

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STABLE.

"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, JAN. 5, 1857.

NO. 15.

Terms of the "Compiler."

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by Henry J. Stable, at \$1.75 per annum in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages 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" or the sign.

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

Flour! Flour!

THE undersigned continues the Flour business as heretofore. He sells by the barrel or any smaller quantity. By taking small quantities he can buy as high and sell as low as anybody else, and by always endeavoring to keep both the best, he hopes to merit and receive a continuance of liberal patronage. WM. GILLESPIE, At the Post Office. Oct. 8, 1855.

THE HERRY COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE Insurance Company,

CAPITAL \$139,586—effects insurances in any part of the State, against loss by fire; prudently adapts its operations to its resources; affords ample indemnity, and promptly adjusts its losses. Adams county is represented in the Board of Managers by Hon. MOSES McCLEAN, WM. McCLEAN, Agent. Office of H. & W. McClean, Gettysburg. May 26, 1856.

News for the People.

FRANKS BROTHERS have just received and are now opening a large and varied assortment of Dry Goods, Queensware, Hardware, &c., to which they invite the attention of those wishing cheap Goods. As our stock has been selected with great care, from the largest wholesale houses of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, we are prepared to offer inducements to purchase from us, such as cannot often be had. Come and examine our stock, and we know you will not leave without buying. Sign of the Red Front. Oct. 6, 1856.

More New Stock.

FRENCH Merinos, all colors; fashionable Cloak Cloths; Full Siles, the new styles; magnificent new Delaines; best styles Fall Calicoes; very large stock of new Shiraz; Flannels, Welsh, English and American; Cloths, Vestings and all kinds Men's Wear; Suspenders, Table Linens, Towels, &c. EYRE & LANDELL, Fourth and Arch streets, Philadelphia. Store-keepers are invited to examine our New Goods. Families can be well suited in every kind of Dry Goods. We make Black Silks and Shiraz leading articles for wholesale. J. S.—Jons received daily from the Auctions in New York and Philadelphia. December 13, 1856. 6m

Important.

THE citizens of Gettysburg and Strangers who desire to know where to find a large and handsome variety of Summer HATS and SHOES, are invited to call at W. W. PAXTON'S STORE, where they will find the most elegant White Beavers, and White Silk Hats, Panama, Canton and Broad—also, Soft French Hats, and a large stock of Gentlemen and Ladies' and Children's Summer Shoes and Gaiters of every style and price. Call and see the goods. W. W. PAXTON. June 16, 1856.

Spouting!

CHEERFUL and Henry Wampler will make a House Spouting and put up the same low for cash or country produce. Farmers and all others wishing their houses, barns, &c., spouted, would do well to give them a call. G. & H. WAMPLER. April 18, 1853. tf

Hanover B. Railroad.

TRAINS over the Hanover Branch Railroad now run as follows: First Train leaves Hanover at 9 A. M., with Passengers for York, Harrisburg, Columbia and Philadelphia. This Train also connects with the Express for Baltimore, arriving there at 12 o'clock. Second Train leaves at 3 P. M., with Passengers for Baltimore and intermediate places, and returns with passengers from York, &c. April 21. J. LEIB, Agent.

DRESS GOODS,

FOR Ladies and Gentlemen, can be found in immense variety, and cheaper than ever, at SCHICK'S. Step in and examine the new stock for Fall and Winter. October 20, 1856.

TWO THOUSAND PIECES Wall Paper.

COBURN & PAXTON have opened an unusually large assortment of Wall Paper, of every style and variety, from 12 1/2 to 40 cts. a piece. Housekeepers and Paper Hangers are invited to call and examine the stock, which is superior to anything heretofore offered in this market. Only 12 1/2 cents a piece, or 14 cents a yard, for Wall Paper! Gettysburg, Feb. 25, 1856.

Jewelry! Jewelry!

J. L. SCHICK has now on hand a large and splendid assortment of Jewelry, comprising everything in that line—Breastpins, Ear-Rings, Finger-Rings, Chains, &c., &c.—all of which he is selling at the lowest living profits. Call and examine for yourselves—no trouble to show goods. April 21.

Keep Warm.

I have just received a splendid assortment of Wool Frie shirts and Drawers, which will be sold low at SAMSON'S.

The Farmer.

Experiments in the Wheat Plant.

Prof. Buckman sowed wheat at various depths, from half an inch to six inches. That which was sown one inch deep, ALL came up, and in eleven days. That which was sown six inches deep, was twenty-three days in coming up, and only one-eighth of it came up at all. From these and similar experiments, he became convinced that one inch was the proper depth to bury wheat in the ground.

The same gentleman pursued a similar course of experiments to determine at what time it was best to sow fall wheat. He sowed different parcels of wheat in each month, from June of 1851, to May of 1852, and watched the results. The parcel sowed in June did tolerably well the next year; that sowed in July did a little better; the parcels sowed in August and September did the best of all; they grew the tallest, had the longest heads, and presented the cleanest appearance.

Humboldt tested also the various effects of the different manures, and found that the results were quite remarkable. By dressing wheat with common vegetable matter, he found that it yielded 9.6 per cent. of gluten. When dressed with cow-dung, it had 12.0 per cent. of gluten; with sheep-dung, 29.9 per cent.; and with night-soil, 33.14 per cent. We suspect some error here, for the relative amount of gluten is so different in the different cases, that it would seem due to some other cause.

From the experiments made by able men, not unknown to fame, it may be seen how much importance is to be attached to such matters as the time, and depth of sowing, and the kinds of manure used in enriching the soil for wheat. It is stated, too, that in Great Britain, smut is almost entirely prevented by immersing the seed-wheat in lime, or in a solution of sulphate of copper.—[Ohio Farmer.]

How to Increase your Manure.

If you not hitherto done so, permit us now to prevail on you to take this our advice: Have as many loads of rough materials hauled and spread over your cow-yard as will make twelve inches in depth. In spreading, so fashion the materials as to be basin-shaped—the centre being the lowest point—to prevent the escape of the urine. While the rough materials are being placed in and spread on the yard, dust each layer so spread with plaster, or with pulverized charcoal, and when completed dust the surface with either of the materials named; then roll the yard to consolidate its content—the heavier the roller the better. Occasionally throughout the yarding season, spread plaster over the yard, and from time to time add more rough materials.—[American Farmer.]

It is contended by many agriculturists, that turnips, without some grain is fed with them, will not fatten cattle. A late No. of the Boston Cultivator, in an article on the care of live stock, has the following on the fattening properties of this root:

"We have seen cattle and sheep fattened, and well fattened, on flat turnips. Mr. Webster, on Marshfield farm, was in the habit of making excellent beef with turnips and salt hay. His neighbor, Hon. Seth Sprague, has done the same thing, and with advantage, too. Salt hay alone will barely keep animals in store condition. We are indebted to Mr. Samuel Chamberlain, of Westboro', in feeding stock with turnips. In 1855, Mr. C. raised 2,500 bushels of turnips, among 11 acres of corn. He fattened 15 cows on turnips, commencing when the cows were first tied up in the barn, about the 10th of November. The cows were then in quite low condition. They were fed with two bushels of turnips a day, one in the morning and one in the evening. They were fed eleven weeks—had no grain of any kind, and consumed but very little hay—and were then sold for seven dollars per hundred dressed, which was as much as meal-fed animals sold for in his neighborhood at the same time. The cows were of the ordinary stock, and weighed from 450 to 650 lbs. dressed.

A celebrated physician boasting at dinner that he cured his own hams, one of his guests observed:— "Doctor, I would a great deal rather be your ham than your patient."

Choice Poetry.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

Though life's a dark and thorny path,
It's goal the dawn of bliss,
It sets some spots of sunshine bath,
That smile amid the gloom.
The friend who weal and woe partakes,
Unchanged, whatever his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,
Is sure a sunny spot.
The wife who half our burden shares,
And utters not a moan;
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears—
Unheeded all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And exerts blithely as a bird,
She's, too, a sunny spot.
The child who lifts, at morn and eve,
In prayers its tiny voice;
Who grieves when'er its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young genius glows;
Whose heart, without a blot,
Is fresh and pure as summer's rose;
That child's a sunny spot.
There's yet, upon life's weary road,
One spot of brighten glow;
Where sorrow half forgets its load,
And tears no longer flow—
Friendship may wither, love decline,
Our child be home no more,
But still an honored that spot will shine—
Religion lights that spot!

Select Miscellany.

The Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the hair. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child as the city undertaker steved down the coffin.
"You can't—got out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the boat?"
"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, homeless orphan, clutching the side of the coffin box, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother one more!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood pausing with grief and rage; his blue eye glared, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittered through his hair, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish scream, "When I'm a man I'll kill you for that."
"There was a coffin and a heap of earth," between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court-room was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.
"There was a silence when he finished, until with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kneeling eye to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was a sense. The splendor of his genius entranced—convicted.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.
"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."
"I want no thanks," replied the stranger with icy coldness.
"I believe you are unknown to me."
"Man! I will refresh your memory. About twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor boy."
"The man turned livid."
"Have you rescued me then to take my life?"
"No, I have a sweeter revenge: I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."
The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a unanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

Look Up.

Here is a good moral under the guise of a fable.
"A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he picked up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along."

Kossuth and Louis Napoleon.—M. Kossuth, in one of his late speeches, compares his lot with that of the man he had just before affected to condemn:
"I will never venture to contrast my own humble lot with the brilliant one of that pretentive. I, out with my children the bitter bread of homelessness; I, an staggering joyless towards an obscure grave. For inheritance my children may get a legacy of sorrow, yet of devotion to their country's cause. Such is my lot; but whatever may be my faults, my errors, or even my sins, never have I broached matters, never have I deceived nations, never told truth the duties of a honest patriot. Bonaparte, on the contrary, sits high in power, dazzling the eyes of short-sighted men with the lustre of his military star. He will never believe in the stability of success till it is over."

A Proper Use for Mount Vernon.

The American Presbyterian imagining that a prominent reason for the difficulty in accomplishing the purchase of Mount Vernon either through Congress or the people, has been that no one seems to have seen his way clearly to any use to be made of it, when it should have been purchased, proposed to remove that difficulty, and to show our practical countrymen, that it affords a grand opportunity for doing a noble thing. Let Mount Vernon be the Westminister Abbey of America. Let the ashes of Washington repose there forever, and when any man shall have been privileged to perform a patriotic action, worthy of the honor, let his body, when his spirit is called home by the Creator, be buried by order of Congress, by the side of the noblest of men. Let it be henceforth the greatest honor that can be paid to any man in the Western Hemisphere—He was buried at Mount Vernon. The details of this scheme can be readily carried out. Let the whole place, as Washington waded it, be purchased by Congress. Let it be laid out as a National Laurel Hill or Greenwood. Let no undisturbed rest repose there. By the law, let it be a privilege conferred by act of Congress alone. The Germans have erected a building which they call the National Vallaha, to be adorned by the effigies of their departed heroes and great men. The idea is a noble one. It is suited to the genius of our nation, if once the people should seize upon it. Our readers will remember the elevation of Lord Nelson, before the battle of Trafalgar—"An Earl, or Westminster Abbey." Of all the spots in London, perhaps no one attracts so many visitors to that venerable pile. The associations which surround the mighty dead, speak to every man who has a heart or mind. But when the visitor has passed through every part of the noble pile, and gazed upon every monument, he has found such dust in his keeping. Let Mount Vernon then be bought, and let the obelisk of the greatest man that our soil is capable of producing be, *it sleeps by the side of Washington.*

Remedy for Corns.

There is in the New England Farmer of the 9th of February last an article on corns, which appears to have been an extract taken from Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, in which he says that the ordinary corns like corns among other things that "corns like corns, are never cured." Now, sir, I make no pretensions to science, but will state some facts relative to my experience with corns. Many years ago, in my time, I was afflicted with a peevish corn on the ball of the first joint of my right toe, which I supposed proceeded from a peg in my boot—Being busy, I endured it until some leisure time, when I examined my foot, and not finding sufficient reason for complaint, called a boy to examine the foot, (not being able to do so myself.) He represented a hard, horny substance penetrating the flesh, and two of wormwood oil. In the course of a few weeks, the corn was wholly dissolved and crumbled out like soft wax, and in that place has never troubled me since. I have been afflicted on other parts of my feet and toes, which I have tried in like manner with like effect; except that I made a greater number of applications of the oil in some instances. Now, if you think this of sufficient importance give it to the world, after fixing it in terms that may be understood, as it may be the means of relieving some of those who are afflicted with these troublesome things. I have full faith in its efficacy, having prescribed it to others with like results.

The States.

- 1607. Virginia first settled by the English.
- 1614. New York first settled by the Dutch.
- 1620. Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
- 1622. New Hampshire settled by the Puritans.
- 1624. New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
- 1627. Delaware settled by Swedes and Finns.
- 1625. Maryland settled by Lord Baltimore.
- 1635. Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
- 1636. Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
- 1650. North Carolina settled by the English.
- 1670. South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
- 1682. Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
- 1683. Georgia settled by General Oglethorpe.
- 1791. Vermont admitted into the Union.
- 1792. Kentucky admitted into the Union.
- 1796. Tennessee admitted into the Union.
- 1800. Ohio admitted into the Union.
- 1811. Louisiana admitted into the Union.
- 1816. Mississippi admitted into the Union.
- 1817. Illinois admitted into the Union.
- 1819. Alabama admitted into the Union.
- 1820. Maine admitted into the Union.
- 1821. Missouri admitted into the Union.
- 1826. Michigan admitted into the Union.
- 1836. Arkansas admitted into the Union.
- 1845. Texas admitted into the Union.
- 1846. Florida admitted into the Union.
- 1846. Iowa admitted into the Union.
- 1848. Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
- 1850. California admitted into the Union.

Next Proposition.—A New State from Mississippi.—The American Banner, published at Yazoo City, Mississippi, is intensely disgusted with the result of the Presidential contest in that State. It thinks that Americans ought by all means to rule America, and perceiving that they do not, under the present order of things, suggests that several American counties, including Yazoo, Hind, Warren, Adams, Tippah, Coahoma, Madison and Panola, "shall forthwith secede from the rest of the State and form a separate American State, to be ruled by Americans." It further suggests that as Mr. Fillmore "has been so shamefully treated in his own State he shall be unanimously elected governor." The Banner is enthusiastic in the project, and proposes calling a Convention to carry it out.

A Sateen.—The Ladies.—May their virtue exceed even the magnitude of their skirts, while their faults are still smaller than their bonnets.—Evelina.

And their horns as useless as their hooves, their stables as empty as their bellies, and their stables as empty as their bellies, and their stables as empty as their bellies.

The Man Who Loved Fun.

The story is familiar of a man who took passage in a flat boat from Cincinnati bound to New Orleans. He passed many dreary listless days on his way down the Ohio and Mississippi, and seemed to be desponding for the want of exercise. Superficially he was quiet and inoffensive, practically he was perfectly good natured and kindly disposed.

In the course of time the craft upon which he was passenger put into Napoleon, in the State of Arkansas, for groceries. At the moment there was a general fight extending along the front of town, which at that time consisted of a single house.

The unhappy passenger, after fidgeting and jerking his feet up and down; as if he were walking on red hot bricks; turned to a used up speculator and observed:

"Stranger, is this a free fight?"

The reply was prompt and to the point:

"It is; and if you wish to go in, don't stand on ceremony."

The wayfarer did go in, and in less time than we can relate circumstances, he was literally chucked up. Graping his way down to the flat, his hair gone, his eyes closed, his lips swollen, an his face generally mapped out, he sat himself down on a chicken coop, and soliloquized thus:

"This is Napoleon, is it? Upon my word it's a lively place, and the only one at which I have had any fun since I left home."

Invisible as the man was to his wounds and bruises, we think we once met with a more striking example of a half horse, half alligator fellow who, by some accident, was cut up by some twenty dirk knife wounds at least, some of which, according to his statement, "reached to the hollow." On our sympathizing with his deplorable condition, he cut us short, by remarking:

"Stranger, don't be alarmed about these few scratches—I've got mighty healing flesh."

A Majority on the Wrong Side.

Several years ago a celebrated Methodist preacher and revivalist, well known for his eloquence and zeal in converting souls, was preaching in Louisville. The feeling had got pretty well up, and one night, after a very powerful sermon, he came down from the pulpit to receive the mourners, while the good old hymn, "O Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan,"

Was struck up, and chimed by a hundred voices. The hymn was concluded, but there was no paucity at the altar. In vain he exhorted—his words and appeals fell upon the ears of his congregation without exciting any emotion. At length he concluded he would make a bold strike and follow it up with a test, and resuming the pulpit, and after a few words of exhortation, he solemnly announced that he would put a question, upon which he expected all to vote in view of the estimation they placed upon their souls. With finger raised so significantly, and in a most solemn manner he announced—all those in favor of Christ will please rise to their feet.

Only some eight or ten responded to the announcement; and while the minister was watching intently for others to signify their position by "rising," a worthy member who was on his feet interfered and suggested that "the reason might be that the true disciples were too modest to vote."

At this juncture a loud voice was heard in the gallery: "I say, brother, it's no use a talking or trying to force this vote, this congregation is for the devil by at least a twofold free kindred majority."

A Distinction.

Many years ago when row seats in New England began to break the good old Congregational barriers, and make incursions into the sheepfolds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine, whom I well knew—a man at once of infinite eccentricity, good sense and good humor—encountered one of these regular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, but at length the interpreter, finding more than his match at polemics, wound off by saying:

"Well, doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commendable to preach the gospel unto every creature?"

"True," rejoined the doctor, "true enough." But then I never did hear that it was commanded to every creature to preach the gospel."

The Wedding Present Mania.

The New York Post has some reflections on this subject which are quite appropriate, suggested by an incident which came under the observation of a lady friend of the editor's acquaintance, while making some purchases in one of the magnificent jewelry establishments of that city, a day or two since. She incidentally mentioned that she wanted the articles she was looking at for wedding presents. "Do you wish to hire or buy them?" was the innocent inquiry of the shopkeeper. In the course of a little further conversation the lady ascertained, to her surprise, that it is quite a common practice now in that city to hire wedding presents of great value to be exhibited to the public at the ceremony and then returned. Who is to be imposed upon by these exhibitions depends upon circumstances. Sometimes both bride and groom are parties to the fraud; sometimes the parents of one of the parties, sometimes of both. The public are always, of course, to be the victims.

Truly there is no sentiment, however exalted, which does not have its counterfeit, and no usage, however sacred, which has not its hypocritical observers.

Here is a good joke told of a western yoke who found himself in New York,

surrounded by a boy of fair damsel, who tried to sell him: "Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?" asked one of them, with a simper. Original saw the game, and resolved to win. "O, very universally, Miss," replied the yoke. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano, mostly?" "Nay, Miss, the instrument that we have out our way is the Struthio, and the girls all play it." "Oh, dear! I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is, and how they play it." "Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each takes one of these under her arm and chews the end of its long tail, and that brings the music!" The preconcerted "come" made no further progress; and for the balance of the evening Western "groom" was the lion of the show.

A Curious Result.

The official announcement of the Presidential vote in Louisiana develops some curious results, which the Phrygian refers to:

"Every candidate on the successful ticket received the same number of votes, viz: 25, 169, and every candidate on the defeated ticket or also the same number, viz: 20,731. If this be indeed correct, there was not a man scratched or altered in a single parish in the State."

A Good Idea.—A sentimental chap intended to petition Congress this winter for an act to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

A Washington letter says that the Pacific Railroad bills, which have thus far been published, are nothing more than the scheme of individuals, and that, as yet, no project has received any official sanction. Very likely!

A Southern exchange says that three girls in Texas, last month, went out visiting, and returned in a week, each with an Indian husband.

Keep-Up With Fashion.

"Ma, can I go and hear the negro serenaders to-night?"
"No, my dear, I cannot think of letting you go to such places."
"Why, everybody goes to hear them, they sing such comic songs, and tell all sorts of funny stories, you can't help laughing all the time. I do wish you would let me go."
"You must not urge me, Charley, for I cannot throw away money on fellows who go about disguised as negroes singing silly songs that have no good tendency, and telling silly stories that are not calculated to improve the mind, but rather to hurt. And more than that, I do not believe that any of the better class of society visit the concerts."
"Indeed, Ma, then you are greatly mistaken, for I heard Judge Brown's boys say that they were there with their father and sisters, and I saw Mr. Jones, my Sabbath school teacher, go where they sell tickets, and the minister of the Brook street church camp in and purchased three or four to take his family."
"Are you sure about what you tell me, Charley?"
"Yes, Ma; and Mr. Smith remarked, when he sold the tickets, that the concerts were attended by very fashionable audiences."
"Well, that alters the case some; you may go, and tell your sister Angelina to dress for the concert, and I will accompany you. I believe there is nothing but a prayer meeting at our church to-night. We must keep up the fashion."

A Good One.

There is a distinguished politician in Mississippi, says the Memphis Empire, remarkable for the recklessness of his assertion on the stump, who is not infrequently called the "Well Digger." The other day, so it is reported, an old man, a Tennesseean, was introduced to him directly after one of his speeches in the State, who remarked:

"Well, Governor, I think you are the man who is sometimes called the 'Well Digger'?"
"Yes," said the Governor, "I believe they do sometimes call me that, but the truth is, I never dug a well in my life."
"I thought so," said the countryman. "They say 'Truth lies at the bottom of a well,' and from your speech to-day, I should judge that you had never been there."

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Truly there is no sentiment, however exalted, which does not have its counterfeit, and no usage, however sacred, which has not its hypocritical observers.

Here is a good joke told of a western yoke who found himself in New York,

surrounded by a boy of fair damsel, who tried to sell him: "Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?" asked one of them, with a simper. Original saw the game, and resolved to win. "O, very universally, Miss," replied the yoke. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano, mostly?" "Nay, Miss, the instrument that we have out our way is the Struthio, and the girls all play it." "Oh, dear! I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is, and how they play it." "Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each takes one of these under her arm and chews the end of its long tail, and that brings the music!" The preconcerted "come" made no further progress; and for the balance of the evening Western "groom" was the lion of the show.