

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAILE.

"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.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

FROM JUSTIN'S KISSER.

Praising each his own dominions,
As the fairest of them all,
Sat at Worms four German princes,
Once within the Emperor's hall.
"Glorious," spoke the Saxon Monarch—
"Glorious is that land of mine,
Where the mountains hold the silver
Deep in many a gorgeous mine."
"See my land with plenty thronging,"
Spoke the elector of the Rhine,
"Golden seeds in all the valleys,
On the hills the glorious vine."
"Noble cities, wealthy villages,"
Thus spoke the King of Prussia—
"Make my land the richest kingdom,
By the treasures that they bring!"
Then spoke Edward, the bearded,
Wurttemberg's beloved lord,
"Small the cities of my kingdom,
None my mountains silver stored."
"Yet it holds a treasure hidden,
Brightest, purest, greatest, best,
I beg to see it safely shown
On my poorest subject's breast!"
And the Saxon monarch answered,
And his royal brother there:
"I would, thy land is richest—
Thou the richest crown do wear!"

WISHING.

BY JOHN R. SAWE.

Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to dicing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing."
A very choice diversion, too,
If you but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it, and abuse it.
I wish that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come, and keep in fashion;
That scorn, and jealousy, and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep,
Beneath the waves of ocean!

Select Miscellany.

Telling Mother.

A cluster of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon, engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a secret, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply. "I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend." "No, not even your mother; not one in the world." "Well, then, I can't tell her; for what I can't tell mother, is not fit for me to know." After speaking these words, Kate walked away, slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school or on the play-ground, which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear, and came between him and his mother. Boys and girls, if you would lead a Christian life, and die a Christian death, make Kate's reply your reply—"What I cannot tell mother, is not fit for me to know;" for a pious mother is your "best friend."

Interesting Reunion.—General La Vega, the Mexican general, is stopping at Willard's Hotel, at Washington, as is also Col. May, who took La Vega's guns and made him prisoner at the battle of Palo Alto; and to complete the curious reunion, Col. Magruder, to whom May handed La Vega over for safe-keeping, is at the same hotel. It must be pleasant as well as suggestive to see these warriors assembled at the same dinner table, hobnobbing in a friendly way, and popping champagne corks instead of nine-pins.—*Religious Dispatch.*

Death of Dr. Butler.—The Rev. Eliza Butler, M. D., the missionary among the Cherokees, who has been in Georgia, suffering and suffering release after a decision in his favor by the Supreme Court of the United States, made him so well known, died of pneumonia on the 14th day of February last, at Van Buren, Arkansas, in the 62d year of his age.

A Stubborn Stripling.

"Once upon a time," a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Danvers academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of erudition, which is doled out at this Temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum—he was *cute* on cyphering—thought it not more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly but rousing smack, which startled the whole assembly. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red-hot warning-pan, and looking as silly as a ninny. "Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution!" The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye, calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches it contained.

"Jedediah," at length he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry," exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pride and indignation; "sorry! No sir! I am not. And I will do so again, if I have a chance. So, put on old feller, just as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Je-hosaphat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom come, afore I'd be sorry at that,—by thunder, I would!"—*Boston Post.*

Texas Reptiles.

A writer thus speaks of the reptiles of Texas: The cattle are not the sole occupants of the prairies by any means. Dracos of wild horses are not infrequent and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of a large black bear. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous to shake a stick at. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and his legs five or six inches long and covered with long coarse, black hair. He lies in cattle tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, for he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with unlimited numbers of legs, each armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he should walk over you at night you will have cause to remember him for months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life, to consider these lesser evils annoyances. But the insects! flying, creeping, running, digging, buzzing, stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder is: "Will you have it with a bag or without?"

A New Version of an Old Hymn.—The Portsmouth Gazette tells the following good one: A friend related to us a few days since, an incident which occurred at Chicago, which has not been printed in the *Kitchener* chapter of smart children:

Mr. — and his little son Charley, were sitting by the fire listening to the music of a piano, upon which the child's mother was playing. After she concluded, it being about the child's bedtime, Charley was told to say his prayers and go to bed. As was his custom he knelt down beside his mother, and with bowed head and his head full of the music, he had heard, repeated the well-known child's hymn.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
My soul shall be in Jesus' care."

As may be imagined the solemnity of the occasion was sadly interrupted by the peals of laughter from father and mother.

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

Patrick's testimony in the riot case: "Be jabbers, the first man I saw coming at me was two brick bats!"

Boys that have been properly reared are men in point of usefulness at sixteen, while those that have been brought up in idleness, are a nuisance at twenty-one.

A new synagogue, to cost \$55,000, is being erected in New Orleans.

The 2nd of April will be "last day" in New Hampshire.

A Slight Mistake.

Jim Ward is a conductor on the eastern division of the New York Central Railroad, running daily between Utica and Albany. Ward has been in the employ of the Central Railroad for a long period of years, and is one of the oldest conductors in the country. Invariably accommodating and polite, he is particularly attentive to the ladies, and always manages to make himself a favorite with those of the fair sex who accompany the trains under his direction. The Buffalo Republic relates the following anecdote of what happened to Jim, because he didn't know a male from a female baby:

A short time since, when a train under his direction was on its way east from Utica, one of those interesting incidents occurred on board the train, which add to the visible number of passengers, but scarcely ever increases the profits of the trip. Ward, as soon as he discovered the condition of the lady, hustled about and with the train running forty miles an hour, fixed up a portion of the express car, and had her conveyed thereto. A physician by the name of Beecher was on the train. His services were immediately put in requisition, and in a short time Ward had the pleasure of announcing to his anxious passengers, that mother and babe were "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The mother was a poor woman, and as soon as it became known, Ward went around with a hat, and in a short time a handsome purse was collected, and Jim, with his countenance absolutely filtering off happiness, took it in to the mother. After he re-appeared the passengers proposed that the child should be named. No sooner said than done. Jim went in and got the baby, and with the consent of its delighted mother brought it out, when it was proposed that it should be named "James Ward" after Jim, and "Beecher" after the physician who had professionally attended the mother. It was adopted by acclamation, and amid a general shout of approbation the babe was named "James Ward Beecher."

Jim, with a smile of ill-concealed delight, was hugging off his little namesake, when some of the ladies requested to see the "little baby." It was passed from hand to hand among the ladies, all admiring the little bundle, but at the same time a general disposition to smile and stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths, became manifest among the women. Jim wondered, but wondered in vain, what this subdued laughter meant, until the babe was handed to an old lady. She had not held it more than a minute when she exclaimed:

"Law, Saz!"

"Well; what's the matter," said Jim, fearfully.

"Why it's a gal!" said the old woman, handing the babe to Jim. Then rose a yell of laughter; the men broke out first, then the women, then they broke out together, until one universal scream filled the car. Several gentlemen threw their hats and mufflers out of the windows, while others endeavored, unsuccessfully, to "saw their legs off." The women blushed and screamed; the men shouted and held their sides. In the midst of this storm of fun and laughter, Jim made his escape from the car with his female "Jim Ward Beecher," and for the rest of the trip, on the platform of the baggage car, ruminated on the sudden changes and mutations of human life.

A Fox Story.—The *Mount City Emporium* tells the following tale about an impertinent fox: "A gentleman residing in Scott county, Missouri, informs us that while he was leisurely riding along the bank of the Mississippi, last week, with a half dozen favorite chickens thrown across his saddle bow, a large fox emerged from the woods and impudently followed him. Thinking Reynard would lay himself liable to capture in making off with them, he tossed the Shanghaiers from his horse. They had scarcely touched the ground before the fox had seized them. Our friend then himself from his horse, but before he had cleverly alighted, the fox, with all six of the crows, was several feet out in the Mississippi, paddling with an industry worthy of the occasion for the opposite bank of the river! After offering his kingdom for a gun about a dozen times, our friend bestrode his nag and pushed forward, feeling very much like acknowledging that he had been abominably sold."

Had Her There.—Two little girls, one the daughter of a clergyman, and the other of a part-binner, fell into an angry dispute. To mortify and spite her antagonist, the layman's little girl saw fit to remind her of her father's well known poverty, and intimated rather tartly that had it not been for her father's benevolent interference, the poor minister would have been in the work-house. "Well, I don't care," replied the other, "if it had not been for my father, yours would have been in hell long ago."

Mon. Wm. J. Brown, of Indiana, died on the 18th inst. He was formerly a member of both branches of the Legislature, State Librarian, editor of the *Indiana Sentinel*, a member of Congress, second assistant Postmaster General under Mr. Polk, and special agent for the Santa and West coast.

Bank Failure and Large Defalcation.—The Pittsburgh Chronicle announces the failure of the Bank of New Castle, Pa., and the disappearance of one of its officers with the sum of \$50,000 in cash, leaving on hand just \$4 in coin to redeem a circulation of over \$100,000. The Chronicle adds:

Large sums, we are credibly informed, have been recklessly loaned to corporations, the great amount of which will be a total loss to the bank; among others, \$20,000 to the worthless Granerney Bank, Indiana. The causes of the failure are similar to those of the Lancaster Bank, and, occurring just now, when money is in such urgent demand, will tend still further to increase distrust and uneasiness in the money market.

A Political Preacher Denounced.—The New York Observer (Presbyterian, Old School,) notes Rev. Dr. Cheever's Sunday nullification discourse about the Dred Scott decision, and says:

"This preacher has taken more atrocious and treasonable ground than the most radical newspapers of the day. Whether we regard the decision of the Supreme Court as sound or not, we should be recent to the plainest principle of the New Testament, we should be false to the government of God, and the civil government under which we live, if we did not express our unmingled abhorrence of the doctrine of resistance in this discourse. It is a disgrace to the city and to the nation, it is a disgrace to the pulpit and to the religion of Christ, that a man professing the spirit of the gospel should thus prostitute the sacred desk, the ministerial character and the house of God."

A Wholesale Forger.—A man named Emery has been arrested at Bangor, Me., charged with a series of forgeries. The "State of Maine" says:

It will be recollected that some few years ago stupendous forgeries were perpetrated on several of the banks in Philadelphia—some \$75,000 in all. Emery was arrested and tried for the offence, found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary. Previous to that, however, he was at the head of a band of forgers and counterfeiters who had established themselves in the West. They were finally ferreted out, but Emery, their leader, with his proverbial good luck, escaped a punishment which he richly merited. It was asserted at the time that he was the most expert and successful forger since the death of Monroe Edwards—indeed that the great forger was his prototype.

Serious Epidemic.—The Oswego (N. Y.) Times speaks of a new epidemic known by the name of "brain fever," as truly alarming throughout Madison and Onondaga counties. It adds:

"A gentleman who has lately visited the former county informs us that in some localities the people are lessening in alarm and dismay. Persons are attacked with the remarkable malady very suddenly, soon become insane and die in a few hours. We do not know that any have recovered when once attacked by the disease. Duane Brown and Richard Thomas, Esqs., two prominent lawyers of Madison county, have fallen victims to it, and we are told in some of the villages deaths occur daily. As yet there is no rational explanation of the disease."

Railroad from Hagerstown to Baltimore.—The citizens of Washington county held a large convention at Hagerstown on the 15th instant to adopt measures to construct a railroad from that town to some suitable point on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Resolutions were adopted in favor of procuring from the next Legislature a law authorizing the commissioners of Washington county to issue bonds to the amount of \$250,000, the annual interest of which shall be levied upon the taxable property of the county, the proceeds from the sale of the bonds to be appropriated to the construction of a railroad upon such route as shall hereafter be found most attainable.

Most Important from Utah.—The Star states that there is positive information in Washington that Brigham Young and his crew have burned the United States archives, court records, &c., in Utah territory; that they have demanded the appointment of one of two schedules of federal officers, both headed by Brigham Young for Governor, with the avowed purpose of driving any other out of the territory by force of arms. The truth is, the Mormons are already practically in a state of rebellion.

Another Wolf.—The Carrollton, Ohio, Democrat, of a late date, says:—"In our own county, the Rev. Mr. Barclay, a Seceder minister, of Norristown, who showered holy wrath upon the Democracy in the late campaign, has got himself into a nice box with a young lady of that vicinity. He will be tried at the next term of Common Pleas, commencing on the 23d inst., for seduction. Shan Black Republican and Know Nothing political preachers as you would the devil. Their words are lies, and their touch pollution."

The Hog Cholera.—A Simple Remedy.—The disease known by the above name, and which is almost annihilating the porkers in some parts of the country, it is said can be effectually and speedily cured by a very simple remedy. It is no more than by a teaspoonful of copperas, dissolved in water and mixed with the animals' food.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Making Good Time.—On the 9th instant, a gentleman skated into St. John, N. B., from a place distant 55 miles, in five hours, with the wind against him.

Farewell Address of Governor Geary, of Kansas.

We have received a copy of the "farewell address" of the Hon. John W. Geary to the people of Kansas, on surrendering the office of Governor of that Territory. He sets out by saying that his resignation is voluntary, and that the office was accepted at the sacrifice of the endearments of home. The condition of the territory on his arrival there is then set forth as gloomy and desolate in the extreme, all law and justice being set at defiance, and outrage and violence reigning undisputed upon every hand.—He then says:

"I at once saw what was needed, and without hesitating gave myself to the work. For six months I have labored with unceasing industry. The accustomed and needed hours for sleep have been employed in the public service. Night and day have official duties demanded unremitting attention. I have had no proper leisure moments for rest or recreation. My health has failed under the pressure. Nor is this all; to my own private purse, without assurance of reimbursement, have I resorted, in every emergency, for the required funds. Whether these arduous services and willing sacrifices have been beneficial to Kansas and my country you are abundantly qualified to determine."

After speaking of the violence with which his actions have been assailed, and his own consciousness of his motives, he proceeds:

In parting with you I can do no less than give you a few words of kind advice, and even of friendly warning. You are well aware that most of the troubles which lately agitated the Territory were occasioned by men who had no special interest in its welfare. Many of them were not even residents; whilst it is quite evident that others were influenced altogether in the part they took in the disturbances by mercenary or other personal considerations. The great body of the actual citizens are conservative, law-abiding, peace-loving men, disposed rather to make sacrifices for conciliation and consequent peace, than to insist for their entire rights should the general good thereby be caused to suffer. Some of them under the influence of the prevailing excitement and misguided opinions, were led to the commission of grievous mistakes, but not with the deliberate intention of doing wrong.

A very few men resolved on mischief may keep in a state of unhealthy excitement and involve in fearful strife an entire community. This was demonstrated during the civil commotions with which the territory was convulsed. While the people generally were anxious to pursue their peaceful callings, small combinations of crafty, scheming and designing men succeeded, from purely selfish motives, in bringing upon them a series of most lamentable and destructive difficulties. Nor are they satisfied with the mischief already done. They never desisted that the present peace should be effected; nor do they intend that it shall continue if they have the power to prevent it. In the constant croaking of disaffected individuals in various sections, you hear only the expressions of evil desires and intentions.—Watch, then, with a special, jealous and suspicious eye those who are continually indulging surmises of renewed hostilities. They are not the friends of Kansas, and there is reason to fear that some of them are not only the enemies of this territory, but of the Union itself. Its dissolution is their ardent wish, and Kansas has been selected as a fit place to commence the accomplishment of a most nefarious design. The scheme has thus far been frustrated; but it has not been abandoned. You are intrusted not only with the guardianship of this territory, but the peace of the Union, which depends upon you in a greater degree than you may at present suppose.

You should, therefore, frown down every effort to foment discord, and especially to array settlers from different sections of the Union in hostility against each other. All true patriots, whether from the North or South, East or West, should unite together for that which is and must be regarded as a common cause, the preservation of the Union; and he who shall whisper a desire for its dissolution, no matter what may be his pretensions, or to what faction or party he claims to belong, is unworthy of your confidence, deserves your strongest reprobation, and should be branded as a traitor to his country.

Again, after a few further remarks on the value of the Union, he says:

When I look upon the present condition of the territory, and contrast it with what it was when I first entered it, I feel satisfied that my administration has not been prejudicial to its interests.—On every hand I now perceive unmistakable indications of welfare and prosperity. The honest settler occupies his quiet dwelling with his wife and his children around him, unmolested and fearless of danger. The solitary traveller pursues his way unharmed over every thoroughfare, and the torch of the incendiary has been extinguished, and the cabins which it were destroyed have been replaced with more substantial buildings. Hordes of banditti no longer lie in wait in every ravine for plunder and assassination. Invasions of hostile armies have ceased, and infuriated partisans, living in our midst, have emphatically turned their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Laborers are everywhere at work—farms undergoing rapid improvement—merchants are driving a thriving trade—the mechanics pursuing with profit their various occupations. Real estate, in town and country, has increased in value almost without precedent, until in some places it is commanding prices that never have been anticipated. Whether this healthy and happy change is the result solely of my executive labors or not, it certainly has occurred during my administration. Upon yourselves must mainly depend the preservation and perpetuity of the present prosperous condition of affairs. Guard it with unceasing vigilance, and protect it as you would your lives. Keep down that party spirit which, if permitted to obtain the mastery, must lead to desolation. Watch closely and condemn in its infancy every insidious movement that can possibly tend to discord and disharmony. Suffer no local prejudices to disturb the prevailing harmony. To every appeal to these turn a deaf ear, as did the Saviour of men to the promptings of the de-

ceiver. Act as a united band of brothers, bound together by one common tie. Your interests are the same, and by this course alone can they be maintained. Follow this, and your hearts and homes will be made light and happy by the richest blessings of a kind and munificent Providence.

In conclusion, Governor Geary returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of Kansas, particularly to the ladies, for their hearty co-operation in enforcing the laws, and to Gen. Persifer F. Smith and officers of the United States army for their valuable services.—*San.*

A Washington correspondent says: "Gov. Geary is here. His valedictory address to the people of Kansas does not disclose any fact justifying the editorial allegation accompanying it that he was not supported to a proper extent by the late administration. He had the army at his command and his expression of gratitude to Gen. Persifer F. Smith and other officers of the army in Kansas, show that he had no cause of complaint against them. He produced peace in Kansas, and by their means."

"It is asserted in the editorial introduction to his address that he had disbursed money for the United States. This is not an uncommon thing on the part of government officers. He is a wealthy man, and would not be put to much inconvenience by it. He cannot pretend that the government has yet refused to reimburse him. He probably resigned on account of the two affairs, that he does not allude to—the controversy between him and LeCompte, and the Sherrard affair. In the former the President complied with Gov. Geary's views, but the Senate did not. In regard to the latter one branch of the territorial legislature supported the Governor and the other did not."

Political Preaching.—The Governor of Massachusetts having put forth a call for a day for prayer, and fasting, thought it expedient to caution the clergy of the State to abstain from political preaching. An indignant citizen, who signs himself "A Clergyman," writes to a Boston paper to inquire "what in the world the Governor is up to now?" That clergyman evidently intends to speak his mind.

Col. Benton out of the Country.—For the first time in his life Col. Benton has visited foreign parts. Last week he allowed himself to be drawn over the suspension bridge at Niagara into the dominions of the sovereign, lady Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom.

Death from Snuff.—The *Intelligencer*, published at Austin, Texas, notices the death of a little girl some five or six years of age from the effects of taking snuff. She was seduced to its use, child as she was, that she literally ate it and lived on it. Let this circumstance be a warning to all snuffippers.

Case of Conscience.—A horrible murder in Bridgeport, Conn., has lately come to light. It appears that a man named Blood, in a drunken fit, killed one William Burrill, some five or six days since, and that after he had done the deed and become sober he confessed the crime to his neighbors. His statement was not credited till the body of the missing man was found in the cellar of the house where Blood resided. He was arrested.

A Lady that "Knows the Ropes."—One of the young ladies that visited the U. S. ship Portsmouth the other day, who was not supposed to have the slightest knowledge of nautical parlance, asked Captain Doran why the aftermost sail was like a tyrannical mother. The gallant captain scratched his head over it awhile and then "gav it up." "Because it's a spanker," modestly lisped the impudent young miss.

The Yankee and the Quaker.—Some years ago, a young New Englander found himself in the back parts of Pennsylvania ashore as to the means of living. In this strait he applied to a wealthy Quaker in the neighborhood for help.

"I will furnish thee with work, and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker; "but it is not my custom to give alms to one able to labor like thee."

"Well that's all I want," said the Yankee; "of course I am willing to work."

"What can thee do, friend?"

"I will do anything to get a little money to help me out of my difficulties."

"Well, there is a log yonder and there is an axe. Thee may pound on the log with the head of the axe, and if thee is diligent and faithful, I will pay thee a dollar a day."

"Agreed; I'd as soon do that as anything else."

And so the youth went to work and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log.

After a time he paused to take breath, then he began again.

But after half an hour he stopped, threw down the axe impatiently, and walked away, saying:

"I'll be hanged if I'll cut wood without seeing the chips fly!"

The Universal Agricultural Exhibition, which was to have taken place in France next June, has been indefinitely postponed.

One of the severest snow storms of the season occurred at Lockport, N. Y., on Tuesday week. It was a foot deep and still falling.

Better to be upright with poverty, than wicked with plenty.