taken were chiefly what are known as the well-bred Irish cow.

THE NEW FRENCH METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.—[From an experiment tried at the London Polytechnic Institute.]—"The up one pound and a half of the best American flour in a thick linen bag, allowing ample room to swell, boil in three or four hours until it becomes smooth paste, mix this with warm water fourteen pounds of the best flour, adding the usual quantities of yeast and salt; allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves. The bread should be dusted in; and most rigorously kneaded." This quantity of flour and size—fifteen and a half pounds—has produced twenty-six pounds thirteen ounces of excellent bread, which kept moist and sweet longer than that made by the ordinary process.

STEAM PLOW.—The *Baltimore American* gives the following account of the trial of a Steam Plow at the late Exhibition of the Maryland Agricultural Society:—"After the testing of the speed of the horses the track as well as the ring was cleared for a trial of the steam plow. Four large turf plows were attached to it, and it moved off, throwing up four furrows each about fourteen inches deep. The work was well done, and it was the judgment of many practical farmers present that it was admirably adapted for the breaking up of prairie land. The machine is too heavy for the land in this section of the country, but the principle is a good one, and will lead to improvements which will make the steam plow the means for tilling the soil with profit to the farmer."

RENDERING TEETH INSENSIBLE TO PAIN.—The *Dublin Hospital Gazette* states that diseased teeth have been rendered insensible to pain by a cement composed of Canada balsam and slacked lime, which is to be inserted in the hollow of a tooth like a pill.—It is stated that such pills afford immediate relief in all tooth-aches but chronic cases of inflammation. This remedy for toothache is simple, safe, and can easily be tried by any person.

ECONOMICAL USE OF NUTMEGS.—If a person begins to get a nutmeg at the stalk and it will prove hollow throughout; whereas, the same nutmeg, grated at the other end, would have proved sound and solid to the last.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.—A new counterfeit made its appearance on Saturday. It is on the \$5 of the Commercial Bank of Philadelphia, and is of a character to deceive, being well executed. A number of them were passed on Saturday. Our citizens should exercise caution in taking notes of this denomination on the Commercial Bank, as well as on the Mechanic's Bank, the counterfeiters of which we noticed last week.—*Reading Gazette.*

A COLORED MINISTER'S ELOQUENCE.—"My bruders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob yer troubles, dare is one place you can always find sympathy."—"Whar? whar?" shouted several.—"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz:—"Oh give me a cot in the valley I love."—Reading it over attentively the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead!"

On the line of the New Jersey Railroad is a grave yard in which stands a tombstone with the following touching and simple, yet exquisitely poetic epitaph:—"HE WAS A GOOD EGG."

"I thought you was born on the first of April," said a Benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday. "Most people might think so, from the choice I made of a husband," she replied.

A love sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

POOR MAN!—Mr. Sinclair, of Janesville county, Wisconsin, having a fortune of \$150,000, cut his throat a few days since, for fear of poverty.

What is joy?—To count your money and find it over run a hundred dollars.