

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.

39th YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

When We Husked the Corn.

October scorching fires the trees,
And naked lies the shivering vine;
While dimly o'er the distant zone
The falling lights of summer shine.
Along the lane the negro boys
Deep hums on his merrily horn,
And homeward troop the girls and beaux
From lunking of the corn.
I mind me well that autumn day,
When, five-and-twenty years ago,
We turned our labor into play,
And husked the corn for neighbor Love.
Ah! wife, we were the blithest pair
That'er o' wedded love were born;
For I was gay and you were fair,
A husking of the corn.
Oh! how we sang, and how we laughed!
Our hearts, as lightly on our lips,
As the golden o'er quaffed.
And passed the bowl with rustic quaint,
And when the hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pointing scorn,
Yet smiled, though you would fain have frowned,
A husking of the corn.
Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditional kiss,
You had me not approach too near,
And pleaded that, and pleaded this—
Away you fled, and I pursued,
Till all too faint you were to warn,
And—know you not how well I would
A husking of the corn!

Select Miscellany.

Beautiful Sentiment.

The Washington Union, speaking of the Constitution of the United States, very truthfully says that since first that greatest work of human wisdom was offered to the free and sovereign States of the Union it was to form, the Democratic party has been its constant and unchanging friend. With jealous eyes it has watched over, and with a strong arm and fearless heart has repelled every attempt at encroachment upon its slightest provision. From the days of Jefferson until this good hour, the Democracy have known but one faith, have occupied but one position: With the Constitution they arose; with the Union which the Constitution maintains, they have prospered; with the fall of the Constitution they fall, but not until then, for, while the Constitution is left, there will be a Democratic party to uphold and defend it.

The Progress of Life.

Men rejoice when the sun is risen; they rejoice also when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless the revolution of one season is the decay of human life. Fragments of driftwood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for departed relatives, has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, "I will follow you," why, then, should a person grieve, when journeying the same road which has been assuredly traveled by all our forefathers? Life resembles a caterer rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Fall Feeding.

Autumn is coming, and with it should come a watchful care of the stock. Stock well fed in the fall, so as to enter upon the cold season in good plight, is half wintered.
We once knew a shrewd merchant who used to say that goods well-bought, were half-sold. This remark may be applied to stock well prepared for winter. We have known farmers who gave their stock no care in the fall; they were "poked for themselves" till the dogs were howling and the crows gathering about in hopes of a speedy opportunity of picking their bones. Such stock never gets through the winter well. If it lives, it lives to no purpose. Its growth is stunted and its health impaired.
Give the stock a good chance in the fall.—It is like a good start in the beginning of a race. Especially should sheep and young stock have good care and food during the autumn months. A pound lost now, is as much as two lost the last of winter. Some attention should be paid to having the fields opened to stock in turn, and when they need them. And if necessary, a little graining or feeding on roots should not be neglected.—At all events the stock should be made in good trim for winter. Good farmers understand this. But some are careless, and others thoughtless about what belongs to their best interests. All need reminding of the importance of preparing for winter.

A Murdering Parson.—A Republican paper in Kansas, after giving an exciting account of one of the late skirmishes, thus triumphs in the death of a Border Ruffian:
"He was shot through the heart by a clergyman named Martin White. After being killed, and while lying on the ground with mouth relaxed and open in death another shot was fired down his throat."
The American Citizen says "the Martin White who performed these gallant exploits is the same schizoid divine who frequently supplied Beecher's pulpit in Brooklyn."

Taking Toll!

It is autumn now, but it was winter, clear and cold, and the snow was finely packed, when Dr. Meadows was one of a sleighing party, which he describes, so far as he and the young Widow Lamkin were concerned, in the words following:
"The lively Widow Lamkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo-robe with me. 'Oh, oh! don't, don't!' she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.
"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing any thing."
"Well; but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lamkin.
"Toll?" I rejoined; "what's that?"
"Well, I declare!" cried the Widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"
"Indeed I don't, then," I said, laughing; "pray explain, if you please."
"You never heard, then," said the Widow, most provokingly—"you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always—that is, sometimes—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it."
"I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the Widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tell it. At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly toward mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the Widow said it was no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur."
"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, Doctor?" the Widow said so archly, that I could not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning—"But never mind the rest. The Lamkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

Leaving Suddenly.

We have heard of a man who was supposed to be dead, and was actually confined for burial, but fortunately coming to life before he was taken to the grave, he was taken out and restored to health. This happened when he was a youth, and the coffin was kept in the house as a memorial of his narrow escape.—He used to tell all his life time for a box to keep his private papers in.

This was a better experience than that of a very respectable citizen of Alexandria, who disappeared very suddenly and mysteriously a few weeks ago. He was sought for in vain, all at length the body of a drowned man was found, identified by the family as his, and followed to the grave with all the sincerity and habiliments of woe. Several days afterward the absent husband and father returned, safe and sound, from a journey he had been compelled to make without giving warning to his friends. The bill for his burial was presented to the man alive; it was a very large one, for every thing had been done in the most approved style of modern mourning, and at the order, too, of his wife, who had spared no expense to testify to the sense of her irreparable loss. The city authorities very properly refused to pay the funeral expenses which they had not incurred, and the traveled gentleman had the pleasure of paying for his own burial. To avoid a repetition of the same domestic drama, he has promised his wife not to run away so suddenly hereafter, but when he goes off, even a-fishing, to drop a line.

Too Ugly to Live.

In the eastern part of Delaware county, in State, a short time since, there resided a man, a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest-looking individual in the whole county—being long, gaunt, sallow, and angry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by all odds, than himself. He could give the Squire fifty and beat him. Without saying a word, B raised his gun and leveled it at the stranger.
"For God's sake, don't shoot!" shouted the man, in alarm.
"Stranger," replied B—"I swore ten years ago, if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him, and you are the first one I have seen."
The stranger after a careful survey of his rival, replied:
"Well, if I look worse than you do, shoot; I don't want to live any longer."

Music in the Haven.—A letter from Constantinople says: "The European taste for music has of late made immense progress here. The Sultan has at present, for his harem, an excellent orchestra, composed of women alone. One, in particular, is remarkable for her performance on the violin, her style of execution resembling that of Theresa Milanosa. Very few harems are now without a piano-forte, and many of the Turkish ladies are excellent performers. The Sultan has signified his intention of building a theatre."

Hood never made a better pun than that of Hood, who was walking with a friend, when they came to a toll-bridge.
"Do you know who built this bridge?" said he to Hood.
"No," replied Hood; "but if you go over you'll be tolled!"

That was a very natural, but a very ludicrous remark of a venerable lady, now in her one hundredth year, on the death of her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to console with her she could only say, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I knew I never should be able to raise that child!"

"Striking for Freedom."—How aptly do the following lines from Milton apply to the Black Republicans of the present day:
"The bowl for freedom in their senseless mood,
Yet still revolt when truth would set them free;
License they mean when they cry Liberty,
For who loves that must first be wise and good."

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight has fallen on his toes, may be called execrably funny.

Wind and Water.

One of the members of the Lower House of the Legislature of the State of New York rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the County of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. Many a good story is told of the shrewd replies with which Mr. Bloss electrified the house, but we recall nothing better than his thrust into the member from one of our own up-town wards—an inflated fellow, whose windy speeches at the primary meetings and the oyster cellars had won for him a reputation as an orator, and procured his election to the Assembly, where he was bound to be distinguished as the most eloquent man in Albany. So he was in his own opinion, and he lost no opportunity to submit his oratorical powers to public observation. Literally he sought to ventilate every subject that came before the house. One day in the midst of a windy harangue that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, he stopped to take a drink of water.—Bloss sprang to his feet and cried,
"Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order!"
The whole Assembly were startled and stilled; the "member from New York" stood aghast, with the glass in his hand, while the speaker said,
"The gentleman from Monroe will please to state his point of order."
To which Mr. Bloss with great gravity replied,
"I submit, Sir, that it is not in order for a wind-mill to go by water!"
It was a shot between wind and water; the ventose orator was confounded, and put himself and his glass down together.

A Sharp Boy.

A few weeks ago a Black Republican meeting was held in Clermont county, which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy dogs, which he offered for sale. Finally one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked,
"Are these Fremont pups, my son?"
"Yes, sir,"
"Well, then," said the nigger shrieker, "I'll take these two."
About a week afterwards the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat, and asked:
"My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?"
"They're Buchanan pups, sir!"
The Black Republican, who had purchased the first two, happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy:
"See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were Fremont pups?"
"Yes, sir," said the young dog merchant; "but these ain't—they've got their eyes open!"
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Bees and Quills.—The Rev. A. A. Milburn, in a lecture on the West, says:—"Two remarkable facts are to be noted in respect to the advancement of the whites. The first is: the quail, which is unknown to the Indians, makes its appearance—whenever, no man knows when the white man plows and plants his fields, affording an abundance of delicious food to the pioneers. The second fact is: the honey bee is not to be found in the country while in possession of the Indians. It keeps just in advance of the advancing wave of civilization.—When the Indians see swarms of these new visitors, their wise men sadly acknowledge that it is time for them to abandon their hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers, and seek new homes."

An Old Saw.

An upper mill and lower mill
Fell out about their water,
To war they went, that is to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.
A lawyer was by each engaged,
And both they contended;
When fees grew scant, the war they waged
They judged were better ended.
The heavy costs remaining still;
Were settled without pother;
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.

A gentleman who resides in North Pearl street went a fishing the other day, and among other things that he hauled in was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of his servant girl, he placed it in her bedroom. The next morning the first thing that bounded into the breakfast-room was Biddy, with the exclamation:
"What jabbers, I've got the devil!"
"What devil?" exclaimed her feigning surprise.
"The hull bedding that has been aiting the children for the last month."
As this is a good name for the domestic assassin, we thought we would let it out. Bull bedding is good.

The Irish Census Tables, just published, report that in one year there were 21,770 deaths from starvation! The editor of the Medical Times, commenting upon this appalling statement, says: "The figure must be far short of the truth. The harrowing details given in the body of the report leave no doubt that multitudes perished by the wayside, and in the cheerless Irish hovel, whom neither policeman nor coroner's inquest ever took note of."
Well Said.—A contemporary says: "In our opinion, the result of long experience and observation, an editor of a newspaper deserves far more credit for what he keeps out of his paper than for what he puts in it."

The Cincinnati Gazette having asked,
"What is the difference between a Buck Democrat and a buck nigger?" the Enquirer replies, "Just the difference there is between JAMES BUCHANAN and JOHN C. FREMONT."

A long exhibited at the Chillicothe (Ohio) Fair, last week, weighed 1,135 pounds, and measured 9 feet in length and about the same in girth. He was two years and three months old.

The Father of Six Children Who Never Saw One of Them.

During the month of January, 1850, while stopping at the Sutter House, in Sacramento City, I accidentally overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, one of whom was from New York city, and had been in the country nearly a year, and the other had just arrived. The new comer was lamenting his condition, and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked the New Yorker if he had a family.
"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them."
After this reply, the couple sat a few moments in silence, when the interrogator again commenced.
"Was you ever blind, sir?"
"No, sir."
"Did you marry a widow, sir?"
"No, sir."
Another lapse of silence.
"Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children in New York, and never saw one of them?"
"Yes, sir—I so stated it."
Another and longer lapse of silence. Then the interrogator again inquired:
"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"
"Why, was the response, "one of them was born after I left."
"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed; and after that the New Yorker was especially distinguished as the man who had "six children and never saw one of them."

A Mercantile Anecdote.
All are familiar with the story of the man who made a thousand dollars before breakfast one morning by marking up his goods. We heard a good story somewhat similar, that may never have seen print. A store was broken open one night, but strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor the next morning was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing.
"Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high that they couldn't afford to take them."

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plow on a stall in the market place.
"I'll bet you a dollar," said one, "you do not know what it's for."
"Done," said the other—"it's for sale."
The bet was paid.

In a recent sketch of an old pensioner's death and career it is said that he was the man (a Highlander in Picton's brigade) who, when a little Frenchman at Waterloo cried "Quartre, quartre," answered "Quartre ye? She has no time to do that, see ye ma'am's e'en contented to be cutted in twa."

Cruelty to Children.—"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?"
"No; but she does a precious sight worse, though!"
"What's that?"
"Why she washes my face every morning."

Female wages are still very high in California. Advertisements in San Francisco papers offer \$50 a month, and \$40 for a girl. A letter says—"It would astonish you to see some of our servant girls in full reg in Montgomery street. A \$75 blue velvet dress, a \$30 bonnet, gold chains, and big canoes to match, are not at all unfrequent."

Fish Epidemic.—The State Journal says that fish are dying in Grand river. During the past week the shores have been literally strewn with dead and dying fish—some of them of almost fabulous size. We learn that they are also dying in the Shinnasa. This is the second fish epidemic that has prevailed this season. A few months since every living creeping thing that moves upon the waters, by myriads, was cast dead upon the banks of the Grand river. Lizards of enormous size and disgusting appearance were piled in heaps, where they were thrown by the eddying current. Rats, snakes, and every species of slimy-sealy monsters, shared a common fate. They must have been kept well cleared off, as we observe nothing but fishy sludge at this time.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

Doctorate Declined.—The Rev. S. Thurston, of Searsport, has declined the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity recently conferred upon him by Waterville College, Maine. He wholly disapproves of the practice, regarding it as in "sharp conflict with the spirit of the Gospel," and as fostering "the spirit of vain ambition."

The Next Crop of Wheat.—The Lexington (Mo.) Express of the 25th ult. says: "We have never seen the wheat look so fine at this season of the year as now. The late rains have brought it up most beautifully, so that it now thoroughly mats the ground. In some localities South, however, it has been greatly injured by grasshoppers. A gentleman from Southwestern Missouri says that they have been destructive in that region. We do not hear of them in Lafayette, but in Johnson county we understand they have made their appearance, and we have ourselves seen some fields in the last named county completely destroyed by them."

A True Reply.—A damsel was once asked, "When a gentleman and lady quarrel, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" Her answer was "The best hearted and wisest of the two."

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

Scolding is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper-boxes! So says an old fogey bachelor. We would give his name, but are afraid that the peace of the neighborhood might be disturbed by the noise of a broom handle.

The Way the Fromontors 'Canvassed.'

Enter Deacon Holy-dom, speaking as he enters—"Excuse me, Ma'am, for entering, but I have, as you may be aware, a great interest in the cause of religion and morality, and I have called to ask you—(suppose your husband is not at home?)
"No, Sir."
"Well, ma'am, I called to ask you how your husband is going to vote in the next election?"
"Well, Deacon Holy-dom, my husband has always been a Democrat, and I presume he will vote for Mr. Buchanan."
"Yes, Ma'am; but your husband, as I believe, a moral and religious man, and we supposed all the pious people would of course vote of Fremont and Freedom."
"Is Mr. Fremont a pious man, Deacon Holy-dom?"
"Oh yes, Ma'am: Mr. Fremont is a very pious man; his whole life has been devoted to the cause of freedom and piety, and there is great danger that if Mr. Buchanan is elected that slavery will be introduced into Rhode Island, and these dear little ones of yours will be placed in a state of bondage." (Here Deacon Holy-dom puts his handkerchief to his right eye, while he looks at the lady with his left.)
"Do you really think so, Deacon?"
"My dear Madam, there is not a doubt of it, and I sincerely hope you will do all in your power to induce your husband to leave the wicked party with which he has hitherto been associated, and vote with us. How does the woman's husband vote who lives in the next house?"
"Oh, he's a Democrat too."
"Indeed, how shocking? Is her husband at home?"
"No, he's at work."
"Well, I'll call on her then; but before I go allow me to leave you a 'document' which contains an account of the manner in which a poor woman in Kansas had her tongue pulled out of her mouth and tied around her neck!"
"Why, Deacon Holy-dom, that would be horrible! but how is it possible?"
"O, it is true, Ma'am; it is published in all the moral and religious papers in the country, and I can vouch for every word they utter.—Good morning, Madam."
And Deacon Holy-dom reports at the next "business meeting" at the "Anti" that one lady had listened to him, and her husband would go in strong for "Fremont and Josie," and the cause of morality generally.—*Boston Post.*

At a Right.—At the Democratic primary election at San Francisco, all the successful candidates were known opponents to the Vigilance Committee.
Right, sink or swim, popular or unpopular. If our liberties shall ever wither away, the last green spot will be under the old Democratic flag.

Peaceable Emigrants.—Some of the Kansas correspondents for the newspapers were terribly indignant over the arrest of 250 "peaceable emigrants" in that territory by Gov. Geary, but who subsequently were released on promises of behaving themselves peaceably. The baggage wagon of these peaceable emigrants, when overhauled, showed the following implements of industry:
"Three boxes of navy pistols, all new, viz: 6 six and 5 five-shooters, 12 Colt's navy size; 4 boxes of ball cartridges; 1 bag of caps; 6 small lots of rifle cartridges; 1 box—10 Sharps' rifles; 145 breech-loading muskets; 85 percussion muskets; 115 bayonets; 61 common saws; 2 officers' sabres; 12 kegs of gunpowder; 61 dragon saddles; 1 drum."
The drum as an implement of husbandry is a striking improvement upon the old-fashioned mode of subduing a wilderness and the large quantity of gunpowder proves that the party expected plenty of game.

One of the Tricks of Burglars.—From a confession made by a rogue now in jail at Hartford, Ct., for various burglaries committed in Farmington, it appears that one of the gang with whom he was connected traveled through the various towns selling polishing powders, with a view of ascertaining where silver plate was to be found. In visiting the dwellings he was always quite bold in following the inmates to adjacent rooms to test his powder upon silver spoons or plate. He made a memorandum in a book of what he saw, noticing particularly those houses where a dog was kept.

Disgorging a Lizard.—Last week John Mitchell, of the town of Chenung, was taken with a fit of vomiting, and finally disgorged from his stomach a lizard near nine inches long! He had drunk several potations of whiskey, together with three quarts of milk that day, and it is supposed that the lizard got drunk on milk-punch—hence his getting so high as to come out of his lodgment. The lizard is supposed to have been swallowed some four years since, as about that time Mr. Mitchell inhaled something while watching at a "dear hick," which had caused a slight debility in the stomach ever since.—*Elmira Gazette.*

A Model Mayor.—Mr. Clow, the mayor of Port Lavaca, Texas, so soon as he was elected, pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and went to work at the repairing of one of the bridges, which was in so dilapidated a condition as to injure transportation. The Lavaca Herald thinks that Mr. Clow will make an efficient mayor.

Wheat at Milwaukee.—There are said to be now in Milwaukee warehouses and railroad platforms about 500,000 bushels of wheat, which have accumulated within the last 60 days, above the current shipments in that port.

A father holding his little son across his knees and spanking him, the little urchin bit him severely on the leg; on which his parent said—"you young dog, how dare you bite me?" The boy turned his head, and looking him in the face, said, "Father, who began first?"

What's the difference between a candle in the Majomoth Cave and a dance in a public house? The one is a taper in a cavern, and the other a taper in a tavern.

Ancestry.—The boast of them who have nothing else to boast of.

Curious Calculation.

What a noisy creature man would be, were his voice in proportion to his weight, as that of the locust. A locust can be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighed as much as sixteen thousand of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard the sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in the wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of one thousand miles.

London and Old Rome.—Rome in the days of its glory was a magnificent and great city, but historical students assert that London already surpasses what that city was in her palmiest days. London has a population of 2,500,000, and what is very remarkable, it increases proportionally faster than any city in England.—If it goes on increasing for half a century as it has during the last fifty years, it will then have a population of six millions. The Commissioners of Sewers in that city are now providing drainage for such a population. What a human hive!

To Color the Hair Black.—Alex. Reed, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes to the *Scientific American*, that the following receipt will do it:
"Take one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part of good brandy, by measure, and wash the hair with this mixture every morning. In a short time the use of it will make the hair a beautiful black, without injuring it in the least."

The Power of Widows.—Widows are the very mischief. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, it's done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (Smith was a widower) and clasp her little hands, and fly around like a hen with her head cut off; till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms rattled over her head. How many they had after that, I don't edactly know myself.

A Yankee down east has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supersede gas. He covers the interior of a flour barrel with shoemaker's wax—holds it open to the sun, then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut and sold to suit purchasers.

"I know a man in this place," writes a correspondent, "engaged in the mercantile business, who is much troubled to recollect names, and who, one morning, with pencil in hand and quill behind his ear, called out to his partner, 'Billy, what is John Supplebean's first name?' And he never discovered his mistake till he began to write it, when he forgot the last name; and with the same unconsciousness, sang out, 'Excuse me, Billy, but I have forgot John Supplebean's last name now!' The roar of laughter which ensued, restored his memory."

An English Miser.—Daniel Dancer, when he had £3,000 a year, used to beg a pinch of snuff from all his friends, and when his box was full, bartered its contents for a tallow candle. But his parsimonious ingenuity appears contemptible in comparison with that of the Russian miser, who learned to bark, that he might avoid the expense of keeping a dog.

Heavy Premiums.—The Petersburg Express says that at the late Virginia Agricultural Fair, there, Mr. John G. Turpin, of Chesterfield, who exhibited cows, swine, and poultry, took premiums to the amount of \$400.

Dick told his wife when he saw her out walking in her new silk dress, that he never before realized the force of the novelist's remark of his heroine—"she swept gracefully along."

How can a man, who has no wings, be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because, in fighting a duel, he makes a goose of himself.

Potatoes.—It is stated that 25,000 bushels of potatoes have been shipped from Portsmouth, R. I., the present season. They commanded from \$1 50 to \$1 87 1/2 per bushel.

Lockjaw in Horses.—Bleed the horse in the third bar of the mouth, and dranch it with strong salt water. This method has been known to be successful when all others have failed.

Never, perhaps, are children dearer to their parents than when, as at present, the price of bread and meat is excessive.—*Punch.*

What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a hog's head full.

Sir William Temple said, and it was very well said, that the first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, humor, and the fourth, wit.

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communication corrupts good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler!"

Girls should never object to being kissed by printers. They should make every allowance for the freedom of the press. Girls, commit this to memory.

Minds capable of the greatest things can enjoy the most trivial, as the elephant's trunk can knock down a man or pick up a pin.

He was a sensible man who said the newspaper is the best breakfast company in the world.

Two hog's heads of new sugar—the first of the crop—were received at New Orleans on the 21st ult.

"Guilty or not guilty," asked a Dutch Justice.

"Not guilty."

"Den, vat te trufal do you here? Go about your pizness!"