

# 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.

38<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1856.

NO. 30.

## TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

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## Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration with the will annexed on the estate of HANNAH BLEAKLEY and MARGARET BLEAKLEY, late of Mehallen township, Adams county, Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. ROBERT BLEAKLEY, Administrator with the Will annexed. April 7, 1856. 6c

## Executor's Notice.

JOHN HOUGHTLIN'S ESTATE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Houghtlin, late of Butler township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in Tyrone township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOHN DIEHL, *Ex'r.* April 7, 1856. 6c

## Assignee's Notice.

MICHAEL OVERBAUGH and WIFE, of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, having executed a voluntary assignment of all their estate and effects to the subscriber, residing in McSherrytown, Conowingo township, in trust for the benefit of creditors, he hereby requests all persons indebted to said Michael Overbaugh and wife to make immediate payment of their respective dues, and all persons having claims or demands on the same to present them for settlement. MICHAEL REILY, Assignee. March 31, 1856. 6c

## Committee Notice.

THE subscriber, having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Committee of the person and estate of Jacob Lady, (of J.) a Lunatic, of Straban township, Adams county, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims or demands against said Lady, to present the same to the subscriber, residing in Butler township, for settlement, and all persons indebted to make immediate payment. HENRY LADY, Committee. April 7, 1856. 6c

## Administrator's Notice.

JACOB D. SMYERS'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob D. Smyers, late of Huntingdon township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. WILLIAM B. SMYERS, Administrator. April 14, 1856. 6c

## Executor's Notice.

JOHN MILLER'S ESTATE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Miller, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, (the first-named residing in Butler township, and the last-named in Mountpleasant,) they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. NOAH MILLER, JOHN MILLER, *Adm'rs.* March 24, 1856. 6c

## Trees, Evergreens.

FLOWERING Shrubs, Roses, Plants, &c., in great variety and size, for sale by large or small quantities, at the RISING SUN NURSERY and GARDEN, Philadelphia. Their stands are in the MARKET, below Sixth street, where the above can be had every day. Orders also received here for the Nursery. Catalogues sent to applicants gratis. Direct to S. MAUPAY & CO., Rising Sun Village, Philadelphia. N. B.—Roses, Verbena's by the hundred or thousand, and other flowering plants for sale cheap. April 14, 1856.

## IF

WANT HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, at least *Twenty per cent* cheaper than you ever bought before, remember it is at COBANE & PAXTON'S, where they are to be had in great variety, consisting of Gent's and Boys' fine Silk, Fur and Slouch Hats, of the latest style, all colors and sizes,—white, black, brown, tan, blue, drab, fawn, &c. Also, a large assortment of Men's and Boys' fine Cashmere, and Grain Boots & Shoes,—Gent's fine Cloth and Patent Leather Gaiters.

## Careful Ladies.

If you want walking and fine dress shoes, such as Jenny Linds, Buskins and Ties, Kid and Morocco Slippers; also a beautiful article of Ladies' Dress Gaiters, with a large stock of Misses' and Children's fancy Gaiters and Shoes,—that you find Cobane & Paxton's, at the south-east corner of Centre Square, before purchasing elsewhere,—as they have by far the largest stock of reasonable goods in town; and are determined to sell very cheap.—Take care, and keep a

## SHAREP

look out that you do not mistake the place.—Remember Cobane & Paxton's new Store, at the old stand of Keller Kurz. Gettysburg, March 31, 1856.

## BONNETS and Bannet Trimmings can be

had very low and prettily, at the cheap store of FAHNESTOCKS. If you want a fine article of Dress Shoes or Gaiters, for Gentlemen or Ladies, call at the store of W. W. PAXTON.

## Choice Poetry.

### Little Things.

BY EDWARD STILES, JR.

From little things the thoughtful glean  
Lessons of highest wisdom.

Little baby, on wife's knee,  
Smiling sweetly, pleasantly;  
Little boy, upon the floor,  
Turning books and pictures o'er;  
Little girl, with golden hair,  
Image of her mother fair;  
If you owned these little things three,  
Could you deem life misery?

Little wife to love and bless—  
Little children to caress;  
Little care, and little strife,  
Such things make a happy life;  
Little heed for wealth or fame—  
Little hate, and less to blame;  
If these little things were thine,  
Could you, would you, e'er repine?

Little baby, called away—  
Far too pure on earth to stay;  
Brother, sister, soon are past  
North the sod in drizzling rain.  
Dear things left—not fully given—  
We have ANGES THREE IN HEAVEN;  
Rightly viewed, the cheering rod  
Ever points us up to God.

Changes crowd this world below—  
Death is passing, and to find;  
Joy is fading, hope is dying;  
Friends must leave us—lord's ones die.  
Small things these, if we live true,  
To the home Faith has in view—  
If we cling to Truth, and stand,  
Little way to Heaven at last.

Little way to heaven on high—  
Little children in the sky;  
Little joy to find us here—  
Little cause for sigh or tear.  
Little things like these might win  
Little man from ways of sin;  
But now let us, day by day,  
Strive for the "better way."

## Select Miscellany.

### Curing a Joker.

BY AUSTIN G. BURDICK.

Not a thousand miles from where I live  
Dwelt a man named Sam Peabody—or at least,  
So I shall call him—for he is a good man now,  
and might not like to have the evil deeds of  
his youth known among strangers. Sam was  
an inveterate joker, what is denominated a  
"practical joker," and though he never meant  
any real harm, yet he often caused much  
mischief by his pranks. On one occasion,  
when he had gone out at night enveloped in  
a white sheet to frighten some girls, he started  
to the roadside at the approach of a chaise, and  
frightened the horse so that the chaise was  
smashed up and one of the occupants severely  
injured.

Sam had been talked with, and argued with,  
but to no purpose. He could not be made to  
see the wickedness of his pranks. Sometimes  
he would fasten lines across the sidewalk and  
thus trip up pedestrians; he would ring folks  
up in the night, and ask them if they had  
plenty of bedding. Once he called the doctor out  
at midnight to come and attend a man who  
had very bad fits. The good old doctor arose  
and followed Sam till they came to Adam  
Snip's little bow-legged tailor, and the moment  
Snip poked his head out of the window, Sam  
cried: "There, doctor, is a man who makes the  
worst fits you ever saw!" and with this he  
ran away and left the doctor and tailor to set-  
tle the matter. This was a serious business  
in one sense, but it set the whole town in a  
laugh, and Sam was delighted.

But Sam's last practical joke was near at  
hand. At the edge of the village lived a man  
named Jerry Smith. He was a stone worker  
by trade, and as strong as an ox. One evening  
Jerry's wife had been to see a neighbor,  
and in returning she had to pass over a place  
where the road was built along upon a sort of  
mass, with willow trees upon each side. When  
she entered her house she was pale and  
trembling, and sank into a chair almost out of  
breath.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband.  
"I've been frightened," gasped the woman,  
as soon as she could command her speech.  
"But how? Where?"  
"Out by the willow trees. An ox, with  
great horns and fiery eyes, came out at us  
walking on his hind legs!"  
"By thunder, it's Sam Peabody!" exclaimed  
Jerry. "He killed an ox this morning."  
"I knew it was Sam as soon as I had time  
to think," returned the wife, "for his voice  
was plain; but I was so frightened at first that  
I liked to have fainted."

Jerry was angry. It did not suit his fancy  
to see a defenceless woman thus treated. He  
took his hat at once and went over to a small  
house on the opposite side of the street where  
lived his partner in business, another stout,  
iron-corded man, named Geo. Tyler.  
"Look here, Tyler," cried Jerry: "Sam  
Peabody is out in the willows, rigged up in  
his ox skin, frightening poor women. Come  
with me and we'll punish him."

Tyler hesitated not a moment, but taking his  
hat he followed Jerry over to the other house.  
In the first place Jerry took a fire-board, and  
with some marking paint he painted out a  
flaming placard, with letters large and distinct.  
Then he got some of his wife's dresses, and  
bade Tyler put one of them on. "For," said  
he, "if he sees two men coming he may run."

The dresses were thrown on after a fashion,  
and pinned to the other clothing, and then the  
men donned each one a bonnet. They then  
procured a lot of stout cord, and taking the  
fire-board they sallied forth. As they approach-  
ed the willows, they began to giggle and twit-  
ter in squeaking tones, and ere long the fearful  
nondescript made its appearance. With a  
low, deep-bellowing it walked into the road,  
and stood directly in front of the two pedestri-  
ans.

"Go on—go on!" bellowed Sam.  
"Mercy!" screamed Jerry.  
"Absurd on us!"  
"Save me!" squeaked Tyler.  
The ox-like creature approached another step,  
and Jerry leaped forward and seized it, and on  
the next moment Tyler was by his side.  
"Now, Mr. Peabody, I reckon you're safe,"  
uttered Jerry, giving him a gap-like a vice.  
"Don't—don't!" cried Sam.  
"Don't hurt me!"  
"Don't hurt me!"  
"We won't hurt you if you keep quiet, but  
if you make any resistance you'll run the risk  
of getting your head broken."

## A Brave Girl.

A letter from Iowa Points, Kansas territory,  
Feb. 4, contains the following narrative of ex-  
traordinary endurance:  
"Miss Martha Perkins, who resides five  
miles from this place, was on a visit to her  
brother-in-law, who resides here. On Thurs-  
day last, the 5th inst., she started to walk  
home. It was snowing hard at the time she  
started, and continued for two days. The  
snow was eighteen inches. Her road was  
mostly over high rolling prairie—the snow  
beating directly in her face. She pursued her  
journey with much difficulty, until within a  
mile from home, she lost her way, and ram-  
bled about until nearly sunset, when she took refuge  
for the night in a deep, bushy ravine. There,  
in the deep snow, she constructed a very in-  
genious little house out of the tall weeds that  
grew near by, and there passed the first night  
of camp life, without food to sustain life or fire  
to warm, or any clothing except her apparel,  
to shelter her from the storm. The little wood-  
house she had erected being the only thing  
she had to keep her from exposure to the bleak  
winds and storm.

Early the next morning she started out in  
pursuit of her home, but unfortunately a differ-  
ent course. After travelling all day, frequen-  
ly through snow four feet deep, exhausted and  
fatigued, her feet frozen, abandoning all idea  
of ever reaching home, she stopped and again  
built her little house. In this little frail tenement  
she resigned herself to her fate, and it  
came well being her last resting place  
upon this earth. She remained in this situa-  
tion at this last named place, from Wednes-  
day until Saturday, about 12 o'clock, when  
she was found by a party who were in search  
of her. She had been out four days and a half  
and four nights, exposed to the merciless  
storm on the prairies. During two nights of  
her exposure the thermometer ranged from 17 to  
20 degrees below zero. She said to those who  
found her, that she never slept during the  
whole time, believing that if she had gone to  
sleep, she would never wake again. It is a  
most miraculous escape from death, and those  
noble spirits who searched and found her de-  
serve great praise. To think that a young and  
delicate girl, not over sixteen years of age,  
could travel through such a snow storm five  
miles, wading often waist deep in snow, lie  
out on the open prairie exposed to the storm of  
snow and the piercing blast of wintry winds  
four days and nights without food, fire, or even  
blanket, and then live, is hard to believe, but  
such is the fact beyond a doubt, as at least half  
of our citizens who were in search of her, can  
testify. Her feet were badly frozen, but it  
is believed she will entirely recover, with the  
loss perhaps of a few of her toes."

"This is Sam Peabody, the great joker,  
and this is one of his own jokes in which he  
got trapped himself."  
Jerry took down the board and let Sam read  
it, and then put it up again.  
"Ha! ha! ha! Vot a joke!" cried one.  
"He came out here in that rig, to frighten  
poor women!" said Tyler.  
"Sam, how's beef?"  
"I say, Sam, can't you give us a horn?"  
"What a long tail!"  
"Who ever seed a hox wear boots afore!"  
These, and like exclamations, issued from  
the crowd, and all the while poor Sam was  
begging for some one to come and take him  
down.

"In the name of mercy," he groaned, "won't  
somebody let me go!"  
"Can't think of it yet," returned Jerry  
Smith.  
"Your joke is too good to be lost. You  
must have taken a good deal of pains to make  
that dress fit so nicely, and I should think  
you'd want folks to see it."  
"By jingo," screamed little Adam Snip, go-  
ing close up to the victim, "you have a worse  
fit now than I ever had! Shan't I send for the  
doctor?"

At this the crowd laughed uproariously.—  
They would have had pity for any one else in  
town, to have seen him in such a situation,  
but for Sam they had none, for they knew for  
years he had been annoying all whom he  
could; and now, he was caught in a trap of  
his own making, they thought it best to pun-  
ish him. At 9 o'clock nearly all the inhabi-  
tants of the village were out there, and by this  
time Sam began to cry. Even Jerry was  
touched now, and going up to the victim, he  
said:  
"Now, Sam, I'll let you down on one con-  
dition: Promise that you'll never attempt to  
perpetrate a practical joke again?"  
"I never will."  
"Of any kind or description. You'll never  
annoy a human-being again, if you can help  
it?"  
"Never—never. I never will, so help me  
God!"

So Jerry untied the cords, and in a few mo-  
ments Sam was free. He was too stiff to run,  
and for a while he could walk but with diffi-  
culty. But Jerry gave him his arm and help-  
ed him to his own house, and there let him re-  
main until the crowd had dispersed.  
Towards noon Sam went home, and for over  
a month he stuck closely to his shop, never  
appearing in the street save when absolute ne-  
cessity required it. He kept his promise  
faithfully, for to this day he has not attempted  
to perpetrate another of his practical jokes.—  
And people love him now, for he is one of the  
jolliest old men in the country, and his presence  
is sure to dispel anything like the silks and blues.

## A Rich "Sell."

A writer in the *Buffalo Republic* gives the  
following interesting reminiscence, which may  
be remembered by some of our readers:  
In 1838 I came to Rochester, and was there  
when that sublime force was enacted on Mount  
Hope. A wag at Mount Morris found a quan-  
tity of bear bones, which he palmed off as the  
bones of Col. James Boyd and company, of  
Revolutionary celebrity. The military took it  
up, and completed the humbug. A pompous  
funeral was planned, and Gov. Seward invited  
to deliver the funeral address. The cheat was  
discovered by some of the Rochester faculty a  
day or two before its consummation, but such  
was their fear of these military bureaucrats  
that they kept the secret to themselves. Never  
had poor Brain such a pompous funeral. It  
is supposed that seven thousand persons fol-  
lowed in procession. Gov. Seward was par-  
ticularly eloquent on this farcical occasion.

"Follow citizens," said he, in his exordium,  
"there is a history contained in the moulder-  
ing bones deposited in that urn."  
He was right. There was a history. Not  
of battle, blood and Indian massacres, but of  
devastated cornfields, murdered porkers, and  
unfitted cubs; a theme as fruitful and diversi-  
fied, if not as spirit stirring and interesting.

In a few days the secret leaked out—the  
joke was too good to keep, editors wrangled,  
doctors quarrelled, the military swore, but they  
had no redress, they had been most unimpre-  
cably sold, and to this day you cannot touch an  
inhabitant of Rochester in a more tender place  
than to ask him if he made one of the bear  
cession to Mount Hope, or if he was particu-  
larly edified with Gov. Seward's oration over  
Brain's sacred remains.

LONG HORSES.—Mr. Butler Hamlin, of Ham-  
lington, Wayne county, Pa., slaughtered in  
December last, two pigs, eight months and  
ten days old, weighing respectively 339 and  
314 pounds.

## The Railroad A B C.

The Washington *Globe* sends out the follow-  
ing terrific squib:  
A stands for Accidents, frequent, alas!  
B for the Bungling that brings them to pass;  
C is the Cheapness the sole end and aim,  
D of Directors who're "free from all blame";  
E for Express, diminished by half;  
F the few servants kept on the staff;  
G a slow Goad train, one man to mind it;  
H a High Pressure express close behind it;  
I an Incline, where to stop takes so long;  
J is the Junction, with point all turned wrong;  
K is the Knowledge of danger ahead,  
L by the Lights turned (too late) into red;  
M is the Mystery how it took place,  
N the "Nobody to blame in the case";  
O stands for Officers, sleepy and drunk;  
P for the Permanent way which had sunk;  
Q is the Quagmire o'er which it had passed;  
R for the Rails, where wearing out fast;  
S for the Signal the driver don't mind,  
T for the Train some two hours behind;  
U is Uniform rate of speed;  
V a Velocity frightful indeed;  
W is the Wisdom (—) by which is directed,  
X an "Excursion train, quite unexpected,  
Y is Yourself, if you travel our measures,  
Z a Zeal will impart to your pleasures.

"A brother editor, whilst announcing, in  
a neat valedictory, the discontinuance of the  
publication of his journal, declares the impress-  
ive, though, at the same time, melancholy  
truth, that it is agreeable to write, to clip, and  
to print, but a newspaper does not walk into  
the world, armed *cap-a-pie*—like the fabled  
MINERVA—from the brain of a Jove-like Editor,  
but all engaged on it, from editor to "imp,"  
often

feel, as well they might,  
The keen demands of appetite.  
The nectar and ambrosia of the gods will not  
sustain their grosser natures—and it they soon  
learn, by sad experience, that names on a sub-  
scription list, without the corresponding food  
needed, will not pay for the substantial food  
needed by men.

An Ex-Postmaster of Georgia sends us  
the following superscription of a letter which  
he copied with his own hand, and then sent  
the letter according to the direction. Except the  
names, which are altered, the copy is given  
verbatim *à literatim & punctuatim*:  
"Stait off gorny, Jefferson post office, Jackson  
county to Mr. Jones who lives about seven or  
eight miles from Mr.ard, or did about four or  
five years ago—ad idon't noe your given nam  
the postmaster at Franklin pier use forred the saim  
and mediantly if not sunner at the postmaster  
at Jefferson kounty the saim to Mr Jones as sune  
as the male gits thar."

The Best Judge.—A judge and joking law-  
yer were conversing about the doctrine of  
transmigration of the soul from men to animals.  
"Now," said the judge, "suppose you and  
I were turned into a horse and ass, which  
would you prefer to be?"  
"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.  
"Why?" asked the Judge.  
"Because," was the reply, "I have heard of  
an ass being Judge, but of a horse never."

Dr. Strong, there is a great deal of hay  
out, and a storm is coming; will there be any  
harm in working a little this pleasant Sunday,  
in order to save it?  
The farmer waited anxiously for his minis-  
ter's answer.  
"God himself made the law, in earing, or  
ploughing time, and in harvest, thou shalt rest,  
and I never heard that he repealed it," answer-  
ed the man of God.

The Boston *Post* infers that the millen-  
ium must be near at hand, because day or two  
since the inspector of long and dry measures  
in Baltimore, Md., cut a full quarter of an inch  
from a yard stick, in use at a dry goods store  
in that city, being that much too long!

## Plain Soda Water.

Mr. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, sends us  
one of a series of humorous publications  
which he is issuing from the press. The one  
we have on our table is entitled "MASON JONES'S  
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL," and the best plan of  
showing the character of the book, is the fol-  
lowing extract from its pages. The respectable  
Major is in Baltimore, and he concludes to  
have a drink of soda water, which he takes af-  
ter the following description:

"After gwine up as far as Youtaw street, I  
crossed over and cum down on ither side of  
the street lookin along at one thing and another  
till I got most down to Charles street. By  
this time I begun to be monstous dry, and as  
I'd heard tell a good deal about the sody water  
what they have in the big cities, I thought I'd  
try a little at the fist place whar they sold it.  
Well, the fist doctor's shop I cum to had a  
Sody water sign up, and in I went to git sum.  
"See I, 'I want a drink of yer sody water."  
"What kind of syrrip will yer have?" see  
he, puttin his hand on a bottle of molasses.  
"I don't want no syrrip," see I, "I want sody  
water."  
"Ah," see he, "you want extra sody."  
And whar that he tuck a glass and put sum  
white stuff in it, and then held it under the  
spout till it was full, and handed it to me.

I put it to my head and pulled away at it, but  
I never got such an everlasting dose in all my  
life. I got throo or four swallers down before  
I begun to taste the dratted stuff, and you may  
depend it it took to kill me right dead in my  
tracks. It tuck the breath clean out of me, and  
when I cum to myself, my tongue felt like it  
was full of needles, and my stomach felt like it  
swallowed a pint of frozen soapuds, and the  
tears running out of my eyes in a stream.

I dropped the glass and squinted the rest out  
of my mouth, quicker'n lightning, but before I  
could git breath to speak to the chap what was  
standin behind the counter strein at me with  
all his might, he ax'd me if I wasn't well.  
"Well! thunder and lightning," see I, "do  
you want to pisen me to death and then ax  
me if I'm well?"  
"Pisen!" see he.  
"Yes," see I, "pisen! I ax'd you for sum  
sody water, and you gim me a dose bad enough  
to kill a hox."  
"I gin you nothing but plain sody," see he.  
"Well," see I, "if that's what you call sody  
water, I'll be diddled if I'll try any more of  
it. Why it's worse nor Ingin turnip juice,  
siew'd down six gallons into a pint, couled off  
in a snowbank and mixed with a harrayance."  
Just then some billen steam cum up into my  
throate, that liked to blow'd my nose rite out  
by the roots.

See he, "Maybe you ain't used to drinkin  
it without syrrip."  
"No," see I, "and what's more, I never will  
be."  
"It's much better with sassyparillier, or  
gooseberry syrrip," see he. "Will you try  
some with syrrip?"  
"No, I thank you," see I, and I paid him a  
thrip for the dose I had, and put out."

There is a fast buy out in Madison, the  
capitol of Wisconsin, who, if he gets no busi-  
ness, will scarpely fall to reach Congress or  
the penitentiary, one of these days.  
His school teacher, a young lady, was prose-  
cuted by his parents for, partly severely  
whipping the young rascal's back for his conduct.  
The case went up to court, and the verdict  
of the jury was in effect "scarp'd him rite."  
We give a portion of the boy's testimony,  
the wit of which stuns for his rudeness.  
"I asked her to do a sum for me, and she re-  
fused."  
"What was the sum?" asked the counsel  
for the defendant.  
"To subtract nine from twenty-eight."  
"Couldn't you do that without her assis-  
tance?"  
"I suppose I could; but the arithmetic  
said I couldn't subtract nine from eight with-  
out borrowin 10, and I didn't know whar  
the d— went to borrow it."

CHILD WIT.—Perhaps some of our readers  
have seen the following, but if they have,  
it won't hurt them to laugh over it again. "A  
bevy of little children were telling their father  
what they got at school. The eldest got gram-  
mar, geography, arithmetic, &c. The next  
got reading, spelling, and definitions.—"and  
what do you get, my little soldier?" said the  
father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was  
at that moment driving a ten-penny nail into a  
door panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin', spellin',  
and spankin's."

BUTTER VS. KISSES.—The Boston *Post*, in  
looking over its California dust, finds a sutter  
advertisement. It is very good, especially the  
butter part—thus:  
"At noon my Henry, dear, came home—  
He had me in the distillery room,  
And with a smile did utter  
"Look here, my own sweet Angelina,  
I've brought you for a Valentine  
A box of Wilkes's butter."  
And oh! I cannot tell which gave more bliss,  
The box of butter or my Henry's kiss."

"Sally Jones, have you done that sum I  
set you?"  
"No thir, I can't do it."  
"Can't do it, I am ashamed of you; why, at  
your age I could do any sum you set me."  
"I think, thir, I know a thum you can't thir-  
er out."  
"Well, Sally, let's hear what it is and we  
will see."  
"It thir thir: If one apple cauthed the ruin of  
the whole human race, how many thum will  
it take to make a barrel of thir?"  
"Girls may have recess."

Punch furnishes the best argument yet  
discovered against moustaches. He points two  
rough Crimean soldiers, with pipes in their  
mouths, and a thicket of hair all over their  
faces, meeting, and one complains to the other:  
"I tell yer whar, Bill, I don't half like these  
moustachers. They do mop up such a lot of  
grog."

A spindle shanked gentleman, having  
put on a new pair of boots, said to a friend,  
"What do you think of my new boots?" who  
shrewdly replied, "Sir, your boots look very  
well—but your legs appear in them much like  
a rope in a well."

The German *Quarterly Magazine* has  
an article on the world's marine, from which  
it appears that the waters of the earth are navig-  
ated by 145,000 vessels, of 12,904,687 tons.  
The United States have 5,500,000 tons of ship-  
ping, Great Britain 5,000,000, Germany, in-  
cluding Austria, 1,000,000, and France only  
716,130 tons.

## Gen. Jackson at a Methodist Conference.

The Western Christian Advocate records  
the following interesting anecdote of Jackson.  
The scene of it was in the Tennessee Annual  
Conference, held at Nashville, and to which  
had been invited by a vote of the members,  
that they might have the pleasure of an intro-  
duction to him.

The Committee was appointed, and the  
General fixed the time for 9 o'clock, on Mon-  
day morning. The Conference room being too  
small to accommodate the hundreds who wished  
to witness the introduction, one of the church-  
es was substituted, and an hour before the  
time filled to overflowing. Front seats were  
reserved for the members of the Conference,  
which was called to order by the Bishop,  
seated in a large chair in the altar, just before  
the pulpit. After prayers the committee re-  
turned, and a minute after entered, conducting  
the man whom all delighted to honor. They  
led him to the Bishop's chair, which was made  
vacant for him, the Bishop meanwhile occupy-  
ing another place within the altar. The Sec-  
retary was directed to call the names of the  
members of the Conference, which he did in al-  
phabatical order, each coming forward and re-  
ceiving from the Bishop a personal introduc-  
tion to give place to the next.

The ceremony had nearly been completed,  
when the secretary read the name of Rev.  
James T.—an elderly gentleman, with a  
weather beaten face, clad in a suit of Jan-  
et, and came forward. Few seemed to  
know him. He had always been on circuit or  
frontier; and though always a conference, he  
never troubled it with long speeches, but kept  
his seat, and said but little—that little, how-  
ever, was always to the purpose. Mr. T.  
came forward and was introduced to Genl. J.  
Jackson. He turned his face towards the  
General, who said, "It seems to me that we  
have met before." The preacher, apparently  
embarrassed, said, "I was with you through-  
out the Creek campaign—one of your body guards  
at the battle of Horse Shoe—and fought under  
your command at New Orleans." The Gen-  
eral rose slowly from his seat, and throwing  
his long, withered, bony arms around the  
preacher, neck, exclaimed, "We'll soon meet  
where there's no war—where the smoke of  
battle never rolls up its sulphurous incense."  
Never before or since have I seen so many  
tears shed as there flowed, from the eyes  
of the vast assembly. Every eye was moist  
with weeping. Eleven years have passed  
away since that day. The old hero has be-  
come more than ten in his silent and narrow home.  
The voice that cheered the drooping fight, and  
thundered in the rear of routed armies, is silent  
forever. The old preacher, too, has fought his  
last battle, laid his armor by, and gone home  
to his eternal rest.

Mr. Buchanan on the Nebraska Bill.  
The following is from a late number of the  
*Washington Union*, and is the first authoritative  
word we have had from the Pennsylvania  
Statesman on the Nebraska question: "We re-  
joice at the spirit it manifests, and are glad  
that it will be approved by every Democrat.  
Mr. Buchanan has some perception of freedom  
of opinion existing in the hearts of men. He  
does not expect to manipulate the minds of Dem-  
ocrats. Now that the Missouri Compromise is  
repealed, let it be so—let us maintain the  
doctrine of popular sovereignty in truth, and  
let the pioneers who have gone to Kansas be  
protected in their rights. We ask no more—  
we will be satisfied with nothing less. The  
*Union says:*

MR. BUCHANAN.  
Some discussion having taken place upon  
the position of Mr. Buchanan on the Kansas  
Nebraska bill, we are permitted to copy the  
following extract from a letter addressed by  
Mr. Buchanan to Senator Sillwell, dated Lon-  
don, on the 28th of December last, when there  
seemed to be no difference as to Mr. B.'s  
through identity with the Democratic party on  
this as on all issues. It will be seen that Mr.  
B. speaks of the Kansas Nebraska bill with  
his usual frankness and decision. "We are  
confirmed in our impression by this letter that  
no man, no set of men, and no newspaper are  
at all warranted to speak authoritatively for  
Mr. Buchanan upon this or upon any other ques-  
tion. His own words speak for themselves."  
The letter of Mr. Buchanan was not, it will  
be seen, intended for publication, but the gen-  
tleman to whom it was addressed has thought  
it necessary after the editorial article in the  
*Union* of Wednesday last to lay it before the  
Country:

"The question has been settled by Congress,  
and this settlement should be inflexibly main-  
tained.—The Missouri Compromise is gone,  
and gone for ever. But no assault should be  
made upon those Democrats who maintained it,  
provided they are now willing in good faith  
to maintain the settlement as it exists. Such  
an understanding is wise and just in itself.  
"It is well known how I labored with south-  
ern men to have this line extended to the Pa-  
cific ocean. But it has departed. The time  
for it has passed away, and I verily believe  
that the