

# 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.

### A Smile.

BY JAMES M. GREY.

The world and beauty of a smile,  
O had I power to tell,  
I know I claim each heart the while,  
As with a magic spell,  
'Tis like the first faint rosy light,  
That glows the evening sky,  
When morning fresh dawns on the sight,  
And clouds and shadows fly.  
It falls upon the cheerless heart,  
As dew drops on a flower;  
It makes the sad and gloomy start  
And own its magic power.  
E'en malice, hatred, envy—all  
Will feel its kindly sway;  
'Twill hush the angry swelling brow,  
And drive revenge away.  
A smile adds grace to beauty's cheek,  
And decorates the fair,  
More than the costly charms they seek  
Of diamonds and pearls.  
And if they would with angels vie,  
O let each smile be true,  
Beam as the sun on the high,  
With constant-matching grace.  
Smile then, and let your conduct prove  
Each smile to be sincere,  
A lovely every heart will thrill with love,  
As a friendly smile is dear,  
O yes, in every breast you'll wake  
The feelings which sweetly blend and make  
This world a heaven to be seen!

## Select Miscellany.

### Despising Household Duties.

From a variety of causes, nothing is more common than to find American women who have not the slightest idea of household duties. A writer thus alludes to this subject: "In this neglect of household cares American females stand alone. A German lady, no matter how lofty her rank, never forgets that domestic labor conduces to the health of body and mind alike. An English lady, whether she be only a gentleman's wife, or a duke's, does not despise the household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true and happiest sphere. It is reserved for our Republican fine ladies to be more choice than even their monarchical and aristocratic sisters. The result is a lassitude of mind often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her servants, pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness, since the foundation of the world, and either wastes away from ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind."

### Secret of Wealth.

Amos and Abbott Lawrence began life poor; they determined that the strictest integrity should pervade every business transaction until their dying hour—and it was so. Among the results are the accumulation of millions of money, the purchase of a name for mercantile integrity, worth more to them, than to their children, to their age and nation, than a title to a dukedom; while they died, during life, and at death, insisting on charities, which will heap sweet blessings on their name and memory for ages yet to come. Let every merchant's clerk on this broad earth make that same experiment, and take encouragement from the assurance, founded in the very nature of things, that similar results will accrue to him.

**POLITENESS.**—Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe, "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in: the other bowed and obeyed. The king said, "the world is in the right in the character it gives you: another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

**DR. FRANKLIN'S RECIPE FOR A SLEIGH RIDE.**—He recommended to those who could not afford the expense of a real sleigh ride that they should sit in the chimney corner, put their feet in a tub of very cold water for half an hour and tangle the dinner bell all the time. Let them close their eyes at the same time, and imagine themselves flying along the road at the rate of twenty knots an hour, and they will thus have a cheap, funny, and tolerably disagreeable sleigh ride.

**BOILING SALT WATER IS HOTTER THAN FRESH.**—Boiling salt water is the hottest, because it will not boil until it has been heated to 218 or 220 degrees; whereas fresh water boils at 212 degrees. Therefore boiling salt water will cook whatever is put into it quicker than would boiling fresh water.

**BRING A GENTLEMAN.**—One very frequently hears the remark made, that such and such a man "can be a gentleman when he pleases." Now when our reader next hears this expression made use of let him call to mind the following: He who "can be a gentleman when he pleases," never pleases to be anything else.

An old lady up in Vermont was asked by a young clergyman to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," said she, "and I don't care anything about your denomination; for my part I hold on to the old meetin'-house."

**A BLESSING TO MOTHERS.**—If there is any truth in the following, it will certainly justify the caption of this paragraph:—A crying baby may be stilled in one minute by pressing the fingers gently and repeatedly across the upper part of the nose.

Listen to, and answer the question of an aged or homely woman, with as much devoted attention as you pay to those of youth and beauty; and if possible, display more interest in the former.

**SICKNESS EXTRAORDINARY.**—Last week a man noticed a bar and threw up a window.

## Conviction of a Murderer on the Testimony of a Horse.

The following remarkable narrative is literally true in every particular; the trial, evidence, conviction and sentence being a matter of legal record in the Tennessee courts:—

William Peterson was tried at Raleigh, Shelby county, Tennessee, for the murder of Thomas Merrivether, a young planter of Mississippi. The incidents developed upon the trial were of the most romantic nature; and the evidence, although circumstantial, made out a clear case of one of the most revolting murders to be found in the chronicles of guilt. There was one point in the case, about which alone there could be said to be doubt, and this point was met by the evidence afforded by the horse of Mr. M. In order to understand this, we must state that by the law of Tennessee, the criminal court of Memphis has criminal jurisdiction of all crimes committed in the 5th, 13th and 14th civil districts of said county. The prisoner was indicted in the circuit court at Raleigh, and the murder was alleged to have been committed in the 12th district. The dividing line between the 12th and 13th districts, was the road leading from Memphis to Hernando. If the crime was committed in the 13th civil district, the court of Raleigh had no jurisdiction, and the prisoner would have to be acquitted. The deceased was found some forty or fifty steps from the Hernando road. The witness stated that the body, as he thought, had been dragged there from the road, hence the doubt whether the murderer took place in the 12th or 13th civil district. At this critical point, the counsel for the prosecution brought them of certain marvellous and novel conduct of the murdered man's horse, which had come to their knowledge in conversation with the witness. Testimony as to these facts was proposed to be submitted on behalf of the State, but was stoutly opposed by the prisoner's counsel.

The judge overruled the objections, and admitted the testimony. It had been proved in the course of the trial that about 8 o'clock on the Sunday following that on which the deceased and the prisoner left a Mr. Hammett, a gentleman coming toward Memphis met the horse proven to have been Mr. Merrivether's, on the road, about two thousand yards from the scene of the murder, and south of the same, galloping at full speed in the direction of Hernando, and appearing to be considerably frightened; with difficulty the gentleman intercepted and caught him. The gentleman finding the animal almost uncontrollable from fright, had some difficulty in retaining the rein until a young man came forward and claimed him. The young man who claimed the horse was recognized by the gentleman at the trial, as the prisoner at the bar. He came forward, said the gentleman, claimed the horse, thanked him gratefully for catching him, mounted and rode hurriedly off in the direction of Hernando. The facts here submitted to the jury, in reference to the wonderful instincts, are these: It will be remembered that the noble animal in question was of extraordinary intelligence, and singularly attached to his master, whom he was in the habit of following about whenever he came to the pasture or the farm yard where the horse was. Some several months after the prisoner had been committed to jail under indictment, William Merrivether, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, witnesses in the case, came up from their homes in Mississippi to attend the trial. William Merrivether was riding the horse of his deceased brother, which had by this time been recovered into the family. The journey lay along the Hernando road, and by the spot where the body had been found. About one or two hundred yards before the party reached the scene of the murder, the horse upon which Mr. Wm. Merrivether was mounted, began to exhibit symptoms of alarm, and his irascible conduct much surprised his rider and the gentlemen who were with him. There was no apparent cause of alarm, and the several other horses of the party betrayed none. His agitation increased as they approached the spot; and when they reached a point in the road opposite to it, the excitement of the horse rose to so furious a pitch that he became almost unmanageable. The whole party checked their horses, and for a moment regarded the strange conduct of the horse with profound astonishment. His flesh quivering, his nostrils distended, his eye glancing into the wood where his master had met his horrible fate—he stood for a moment snorting and neighing—a sublime picture of the wildest excitement. One of the party suggested to Mr. Merrivether to give him the rein, which, meanwhile, had been tightly drawn. This was done, and instantly the noble animal rushed into the wood, and down to the identical tree under which the body had been found, and commenced pawing at its root. After a moment he trotted out further into the wood, and after making a semi-circle in his course, returned to the same spot, and there stood, neighing, trembling, and pawing until he was forced away. Similar exhibitions were made by the horse several times afterwards in passing the spot. At this startling development in the testimony, a thrill of feeling ran through the court-room, like an electric shock. Thus far the proof had traced out the history of this mysterious murder with a certainty too fearful to be doubted—and had pointed to the pallid youth who sat in the prisoner's dock as the guilty agent thereof. Justice seemed impatient for the sacrifice, when the strong arm of the law interposed to shield him. The venue unproven or even in doubt would have left to the tribunal of justice no other alternative but to acquit the prisoner. But Providence had yet in reserve an eloquent witness against him—whose faithful heart was steeped to the wyes of the corrupter.

No blood had ever been seen on the road—and no appearance of a struggle there. If the killing had been done in the road, the horse, whose rapid flight and wild frigate must have been occasioned instantly by the death struggle, would have known nothing of the tree in the wood. The whole scene was vividly pictured before the minds of the jury—as if typed by the art of Daguerre: the decay into the wood—the death struggle at the tree—and the instincts of the affectionate horse were destined to vindicate, as if by a miracle, the unerring certainty of retributive justice.

The verdict of the jury was, that the prisoner was guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced against him, which was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life in the State Penitentiary, and Wm. Peterson is at this day an inhabitant of that gloomy receptacle of crime.

Louis Napoleon has offered a prize for a poem on the capture of Sebastopol.

## A Colored Duel—Nobody Killed.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of a recent date gives an account of a duel which came off on the Metairie road between two "common old color." The origin of the deadly feud appeared to be—as one of the seconds stated—that one of the parties "was crossed in love by the other, and dat him hona must have satisfaction." The proceedings on the field of battle were as follows:—

After having taken their stands one of the seconds noticed that owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal to winking and rolling his eyes. This was sufficient ground for interfering, and he calls out to the other second with:—

"I say, I puts my weto on that possihum—it's agin de rules ob all de codes ob hona dat I see. De traction of de sun shines radior too severe, and makes my principal roll him eyes alongedder too much."

"Wy, you, look here, didn't we chuck up a dollar for de choice ob ground, and didn't I get him myself?"

"Yes, I know you did; but den fair play is a jule, and I see no notion of seen my friend composed upon, and lose all de vantage."

"Well, I see no notion as you is, and 'sists on settin de matter just as we is—and—"

At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once, by stepping in between the sun and the belligerents. The principals took their position, and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol, ready cocked, from his second. Both manifested a terrible degree of spunk, although a sort of bluish paleness overspread their black cheeks.

The second who was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world, now took his stand. Raising his voice, he began:—

"Gentlemen, your time an cum."

Both signified their assent.

"Is you ready? Fish! one—two—three." Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising the dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a "slantindicular" course among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one. It was now time to interpose, and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation the challenged darkey stepped forward and said to his antagonist:—

"Nigga, is you satisfied?"

"I is."

"So is I, and I's glad to get off so. Next time dey catches dis child out on such a foolish exhibition as dis dey will fotch me, dat dey will do, for sartin."

"Den, my sentiments edzactly," retorted the other. "When your ornamental instrument of deft wot, I declare I thought I was a gone child; but I see so happy now—gosh! let's shake hands, and go back to our avocation."

In five minutes time, all hands—enemies, black friends, white and all—were on the road home to work, perfectly satisfied with the sport of the morning.

**A Wife in Trouble.**  
"Pray, tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh! such disgrace! I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

## "Some Shaking."

Tom is a queer genius, and lots of some tall ones occasionally. He visited us, the other day, in our sanctum, with a "How do you do, old fellow?"

"Hallow, Tom," said we, "where have you been so long?"

"Why, sir, I have been down on Seven River, in Anne Arundel county, taking Shanghai notes on the chills and fever."

"Ah, indeed," said we, "are they very bad down there?"

"Rather bad," said Tom, drily. "There is one place where they have been attempting to build a brick house for eight weeks—well, the other day, as the hands were putting up the bricks preparatory to finishing it, they were taken with a chill, and shook the whole building completely down, and kept on shaking till the bricks were dust of the finest quality! Just at that juncture, the chills came on with renewed force, and they commenced shaking up the dust with such gusto that they were entirely obscured for two hours, and the people in the neighborhood thought the sun was in an eclipse."

"Can't believe anything like that, Tom."

"It's a fact," said Tom, and resumed:—

"There's a farmer down there, who, in apple-picking season, hauls his niggers out to the orchard and sets one up against each tree. In a short time the chills come on, and every apple in the orchard is shaken off the trees on to the ground."

"Incredible!" said we, holding our sides with both hands.

"Fact," said Tom, "they keep a man alongside of each negro to take him away as soon as the fruit is off, for fear he will shake the tree down."

Tom continued, "Mr. S., friend of mine and a house carpenter, was engaged a few days ago in covering the roof of a house with shingles. Just as he was finishing, the chill came on and he shook every shingle off the roof. Some of them are supposed to be flying about yet."

"Another gentleman, near the same place, was taken with a chill, the other day, at dinner, and shook his knife and fork down his throat, besides breaking all the crockeryware on the table. His little son, who was sitting at the table at the same time, was taken with a chill and shook all the bottoms off his inexpressibles, and then shook himself clear of them."

We then prevailed on Tom to desist, who did so, with the understanding that he was to give us the balance at some other time. Persons who think of emigrating to Anne Arundel county will please take notice.

The London correspondent of the *Inverness*, Scotland, *Advertiser*, gets off the following bit of experience of a model temperance man:—

"The other evening, at a temperance meeting, a person in the hall got up and said, 'My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge. (Clapping of hands and approving cheers.) In a month afterwards, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket—a thing I never had before. (Clapping and loud cheers.) In another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back—a thing I never had before. (Cheers and clapping much louder.) A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin. The audience was going to cheer here, but stopped and looked serious. 'You wonder?' continued the lecturer, 'why I bought a coffin. Well, my friends, I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one.'"

The physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. The children of two neighboring families had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted, occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family, believing his children to have been sadly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the difference between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a raw hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement, inquired in a threatening tone for the "man of the house." "I am here, sir," said a personage of upwards of six feet, and weighing over two hundred, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor. "Did I understand you, that you were the gentleman of the house?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see if this was your raw hide."

**MUSICAL ANECDOTE.**—Miss Johnson, one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's nieces, was one day dining with Dr. Johnson and some others. The conversation happening to turn upon music, Johnson spoke contemptuously of the art, saying that "no man of talent, or whose mind was capable of better things, ever would or could devote his time and attention to so frivolous a pursuit."

The young lady was very fond of music, and whispering to one who sat near, said, "I wonder what the doctor thinks of King David?" Johnson overheard her, and, with great good humor and complacency, replied:—"Madam, I thank you. I stand rebuked before you, and promise that, on one subject at least, you shall never hear me talk nonsense again."

**WITTY EXPLANATION.**—We have heard of a very pretty anecdote, says the *Boston Post*, of a lady in Burlington, Vermont. At a meeting of two or three neighbors, a few days since, the conversation happened to turn upon the unpleasant propensity of a slaughter-house to a certain quarter of the town, whereupon one of the ladies present remarked that the trade of a butcher was certainly a very dirty one, and that it seemed strange to her that men could pursue a calling that must be so offensive to the olfactories. "Oh," said the witty Mrs. C., "I suppose they care more for the dollars than they do for the scents."

**THE BRITISH LION.**—In the commencement of the American revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia; a member of Congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston, said, "Well, Miss, are you not greatly terrified at the roaring of the British lion?" "Not at all, sir," she replied, "for I have learned from natural history that that beast roars loudest when most frightened."

## A Good Natured Landlord.

"Old Dad" was the familiar title by which was generally known the eccentric landlord of the hotel in Louisville, New York. He was a good easy soul—lowest and unsuspecting—preferring to be cheated once in a while rather than be always looking out for rogues. Hence it was not a very hard matter to impose on him, and many were the bad bills with which he was "stuck" in the way of trade by his travelling customers. Indeed, he would take almost anything that was offered him in the shape of a bill, saying that had money was about as good as any, as somehow it wouldn't stay in his pocket.

Once, however, he took a V which stuck to him like a plaster. The more he tried to get rid of it, the more he couldn't. He had paid out several times, but it came back as often; returned as "bogsus." At length a traveler, with whom he was acquainted, stopped for dinner, on his way to Utica, and it occurred to Old Dad that his bill might "go" down there, and, stepping into the dining room with it, handed it to his guest, asking him to put it off "on the first old fool he met," and he would allow him one-half the amount. The guest took it and promised to do as well with it as he could, and account for it on his return. On his way back from Utica he called, and Old Dad asked him where he had paid out the bill, as he had got it again, but could not, for the life of him, tell where it had come from.

"Why," said the friend, "you told me to put it off on the first old fool I saw, and so I paid you for my dinner with it."

The old fellow acknowledged himself sold, and after paying his guest the half according to promise, and giving him his dinner besides, insisted that he had five dollars' worth of wisdom out of the operation.

**A RIVAL TO COLT'S REVOLVER.**—J. W. Morse, late State Engineer of Louisiana, has invented a gun or pistol, which the *Baton Rouge Courier* thinks is superior in efficiency to Colt's invention. It loads at the breech, fires a Minute ball, and a man may shoot it as fast as he can put his cartridges in. The firing is in no way interrupted until the barrel becomes too hot to admit of handling. The whole apparatus of the lock does not take up half the space of the ordinary gun lock, and independent of this it is impervious to water.

**Young America** is growing rapidly. Every day we meet proofs of this encouraging fact. Here is one of the latest instances of rapid development:—

"Have you been to the Astor library," asked a youth of his father a few days ago.

"No, I have not," replied the father.

"You had better call and see it," the youth continued: "Just mention my name to the Librarian, and he will show you every attention."

**POLITICAL EPICURE.**—The *Boston Post* perpetrates the following upon the nomination of John M. Bots for the Presidency, and the *Know Nothings*:—"Dye think," quoth Ned, "that Bots will please 'The Northern Hindoo masses'?" "I think," quoth Jim, "a horse disease is good enough for asses!"

**THE HAIR.**—Powdered harts horn, mixed with oil, being rubbed upon the heads of persons who have lost their hair, will cause it to grow again. A very good oil for the hair is made by mixing one part of the liquid harts horn with nine parts of pure castor oil.

A club of unmarried men recently gave a ball in Washington, and called themselves "The Merry Bachelors." "Merry bachelors! Oh, pshaw, don't talk nonsense! You might as well say a skeleton is merry, because it grins! It won't do."

**ROYALTY AT WASHINGTON.**—The Washington Star says: Rev. Mr. Williams, reputed "Dauphin of France," is in this city, oppressed by illness, age and penury.

The office of Sheriff of New Orleans was proved, during a recent legal contest, to be worth one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

A good newspaper is like a sensible and sound hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour.

Somebody has written a book on "The art of making people happy without money. The 'devil' thinks he is in an excellent condition to be experimented upon.

A pet little girl boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah! but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

An exchange quotes Paul's writings:—"Owe no man anything," and then adds:—"Guess some of our subscribers never read Paul's epistles."

**GRUMBANCE.**—There are two things about which you should never grumble: the first is that which you can not help, and the other that which you can help.

A Sydney letter-writer says that immediately on an emigrant ship coming in sight, proposals are often made to young ladies on board with a speaking trumpet!

## The North and the South.

The Washington Union, in repelling the Abolition charge that "the slave power has been aggressive," says that when the confederation was formed, all the unoccupied territory within its limits, except what composes the States of Vermont and Maine, belonged to the Southern States. Within the limits of the "Old Thirteen," eleven new States have been added to the Union, and of these, all, except Vermont and Maine, were given by the South. Of the nine States thus formed out of slave territory a majority are free States—viz: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Slavery was the law of every inch of the territory of the free States just named.

The Louisiana purchase contained about 1,300,000 square miles, or 836,000,000 square acres; its limits would embrace thirty-five States as large as Indiana. Every part of this vast empire was slave territory. When the people of Missouri applied for admission into the Union, they were repelled by the North because their constitution did not prohibit an institution which had existed in the territory long before its acquisition. "The territory was, after an exciting struggle, divided. All the remaining Louisiana territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. was forever dedicated to free soil, whilst so much as was south of that line was not dedicated to slavery, but was left to the decision of the people who might inhabit it. In the division the South gave up to the North an excess of 300,000 square miles—a territory large enough to make four such States as Illinois; in other words, the South gave up to the North enough to make fifteen free States, and retained enough to make eleven slaves, which, by the terms of the Compromise, might be either slave or free States, as the people living on it might choose.

The whole of Texas as proposed to be annexed to the United States was slave territory. The North objected because of the fact that it was slave territory. The South agreed to a division, assigning to free soil all lying north of 36 deg. 30 min. and reserving the residue to be admitted as slave or free States as the people should decide. And yet the South is dully charged by abolitionists with aggressions upon freedom!

**The Disunion Petition in the Ohio Senate.**  
The following is the report of the Committee on Federal Relations in the Ohio Senate, to which was referred the petition of certain persons of Salem, Columbiana county, praying the Legislature to take the necessary measures to obtain a peaceable dissolution of this glorious Union:—

The Committee on Federal Relations, to whom was referred the memorial on behalf of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, praying a dissolution of the Union, respectfully submitted the following report: Your committee have given all the consideration to the subject of the memorial that its importance demands. They are free to admit that the federal government, like all human governments, has its imperfections, and that those who administer it are not infallible. Still your committee believe that in its principles and workings it approximates more nearly to a realization of the wants of mankind than any one that has preceded it, and much more nearly than any one that would be likely to rise upon its ruins. Your committee take pleasure in saying that there is no considerable portion of the people of Ohio who directly or indirectly sympathize with the purpose of the memorialist. Loyalty to the confederacy of these States and unflinching adherence to the obligations of the federal constitution are predominant characteristics of our people. That though they are not indifferent to the great question of human liberty, they believe it to be the part of wisdom to retain in its purity the political, religious, educational and social privileges which we now enjoy, and extend those privileges to the whole human family as fast as a due regard to the rights of all parts of the confederacy will permit.

For these, and a variety of reasons that might be stated, your committee, in the most decided and emphatic manner, condemn the unreasonable objects of the memorialists, and ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

**The Wheat Fly.**  
Rewards have been offered for the discovery of the best means to destroy this enemy of the wheat. Deep plowing has been recommended, so as to bury the larva, or pupa, past hope of resurrection, and this is probably as good a method as any. Also pieces of cloth saturated with melted sulphur, and set on fire around the edges of the field where the fly is depositing its eggs. Likewise casting dry, air-slacked lime, or unbleached ashes, over the wheat during the same period. This is obnoxious to the insects, and must be beneficial to the land as a manure. In some districts, the farmers gave up the sowing of winter wheat, finding that late sown spring wheat was likely to escape. The fly will, however, deposit its eggs in barley, rye, oats, and even some of the grasses, if they should be in flower at the proper season. It prefers the ear just emerging from the sheath.

**Plaster, no Remedy for Sorrel.**  
"W. S. B." in a former number, speaking of sorrel, says:—"We used tons of gypsum, without any effect in exterminating the evil." Very true; he might, as well use cords of dry wood to put out a fire. Sorrel, sour dock, sour grass, and all of that family, are the result, or product, of a sour soil. On soils that produce sorrel, plaster is an injury, as the sulphuric acid in the plaster is adding more sourness where too much already exists. On such land use air-slacked lime to neutralize the acid in the soil, and I will defy sorrel to grow. It must die out for want of acid; and white clover will then come in—as sorrel and white clover require a soil whose component parts are alike, except that sorrel requires the addition of acid.—L. V. DRUCE, Akron, O., Dec. 14, 1855.

**New Method of Churning Milk.**—E. Conkling, of Cincinnati, says he has tried a number of experiments, with gratifying success, of a new method of churning to obtain butter from milk when it is sweet, by forcing the milk in small streams through orifices, such as a perforated plate or board, with a pump.

Astronomers say that if a cannon ball were fired from the earth to Saturn, it would be one hundred and eighty years in getting there. In that event, Professor John Phinix thinks the people of Saturn would have time enough to dodge the shot.

Speak the truth, or be silent.

Population of St. Louis 123,000.

Why are kisses like the creation! Because they are made out of nothing, and very good.

Tying a mackerel to your coat tail, and imagining yourself a whale, is one of the first lessons in codfish aristocracy.

Kiecher says, Friendship is a dangerous thing for young ladies; it is love full-fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly away.

The "fast men" of St. Paul, Minnesota, amuse themselves during the cold weather with horse races on the frozen Mississippi.

Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser or his crime.