

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.

INFLUENCE.

BY GEO. W. BENTLEY.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.
Flake follows flake like sprites,
Whose wings the wind disperse;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.
Beam follows beam to cheer
The cloud a bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.
The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson o'er;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

Select Miscellany.

A Poor Man's Wife.

There is excellence in the following picture of what a "Poor Man's Wife" ought to be:
"The majority of young women, indeed, enter the married state wholly unfit to discharge the important and responsible functions of their new office. The consequence is, that we find them at open war with their husbands before they have married a month. The art of 'making home happy,' is not understood by them. Exceptions, of course, there are; but the majority lack cleanly and tidy habits—habits of order, and habits of punctuality. When children cluster about them, their work is more difficult; but a large number lose their influence over their husbands before the difficulty is increased by these maternal troubles. It is more thoughtlessness. They are out gossiping and idling when they ought to be preparing for their husband's return from his work. The man comes home from the field or the factory to find an untidy room, and no symptoms of preparation for the evening meal. His wife had no attempt to smarten herself; and his first groll of disappointment, in all probability, is responded to by a sulky face and a sharp tongue. It may be almost laid down as a rule, that the man returns home, after his day's work, more or less in an ill humor. He is tired, hungry, and thirsty—and has, perhaps, had to endure some hard rules in the course of his day's labor. He has been rebuked and threatened with dismissal, justly or unjustly, by his taskmaster; or he had bad weather to encounter, he has broken or damaged his tools, and been altogether unsuccessful in his work. He goes home out of humor with the world, but still hoping to find comfort and consolation where he has a right to look for it. He is disappointed, and is not at pains to conceal his disappointment. The wife excuses herself, and resents his querulousness. There is an end to the happy, quiet evening he had promised himself. And if he does not betake himself to the pot-house, he sulks in the chimney corner, and wonders that he was such a fool as to marry."

Compliment to Printers.

John C. Rives, of Virginia, in a recent published letter on the subject of public printing, has a word of suggestion to writers for the press, and a compliment to the compositor, whose duty it is not infrequently to make sense out of senseless chirography. None but a writer for the press comprehends how much truth there is in the veteran printer's remarks. Many members of Congress—and eke not a few greater men—must have been surprised at the respectable figure they cut in print, without thinking of the toilsome labor and the exercise of the better talent than their own which had been expended by the journeyman printer in putting into good shape the message or report of a speech furnished them. Mr. Rives says: "I have seen the manuscript writing of most great men of the country during the past twenty years, and I think I may say that not twenty of them could stand the test of the scrutiny of one half of the journeyman printers employed in my office. This fact will be searched by every editor in the Union. To a poor journeyman printer a 'great man' owes his reputation for scholarship; and were the humble compositor to resolve, by concert, to set up manuscript in their hands—even for a little week—only as it is written by the authors, there would be more reputations slaughtered than their 'devils could shake a stick at' in twenty-four hours. Statesmen would become 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Many an ass would have the lion's hide torn from his limbs. Men, whom the world call writers, would wake up mornings and find themselves famous as mere pretenders—humbugs and cheats."

Exploration of Central Africa.—Dr. David Livingstone arrived at the Mauritius, on the 13th of August, on his way to England. This traveler has succeeded in traversing Africa from the Cape to the Nile, and has returned from the Cape of Good Hope, penetrated north and west to Angola, whence he returned as far as Siskikou, and thence eastward to Fets and Quillimane, on the Eastern coast. These great achievements were performed not at the public expense, but with only his limited means as a Missionary. The great interior of Africa will not, therefore, hereafter be marked on our maps as "unknown."

M. Charles Malo, an eminent French lexicographer, while compiling a dictionary, came across a word dear, supposing it to be a misprint for *deux*; he defined it thus:—"Une grande espèce de souris, six pieds de hauteur, avec des bois"; (it est) a large kind of mouse, six feet high, with antlers.

Frightening Children.

The late distressing circumstances at Troy, N. Y., in relation to the little daughter of Mr. James Harrison, of that city, too nearly and too deeply interest every parent in the whole country, to be allowed to be passed over in silence. The little girl was at school, and the teacher, by a series of most injudicious threats and punishment, so terrified the child that a most alarming illness followed, which came near proving fatal. Even if she is restored to health, she will not recover from the effects of her fright perhaps for years, if ever.

It is not to this particular case that we are anxious to call the public attention, any further than it affords us an opportunity to admonish upon the dangerous and exceedingly injurious practice of frightening children in the nursery, at the family fireside, and the social circle, by retailing ghost-stories, goblin tales, and witchcraft fictions. Children and young persons have generally great curiosity in relation to these tales of the imagination, especially when they are attended by some gossiping nurse, whose head brim full of good sense has been filled brim full of ghost legends and black letter recollections. We happen to know something about this matter by a most unhappy and painful experience. We know what melancholy effects attend these revelations of goblins and ghosts in the nursery. We have even now, while we write, a dim, shuddering recollection of these appalling horrors, which makes the blood chill, creep and curdle about the heart—even after the finger of time has planted furrows on the brow and sown silver threads in the hair. It was the practice of a full grown boy of nineteen or twenty years of age, (we are certain he never became a man,) to take the writer upon his knee (then three or four years old,) when the twilight was gradually fading into darkness, veil his face with a black handkerchief, and then for our especial edification, affirm that he was the unmentionable personage who is supposed to be no better than he should be. Then followed a long dissertation upon witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, a whole family of horrible monstrosities, by way of giving tone to the infantile imagination. The lessons operated upon the young mind like a potent spell. Soon it became as much as the life was worth to attempt to cross a dark entry after night-fall. If left alone in a sleeping apartment, the avenue to the eyes was carefully barricaded by the pillows and bed-clothes; there, panting, trembling, shivering, huge drops of cold perspiration oozing out at every pore, the flesh creeping all over with horror, the writer lay a full believer in all monstrous shapes and terrible forms, the shuddering victim of a most cruel delusion, at times but a single remove from a mania!

Those terrible night-time solitudes, the darkness peopled by the imagination with spectres the most terrific, how vividly do they come back, even now, in the days of mature judgment and riper reason, never to be erased from the recollection by the hand of time! If there is a worse condition upon earth than that in which this monstrous superstition plunges an imaginative child, we have no conception of its curdling horrors. Never to lay the head upon the pillow, from the time it is two or three years of age, until seven, eight, or ten, without feeling the most perfect assurance in its own mind of realizing its own prophecy, and seeing some hideous spectre before morning! This is the purgatory of early, innocent, and otherwise happy childhood.

These midnight horrors haunt the imagination even to old age. They may lose somewhat of their painful vividness, their appalling distinctness—something of their curdling horror, so potent in its mystery and so terrific even in its impossibility—but these terrors linger in the imagination still, ready to be called up in every suspicious spot, awakened in every solitude, in spite of all the judgment can do, or the reason can urge. For a moment, at certain times, even to old age, the heart will throb with painful distinctness, the hair will become perpendicular, and a disagreeable shudder will make the blood cold in the veins, even when manhood has reached its prime. To be sure the judgment soon dispels these unfounded fears, but they will haunt the victim at times, to his dying day. These are some of the painfully delicious effects of frightening children in the early season of their growth. How important is it, that parents should guard them against these groundless terrors, exciting the early imagination, and chaining the trembling victim to the indescribable agony of this nervous bondage for all its future life.—*Pennsylvania.*

Trade in Bugs.—An article in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine says bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember, is that of the trade of the fire-flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully fed on the sugar-cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American fire-fly, it is very brilliant at night. The Creoles catch them on the plantations, and sell them to the city belles; some of them carrying them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a fine display by lamp-light.

Cleaning Shoes.—Stove lustre when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust—and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new. The odor of the turpentine passes off quickly.

Trapping Louse Ants.—Take a large sponge and wash it well, and after it is dry lay it near any spot frequented by ants, and sprinkle fine white sugar over it. In a short time the meshes will be nearly filled with the minute insects, which can then be destroyed by dipping the sponge into hot water, and after washing and drying, it may be replaced again. Thousands are often destroyed at a time, and by repeating the process the locality will soon be freed from them.

The most dangerous kind of bat that flies at night is the *black bat*.

A Call Upon Mr. Buchanan.

"Burleigh," a correspondent of the Boston Journal, has called upon Mr. Buchanan, at his residence at Wheatland, not, however, in the capacity of an office-seeker,—but being on a business engagement at Lancaster, went a little out of the way to make a friendly call upon the President elect. After describing the approach to that gentleman's residence, he continues as follows:
Now I stand at the gate of the residence of the President elect. The mansion is picturesque and elegant. A plain black-wood fence separates it from the road. A circular path, hidden by forest trees and shrubbery, guides up to the mansion. The carriage drive is of hard gravel, and the whole area is carefully and neatly swept, trimmed and in order. No steps of childhood mark the elegant borders, and no play toys litter the land. The dwelling house is of brick, unpainted, reposeful and hid partly by a grove of trees in front and in the rear. It is composed of two stories, with brick windows on either side of the main dwelling—a large portico, supported by substantial columns, adorns the front entrance, and the whole place indicates taste and comfort. In the centre of the garden is a small white house, the dwelling of the gardener. Mr. Buchanan is not a farmer—his whole estate comprises only eighteen acres.

On my passage out to Wheatland I fell in with one of the farmers who live near Mr. Buchanan. He spoke warmly of Mr. B's character as a neighbor and a man—said he was a plain man and a kind neighbor—that he seldom rode to Lancaster, but traveled the distance on foot—that he kept an open house for his friends—and that Miss Lane, his niece and housekeeper, was one of the most accomplished and benevolent of ladies. My informant was a warm personal, but not political friend of Mr. Buchanan, as he is called here. The front gate swung open and seemed to invite an entrance. I walked in and looked round the area. I was a stranger with no claim upon the inmates of the house, and was not disposed to intrude. But while I stood near the gate I saw a gentleman approaching. I soon perceived it was Mr. Buchanan. He had been to the city of Lancaster, and was coming home with his mail. He is a fine looking man—all and stout—with a dash of the old school dignity about him—flour from his wig—with a wide and benevolent face—and a speech full of frankness and intelligence. I apologized for my intrusion. I gave him my card and he invited me in. I was not a politician nor an office-seeker. I remained but a short time.—But I was impressed with this, that Mr. Buchanan is elected to be the President of the nation—that he will seek to restore peace to the country, and confidence to the people—that extreme men North or South will not guide his councils, nor gain their ends; and that it will be his aim to give America a government that shall be modeled more after Washington's administration than any other, and that extreme men will find no favor in his sight.

Franklin at the Court of France.

In the *Memories Secrets de Marie Antoinette*, par Madame Campan, is the following note of this distinguished philosopher while at the Court of France:
"Dr. Franklin appeared at Court in the costume of an American cultivator, his hair plainly brushed, without powder; his round hat and plain coat of brown cloth contrasted strongly with the powdered *coiffures* and the suspended and embroidered coats of the perfumed courtiers of Versailles. His simple and novel, yet dignified appearance, charmed the ladies of the Court, and many were the *frêles* given him, not only for his fame as a philosopher, but in acknowledgment of his patriotic virtues, which led him to enroll himself among the noble supporters of the cause of liberty. I insisted at one of these entertainments, where the most beautiful from among three hundred ladies was designated to place a crown of laurels on the grey head, and to salute with a kiss each cheek of the American philosopher."

An Extraordinary Mistake.—On Wednesday last, Mrs. Catherine Burke, residing in 11th avenue, near Forty-seventh street, learned that her husband Patrick had been killed at Tarrytown by a train of cars belonging to the Hudson River Railroad Company. She immediately started for that place, and on seeing the body of deceased, at once recognized it as that of her husband. A handsome mahogany coffin was immediately procured and a regular old-fashioned Irish wake followed, after which, (on Thursday) the body was brought to this city. Five carriages were hired, and being filled with the mourning friends of the deceased, the funeral cortege started for Calvary Cemetery; but on their way were brought to a halt by the sudden appearance of the genuine Patrick Burke. The funeral procession was, of course, immediately stopped, and Patrick returned to his home in a carriage beside his wife. The corpse was started off for the Bellevue dead-house, where Coroner Perry held an inquest upon it, and the above facts were elicited.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A Silver Chamber.—The Sultan of Turkey intends having a good time. He is building a silver chamber. All the furniture and appointments of the boudoir to be composed entirely of solid silver. The round table in the midst is of admirable workmanship, highly finished, the legs of twisted pattern, highly finished. The sofas, the chairs, and the piano are all of the same precious material.—The boudoir is to be hung with cloth of gold, lined with silver cord. It seems that the Sultan has destined this unique specimen of oriental recklessness of expense to be his favorite retreat in the garden of the seraglio, whence every ray of daylight is always to be excluded, and where he intends to retire for the repose and solitude he cannot enjoy in the palace.

Paper from Southwicks.—Near Frith a crop is about to be gathered of about four acres of southwicks. The seeds will be used for oil, and to feed cattle and poultry, as in the south of France; but the chief object is to obtain the fibre of the stalks for paper making. If the cultivation succeeds, it is expected to supply abundant materials for fine writing and printing papers, as well as fine and coarse paper for hanging.—*Charleston Mercury.*

A Question has been raised in one of our Courts, whether a blind man can be made liable for a bill-payable at sight.

Hire a Clerk.

A tall, rough-shod, sharp visaged, good natured looking individual arrived in our city about a week ago, fresh from the "mountains," and put up at what might be called one of our third-rate houses. The rules were like those at most other establishments of the kind, board being taken by the day, week or meal. Jim Potter (we take the name from the register,) had "gone in" by the week, with the understanding with the landlord that he was to be credited for what he called "lost time," at the usual rate. There was nothing very unusual in this arrangement, though it did not turn out altogether to the landlord's satisfaction.

At the end of the second day, it occurred to Jim that he had not seen Sacramento for upwards of a year, and as a thought with him was almost a deed, he without saying a word to the landlord, disappeared. He spent the remainder of the week at Sacramento, and reached his boarding house here just in time to find the proprietor calculating that Mr. Jim Potter was indebted for one week's board. It didn't take Jim long to prove that he had been out of town four days and the bill against him was out accordingly.

"See here, old fellow," broke out Jim, as the bill was being altered, "if it's all to you, I'll take a squint at them 'ar books.'"
"There's your account, sir," said the landlord, pretending not to notice Jim's last remark.
Two days' board, \$2 62 1/2
Jim took the bill, and eyeing the puzzled landlord as he broke out some "shenanigans," he broke out—
"I want to see them 'ar books!"

The landlord told him that he was asking too much—that no outsider was permitted to examine his books.
Jim was satisfied now that all was not exactly right, and resolved to see the end of it. "Give me pen, ink and paper," said he, "I want to show you how to keep books."

He took the pen and ink and handed to the amazed landlord the following account:
Jim Potter to Landlord—Dettor \$2 62 1/2
two days board
Landlord to Jim Potter—Dettor \$5 25
4 days lost time
"That she is!" said Jim, as he passed the slip of paper across the counter. "Gordie! to your way of keepin' books a feller ain't 'low'd nothin' for lost time."

The landlord said nothing, but gazed with astonishment.
"You see," continued Jim, anxious to establish the correctness of his bill, "I tuck board by the week, you know."
"Yes," muttered the half-choked landlord.
"And the bargain was that you was to credit me for lost time at the usual rate, you know."
"Yes."
"Well, I boarded with you two days, you know."
"Yes."
"I didn't board with you four days, you see."
"Yes."
"And you owe me for that."

The landlord took a long breath, brushed the perspiration from his face, and casting his eyes vacantly about the ceiling, slowly ejaculated:
"Oh, y-es."

"Now I ain't going to be hard on you," said Jim; "you feed very well—and as I'm goin' up-country to-morrow, we'll spend that little balance for champagne to-night. But I'll tell you one thing, landlord," he added after a pause, "you would make money if you would hire a clerk!"

We are inclined to think it would have taken a number of clerks to make Jim believe that the landlord did not owe him for four days' board.—*Marysville (Cal.) Herald.*

The "Maugerie."

"Mr. Stowman, what is that?"
"That, my dear, is the Rhinoceros. He is cousin German or Dutch relative to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his own will, which accounts for his low spirit, when he is melancholy or dejected. He is now somewhat aged, although he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to surway the wisdom of Providence, as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a huminal which can stand like a feller critter, only its reversed."

How to Make our Farm Equal to Three.

In a recent address before the Ohio State Agricultural Society, G. T. Steward, Esq., thus spoke on this subject:
"Many farmers are destroying the productiveness of their farms by shallow work. As they find their crops are diminishing, they think only of extending their acres of surface, as they suppose their title deeds only give them a right to six inches of earth. If they will take their deeds, study their meaning, and apply the lesson to their fields; they will soon realize, in three fold crops, that the law has given them three farms where they supposed they had only one; in other words, that the sub-soil, brought up and combined with top-soil, and enriched with the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural science teaches them to apply to their ground, will increase three-fold the measure of its productiveness."

To Prevent Cows from Holding up their Milk.—The following thought going the rounds credited to another paper, appeared first in the *Agriculturist*, a year or two since. It will bear repeating:—"One of the best methods to prevent cows from holding up their milk, is to feed them at the time of milking. If this is done, they will give down their milk freely. But if you neglect to feed them, they will hold it up, so that it is almost impossible to get any from them. Try the experiment of feeding them at milking."

In New York the Democrats have elected 14 Congressmen, opposition 19. In the present Congress the delegation stands 3 Democrats to 30 opposition.

Why is a hungry boy looking at a pudding in a book-shop window like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth!

Dodging a Dun.

Some can scent a dun at any distance, and can dodge him effectually. It is a knack acquired by long experience. If the dun, however, by his experience, becomes expert, the dun-stand a slim chance of escape.

We heard a story the other day of old Dr. G., of Portsmouth, which is to the point, as regards amateur dunning, for there is a wide difference between the amateur and the professional. Dr. G. was a man of great integrity and worth, and his business habits were in the square, exacting everything that was his own, and paying every man his due. He held a note against a gentleman at Hampton for some considerable amount, and wherever he met him the Doctor was ready, note in hand, for the payment of an instalment. It became, at last, an agonizing dread with the debtor about meeting the Doctor, particularly at the time when troubled with a disease known in the financial parlance as "shorts." But whenever he met him the Doctor's dun would be anticipated by his debtor's movement for his pocket book, and frequent payments were made without seeing the note at all. He knew that the Doctor was honest and that it would be all right, and several payments were thus blindly made.

A great dearth of funds made him more shy of meeting the Doctor, and as he wandered through the town his eyes wandered in all directions to catch a glimpse of his dread and avoid him if possible. He succeeded for a while, and out-generalized the old man several times; but fate does not always favor the brave, and the Doctor from a distant position saw his victim in his horse to a post and entered a store. He made all the haste he could, and entered the store just as his debtor dodged behind a rice cask.

"Didn't I see Mr. —, come in here?" asked the Doctor.
"He did come in here, sir," said the shopkeeper, "but he has gone somewhere now."
The Doctor said he was not in a hurry, and could wait as well as not; he saw his horse at the door, and thought he would be back before long. The man remained hid, and the old Doctor waited a long time. At last he went out. Shortly after Mr. — himself went out, and was just stepping upon his wagon when the Doctor darted at him from a doorway.

"Well, Mr. —," said he, "you needn't dodge me any more. That note has been paid up these six months, and I have been trying to see you that I might pay you back twenty dollars that you overpaid me."

Printer's Commandments.

Thou shalt love the Printer—for he is the standard bearer of thy country.
Thou shalt subscribe for the paper—for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which ye may not remain ignorant.
Thou shalt pay him for his paper—for he laboreth hard to give ye the news in due season.
Thou shalt advertise—that he may be able to better the paper.
Thou shalt not visit him, regardless of his office rules—during the papers.
Thou shalt not touch anything that will give the Printer trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty.
Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositor—for he will hold thee blameful.
Thou shalt ask him but few questions of things in the office—from it thou shalt tell nothing.

Good Manners.

A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus:
"Charles, my dear, will you have some more beans?"
"No," was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant little chorub.
"No," exclaimed the astonished mother.
"No what?"
"No beans, ma," said the child.

A commission merchant of New Orleans received from a Know Nothing in Tennessee a dispatch somewhat like this:—"Tennessee gone to hell; Kentucky right after her; three feet on Cumberland Shooks; river (Salt?) raising."

A Western editor thinks that if the proper way of spelling the is "though," ate "eight," and bus "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughtlighteaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

An *Appalling Statement.*—A ragged school association in a public appeal state that there are in London 1,400,000 who never attend public worship, 150,000 habitual drunkards, 150,000 open profligates, 20,000 professed beggars, 10,000 gamblers, 30,000 destitute children, and 30,000 receivers of stolen goods. More than 10,000 young men, under eighteen years of age, are annually committed for theft to Great Britain.

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy:—"Ma'am, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle? and let it be a religious one, so I can use it on Sunday!"

Life we are told is a journey—and to see the way in which some people eat you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey.

Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says "he looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

"Pray, Mrs. Zabriske, why do you whip your children so often?"
"La, Mr. Worthy, I do it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life that he didn't acknowledge that it made him smart."

Cold Weather in Western Missouri.—The Lexington Citizen says that sleighs have been running freely in that town, and that the boys have fine skating on the ponds. So cold a spell for November has scarcely ever been known.

Sincerity does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing so when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

What has become of bloody Kansas? Not a word from there for two whole weeks! Has the "blood dried up," or are the throats of the Black "Republicans" so stuffed with the wool of the mustang that they cannot shriek? Oh! Rocky Mountain! Oh! "Jessie!" Oh! Bleeding Kansas! Thy voices are all mute! Thy bleeding wounds all healed, and not even an "honorable scar" to point to to tell of the dangers through which you have passed. At least a million of campaign documents on hand; a hundred thousand lies—lives (we mean) of Fremont; fifty thousand "Songs of Jessie;" a hundred newspapers and fifty presses!—independent presses!—on hand and for sale!—What a sacrifice of property! and all on account of poor, bleeding Kansas, whose fate, however, seems now quite forgotten.

Cheap Pork for Winter.—It appears from the reports in the western papers that the price of pork will be considerably reduced the coming season below the rates paid at the same period last year, when there was a greater demand for the article. The average figure then was a trifle over \$6 a hundred pounds. Now we see it quoted at \$5 25. The cause of this decline is ascribed to an unexpected diminution in the export to Europe, and not to any deficiency in the crop. While there is a falling off in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, it is made up by the abundant supply in Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. The excess in the stock, as compared with last year, is equal to 100,000 hogs.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 12th says that the pork packers had already established the opening price of hogs for the season, and mentions a sale of two thousand five hundred head, to weigh more than two hundred pounds each, and to be delivered between the 1st and 20th of December, at \$5 25 per 100 lbs. There were sales also of newly rendered lard at 11 c.; and mess pork at \$17 per barrel, and three thousand green hams from the block at 7 1/2 c. per lb. Packers were offering from \$5 to \$5 50 for heavy hogs, prices at which, that journal thinks, the pork-growers would do well to close, inasmuch as swine are plenty in the West, and the old stock of pork and bacon is far from exhausted. The pork-buyers and pork-sellers of New York may also derive a useful hint from this information.

The Legislature of Vermont, by a vote of 129 to 87, laid upon the table a bill appropriating money for the aid of the suffering poor of Kansas, formerly "citizens of Vermont."

Power of Enduring Cold.

The mysterious compositions by which we adapt ourselves to the climate are more striking here than in the tropics. In the Polar zone the assault is immediate and sudden, and unlike the insidious fatality of hot countries, produces its result rapidly. It requires hardly a single winter to toll who are to be heatmaking and acclimated men. Peterson, for instance, who has resided for two years at Upernivik, seldom enters a room with a fire. Another of our party, George Riley, with a vigorous constitution, established habits of free exposure, and active, cheerful temperament, has so injured himself to the cold, that he sleeps on our sledge, journeys without a blanket, or any other covering than his walking suit, while the outside temperature is 30 degrees below zero.—*Dr. Kane's Jour.*

At Lullin, in Poland, on the first day of the Jewish year, a great crowd assembled in the Synagogue, and upon an alarm of fire made a rush to the doors and windows to escape, when upwards of fifty were thrown down and trampled to death.

Fatal Accident to a French Lady.—At Paris lately, the Comtesse Charles Fitz James, in passing through a room when in full dress, stepped upon a lucifer match lying upon the floor, by which her clothes were set on fire.—She was so badly burned that after several weeks of severe suffering she died.

A friend tells me the following, which he considered a good one:
Being in a mechanic's shop the other day, an archer came in, his dress covered with mud.—His father observing his dirty plight said to him:
"William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?"
"The boy stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye very soberly asked:
"Father, what am I made of?"
"Dust. The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, unto dust shalt thou return.'"
"Well, father, if I am dust how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"
"William, go down stairs and get some wood, start!"

"Pray, Miss," said a composer of music to a young lady whom he was courting, "what time do you prefer?"
"Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better."
The gentleman took the hint, and a wedding in quick time was the consequence.

Countryman—"I say, mister, do you know where Mr. Smith lives?"
Gent—"Which of 'em? there's a good many of that name."
Countryman—"Yes, I know there be, but this one's name is John."

The husband of a beautiful wife upon returning home, was met by one of his offspring, all smiles, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Pa, Mr. Jones has been here—his such a nice man—he kissed us all around and mother too."

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only four ounces.