

The Republican Compiler

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, The Markets, Local and General Intelligence, Politics, Advertising, &c.

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Choice Poetry.

A HOME PICTURE.

One autumn night when the wind was high,
And the sun fell in heavy splashes,
A little boy sat by the chimney fire,
A popping corn in the ashes;
And his sister, a curly haired child of three,
Sat looking on just close to his knee.
The black went howling round the house,
As if to get in 'twas trying;
It rattled the latch at the outer door,
Then seemed it a baby crying!
Now then a drop down the chimney came
And spluttered and hissed in the bright red flame.
Pop, pop! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the tubbers flying;
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily playing;
He stirred the corn and it popped the more,
And faster jumped to the clean swept floor.
A part of the kernels hopped one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some few plump into the sister's lap,
Some upon the stool of the brother;
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them a lock of milk white sheep.
All at once the boy rapt as still as a mouse,
And into the fire he kept gazing;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
For he looked where the wood was blazing;
He looked, and he fancied that he could see
A house and barn, a field and a tree.
Still steadily gazed the boy at these,
And puss's gray back kept stroking;
Till the little girl cried, "Why, tub,
Only see how the corn is smoking!"
And she touched the boy's forehead,
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.
"Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough;
So now let us sit back and eat it;
I'll carry the stools and you the corn;
This nice—nobody can beat it."
She took up the corn in her pinafore,
And they ate it all, nor wished for more.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pebbly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.
And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from use;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been, to be no more;
Of me, my name, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.
And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

A Capital Story.

THE PIRATE CITTWITTED.

Not many years ago—long enough, however, for Bangor to grow up from a little wild, uncouth lumbering village into a beautiful city—there might have been seen, one day in September, a small, fore-and-aft schooner lying at one of the rude log wharves, taking in a regular assortment of pine lumber, pig-tatoes, poultry, and cod-fish. If you stop at Bangor, you can read her name—Sarah Ford, Bangor. And that afternoon, after her cargo was all on board, if you could have got a peep at her manifest and bill of lading, you would have seen that she was commanded by Capt. Josiah Forbes, and bound for St. Thomas.

Josiah Forbes, as he was commonly called in Bangor, was born on the banks of the Penobscot, and brought up at sea; and at this particular time was just about twenty-three years old, and master and owner of the schooner Sarah Ford. Josiah had named his little craft, which was nearly new, after the daughter of Colonel Ford, a very rich, aristocratic merchant of Bangor. There was a perfectly safe understanding between Josiah and Miss Sarah, entirely unknown to any one but themselves; for Col. Ford would as soon have followed his only daughter to the grave as consented to her marrying the skipper of a Down-East coaster.

Reader, have you ever been to the island of St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies? "Yes," Well, I am glad of it; for you will agree with me, that it is one of the loveliest of all these ocean gardens—the Virgin Islands. "No?" Well then, come with me; it will cost you nothing, and a short visit will amply repay you for your time and trouble.

The island of St. Thomas belongs to Denmark, and is situated just far enough within the tropics to enjoy all the advantages of a tropical climate, so liberal in its variety of fruits and flowers, and just far enough to windward of the larger islands, to insure it against the ravages of yellow fever and other prevailing diseases, which often rage with such malignity during the summer months in the West India Islands.

The island is about eleven miles long, and five in its greatest width. The city stands at the bottom of a beautiful bay, opening in from the southwest, and is a magnificent harbor. Trade winds, blowing entirely over the island, render its climate cool and delicious during the greater part of the year. About half a

mile to the westward of the town, there is an old burying ground, which is a favorite resort of the St. Thomas idlers.

One Sunday afternoon, about four weeks after we had seen the schooner Sarah Ford alongside the wharf in Bangor, you might have discovered her commander, Capt. Josiah, lying his full length on a black marble slab that covered a grave under a large tamarind tree in the old burying ground.

Captain Josiah was figuring away, with a big piece of chalk in his fingers, and the marble slab for a slate, calculating the expenses of the voyage and the actual profits to himself, after having paid for his cargo, which he had bought in Bangor on credit.

After a while he got through with his calculations, and drawing forth his handkerchief, he carefully wiped the chalk marks from the polished marble, and lazily rolled off the slab into a perfect little thicker of lilies and honey suckles, which grew up in wild luxuriance alongside of the tomb. His intention was to take a comfortable afternoon nap; but just as he was about to close his eyes, the sound of voices near by, and approaching still nearer, aroused him; and a moment after, two individuals, whom he had often seen since his arrival, seated themselves on the very slab which he had so recently occupied.

These two persons were—one, his excellency Governor Van Sholtenberg, of St. Thomas, and the other the captain of a beautiful armed schooner under the New Granadian flag, which had for a week past been lying in the harbor, well out towards Prince Rupert's Rocks.

For several years past, the Governor of St. Thomas had been suspected of being connected with the slave trade, and twice he had been called home to Copenhagen to answer charges preferred against him. But he had each time been able to prove his innocence, or the Government had been unable to prove his guilt, which amounted to the same thing, and the Baron Van Sholtenberg still retained the office of Governor of St. Thomas.

Capt. Josiah was perfectly concealed under the friendly shade of the honey-suckle and lilies, and lying very quiet, he soon learned from the conversation of the two gentlemen seated on the tomb, that his excellency was not only engaged in the African slave trade, but that he was also connected with a still freer trade, in which the engines were the black flag and the main peak. He also learned that the pretended captain of the New Granadian schooner was no less a personage than Charles Mitchell, the celebrated *Private of the Gulf*.

Captain Forbes heard a great many things that astonished him; and when the two worthies left the old graveyard, he crept out of his place of concealment with a much poorer opinion of the world's honesty than he had when he rolled off the marble slab an hour previously.

The Granadian schooner went to sea on the following morning, firing a salute as she got under way, which was returned by the outer fort.

Three days afterwards, Captain Josiah, finding he could not get a homeward cargo in St. Thomas, got under way, with the intention of running down on the South side of Cuba, into some of the little bays, and purchasing his cargo of sugar and molasses; privately calculating that if he went into some of the small out of the way places, he should get his cargo much cheaper than he could in any of the larger and more frequented harbors.

As soon as he made Cape Maize, the Eastern extremity of Cuba, he hauled close in with the land, and running along down to the westward, he kept a bright look-out for some little obscure inlet, which would suit his purpose.

He passed Trinidad, and began to think that he should be obliged to run round on the North side to Havana or Matanzas, when, one afternoon, as he was keeping close along the beach, inside of the Isle of Pines, his eye caught the entrance of a little narrow channel that looked just as if it would suit his purpose. The schooner's helm was put hard up, and off she went before the wind, and in fifteen minutes she was inside of a little harbor, that probably never was visited by an honest American vessel before.

Captain Josiah Forbes was not very often astonished at anything he saw, but he was taken all aback that afternoon, for when he got about a quarter of a mile up the narrow creek, he discovered moored alongside of the bank, half a mile further up, the New Granadian schooner he had seen, at St. Thomas. He double quick time, the Sarah Ford was running alongside the bank and tied up to the trees, which grew close down to the water's edge.

Josiah Forbes, for once in his life, was in a quandary. He couldn't get out to sea again, for the wind was blowing square into the creek, and he knew that before the land breeze would set in at night, the gentlemen from the schooner above would pay him a visit; and then good bye to all hopes of marrying his little schooner's namesake, for all that he was worth in the world, and considerably more, was in the vessel. He had with him the whole proceeds of the cargo which he had sold in St. Thomas, and which he was yet in debt for in Bangor.

For five minutes the Yankee captain was lost in a deep study, when all at once a bright idea seemed to strike him, for he brightened up and calling his little crew of five, all told, aft, he addressed himself particularly to the young man who acted as mate in the schooner, and said:—

"Warren, do you think you can take the Sarah Ford home to Bangor?"

"Yes, cap'n. I do," replied the youngster, "but what are you going to do?"

"Me? Oh, I'm going home in that schooner up there!"

The other looked at him in astonishment; but all enquiries were cut short by Captain Josiah, who again addressed his mate as follows:—

"Warren, you jump aft there, and take the bearing of that vessel by compass; and then take the compass out and bring it along—follow me up to the bushes, if we ever want to see Yankee land again. I'll tell you my plan after we get into the woods."

In two minutes the Sarah Ford was deserted by all hands. Capt. Josiah took the compass from Warren, and led his little crew back from the creek about a quarter of a mile, when he shaped his course by compass, so as to keep along up, about parallel with the bank. When he judged he was about opposite the pirate, he took the advance and proceeded carefully down towards the creek. In a few moments they came in sight of the pirate schooner, and

at the same moment he made a grand discovery, which was that a little ahead of where the schooner lay, there was an arm of the creek, which ran off about west, and opening out in the bay, by a different channel from the one he had entered. As soon as the captain saw that the wind was a vessel could run out by this channel with a free shot. About the time that Forbes and his crew came in sight of the schooner, the pirate had mustered all hands and just started off down the bank of the creek to overhaul the Sarah Ford.

As soon as they were out of sight in the bushes, Forbes whispered to his men:—

"Now's our chance—out knives and cut her fasts. Then jump aboard and shove off, and then put sail on her."

The captain's orders were promptly obeyed, and in less than ten minutes, the New Granadian armed schooner Brandy—the favorite cruiser of Mitchell, the pirate—was under all sail, and passing rapidly down the Western channel.

At the moment that the pirates reached the Yankee schooner, they saw their own vessel under way and going to sea. Instantly comprehending the Yankee trick, and boiling with rage, they immediately got the Sarah Ford under way and followed her.

In half an hour, both vessels were outside. Forbes, with his new command, was running away to the westward, about a point free, and keeping the lift of his sails lightening, so that she shouldn't go too fast through the water. The pirate was standing right on in his wake, crowding on all sail to overhaul him.

After leading them off about ten miles, Capt. Forbes suddenly tacked ship and stood back on the other tack towards the pirates, and passing them to windward, just out of pistol shot, he hailed them:—

"Now, gentlemen, you will please keep on as you are going. If you attempt to haul us I'll sink you."

A yell of mingled rage and despair rang out from the pirates' deck, and immediately the schooner's helm was put hard down, in order to go in stays.

And they did so. In an instant the schooner's helm was put up, and she was kept off on her course.

Captain Josiah reefed his fore and aft sails, so his vessel would just hold way with the other schooner, and then he kept on after her, just within pistol range; all through the night—which was clear and beautiful—when the pirates agreed to forget their orders, and began to keep off, or haul to their course, a gentle hint from Forbes' long pivot gun brought them to their senses directly.

And thus he drove them all the way into Havana, where they were secured by the authorities.

The Governor General of Cuba was so well pleased with the affair, that he gave the Brandy (which was Josiah's name) as a reward. He also gave special orders that the Sarah Ford was to pay no export duties on her cargo, nor was she to be subject to any port charges.

In a week, Captain Josiah Forbes sailed for New York, and he did not find quite so much gold in his prize as he had buried along the coast, he found enough to make him the richest man in Down East, and Col. Ford was perfectly willing that he should marry his daughter Sarah.

Select Miscellany.

Family Cakes.

An Excellent Sugar Gingerbread.—One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, six eggs, and season to taste. Pour into shallow pans, and bake half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

An Excellent Plain Tea Cake.—One cup of white sugar, half a pound of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, half teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, and flour enough to make it like soft gingerbread. Flavor with the juice of a small lemon. This makes one good sized loaf.

Excellent Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, one of lard, one of milk, three of flour, and four eggs. One and a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Two pounds of raisins, chopped fine; one nutmeg, and a little brandy, if you choose. This will make two good sized loaves, which will keep moist without liquor four to six weeks, when properly covered.

Another Fruit Cake.—One and a half pounds of sugar, one and a quarter pounds of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, six eggs, a pint of sweet milk, one teaspoon of saleratus, one glass of wine, one of brandy, and as much fruit and pie-crust as you can afford, and no more.

Cup Cakes.—Five cups of flour, three cups of nice sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of good buttermilk, with saleratus enough to sweeten it, one nutmeg.

Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of cold water, half a teaspoon of saleratus, two eggs, flour enough to roll, and no more.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of buttermilk, one egg, saleratus and cloves.—Mix pretty stiff.

Crown Cakes.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, two eggs, teaspoon of saleratus, flavor with lemon.

Dedicated Cakes.—Nearly three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, whites of six eggs, one-teaspoon of cream tartar, half teaspoon of soda, half a cup of butter, lemon for flavoring.

Cookies.—One pint of water, one teacup of butter, one teacup of soda, two of cream tartar, flour enough to make as stiff as biscuit.—Let them stand in the oven until dried through. They do not need pounding.

Worth Knowing.—The great difficulty of getting horses from a stable where the surrounding buildings are in a state of conflagration, is well known, and that in consequence of such difficulty, arising from the animal's dread of stirring from the scene of destruction, many valuable horses have perished in the flames. A gentleman whose horses were in great peril from such a cause, having in vain tried to save them, hit upon the expedient of having them harnessed as though they were going to their usual work when, to his astonishment, they were led from the stable without difficulty.

When the young laugh at the old, they laugh at themselves beforehand.

It Made Him Feel Independent.

A man named Porter says he once had a clerical friend between whom and himself there existed great intimacy.

Every Saturday night, as Porter was sitting by himself, a note would come requesting "the loan of a five dollar bill." The money was always returned punctually at 8 o'clock on Monday morning. But what puzzled the lender was, the person always returned the very identical note he borrowed. Since he discovered this fact he had made private marks on the note; still the same was handed back on Monday morning. One Saturday evening Porter sent a five dollar gold piece, instead of a note, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on Monday. Porter got nervous and bilious about it; he could not sleep at nights for thinking of it; he would ask her what she thought of such a strange occurrence. He was fast boiling over with curiosity, when a note came from the receiver, one Christmas eve, asking for the loan of ten dollars. A brilliant thought struck our friend. He put on his great coat, resolving to call, and demand an explanation of the mystery.

When he was shown into his friend's study he found him planged in the profoundest melancholy.

"Mr. ***," said our friend, "if you will answer me one question I will let you have the ten dollars."

"How does it happen that you always repay me the money you borrow on Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The person raised his head, and after a violent struggle, as though he were about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said, in faltering tones, "Porter, you are a gentleman—a scholar—a Christian and a New Yorker—I know I can rely on your inviolable secrecy—listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor, and when I have bought my Sunday's dinner, I have seldom a red cent left in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel and blow up his congregation properly without he has got something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have therefore borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday that I might feel occasionally as I preached on Sunday. You know how independently I preach—how I make the rich shake in their shoes; well, it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five dollar bill in my pocket! Of course, never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you next morning. Now as Mr. George Law is coming to hear me preach to-morrow, I thought I would try the effect of a ten dollar bill sermon on him!"

Peter Grip and the Undertaker.

Peter Grip amassed a large fortune by loaning money at five per cent. A short time since, he was afflicted with a severe attack of pneumonia. His doctors had given up all hopes of his recovery, and communicated the fact to him. He immediately despatched a messenger for the grave digger; that worthy functionary attended, and the following dialogue ensued between him and Mr. Grip:—

"Are you a grave digger?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you charge for burying a man?"

"Ten dollars, sir."

"Ten dollars! Will you give me a bill of your charges?"

"It is easily made out. I charge five dollars for digging the grave and covering it up, and five dollars for the hearse."

"Five dollars for hauling a man from here to the graveyard? Why, I never heard of such a charge. I can get a hoghead of molasses hauled up from the wharf for twenty-five cents, and that will weigh ten times as much as a man. Can't you take less?"

"No; the city council allows me to charge that much, and I think it little enough."

"The people of this town are a little too smart, anyhow. In Dauphin county, in North Carolina, where I came from, they never thought of charging a man to bury him. I suppose I can't employ a dray to haul me out?"

"I guess not, for if you did, the drayman would be subject to a fine ten dollars."

"Well, old fellow, can't you fall a little? My charges are hard."

"No, not one copper, for I guess when the old fellow sends for you, you'll have to pay it, as I've no competitor."

"I can't afford it, and I ain't a-going to, neither; so you may travel, old Skiddling!"

After the grave digger left, Mr. Grip soliloquized:—

"I don't care what the doctors say; if I'm to be shaved in that way, I'll not die at all." And true enough, he is again to be seen sitting at the door looking for some poor unfortunate man with a constable after him.

A Rich Sermon.—The following rich extract from a sermon will be recognized at a glance by some of our readers here at home. It is so much of its humor, because we cannot put in print the peculiar singsong style and appropriate gestures that accompanied it:—

"My friends—Sin makes the young man or woman of the world look ugly-ah. And I'll tell you how I know-ah. I was coming up to church to-day, when I saw some young men in the road-ah, and thought one of them was the purtiest young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And as I drew nigh unto them I discovered that they were playing at marvells, and they drew nigh unto a place they called tie-taw, and they marveled-ah. And this purty young man was the last one to marvel-ah. And when he marvelled, he jumped up and flapped his hands like a rooster does his wings, and says he: 'I wish I may be d-d if I ain't fat-ah.' And oh, my friends, then I thought that was the ugliest young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And I opened my mouth and spoke unto him thus—says I, 'Young man, this is not the way to salvation.' And says he: 'Old horse, if you had been salivated as bad as I have, you wouldn't want to hear talk of salvation.'"

"And now, my friends, when that ar young man said he was fat he told a lie-ah, for he was lean as that hungry-looking sister over there, that's always praying so piously when the hat's been passed round-ah. And my friends, if that young man hadn't been blinded by sin, he never could a mistake me for an old horse-ah."—*Nor. Moral Times.*

Extempore preaching is like extempore fielding—nowhere but the most finished performers should attempt it.

Method.

There are few persons, no matter how many or how few the duties which devolve upon them, who would not gain much by adopting some system of labor, or by systematically arranging their duties, and properly distributing their time. We believe the number of those whose greatest anxiety is how they can most easily "kill time," is fast passing away, and we would gladly see the last of such a race. While there are so many hungry to feed, fallen to raise up, ignorant to instruct, and out-cast to redeem, there can surely be no reason why time should hang heavily upon the hands, even of those whom affluent circumstances release from all care of providing for their own wants. The most careful observers cannot but be struck with the vast difference in the households of their friends where there seems to be an equal amount of labor to be performed and care-to-be exercised. We are no friends of that precision which would sacrifice the comfort of all around, rather than leave a certain piece of work unperformed, yet we think some general system closely conforming to the circumstances will permit, would greatly diminish the care, and equally enhance the enjoyment of many family circles—while many young ladies who now accomplish little beyond the general routine of society—might in this way find time for the performance of many duties now left undone.

—*Ladies' Enterprise.*

A week or so ago, the jail at Sparta, N. C., had one tenant, who got off by the help of his wife, as follows: She went to see the wife of the jailer, looking very forlorn, and watching the first chance took the jail key, which was hanging in the kitchen, and unlocked the door. She then returned looking as miserable as ever, and kept the jailer's wife busy talking until the prisoner got clear off. The next day the jailer's wife and the prisoner's wife vied with each other in expressing surprise at the occurrence.

Creosote for Warts.—Dr. Rainey, of St. Thomas Hospital, London, has written an article to the *Lancet*, detailing the effects of Creosote applied to warts. He applied it freely to an obstinate warty excrescence on the finger, then covered it all over with a piece of sticking plaster. This course he pursued every three days for two weeks, when the wart was found to have disappeared, leaving the part beneath it quite healthy. This is certainly a remedy which can be easily applied by any person.

Old Time Fashions.—The Massachusetts Gazette, of June 16, 1765, says:—"We hear that the ladies, who, through the dirt of the last season or two, dragged out many a yard of silk at their heels, are now come to the resolution of displaying their industry, by introducing gowns so short, as may convince the gentlemen that they have no holes in the heels of their stockings."

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front towards the north.

"Now, what is before you, John?"

"The north, sir."

"And what behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse at it.

His First Boots.—A youngster who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels on, laid himself liable, through some misadventure, to maternal chastisement. After pleading to get clear to no effect, he exclaimed: "Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots."

"Why?" asked his mother.

"Because I won't be whipped in them new boots, no law. That's so!"

A Newspaper.—Dr. Johnson, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said:—"I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen—never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

The following question is now before the Hitchabopack-debating society:—"Which has rained the most men—giving credit or getting trusted?" We should not wonder if this led to a considerable wrangle.

We ridicule others for their fears and failures and fear and fail like them in like situations; for many a path that looks smooth at a distance, is found to be rough when we have to travel it.

A fellow remarked that he would like to know what there was about mush and milk that could blot a man up so soon. He said he never could out more than three or four quarts without feeling considerably swollen. Quite astonishing!

Mother, mother, here's Jake fretting the baby. Make him cry again, Jake, then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him—then he'll squall, and mother will give him some more, and you can take that, and we'll both have some.

It was in Alabama, that the preacher was accustomed to distinguish the I and II epistles of John by saying, John with one eye and John with two eyes. It was a long time before the people got the hang of it, but when they did the distinction answered very well.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke them for the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is gone.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A small pinch of gunpowder, given to a chicken with the gapes, will effect a sure and complete cure in from one to three hours' time.

Can't say that I admire your style of playing, when she caught him stealing her spoons.

A sheaf from the shock of an earthquake must be a rare curiosity.

Salt as a Manure.

In one of his works, CURTNER W. JOHNSON asserts that salt is at present much used by the English agriculturists in the formation of composts, and speaks of its effects—as being highly valuable and efficacious, especially on sandy soils. Every farmer is perhaps aware of the fact, that the deprivations of many insects which usually prey with great avidity upon plants and tender vines, are prevented by the application of salt. A weak brine, not exceeding the strength of sea water, proves a remedy for the "squash destroyer," one of the insidious and persevering, as well as voraciously destructive enemies with which the gardener and fruit-grower is called to contend. It is also a most effectual preventive of aphides, or plant lice, vermin which prey upon the cabbage and turnip tribes. In every instance of the application of brine to these vegetables that has fallen under our observation, the success has been complete. No injury need be apprehended from a very liberal application, say a quart to a plant, if the solution be of the strength indicated. All the cabbage tribe are liable to be attacked and fatally injured by minute maggots, resembling very nearly the maggots in cheese, and which are doubtless the larvae of some fly. There is another enemy, also, which they are frequently infested—a small grub, similar, in many respects, to those found in corn and potato hills, and which not unfrequently prove very destructive. Salt water applied to the hills will have a tendency to arrest their deprivations, and if the application be repeated frequently, say once in two or three days, it will effectually destroy or drive them off. The water, however, should not be allowed to come in contact with the foliage, in this instance, but should be applied to the soil immediately around the stalks, but without coming in actual contact with them. To destroy the first named insects, it may be applied in a state sufficiently dilute to admit of a perfect abatement of every part of the foliage; but as we said before, care must be taken not to make it too strong, or it will destroy the plant. Every cook knows, or ought to know, that the washing of cabbage, lettuce, spinach, &c., in salt water before cooking or preparing for the table, is sure to expel every species of insect which so frequently seeks a habitation or a shelter in these vegetables.

—*Germanorum Telegraph.*

Owing to the fact that the ground has been covered with snow for months, and that snow is an absorbent of fertilizing elements for the earth, we have reason to believe that this will be a great grain producing season. Let the people plant corn.

John Calvin, who is not believed to have been an intemperate or bad man, with the same habits at this day, would hardly have ranked as a Maine Law man. Something of the habits of his time may be learned from his writing:—"In a scolding letter to the synodes or magistrates of Geneva he complains that they have filled his cellar with wine of poor quality. 'I do not keep open house, he says, nor do I entertain many guests at my table, and therefore the quantity you have sent me displeases me as well as the quality. I wish, therefore, you would take it away, and replace it with something that I can drink. I do not want much, merely enough for my own use and that of my family; a few barriques (barrels) of about forty gallons each, say four or five, will be sufficient for me once a quarter!'"

Bachelor's Buttons.—"How do you know he's a bachelor, aunt?" I naturally inquired.

"Common sense, my dear," replied Aunt Deborah, sententiously. "I judge of people by their belongings; no lady could get into that coat without soiling her dress against the wheel-ah-and if he had a wife, that husband some day would go with another in her carriage instead of his. Besides he wouldn't be so fond of his pointers if he had anything else to care for; and above all, Kate," added my aunt, conclusively, "his silk handkerchief wasn't hemmed, and he'd a button wanting in front of his shirt."—*Frazier.*

Take a Paper for Your Wife.—A friend, says an exchange, told us a story in relation to one of our subscribers, which contains an example for wives which is not unworthy of imitation under similar circumstances:—

The subscriber referred to, said it had been his intention to call at the office, pay up his arrears, and discontinue the paper.

His wife very promptly asked:—"Why do you intend to discontinue the paper?"

"Because," said the husband, "I am so much from home on business, and have so little time to read, there seems to be little use in my taking the paper."

"Yes," replied she, "it may be but little use to you, but it is great use to ME. I remain at home while you are gone. If you discontinue the paper, I will go straight to town and subscribe myself."

Poor Delivery.—A waggonish fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, whose quibs and quibbles have been relished by many of us, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the crushed pepper-corns were in no wise inclined to come forth. "T-h-h-h-his p-pepper-box," he exclaimed, with a facetious grin, "is something B-like myself."

"Why so?" interrogated a neighbor.

"P-p-poor delivery," was the reply.

A London Review, in answer to the question, "What is man?" says: "Chemically speaking, a man is forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water," slightly perfumed with stimulating beverages. In answer to the question, "What is woman?" a bachelor wag says: "Mechanically speaking, a woman is one hundred pounds of flesh and blood, two pounds of silk, ten pounds of cotton and one pound of white-lead, with an indefinite amount of 'fuss and feathers.'"

A physician, passing by a marble mason's shop, layked out:—"Good morning, Mr. D. Hard at work, I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'in memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick and you are doctoring him—then I keep right on."