

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAIBLE.

"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.

38TH YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

"Hoe Out Your Row."

One lazy day a farmer's boy,
Was hoeing out the corn,
And would not listen long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But good man shouted in his ear,
"Hoe out your row!"
Altho' a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad, as the sailors have it,
Beginning well by "haze"
"Can," said he, and manfully
He started again his hoe;
And the good man smiled to see the boy
Hoe out his row.
The lad the text remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man, resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous tool
In life's great field of varied toil
Hoe out your row—
Hoe out your row.

Select Miscellany.

History of Newspapers.

The first newspaper was issued monthly in MSS. form in the Republic of Venice, and was called the *Gazetta*, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it are still preserved in a library at Florence. It was long supposed that the first newspaper published in England was at the epoch of the Spanish Armada, but it has been discovered that the copies of that bearing the imprint of 1588, in the British Museum, were forgeries. There was no doubt that the penny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets was not published till 1622—150 years after the art of printing had been discovered; and it was nearly 100 years more before a daily paper was ventured upon. Periodical papers seem first to have been used by the English during the times of the Commonwealth, and were then called "weekly news-books." Some of them had most whimsical titles. It was common with the early papers to have a blank page, which was sometimes filled up, in the paucity of news, by selections from the scriptures. The first newspaper printed in North America, was printed in Boston, in 1690. Only one copy of that paper was known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and was about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. It was stopped by the government. The Boston News Letter was the first regular paper. It was issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allen, in Pudding lane. The contents of some of the early numbers were very peculiar. I had a speech of Queen Anne to Parliament, delivered 120 days previously, and this was the latest news from England. In one of the early numbers there was an announcement that by the order of the Postmaster General of North America, the post between Boston and New York sets out once a fortnight. Negro men, women and children were advertised to be sold; and a call was made upon a woman who had stolen a piece of fine lace worth 14s a yard, and upon another who had conveyed a piece of fine calico under her riding hood, to return the same or be exposed in the newspapers.

Reasoning in Animals.

The following remarkable instance of sagacity in the swallow is taken from "Everett's Life of Dr. Adam Clark." It may serve to rouse our minds to the consideration of the question touching the reasoning capacity of animals.—*The Chickadee.*—"The nearest approach to reason in animals I ever witnessed," said the doctor, "was at Hatfield Close, near Bury, in Lancashire. Looking up to the eaves of a house, I saw a number of swallow's nests in a row, and perceiving no place of egress, I inquired of Mr. Beal, the proprietor of the building, how it happened they assumed such an appearance; when he told me, that in that neighborhood they were designated 'blind nests.' Before the return of the swallows in the spring, some sparrows had taken possession of them. On the arrival of the original proprietors, attempts were made to eject the occupants; but the sparrows sat, and maintained possession. Other swallows came to the aid of the lawful owners, but no power which they possessed would serve the purpose of ejecting the villainous sparrows—for the sparrow is a villainous bird. What was the result? The swallows, after various and fruitless attempts, assembled on the roof of the building and sat for some time as though in grave deliberation; they then flew away, each returning in a few seconds, with mud in his bill, with which they closed up the holes, thus burying the sparrows alive; where, in those nests, they remain entombed to this day." "That," said a friend, smiling, who heard the relation, "was returning evil for evil with a vengeance." The doctor, who was one of the last men to act on the *bez taglionis* system himself, commenced advocating with no unapt illustration, for the poor harmless swallows. "What," said he jeocosely, "if a man were to enter my house, take possession of it, and turn my wife and children out of doors, should I not be finding that I could not eject him, he justified in nailing him in?"

A MISSISSIPPI SPORTING ADVENTURE.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

I have often seen accounts of "hair breadth escapes," in such cases, which very wise people—who know nothing about it—in more civilized places, have charged to the marvellous, but which we of the woods—at least many of us—know not to be only possible, but highly probable, and in some instances by sad experience. In illustration of which, I will endeavor to describe an adventure of my own. In 1837, I resided on the banks of the Mississippi, (C. W.) as I had done from infancy. I was then about 20 years of age, stout and athletic, and passionately fond of wild scenery and sporting adventures. The month of October had arrived—the great season of partridge and deer-shooting; and in accordance with my almost daily custom, I sallied out with my fowling-piece, one barrel containing ball and other small shot. I had succeeded in bagging some small wares, and in passing a creek observed a raccoon, busily employed turning over the stones in search of frogs, worms, &c. With-out giving the matter much thought, I succeeded in removing "Ursa Minor" to another if not a better world; and being rather capricious to carry through the woods, I hung him upon a sapling, intending to send for him the next day; and as the part of the country which I was in did not very often afford large game, I charged the second barrel with shot also. I proceeded perhaps a mile, and was crossing the outskirts of a Tamarack swamp, through a succession of narrow, rocky plains, with high and precipitous sides, and had sprung from a rather high rock into a rift of not more than three feet wide, when I perceived the eyes of an immense buck glaring at me at not over ten feet distant. A glance showed me that there had no means of escape except over my self; and aware of the desperation of this otherwise timid creature, under such circumstances, and at this particular season, I formed my resolution in an instant. I cocked both locks, placed my fingers on the triggers, and resolved to wait his spring, as I did not think my charges would injure him except at the very muzzle. I knelt upon one knee and watched his eye. All this took place in a very few seconds.

At length the haunches and ears were drawn back, and with a tremendous snort he bounded in the air with the evident intention of descending upon me. Quick as lightning both barrels were discharged full into his breast, and I received a shock as if from a pile of lead, which deprived me of all sensation. About three hours after, as near as I could judge by comparing afterwards, I was brought to a state of partial insensibility by something licking my face, and something growling and scratching my clothes; but being very faint I did not look up till enormous paws were my flesh with them. Then, indeed, I did look up—when what was my horror to see a huge bear, coolly licking the blood from my lacerated breast. Weakness, more than self-possession, kept me still a moment, while two half-grown cubs were tearing and scratching my legs and feet. The desperation of the case aroused me to sudden energy, and I slowly stretched my left hand (my right arm was broken), to my back for my hunter's knife, resolved, if such can be called resolution, to save my life if possible. I had got it drawn from the sheath, and was watching a favorable opportunity to plunge it into the brute's throat, when, with a terrible roar, it fell across my body apparently in the agonies of death. A fearful struggle ensued, which soon put a stop to my feeble exertions.

When I next came to my senses, I was seated, leaning against a rock, and a stalwart Indian youth, who had been my companion in many a hard day's hunt, was busily employed binding up my wounds with leaves and strips torn from his own scanty garments. Not being able to take me home that night, he made a fire, and nursed me as a mother would a child, and the next day carried me by easy stages to my parents.

It appeared that he had called for me, but being told that I was only gone a few minutes, thought he would make up to me. He accidentally came to where I had shot the raccoon; but found that some bears had broken the sapling, and eaten their cousin.—He then struck their trail, and followed them to where he saw the old one apparently devouring something, he did not know what. He fired, and being aware of their tenacity of life, wanted to reload his rifle, ere venture to advance—a sad job for me, as by its dying struggles I have been maimed for life.

It is worthy of remark, that the deer had been so close upon me, when I fired, that his chest was singed, and that the barrels of the gun were found nearly eight inches deep in the wound formed by their own discharge, while I and the stock had been driven upward of thirty feet by the force of his spring.

Such are some of the backwood "sports," and which, with many other equally romantic, is an "over true tale," as I and many others know by hard experience.

Things Two Hundred Years Hence.

[Scene—Parlor in the house of an elderly zent in New York. Old gent telegraphs to the kit-ken, and waiter ascends in a balloon amid the blaze of fire-works.]
Old zent.—John, fly over to South America, and tell Mr. Johnson that I will be happy to have him sup with me. Never mind your coat now, go.
John leaves, and at the end of five minutes returns.
John.—Mr. Johnson says he will come, he has got to go to the North Pole, for a mint julep, and then he will be here.
Old zent.—Very well, John. Now lay out the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming, then brush up my "Aerial Navigator," for I have an engagement in London at twelve o'clock.
John flies off to execute his orders, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies for a moment, to get a fresh orange.
Papa, why don't they give the telegraph a dose of gin?
Why, my child?
"Cause the papers say that they are out of order, and mamma always takes gin when she is out of order."
The Pittsburg Union announces that Hon. JONAS R. MCLINTOCK is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania.

The Patriotic Quakeress.

While the American army remained encamped at White Marsh, the British being in possession of Philadelphia, Gen. Howe made some vain attempts to draw Washington into an engagement. An incident of female agency is well remembered by many aged persons. The house opposite the headquarters of Gen. Howe, in the city, tenanted by William and Lydia Parrish, members of the Society of Friends, was the place selected by the superior officers of the army for private conferences, whenever it was necessary to hold consultations. On the afternoon of the 2d of December, the British Adjutant-General called and informed the mistress that he and some friends were to meet there that evening, and desired that the back room upstairs might be prepared for their reception. "And he sure, Lydia," he concluded, "that your family are all in bed at an early hour. When our guests are ready to leave the house, I will myself give you notice, that you may let us out, and extinguish the fire and candles."
Having delivered this order, the Adjutant-General departed. Lydia betook herself to getting all things in readiness. But the words she had heard, especially the injunction to retire early, rang in her ears; and could not direct herself of the feeling that something of importance was in agitation. The evening closed in, and the officers came to the place of meeting. Lydia had ordered all her family to bed, and herself admitted the guests, after which she retired to her own apartment.
But sleep refused to visit her eyelids. She became more and more uneasy, and at last slid from the bed, and taking off her shoes, passed noiselessly from her chamber and along the entry. Approaching cautiously the apartment in which the officers were assembled, she applied her ear to the key-hole. For a few moments she could distinguish but a word or two amid the murmur of voices. At length there was profound silence, and a voice was heard reading a paper aloud. It was an order for the troops to quit the city on the night of the 4th, and march out to a secret attack upon the American army at White Marsh.

Lydia retreated softly to her room, and hid herself quietly on the bed. It seemed to her that but a few moments had elapsed, when there was a knocking at her door. She knew well what the signal meant, but took no heed. It was repeated again, and again, and she then rose quickly, and opened the door. It was the Adjutant-General who came to inform her they were ready to depart. Lydia let them out, fastened the house, and extinguished the lights and fire. Again she returned to her chamber; but her mind was more disquieted than ever, for she thought of the danger that threatened the lives of thousands of her countrymen. Her resolution at length was formed, and at dawn of day she waked her husband, and informed him that flour was wanted for the use of the household, and that it was necessary she should go to Frankfort to procure it. Taking the bag with her, she walked through the snow, having first obtained a written permission to pass the British lines. She reached Frankfort, distant four or five miles, and deposited her bag at the mill. Now commenced the dangers of her undertaking, for she pressed forward with all haste towards the out-ports of the American army. Her determination was to apprise General Washington of the danger.

She was met on her way by an American officer, who had been selected by General Washington to gain information respecting the movements of the enemy. He inquired whether she was going, and she disclosed the secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise not to betray her, since the British might take vengeance on her and her family. He thanked her for her timely warning, and directed her to go to a house near at hand, where she might get something to eat. But Lydia preferred returning at once; and did so, carrying her bag of flour, while the officer made all haste to the Commandant-in-chief. Preparations were immediately made to give the enemy a fitting reception.

None suspected the brave, demure Quakeress of having snatched from the English their anticipated victory; but after the return of the British troops, a loud knocking was heard at Lydia's door. The visitor was the Adjutant-General, who summoned her to his apartment, locked the door with an air of mystery, and motioned her to a seat. After a moment of silence, he said—"Were any of your family up, Lydia, on the night when I received company in this house?"

"No," was the reply. "They all retired at eight o'clock."
"It is very strange," said the officer, and in a few minutes. "You, I know, Lydia, were asleep, for I knocked at your door three times before you heard me—yet it is certain that we were betrayed. I am altogether at a loss to conceive who could have given the information of our intended attack to General Washington! On arriving near his camp, my troops under arms, and so prepared at every point to receive us, that we have been compelled to march back without injuring our enemy, like a parcel of snags." Mrs. Ell's *Domestic History of the Revolution*.

Mr. Filkins, you say you know the defendant—what is his character?
For what, sir, speaking or integrity?
"For integrity, sir."
"Well, all I can say about Jones is, if he's honest, he's got a queer way of showing it, that's all."
"What do you mean by that?"
"Just this—that the night before he dines on turkey somebody's poultry coop is broken open."
"That will do, Mr. Filkins."

Conundrum.—I say, Clem, said one darkey to another, "can you tell me why a nigger is never dead broke?"
"No, Gings," said Clem, "I don't know, an' darkey drops de subject 'widout a spression."
"Well, den," returned the other darkey, "I'll tell you why a nigger is never dead broke—it's bekause he always has a *scout* about him."

A friend of ours says that he intends applying for a patent for a machine, which he says when wound up and put in motion, will chase a hog over a ten acre lot, catch, yoke and bring him or by a slight change of gearing, it will chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe brushes, and manufacture his tail into a cork screw. Great machine, that.

Dr. Franklin in France—The News of Cornwallis's Surrender.

Soon after my return to Paris, I dined and spent the evening with the immortal Franklin. Arriving at an early hour, I discovered the philosopher in a distant room, reading, in the exact posture in which he is represented by an admirable engraving from his portrait, his left arm resting upon the table, and his chin supported by the thumb of his right hand. His venerable locks waving over his shoulders, and the dignity of his personal appearance, commanded reverence and respect; and yet his manners were so pleasant and fascinating, that one felt at ease and untroubled in his presence. He inquired if I knew that he was a musician, and conducted me across the room to an instrument of his own invention, which he called the harmonica. The music was produced by a peculiar combination of hemispherical glasses. At my solicitation he played upon it, and performed some Scotch pastorals with great effect. The exhibition was truly striking and interesting; to thus contemplate an eminent statesman, in his seventy-sixth year, and the most distinguished philosopher of the age, performing a simple pastorello on an instrument of his own construction. The interest was not diminished by the fact, that this philosopher, who was guiding the intellects of thousands; that this statesman, an object of veneration in the metropolis of Europe, and who was influencing the destiny of nations, had been an untutored printer's boy in America.

Our conversation during the evening was turned to the all-absorbing subject of the great combination of the French and American forces against Cornwallis. Our last information left the affairs in Virginia in a precarious and doubtful posture. De Grasse had entered the Chesapeake, Washington and Rochambeau had united their forces. De Barras, with seven sail of the line, had left Rhode Island to join De Grasse. The British fleet had sailed from New York, with ten thousand troops to relieve Cornwallis, and it was reported that a reinforcement had departed for New York. Thus stood the general aspect of our intelligence, at a crisis which seemed to involve the existence of a young empire.—We weighed probabilities, balanced possible vicissitudes, dissected nights. We feared that the British fleet might intercept De Barras, at the Cape of Virginia, and thus retrieve its superiority over De Grasse, attack and overwhelm him, and landing their army, defeat and break up the combinations of Washington. The philosophy and self-possession even of Franklin, seemed to abandon him. The vibrations of hope and fear occupied his mind, and still I could perceive in him a deep conviction of a successful issue to the operations of Washington. I left him at night, in the company of Dr. Bancroft, an American, residing in London, but an ardent Whig, and returned to Paris in deep despondency, sighing over the miseries of our bleeding country.

At dawn the next morning, I was aroused by a thundering rap at my door. It brought me a circular from Dr. Franklin, struck off by a machine somewhat similar to the copying machines of the present day; and with what unspeakable thankfulness and thrilling interest I read its contents! It was as follows: Copy of a note from Count de Vergennes to Dr. Franklin, dated Versailles, 19th Nov. 1781, 11 o'clock at night.

Sir:—I cannot better express my gratitude to you, for the news you often communicate to me, than by informing you that the Duc de Liancourt arrived this evening with the agreeable news that the combined armies of France and America have forced Cornwallis to capitulate. The English garrison came out of Yorktown the 19th of October, with honors of war, and laid down their arms as prisoners. About six thousand troops, eighteen hundred sailors, twenty-two stand of colors, and one hundred and seventy pieces of cannon—seventy-five of which are brass—are the trophies which signalize this victory; besides, a ship of fifty guns was burnt, also a frigate, and a great number of transports. I have the honor, &c. De Vere.

To His Excellency, Dr. Franklin.
The next day I waited on Dr. Franklin, in common with many American and French gentlemen, to offer our mutual congratulations. He appeared in an ecstasy of joy, observing, "there is no parallel in history of two entire armies being captured from the same enemy in any one war."
The delight and rejoicings of all classes of people were excessive. Paris was illuminated for three successive nights. On my return to Nantes, along the banks of the Loire, I found all the cities in a blaze of illumination, and Nantes in the midst of it on my arrival.—*Memoirs of Elhanan Watson.*

A Dead Shot.—A good story is told of U. of Racine, an indefatigable and successful sportsman, "dead shot" at anything in the game kind, but particularly "fine lined" on wild geese, whose heads were sure to suffer, "just back of the eye," if within range of his rifle.

Not many seasons since, our hero, with an equally fun-loving friend, after spending a day with their dogs and guns, were wending their way homeward, when in the evening twilight the waggish companion discovered the neck of a wild goose peering through a neighboring fence.

"Stop your dog—no noise," said U., "and wait a bit. I'll have him, just back of the eye—you can bet your life on that."
Stepping back a pace, and bringing the old rusty to his face, U. blazed away.
"Hallo, there!" followed back the report, "what are you shooting here for? Don't you know the difference between the handle of a corn plow and a goose's neck?"
"Twas enough!" U. had shot the handle off from a corn plow, "just back of the eye!"

Cultivation of Fishes.—Mr. Peel, of Saugerties, New York, has shad, carp, tench, goldfish, &c., in the ponds of his estate, and so well are they protected from molestation of every kind, that upon the appearance of persons at the margin of the waters, they approach to receive food from their hands. This gentleman, it is said, has a sturgeon, seven feet long, and when he wants a snail on his pond, he harnesses his sturgeon, attaching a line and cork to the traces. The sturgeon will swim with the utmost speed around the pond several times, keeping near the shore. Then he will suddenly stop, rise to the surface of the water, and turn upon his back, thus indicating its exhausted condition.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Touch of Texas Life.

A correspondent of the New York Daily *Times* writes from San Antonio, Texas, under date of April 15, and thus describes his experience among the "insects" of that interesting region:—There is no use in disputing the matter: Texas is a great State. We mean the soil, the boundless plains, the beautiful oak forests, the luxuriant grass, and just at this time its soft, balmy breezes and its beautiful nights. Don't understand us that we admire every thing in Texas. Not by considerable. Its nasty little rivers, its lugs and snakes and varmints of all kinds, including a smart sprinkling of the natives, we do not respect respectfully to despise. We have just returned from a trip up among the Comanches and the Sugars on the Great Fork of the Brazos River, and if we are not almost scared out of our senses far the last month has made every thing look like midsummer, and all sorts of creeping and stinging things have emerged from their winter lodgings in such quantities that I fear I shall never get home safe. It was only a few nights since that I pitched my tent on the banks of the Colorado. I thought I had secured a good clean spot for my humble blanket, and I was about to turn in when I heard a rattle that nearly made me jump out of my skin. There he was, not three feet from my tent, taking a good look at my dog, which had come a little too close to the reptile. Where the critter came from I don't know; I'll swear he wasn't there a half-hour before.—Well, we "killed the snake," and, being weakly, I took just one half-pint of toddy, concocted of the nearest whiskey that ever was seen. They don't have any other sort here. Well, the men of my party went off to bed, leaving only your correspondent, "Dick," my dog, and Ben, my nigger boy, by my fire. I lay down on my blanket to read myself to sleep, but I had scarcely finished two pages, when I saw crawling slowly up the side of my tent what looked to me like the father of all spiders. I was sure at first that only one drink of whiskey had brought on a bit of "the monkeys." With remarkable presence of mind, I called to Ben, to convince myself that I was not really out of my proper mind. To my delight, that nigger came into my tent, and I pointed out to him my visitor. "Why, dat's a *tarantula*," (tarantula) says he; "jes wait a minute till I slash him on de kops." After killing the "tarantula," he calmed my fears by telling me that there was only one thing that could cure the bite of the insect, and that was two quarts of whiskey. As I had not more than three drinks left, and it was fifty miles to the nearest settlement, I voted the boy a poor comforter; and I was about to remark that much to him, when I saw something that looked like a little "fiddler," (such as you see on the sea shore in those parts,) with a tail to it, crawling over my shirt bosom. My first impulse was to brush the thing away with my hand, which I did, but in a moment I felt as though a needle had been run into the end of my finger and shoved up to my elbow. The pain made me start to my feet, but Ben only laughed. "Yaw, yaw, massa Jeems—dat's a *scorpion*—you musn't tech 'em." So, between the rattlesnakes, the tarantulas and the scorpions, you may be sure that I shall never forget the night I spent on the Colorado. My finger swelled up to the size of a good-sized sausage, and I have no doubt it would have pained me a good deal had I not fancied that it was going to go hard with me, all of which induced me to take my remaining three drinks of wild whiskey, and from the effects of which I have no doubt I was at first lively, sentimentally tight; then roaringly drunk, and then—I don't recollect how it was—I slept until ten o'clock the next day, and then I was aroused only by the melodious voices of twelve hungry mules tied to the wagons in front of my tent.

Coming to their Senses.
It is stated in the New Haven Palladium that a member of the company which left that city for Kansas just before the April election, after being supplied with a Sharps' rifle through the efforts of Beecher, Dutton, and other political preachers, has already returned, having "seen the elephant," and being now perfectly satisfied to stay at home. Several of those who went to Kansas from Providence, Rhode Island, one year ago, have since returned, and others from whom we have heard have either removed or contemned removing to other places in the far West. Commenting on this state of facts, the Providence Post says:

"Sensible people, it seems to us, cannot fail to perceive the cause of this dissatisfaction with Kansas. It is not because the soil is not good, nor because the climate is unhealthy, nor because the land is held at high prices, nor because the unsettled portions of the Territory are inaccessible, that emigrants are disappointed and forced to return. It is because, and only because, the Emigrant Aid Company, by its business and political operations, have succeeded in impoverishing nearly all the nubb of moderate means who have gone there, and have added to the prospect of final starvation all the dangers, embarrassments, and troubles, resulting from anarchy and civil war."

Absence of Mind.
It is not always the "longest pole that knocks down the most pernicious," either in the game of bluff or in the more difficult game of life. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," and it often happens that when a man considers himself "lunk," he is as far astray as possible. Here is a case in point:
Dr. Joshua Caldwell, who lived for many years in the town of Florence, on the Western Reserve, Ohio, was a most skillful doctor, but one of the most eccentric and absent-minded persons in the world, except Margaret, his wife, who was fully his equal. One summer morning the doctor got caught in a tremendous shower, which drenched him to the skin. It soon cleared off, however, and Dr. Josh rode into his own yard, where he took his dripping saddle from the horse, and let him go adrift in the pasture. The saddle he had placed upon a stout log of wood, which was elevated about four feet from the ground, where the doctor had begun to build a platform to dry peaches on. After having got his saddle all fixed so that it would dry, he took the bridle, and putting the log over the end of the log, he stretched out the reins, and lifted them to the horn of the saddle; and waiting to change his wet clothes and get breakfast, Joshua Junior was from home on a visit, and so the seniors sat down together to the morning's meal. When they were about half through, Jim Atwood, a farmer who lived eight miles distant, came in, telling the doctor he wished he would hurry and go over to his house, as his rook had been might be wanted there before night.—The doctor promised to be there, and Jim went off in a hurry to the village for the necessary fixings.

When the doctor had finished his breakfast, he took his saddle-bags and went into the yard, where he deliberately mounted his saddle, and set out in imagination for Jim Atwood's. For a considerable length of time he rode on in the most profound silence, with his eyes fixed intently on Buchan's Practice, which lay open on the saddle before him. At length he began to feel the effects of the force of rays of the midday sun, and looking up, found his look, he discovered a comfortable little house close to him, upon which he hung out lustily for a drink of water.—Ann Margaret, who had been for the last two hours very busy in the garden, made her appearance, with a picher of milk, and after the thirsty stranger had taken a long draught the two entered into an animated conversation, the doctor launching out into rapturous praise of the scenery about the place, the neatness of the building, the fine orchard of peach and apple trees; and the lady who got a glimpse of the saddle-bags, made a great many inquiries about the health of the neighborhood and things in general. The doctor finally took leave of the lady, assuring her that he would call upon his return, and have some further conversation with her, as she reminded him so much of his wife, with whom he was sure, would be happy to become acquainted with her. The lady turned to enter the house, and the doctor had just gathered up his reins, when Jim Atwood dashed up to the gate with his horse in a lather of foam. "What in the thunder are you doing, doctor?" yelled Jim; "get off that log and come along!" The doctor was a great deal astonished at first, but after a few minutes it got through his hair that he had been all the morning riding a beech log in his own door yard.

Though Mr. BARNUM, in his misfortune, is reviled by the ungenerous, he yet has troops of warm-hearted friends. A millionaire of New York has nobly offered Mr. B. and family a home in his mansion; a meeting of those who sympathize with him in his misfortunes, has been held at Bridgeport, and speeches made and resolutions passed of the most flattering character; and Jenny Lind has written a letter to a lady in Philadelphia, in which she deeply sympathizes with Mr. B. in his financial troubles, ascribes to him the noblest qualities, and expresses her intention of placing a sum of money at his disposal.—So, it will be seen, that Barnum is not friendless; and he should not be; for, in a letter to the editor of the Providence Journal, he states that though he made a great deal of money during his active career, he yet gave away twenty thousand dollars a year in charities. How many of his maligned could say as much of themselves.—*Hartford.*

A Bachelor's Defence.—A gentleman meeting another on the street, said: "I perceive you are a bachelor."
"Why so?" was the response.
"Because you have a hole in your stocking."
The accosted gentleman looked his friend straight in the eye, saying:
"Sir, a hole in the heel of a stocking is an accident of the day; a darn is premeditated poverty."

An old Greenland seaman said he could readily believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen whales blubber.

The Boston Courier, an old line Whig paper, has come out in favor of James Buchanan for the Presidency.

Cincinnati Convention to-day.