

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.

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Choice Poetry.

Let Me In.

When the summer evening's shadows,
And the earth's calm bosom o'er,
Came a young child faint and weary,
Tapping at a cottage door,
"Wandering through the winding wood-paths,
My way to long have been,
Let me in, oh! gentle dame,
Let me in, let me in."
Years passed on—his eyes grew bright,
Gladly watched the flying hours,
"I will be a child no longer,
Flinging bits in birds and flowers;
I will seek the banks of pleasure,
I will join their merry din,
Let me in to joy and gladness,
Let me in, let me in."
Years sped on—yet vainly waiting,
Measuring still the restless heart,
"I am tired of heartless folly,
Let the glittering cheat depart;
I have found in worldly pleasure
Naught to happiness;
Let me in to love's warm embrace,
Let me in, let me in."
Years flew on—a youth no longer,
Still he sought the restless heart,
"I am tired of the restless heart,
Of an art of love's soft dance,
Sweet-scented siren, you must part,
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's approval win,
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in, let me in."
Years fled on—the restless spirit
Never found the bliss it sought;
"I am tired of the restless spirit,
Of an art of love's soft dance,
Sweet-scented siren, you must part,
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's approval win,
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in, let me in."
Thus the quiet, yearning spirit,
Tantalized by a vague dream,
Knocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest,
Ever striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness to win,
At some portal ever saying,
"Let me in, let me in."

Select Miscellany.

Just Over the Bay.

A great many men get over the bay, in their lives. The voyage is more common than people generally are inclined to imagine. Some, we know, are moved with a more vaulting ambition, and think it hardly worth their pains unless they can send their ships round to San Francisco, or by the other road round to Calcutta; but these are few indeed, in comparison with that vast multitude, a countless host almost, who are in the habit of steadily weighing anchor for a short trip "just over the bay."
But let me not anticipate our story. Before we come to that part of it which particularly relates to harbor navigation, there is a little preliminary to be attended to, in reference to the character—or habits, of our mutual friend Frosty.
Mr. Andrew Frosty chanced to reside in one of a long, straight, smooth row of houses, no one of which bore any special mark on its front by which it could be distinguished from another. Such a block of buildings it would be a very hard matter to find anywhere else in the world so even; so like; all with granite steps; all with projecting stoops, or porches; every one as like every one as it could possibly be.
Tack on another item. Mr. Frosty was as jealous a man of his wife as any husband need be. He was *terribly* jealous—and that is quite enough for the happiness—or comfort of any family. Now we think it an awful thing for a man to be jealous of his wife at all; if he have reason for it, it is certainly so; and if without cause, then it is vastly more so. When either man or wife falls into such a wretched habit as that, they may as well draw their cotton caps over their eyes, and say good-night to the world. Living is no sort of an object to them.
But whether Mr. Frosty had any reason to be jealous of his wife, is what we are not going to settle. And yet we never thought he could have, for a kinder, gentler, sweeter, more amiable and devoted wife than she made him, it would be difficult to put your finger upon anywhere in the house or the street. But Mrs. Frosty was young; and had a great deal of beauty, too; and was remarkably attractive in her manner. It would not be at all strange if these were reasons sufficient to excite Mr. Frosty against her, though, if they were, he ought to have been heartily ashamed of himself, and gone and got a plainer wife to begin with.
Not many doors off, in the same block of undistinguishable dwellings, lived Col. Sawyer. Now the colonel prided himself on being esteemed a gentleman. Without assuming to be what is popularly termed a "ladies' man," he nevertheless was extremely particular in his carriage towards them, aiming always to impress them with a sense of his perfect purity, and chivalry, and truth. No one in the neighborhood—in the wide world, either, that I know of—ever suspected him of being capable of insulting any one—last of all, a lady. Mothers along the street ever held him up before the eyes of their sporting sons, as an example of the lofty, and the true. And fathers spoke of him now and then to their eldest daughters, and hoped that if they ever thought of marriage, and it is just possible that some of them did, they would be satisfied with nothing less than a character like him. This certainly would seem to be praise enough.
Coming home musingly and with his head down, one evening, the colonel thought no such accident was possible as that he should mistake his own house, especially as he had been in and out that way so many times. Perhaps the very fact that he felt such a confidence, was the greater reason why he should make a mistake at all. But as he was very much occupied with a new commercial project that was just then on the carpet, he abandoned himself entirely to what he knew of the way home, and thought of course in some such way that pleasant trip of his.

The consequence was, on this particular occasion, at least, that he slipped himself quietly in through Mr. Frosty's front door, hung up his hat and coat in the hall, and started for the dining-room. As all the houses in the block were so much alike on the outside, their internal arrangements were pretty much after the same fashion likewise. So that the hall of Mr. Frosty seemed exactly like his own hall; and the dining-room door opened just where his own did.
The instant he opened the door, however, he began to awaken to his error. The table was spread in the middle of the floor, and the pretty Mrs. Frosty sat near the grate, just glancing over the evening paper.
"Ah!" exclaimed he, bowing and scraping confusedly; "I beg pardon! Really, Mrs. Frosty, I beg pardon!"
In a moment the astonished lady was on her feet, her face flushed with the natural excitement of so unlooked for a visit. She knew not what to say.
"This is a ludicrous mistake, I declare, Mrs. Frosty," said the colonel. "Here I am, invading and taking possession of your house, when I thought I was safe and snug in my own!—Ha—ha—ha! All this comes of these houses wearing such similar faces. But it's the first mistake of the kind I ever made, and I trust you'll excuse it!"
Mrs. Frosty comprehended it instantly, and began a good laugh over his innocent adventure.
"If I should ever happen to get caught so myself!" said she, and the thought of the consequences made her put her white hand before her face, that she might have her laugh out unscathed.
"We're always grateful for a call from you, Colonel Sawyer," added Mrs. Frosty. "Now you are here, and supper will soon be on the table, why won't you stop and sit down with us? My husband will be in soon. I am expecting him every minute."
The colonel began to thank her for her polite invitation, and to excuse himself by reason of urgent engagements for the evening, and even while he was thus occupied, the outer door opened, and in came the veritable proprietor, Mr. Frosty himself.
"There!" exclaimed his wife, my husband is coming now! You'll not be detained any longer than you would at home. Come, I think you'd better stop with us."
Along came Mr. Frosty through the hall, looking cross and sour enough. His face would have turned sweet milk in a twinkling. The instant he caught the sound of a male voice in the dining-room, his old suspicions began to flame up again. And as soon as he could creep along as far as the door, in his stealthy way, and look in through the crevice and see who was there, his rage burst all bounds, and made him a momentary madman. Mr. Sawyer and his wife were in the room *alone!* That was enough!
"Now what does this mean, sir!" shouted the enraged husband, dashing up before the thunder-struck colonel. "This is just what I've been expecting for a long time! I *knew* there was some devilry like this about!—What are you here for, sir? What are you doing in my house? Tell me, sir!—or march yourself out quicker than you came in!"
The colonel had got over his astonishment enough to commence a calm explanation, when Mrs. Frosty, bursting into tears, threw herself before him; for it was only a trifling mistake, and Colonel Sawyer would immediately explain it all. But the enraged man would hear to nothing. "Leave the room!" he ordered his wife. "I'll have nothing from you! I've had disgrace enough brought on me already! Leave the room!" And he hurried off and in tears, she passed out to brood over her misery and mortification alone.
Colonel Sawyer essayed to begin; though it was exceedingly hard work, and he could accomplish nothing but with almost superhuman effort. "I mistook the house, sir; that is all," said he. "My intentions were perfectly honorable, and out of this house, sir, you shall not call them in question without being held personally responsible. I am quite ready to leave the place, I assure you." And he began to go.
"All that is very well to say," replied the jealous husband. "I should advise you for the future, however, to be a little careful before you go into other people's houses, and see if your own number extends the whole length of the street!"
Col. Sawyer withdrew, resolved to have no further words with such a creature. He saw that he was beside himself with jealousy, and he knew that language would be wasted on him.
Perhaps it was a couple of months after this, that a party of gentlemen lingered rather late about the tap of our friend Kegg, in his snug little back room, and forgot that it was fairly four o'clock in the afternoon, until they found it had long ago struck six. They were all jolly fellows, and had been making a pleasant little bit of an excursion "just over the bay." Their eyes were flashing, and their cheeks were getting rosy. The trip must have put them in the best of spirits; or, rather, the best of spirits in them.
Among them was Mr. Andrew Frosty. If there was any one of them very particularly "mellow," it is but fair to say it was Frosty. He had evidently improved his opportunities during the voyage.
Going out into the bracing air after such a long confinement in the little back room, Mr. Frosty began to feel the effects of his excursion very sensibly. By hook and by crook he finally found his way to the street on which his domestic stood, pushed along till he thought he had got about where he ought to live, and went up the steps. After laying off his coat and hat in the hall, he stepped along to the door of the dining-room, and opened it. Who should suddenly appear to him as he looked around the room, but Col. Sawyer and his wife! Frosty rubbed his eyes, stammered, made a half bow, and wholly lost, and finally gave it up. "I declare," he exclaimed, looking blanker than the wall, "I've mistaken the house."
"O no, my dear sir," said Col. Sawyer, immediately rising and going over to him, "you have done no such thing; you know you haven't! You have only seen in here to being disagreeable upon my family. I've been suspecting this for a long time! And now, sir, I'll just walk out myself with you, and be at the trouble of finding your own house for you."
And upon this, the colonel put on his coat and hat, and insisted on accompanying the discomfited Mr. Frosty home. Not a syllable of explanation would he listen to. "O no, no," he would say, whenever Frosty began to apologize, "I understand it all well enough. I see

how it is. It's all very well to say you've lost the way into my house; but I should for the future advise you, before going into other persons' houses, to just look and see if your own number runs the length of the street!"
Just the language Frosty had before used to him, and just what sealed his lips. Frosty was floored completely. But that was not the best of it. The colonel insisted on going home with him, and going in; and he offered his services in such a pleasant yet persistent way, that Frosty could not have shaken him off, even if he was not himself rendered submissive by reason of his own mortification. And the colonel, therefore, went in and told Mrs. Frosty about it; which so thoroughly pleased that amiable lady, that, in view of previous circumstances, she set up a resistless laugh in the face of her humbled lord, in the midst of which his very polite escort took occasion to withdraw.
But Frosty was thoroughly cured, by the means of his jealousy; for which his gentle spouse did not forget to be duly thankful. If he saw and admitted that it was quite possible for a respectable man to mistake even the number of his own door—especially in the existence of two separate contingencies—first, when the houses in the same row were all so nearly alike to appearance as a pod of peas; and secondly, when a man is on his evening return from a trip "just over the bay!"
Frankness.
Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do what is right—If a friend ask a favor, you should grant, if it be reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him, and wrong yourself by equivocation of a friend. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is clearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men; you will find it the best policy which wears best—Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another thing to his back. We should live, speak and act out of doors, as the saying is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by men. It is not only best as a matter of principle but as a matter of policy.
Novel Arithmetic.
An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record: Whittaker is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overtook upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and commanded payment for the loss of his cow.
"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker, "what do you think she is worth?"
"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.
"How much did you get for the hide and tallow?"
"Ten dollars and a half, sir."
"O, well, then you owe me just fifty cents." Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.—*New York Paper.*
A Newspaper.—It was Bishop Horner's opinion, that there is no better moralist than a newspaper. He says:—"The follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuave from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auction of estate, houses and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well—pay for it—and it will instruct thee."
A gentleman having put out a candle by accident, one night, ordered his waiting man (who was a simple being) to light it again in the kitchen. "But take care, John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him; but unluckily, a door which stood half open, passed between his hands, and struck him a blow upon the nose. "Duckens!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little; "I always heard that I had a plaguy long nose, but I vow I never have thought before it was longer than my arm."
A Chicago housekeeper recommends mock-strawberries—which we don't believe in—but she says if you eat up ripe peaches and soft milk-eating apples, in the proportion of three to one, into pieces of the size of strawberries, and mix them with a proper proportion of sugar, that after they have stood together a few hours and mingled their flavors, even an amateur, if he did not look at the hash, might mistake it for strawberries.
An old fellow who became weary of his life, thought he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment he removed the nose from his nose, saying to himself—"I never can or will forgive old Noah for letting the copper-hell cat get into the ark. They have killed 2,000,000 of my cattle, and when he and I meet there'll be a general fuss."
Music serves to make a home pleasant by engaging many of its inmates in a delightful pastime, and thus dispelling the sourness and gloom which frequently arise from dissipation, from mortified vanity, from discontent and envy.
There is one reflection which must be consoling to the poor African—that however retained their circumstances might be, they were never known to be without a *scout*.
The winds which begin to blow in the daytime are much stronger and endure longer than those which begin to blow in the night.
"S'f' for so long," as the boy said when he had finished the first part of his mother's tale. "I understand it all well enough. I see

Fatal Peep into Vesuvius.
Some Germans of good family, on a recent occasion, had toiled to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and, after resting themselves on that sulphurous bed, they descended the steep incline to the mouth of the crater. There was little smoke on that day, and the scientific gentlemen began to get into danger without being aware of it. The guides, having had quite enough of soft ashes and hard work in the ascent, sat down on the upper rim of the crater, not feeling inclined for more exertion. So many people had gone to peep into the chimney of the infernal regions day after day without any accident, that these lazy guides preferred some sour wine, and a slice or so of lemon sprinkled over with salt—a very common condiment among the lower order of Neapolitans, and a little siesta, to looking after the souls and bodies of those entrusted to them. One of the most adventurous of the Germans, finding he could hear the little sulphur which seemed emitted from the crater, resolved to penetrate further; but scarcely had he placed his foot upon an apparently solid projection, than the whole crumbled beneath him, and he was precipitated at least one hundred feet. The interior of the crater seems as soft as the exterior, for the first words heard from the unfortunate man were that he was not hurt. "I vainly tried to extricate myself; whatever he grasped mouldered in his grasp. He could not regain his feet—of this his companions above were informed. They seemed to have become more stupefied than the unfortunate victim; for, instead of despatching the guides to the Observatory or the Hermitage for robes or assistance of some kind, they stood listening to their friend below, who gave them the idea of going elsewhere than where they remained useless and spell-bound. There is everything in Naples but what is required; and at the Observatory, although ropes must always be in request, and at least a precautionary utility, yet none could be obtained either there or at the Hermitage; and the guides were obliged to go to Resina for that which ought to be at hand. In the meantime the sulphur began to operate upon the poor fellow in the crater and he felt himself gradually sinking, not only in strength, but in sanity. With a wonderful self-command he left his friends, being perfectly certain that he could not survive the natural delay of the Neapolitans. For two long hours did he survive, when his voice got feebler and feebler. Perhaps as he by slow degrees slid deeper into the crater, hope vanished, until the voice was entirely lost. An occasional groan was heard, until after the expiration of the above time, when all was silent. The body was many hours after rescued by a guide, who descended two hundred feet before he found it. Of course, it was perfectly lifeless—the sulphur had suffocated the poor fellow.
A Lovely Incident.
What parents, on reading the annexed extract, can fail to reflect on the lesson it suggests? How important that when the parent has departed, the example left behind them may be such as the child may be thankful for. To watch for and train the budding thoughts of an artless child, is one of the noblest offices a father or mother can fill. Truly hath it been said "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings strength has been ordained." What could give greater strength to that wretched heart than such a scene with her daughters! She knelt at the accustomed time to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for protection during the coming night; as usual came the earnest "God bless poor mother and me!" but the prayer was still; the little hand unclasped, and a look of agony met the mother's eye as the word of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child; "I cannot pray for father any more!" Her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; had followed close after mother's name, for he had said that must come first; and now to say the familiar prayer and leave her father out! No wonder that the thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive.
I waited for some moments that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine and with a full heart she uttered almost for utterance, she said—"Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out, let me say, thank God that I had a dear father once! So I can still go on and keep him in my prayers." And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for mercies past as well as to ask for blessings for the future.
A Beautiful Allegory.—A traveler who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable, which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Glorious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps.
Hall's Journal of Health says:—"That since the fullest amount of sleep is essential to the healthful working of mind and body, as necessary food, it may be well to know how to secure it as a general rule. 1. Clearly your conscience. 2. Take nothing later than two o'clock, P. M., except some bread and butter and a small cup of tea of any kind, or half a glass of water, for supper. 3. Go to bed at some regular hour, and get up the moment you wake of your own accord at midnight. Do not sleep an instant in the daytime."
To Coxswains.—Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent English physician, says:—"If I were not so much of a consumptive, I would live out of doors day and night. Except it was raining or a hard winter; then I would sleep in an un-plastered log house." He says that consumptives want air, not medicated air—plenty of meat and bread. "Physic has no natural opiates for air cannot cure you; monkey opiates in a gymnasium cannot cure you."
Flowering plants, especially in the winter, should have but little water, and the ground should not be very rich—other wise, they will rot, and be of no use.

The Three Jolly Husbands.
Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until being pretty well comed, they agreed that each one, on returning home, should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again the next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill.
The next morning Walker and Brown were at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:
"You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering light, I came near walking into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor, said sarcastically:
"Bill, do put your foot in the batter."
"Just as you say, Maggy," said I, and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the pot of batter and went to bed."
Next Joe Brown told his story:
"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate perfectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no very gentle tone, howled out:
"Do break the porridge pot!"
"No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the handle of the pot, and striking it against the chimney-jam, broke it in a thousand pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a certain lecture till I fell asleep."
It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:
"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world; for as I was blundering up stairs in the dark, she cried out:
"Now, Tim, do break your neck."
"I'll be cuss'd if I do, Kate," said I, gathering myself up the best way I could; 'no, I'd sooner foot the bill."
"And so, landlord," continued Tim, "there is the cash for you. But, by jingo, this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."
Technical Observations.
A few days ago a couple of men got into a fight, and as a consequence, it being naturally the case, a ring of excited individuals got around the parties, and each according to his own feelings in the matter gave his advice.
"Peg it into him," said the shoemaker, "hammer his upper leather for him, that's it! wax him my lad; beat his soul out of him."
"Cut it into him, old fellow," said the butcher; "knock him on the head. Say! why don't yer punch his ribs? You're a regular calf, you are! Knuckle him, now yer got him, and make mince meat of him."
"Dress him well," said the tailor; "see how he pants; fell him I give him a stitch in his ribs; button up his lip, and knock him bang up."
"Tan his hide," said the carrier; "peel the bark off his nose—and damage his skin."
"That suits me exactly," said the lawyer, "get his head in chancery, and bleed him till he pleads; then he's a good case." Then advancing to the other one, he said: "He's doing you an injury, he's perfectly ferocious; take the law on him and I'll look out for the remainder."
"I saw him strike you first," said the carpenter; "nail him; knock his uprights from under him; cross cut him until he lays dormant; I'll beat a basket of shavings on you, old chump."
"Pug him in the eye," said the tobacconist; "get a double on him, and then chew him up. Don't let him stump you; give him one on his bigger head."
"What's the row?" said the police, coming up after every one had gone. "Show us a chance to grab at somebody."—*N. O. Picayune.*
Social Hall Sketches.—No. 1.—"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane—"why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."
"And how's that?" inquired Starlight.
"Scotch snuff," answered Old Hurricane, very sentimentally. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."
"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it is an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall Street. As he proceeds, the "natives" get interested—one by one they gaze with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gaze, my friend whips them out, peppers 'em and swallows them.
"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of 'millponds' here now. They'd open easy."
And a great cloud rose fearfully from the cigars of the party, and under cover of that cloud we departed.
"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. The lady replied: "Yes, sir; and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt," "Very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."
Order is said to be heaven's first law, and must have been the motto of the captain of a down east schooner, who cried out to his refractory cook: "I will have order. If you don't do the cooking, I'll do it myself. I will have order, I declare, on board this ere vessel!"
"Boss, I want twenty-five cents."
"Twenty-five cents? How soon do you want it, Jack?"
"Next Tuesday."
"As soon as that? You can't have it. I have had you often that when you are in want of so large an amount of money you must give me at least four weeks' notice!"
"Colonel W— is a fine-looking man," said Jenkins.
"Yes," said Noggin, "I was taken for him once."
"You! why you are as ugly as a stump fence!"
"I can't help that; I was taken for him. I enjoyed his note, and was taken for him by the sheriff."

A Farmer's Life.
The editor of the New England Farmer, in a notice of a recent agricultural exhibition at Amherst, Massachusetts, waxes eloquent in speaking of the farmer and the ennobling influence which surround him.
The highest gratification which we found was not in the noble horses, fat bees, milk-kine, pigs, poultry or vegetables, but in the expression of a sentiment fast increasing in the rural population. A great many people have discarded the belief that labor is an evil, and that there is no enjoyment in the occupation that earns the bread we eat and the delightful homes we occupy. After looking at all the departments of the exhibition, we were so fortunate to be introduced to several of the women of Hampshire county and in their expression of attachment to rural life, and of the happy influences of rural occupations upon themselves and their children, we found a source of gratification far exceeding that which any other matter afforded. They feel that in the calm and rational pursuits of agriculture and its kindred branches, horticulture and arboriculture, there is less excitement of the passions, less temptation to lure from the paths of virtue, and a constantly ennobling influence that lifts the soul through nature up to nature's God. That God is daguerrotyped, as it were, before us all; that we see his wisdom and love, in the bending grass, the trembling leaf, the sparkling dew, and in a thousand wonderful operations constantly carried on by His superintending care, and which are ever present to him who cultivates the soil. That there are lessons of trust, of confidence, of submission, to be found in the garden and field in many different forms; that wisdom may be found in every flower that blooms, in insect that lives; that there are
Such sentiments are gaining ground, and as they are received, will the farm house become embellished with books, with shade trees, with climbing plants and flowers and contented hearts and the home of the farmer become the happiest of all our land.
Half Rotten Hay.
We suppose every farmer has observed how much more readily cattle will eat corn husks and stalks that are partially rotten and mouldy than those that are sound and bright. S. W. Johnson, in a recent letter to the Country Gentleman, gives the following account of the mode of managing or curing hay on the Alps, by which it seems they reduce their hay to a similar state with the husks above named.
The hay, it seems, is cut here several times during the summer, as I saw it being mowed in many fields where its height was not more than three or four inches. Owing to this frequent cutting, and the abundant rains that fall in the highlands the grass is very fine and thick set and of an intense color. On account of the variability of the weather, a peculiar method of curing hay is practiced. One observes the numerous little log barns, fifteen by twenty feet square, and ten feet high, scattered over the lower Alps. Into these shanties the hay is thrown while half dry and thoroughly trodden down. It shortly ferments, and the hay becomes dark brown in color, and forms quite a solid mass, which may be cut with a spade. Prof. Frass, of the Munich University, says in his "Principles of Agriculture," that this so called "brown hay" is as good as the ordinary hay; it is in fact preferred by cattle, and appears to be more nourishing.—*Maine Farmer.*
How Much Should a Cow Eat.—Cows to give milk, require more food than most farmers imagine. S. W. Johnson writing from Munich to the Country Gentleman, gives an interesting report of some experiments which have been made in Bavaria, from which the following is an extract:
"Our trials have confirmed the view that cows to give the greatest possible quantity of milk must daily receive and consume one-third of their live weight in hay, or an equivalent therefore. If more food be given, it goes to the formation of flesh and fat, without occasioning a corresponding increase in the yield of milk; but if on the contrary, less food be furnished the amount and value of the milk will be greatly diminished."
A Proclamation.—A few days ago, after the marriage of Mr. Meagher, the following proclamation appeared in the Boston Atlas:
"Follow the example of the patriot Meagher, and rush to arms! Become at once united Irishmen!"
"P.S.—The London Times will please copy."
A certain paper, in speaking of a newly elected senator says, his ignorance was so dense that the auger of common sense would be longer in boring through it, than it would take a boiled carrot to bore through Mont Blanc.
It is only when blinded by self-love, that we can think proudly of our nature. Take away that blind; and in our judgments of others we are quicksighted enough to see there is very little in that nature to rely on.—*Barron.*
A young gent in Shenectady suffering from a too strong sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as an attack of *lassé-gé-tude*.
Every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a new wrinkle to her face. This was discovered by Humboldt.
One of the professor's chairs at Antioch College is filled by a woman. They are pushing us from our stools.
Lieut. Maury shows that by wind and wave it is down stream from our country to all the rest of the world.
A blacksmith in England advertises that he has wheels and steels axes.—He must be a hard customer.
An advertisement for a "saddle-horse for a lady of about 950 pounds" is going the rounds. Who is the giantess?
One of the subscribers to the *Lycoming Gazette* recently paid his subscription five years in advance. A good fellow!
Mrs. Sneek puts everything to use—his wife has a bald head, and she strops his razor on it.
There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that I'd.
"Really, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."