

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAUBLE.

"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.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, DEC. 8, 1856.

NO. 11.

Terms of the "Compiler."

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAUBLE, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Printing Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "Compiler" on the sign.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE, AT PUBLIC SALE.

The Subscriber will offer at public sale, on accommodating terms, on Saturday, the 13th day of December next, on the premises,

A FARM, situate in Hamilton township, Adams co., Pa., 5 miles west of Gettysburg, adjoining lands of Joseph J. Kerr, Israel Irvine, Joseph Kittinger, John Biesecker and others, containing 125 ACRES, more or less, of Patented Land. The improvements are a good LOG HOUSE, Log Barn, with Sheds, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, and Spring House. The Farm is well watered, having a number of good springs and running water; a good proportion of meadow and a sufficient quantity of timber. There are two Orchards of 400 trees of choice fruit, with a variety of other good fruit. The Farm is in a good state of cultivation and under good fencing. Any person wishing to view the property, will be shown the same by the subscriber, residing thereon. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JAMES S. WILSON.

November 24, 1856. ts

VALUABLE FARM, AT PUBLIC SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, the subscribers, Administrators of the estate of MORTZ BUDY, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on Thursday, the 13th day of December next,

THE VALUABLE FARM, late of said deceased, situate in Germany township, Adams county, 3 miles from Littlestown, on the road leading to Emmitsburg, adjoining lands of John Maring, Jacob King, Frederick Bittinger, and others, containing 116 Acres, more or less.

The improvements are a large double two-story BRICK HOUSE, with a two-story Brick Back-building, two Barns, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Spring House, Smoke House, and other out-buildings, with a never-failing well of water at the door, and an ORCHARD of choice fruit. There are due proportions of Woodland and Meadow, and here Meadow can easily be made. The land has nearly all been heavily limed, and is in a high state of cultivation and under good fencing. It is highly probable that a RAILROAD will be constructed in a few years within three miles of this Farm. Persons wishing to view the property are requested to call on the first-named Administrator, residing thereon. Possession and a clear title on the first of April next. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

PHILIP BUDY, FRANCIS M. BUDY, Administrators.

By the Court—J. J. Baldwin, Clerk. If the Farm is not sold on said day, it will then and there be offered for Rent. November 24, 1856. ts

Register's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the *Administration Accounts* hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphan's Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on Thursday, the 25th day of December next, viz: 183. The first account of Eliza Wintrobe and Henry Thomas, Executors of William Wintrobe, deceased. 182. The account of Jacob Gipe, Jr., Administrator of the estate of Jacob Gipe, Sr., deceased, late of Reading township. 192. The first and final account of Christian Hemler, Administrator of the estate of Catherine E. Smith, deceased. 193. The account of Christian Cashman and George Cashman, Executors of the last will and testament of William Cashman, deceased. WM. E. WALTER, Register. Per DANIEL PLANK, Deputy. Register's Office, Gettysburg, Nov. 24, 1856. td

COME ONE! COME ALL! Here We Are Again!

WITH the handsomest and cheapest Stock of NEW GOODS to be found in this place. All the newest styles are to be seen in the assortment, and many of them are really magnificent, without being costly. No time for particulars. Call in and see to yourselves, at J. L. SCHICK'S, On the Public Square. October 20, 1856.

Second Street House,

No. 42 North Second Street, Philadelphia. CHAS. P. SWING, PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1 per day—Single Meals 25 cents. N. B. Pleasant rooms for ladies. June 16, 1856. tf

Hay Wanted.

PERSONS having Hay to sell will do well by calling on the subscriber, in Gettysburg, who is desirous of purchasing. The highest market price will be paid at all times. As he intends having the Hay, after being packed, hauled either to Hanover or Baltimore, the preference to haul will be given to those from whom he may purchase. SOLOMON POWERS. December 6, 1856. tf

TOBACCO.—A prime article just received at SAMSON'S.

THE COMPILER.

For the Compiler.

Mr. Editor:—The spirit of dictation and proscription has become so deeply rooted in the editor of the Star, that he can no longer confine himself to the abuse of Catholics in general, but has seen fit to attack editors even of neutral papers, of other States, and on account of the liberal and national sentiments which they sometimes express, he charges them with being Locofocos and Roman Catholics—charges, by the bye, that, in the eyes of such as endorse the opinions and sentiments of the Star, imply and involve crimes of the deepest turpitude. When the Star was a genuine Whig paper, it had a larger circulation among Catholics, and its editor was looked up to by them as a man of honor and probity, and hence his position taught him to look upon his Catholic subscribers as a kind of humble and political servants that he could command with as much assurance of being obeyed, as if they were so many "Woolly Heads." But when the propitious hour arrived for the mass of the Whig party to pass over to Know Nothingism, the editor of the Star had some doubts in regard to the road that the Catholics would travel, as he was fully aware that it would be dangerous to command them to take the underground route, and to stop at the Know Nothing depot until the train would be ready to depart. In this emergency, he had therefore to implore them to remain, for the time being, in "statu quo," as the lawyers say, while he and his sort would "stir up the council fires" for Know Nothingism and Wilson, and report their success after the election that was then about to take place. The experiment, as every one knows, was unsuccessful, through the stubbornness of the Catholics, who would not obey the behests of Col. Buchler, in holding on to what he left them of the conservative Whig party. Mr. McClean went to Harrisburg, and Mr. Wilson stayed at home, and the editor of the Star declared war against Catholics and foreigners in general and Catholic Whigs in particular, to whom he attributed the defeat of all his plans, the blight of his most confidential and confidential hopes and aspirations.

Every succeeding election is a fresh cause of abuse on his part, because the Catholics continue to act as they please on election days, the same as if he had never rose or reigned or fell. For a short time previous to the last election he granted them a truce of a few days, to see if they would not compromise their principles by uniting with "Sam and Sambo," but the number that embraced this golden opportunity of returning to the arms of their former father and friend, was so few and far between, that he could scarcely afford to wait until the returns fully proved the total defeat and overthrow of his piebald party, so anxious was he to give vent to his angry passions, that in the meantime had painfully accumulated in his ranking bosom.

He is now again in full blast, and the innocent are sharing the same fate of the guilty at his impartial and merciful hands. It is to be hoped that he now can proceed without interruption, as it is very painful to us to see him "changing his ground" so often. We shall await the *finale* with impatient and anxious solicitude.

In the annexed articles our readers will find prominent and deservedly-flattering mention made of T. T. WERMAN, Esq., who was born and reared in this county, and whose heart still clings to his "native heath."

From the Railroad and Mining Register.

Opening of a New Coal Road from the Barclay Coal Fields to the Susquehanna River.

On Tuesday, 28th inst., at 5, P. M., a company of gentlemen, among whom were John Ely, S. W. Canwell, Henry Lewis, Jr., G. S. Grove, G. R. Out, C. W. Warnick, Thomas Wilson, Joseph Out, Wm. R. Mafer, J. J. Flatley, and others, left Philadelphia for Down-Ja, Bradford county, to attend the formal opening of the Barclay Railroad and Coal Company's road, from the pool above the Towanda Dam, to the mines on Barclay summit.

The company proceeded from Philadelphia over the Catawissa and Elmira route to Canton, 235 miles, where we arrived at 2.40, P. M. From Canton, we crossed eastward in vehicles to Linwood, where we got on board the Barclay Company's cars, and were passed over six miles of the new road, in good style, reaching Towanda a little after dark. We took quarters in the Ward House, and were joined, on our arrival, by many of the citizens of the place.

Wednesday morning, the excursionists, about one hundred and fifty in number, in open cars, started for the mines, and enjoyed, in their ascent, the novelty of a ride upon a new iron road, between mountains in gorgeous autumn dress. No untoward event occurred; and the ascent and examination were made with facility and satisfaction.

The coal lands of the Barclay Company comprise two thousand acres; the coal, which is semi-bituminous, is mined by drifts from a vein five feet seven inches thick, exclusive of slate. At the drift's mouth, the grade of the railroad is 1,228 feet above the grade at the Towanda dam. The length of the road being 16½ miles, the coal must, of course, in this distance, be passed down 1,228 feet from the mining end to the shipping end of the road. And the way this descent is accomplished, and the cars returned empty to the mines, is at once simple and effectual—safe and mechani-

cal—attesting the professional skill and practical sense of the mind that planned and superintended the construction of the work.

From the drift's mouth, the loaded car passes over a gravitating road, half a mile, descending twenty-eight feet to the head of a chute, which has a fall of seventy-six feet, down which the coal is plunged into a car upon a track below; loaded thus from the chute, the car passes down a gravitating road one and a quarter mile, with descent of sixty-eight feet to the head of a self-acting inclined plane twenty-six hundred and fifty-one feet long, and with a fall of four hundred and eighty feet. At the foot of the plane the cars are coupled in trains of twenty-five, five ton cars, and passed on behind a locomotive down fourteen and a half miles of road with a descent of five hundred and seventy-six feet. At Towanda, the railroad tracks, upon trust-work, are carried alongside a basin connecting with the river pool, and from the bottom of the cars the coal is dropped into chutes with runners leading into canal boats lying parallel with the tracks above them.

There is, therefore, no hauling of the coal, after the miner fills the car in the drift, until the canal boat shall have arrived at her destination with her cargo! No steam power is employed in working the inclined plane, nor is steam used or fuel consumed in working the road at any point, except upon fourteen and a half miles between the foot of the plane and the canal, whereon the locomotive is run. From the head of the chute to the drift, the empty cars are drawn up the grade by mules. And to get rid of this mule power, it is proposed to construct, hereafter, a short inclined plane with a gravitating track to return the empty cars.

Down the inclined plane, three loaded cars are passed at a time, and simultaneously, three empty cars are passed up the plane, which has four rails midway where the cars pass, and three rails elsewhere. Loaded cars can be passed down the plane five times in an hour; and the locomotive engine, over its course from the plane to the canal can make with ease three round trips per day, with twenty-five ton cars in a train; so that with one locomotive, the company can deliver into canal boats at Towanda, 375 tons of coal per day, and, with five locomotives, they could deliver almost five times that quantity every day.

A close view of the location and construction of the road afforded great satisfaction; for it is manifest that the Chief Engineer thought constantly of the owners of the work entrusted to him, because there is throughout its whole length, a confidence-inspiring adaptation for his plans to their purposes. They wanted a good road, and he has given them a good road, without wasting money upon it, by fitting it to the shape of the earth along a mountain stream, and doing no unnecessary violence to nature.

Seventy per cent. of the main road is straight line—the rail is fifty pounds in the yard; on the road to the mines, twenty pounds; the cross ties are laid close together, and average 2,640 in the mile. The maximum curvature has a radius of 567 feet.

From Towanda, boats loaded with Barclay coal can distribute their cargo along the lines of all the canals of New York; and as the Barclay mines are further east and north than any other semi-bituminous coal region, they are nearest to the great east and north markets; and when, in addition to this fact, its merits as a fuel for locomotive engines, shall have been tested upon some of the trunk roads of New York, a new market will be created for it, because, for this purpose, it is believed to be unequalled.

The organization of the Barclay Railroad and Coal Company is thorough and complete, in intellectual efficiency and practical common sense.

President, Edward Overton. Treasurer, George R. Out. Solicitor, JAMES MACFARLANE. Chief Engineer, THOMAS T. WERMAN. Principal Assistant, A. J. Whitney. Superintendent at Mines, Henry Gattiss.

The contractors who built the road, are Victor E. and Joseph E. Piolet, of Bradford county, two gentlemen well known for the prompt and efficient manner in which they discharge all the work and all the obligations which they undertake to perform; for with great energy they combine untiring industry and sterling judgment.

We were induced to attend the opening of the road which we have briefly described partly because of a reminiscence which we will note.

On Monday, July 11, 1853, being at Towanda with Mr. John Ely and Mr. Algernon S. Roberts, of this city, these gentlemen (agreeing by request, to defer a start down the river till next day) with Mr. Edward Overton, Mr. George Sanderson, Mr. Mahlon Mercer, Mr. B. Russell, Mr. H. Mercer, and self, visited the Barclay Coal field, and penetrated into the single opening from which was then taken in small quantities to fill wagons that carried it to Towanda and other neighborhood places. Messrs. Overton and Ely then met for the first time; but from that meeting and that acquaintance, resulted the purchase of the Barclay tract of land and the building of the Barclay Railroad.

After examining the works upon the summit, the company's guests were entertained in liberal style to appropriate solids and liquids. Returning towards Towanda, we left the excursion train at Linwood, whence after a supper at a cheerful and most agreeable table, we were driven in a wagon to Canton, 20 miles, where, at 12.30 midnight, we took the cars for this city, and arrived here at 12 noon on Thursday, 30th ultimo.

A Heavy Loss.—Speaking of Sam's losses or supposed losses, in the late contest, the Georgia Federal Union says: "The enemy's loss amounts to nothing. They staked nothing, expected nothing and got nothing. Nothing added to nothing is nothing. Nothing taken from nothing leaves nothing. Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed. Sam's case stands about thus: No North, no South, no East, no West; no honor, no office, no money, no sympathy, no nothing!"

Since the adoption of the Constitution, the people of the South have voluntarily emancipated about 250,000 slaves, worth at least one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars.

Choice Poetry.

Going Up and Coming Down.

This is a simple song 'tis true,
And songs like these are never nice;
And yet we'll try and scatter through
A pinch or two of good advice.
Then listen, pompos friends, and learn
Never to boast of much renown;
For Fortune's Wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some come down.
We know a vast amount of stocks,
A vast amount of pride inures;
But fate has picked so many locks
We wouldn't like to warrant yours.
Remember then, and never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown!
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.
Another thing you will agree,
(The truth may be as well confessed,
That "Coddish Aristocracy"
Is but a scaly thing at best.
And though the fish be large and strong
May seek the little ones to drown,
Yet fish are all, both great and small,
Are going up and coming down.
Our lives are full of chance and change,
And chance, you know, is never sure,
And 'twere a doctrine new and strange
That places high are most secure.
And though the fickle god may smile,
And yield the scepter and the crown,
'Tis only for a little while;
Then B goes up and A comes down.
This world for you and me—my friend,
Holds something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride and place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown,
For fear you'll see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

Select Miscellany.

Pennsylvania Avenue on the Fourth of March, 1857.

At the Jubilee of the Democracy of Brooklyn, New York, on Thanksgiving night, the reports tell us, Mr. Matthew Hale Smith responded to the toast in honor of the President elect, in a speech of rare eloquence. He closed with the following vivid picture of the magnificent thoroughfare in the National Capital, which bears the name of our own great State, and the scene it would present to the crowd who shall assemble along its broad pathways on the 4th of March, 1857. What Pennsylvanian will not feel his heart swell with honest pride, at contemplating in his mind's eye, this glorious spectacle of the honor which shall then be done his beloved old Commonwealth, in the person of her distinguished son?

"There is," said he, "at the Capital of Washington a great avenue called the Pennsylvania Avenue. Down this roll the tide of beauty, fashion, and honor of the country. It leads from the President's House to the Capitol. It has been trodden by the successive Presidents who have moved on to the inauguration on the east front of the Capital. But as yet no son of Pennsylvania has trodden that wide way. But on the 4th of March next the great State of Pennsylvania, for whom the avenue has been called, will offer up her chosen son to pierce that pathway; and as he shall move along amid the acclamations of the crowd from all parts of the Union, in the full vigor of ripened manhood, among the noblest in personal bearing of all our Presidents, and on whose administration so many hopes hang, the shouts of the multitude shall bear to the foes of Democracy at home and abroad this verdict of our nation,—'Thus shall be done to the man whom the people delight to honor.'"

A New French Dodge.—A shrewd trick was lately played off at the Fair of Breauté near Paris. A well-dressed gentleman sauntering about with a valuable gold-headed cane in his hand was stopped by a wretched-looking man, who dragged himself painfully along on crutches, and piteously implored charity. The gentleman, moved to compassion, generously gave the beggar a piece of silver. "How can you be so foolish," cried a man standing by, "that fellow is an impostor, and no more lame than you are. Just lend me your cane for a minute, and by means of a sound thrashing I will convince you of the truth of what I say." The gentleman mechanically let the man take the cane, and the beggar, throwing down the crutches, ran off as fast as he could. The other amidst the roars of laughter from the bystanders, ran after him, menacing him with the cane; and so they ran a considerable distance, when they turned aside into the town, and were seen no more. The gentleman waited for some time expecting to see the man return with his cane, but the expectation was in vain; it was then clear that the whole scene had been an affair concerted between a pair of adroit rogues. The gentleman had nothing for it but to consider himself to be victimized.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, an English minister only twenty-two years of age, is now the clerical star of London. He talks very plainly to the sinners, and recently assured them that—"There is dust enough on some of your Bibles to write damnation with your fingers."

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

Interesting Reminiscence.

From a new work—"Recollections of My Lifetime"—by S. G. Goodrich, late American Consul at Paris, and the original Peter Parley, we take the following account of the rencontre between General Jackson and John Q. Adams, at President Monroe's levee, the night after Adams' election over Jackson for the Presidency by the House of Representatives, in 1824.

I shall pass over other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors.—Mr. Adams the elect, General Jackson the defeated. It chanced in the course of the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct stepped aside and left their face to face. Mr. Adams was by himself; Gen. Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then Gen. Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said—"How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair; I hope you are very well, sir." All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the general's hand, and said, with chilling coldness—"Very well, sir; I hope General Jackson is well!" It was curious to see the western plauter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans—genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courtier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, cold as a statue! It was all the more remarkable from the fact that, four hours before, the General had been defeated, and Mr. Adams was a victor in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition. The personal character of these two individuals was in fact well expressed in that chance meeting; the gallantry, the frankness and the heartiness of the one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all. A somewhat severe but acute analyst of Mr. Adams' character, says: "Undoubtedly, one great reason of his unpopularity, was his cold, antipathetic manner, and the suspicion of selfishness it suggested, or, at least, excited greatly to confirm. None approached Mr. Adams but to recede. He never succeeded—he never tried to conciliate."

Singular Fact.

In Chester county, where according to the census, there are 523 negroes, abolitionism is decidedly and unquestionably unpopular. While in Bradford county, which gives 4725 against Buchanan, there are but 197 negroes; and in Tioga, which gives 3155 against Buchanan, there are but 98 negroes in the whole county. This shows that where the negroes are best known there is less of that mock sympathy for them.

True to their Original Principle.—The first three States, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, that ratified the Constitution of the United States after it was presented for adoption were Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. After the lapse of nearly seventy years, and when that immortal instrument was threatened with destruction by Northern sectionalism, they rallied around it, and by their united vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge, saved the government from being overthrown. All honor to those glorious Middle States.

The Democratic party has been in power three-fourths of the time since the Union was formed. What nation has ever had such unexampled success, and it has all been accomplished by the carrying out of principles so plain that the man who runs may read; while our opponent's principles are such that the man who reads will run!

The Abolitionists in Bucks county, are circulating remonstrances for signatures against the introduction of slavery into Pennsylvania. If things keep on at this rate, the Insane Asylum at Harrisburg will have to be greatly enlarged.

Negro voting seems to have been extensive in Ohio. Besides re-electing Campbell to Congress by negro votes, sixty-five negroes voted in the township of Xenia, and a correspondent of the Statesman says he can furnish the names if required.

The Young Men's Fremont Club of New York, have nominated Col. Fremont for the Presidency in 1860, whereupon the Philadelphia Sun, remarks that "the fools are all dead yet."

Infectious Diseases.—The State Superintendent has decided that it is the duty of Directors to rigidly exclude from school, all pupils who are afflicted with any eruptive, infectious disease, and to refuse to again receive them until they are entirely cured.

Rather Unlady Like.—On Friday last, a young lady was fined \$5 in Albany, N. Y., for spitting in another lady's face. Snook wants to know if she can expect to rate as a lady after such a vulgar action.

How Aqua-fortis Operated on Old Joe.

In the pretty village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, some years ago, there resided an old fellow who was familiarly known in the town and country round, as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation except doing "chores" or errands—nor any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite, and slept wherever he could find a lodging place. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides, than so much water. He generally made his headquarters at the lower tavern, for there were two in the town. He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar-room, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not asked to drink he would slip to the bar, and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern, mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half full of aqua-fortis on the bar, and turned round to mix up some other ingredients. A few moments after he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found to his dismay, that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop. "Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the Doctor, in affliction to the landlord, "what has become of the aqua-fortis I put on the bar a few moments ago?"—"I don't know," replied the landlord; "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it!"—"In this suspicion they were both soon confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen old Joe swallow the fatal draught. The Doctor, knowing that he must certainly die after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, out houses and woods, for three or four miles around the village, he was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village toper assembled around the blazing hickory fire in the bar room, nothing was thought of or talked of but the unfortunate end of poor old Joe. Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The Doctor, about this time, had occasion to visit a patient some eight miles distant; what was his surprise, when about five miles from the village to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house, splitting wood. "Why, Joe," said the Doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you was dead and buried before this."—"Why, what made you think that, Doctor?" leaning on his axe-handle. "Didn't you drink that dose that I left on old Wiggins' bar, a few days since?"—"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it. "Do you know what it was?" asked the Doctor. "No!" returned Joe. "Why, it was aqua-fortis—enough to kill a dozen men."—"Well, now, Doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my pocket handkerchief!"

Animal Break.—The Charleston, South Carolina, papers publish an incident which to say the least is curious. The occupant of the "Brooks House," of that city, had on his premises a thriving litter of fine pups, about three weeks old, and on visiting the canine nurslings and their dam, was surprised to find the family increased by the addition of a pig, apparently new born. The dam is now discharging all the offices of a mother to the pig, and apparently regards it even with more tenderness than the pups, and the relationship is reciprocal.

Young Arthur Spring, whose painful position a few years since, when on the witness stand as evidence against his father, excited so much sympathy, died in Washington city, last Wednesday, where he resided with an uncle. His unexceptionable life and truly Christian character are confirmations of the entire truth of the sad tale which condemned his miserable parent to the scaffold, at a time when the brutal murderer tried to implicate the son in the commission of the horrid batchery of two hapless women.

Changed his Dinner Hour.—A London paper gives a very gratifying account of the progress Christianity has made in New Zealand. A chief of that cannibal country was questioned by one of the missionaries as to how far the study of the Scriptures has broken him of his unnatural passion for human flesh. The chief answered proudly—"You missionary men have done me much good. I never eat my enemies on Sunday now."

A Proposal to make Niagara Falls Useful.—A "calculating" Yankee proposes to have constructed an immense water wheel at Niagara Falls; not a small temporary affair, but one large and strong enough to use the entire power of the falls. From this, with proper grading he would lay down a permanent shaft through the State of New York, terminating at Albany. Those in want of power could then "belt" on and "let her rip." Steam engines would then be "nowhar."

A Double Wife.—A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, replied—"Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says; but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a Tar, and she's a Tar-tar."