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The Muse.

GOD'S ACRE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls the burial-ground 'God's Acre': It is just; It consecrates each grave with its own wall; And bestows a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts Comfort to those who in the grave have sown The seed that they had garnered in their hearts; Their bread of life, alas! no more their own. Into the furrows shall we all be cast, In the sure faith that we shall rise again At the great harvest, when the sabbath's blast Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain. Thus shall the good stand in immortal bloom, In the fair gardens of that second birth; And each bright blossom mingle its perfume With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod, And spread the furrow for the seed we sow; This is the field and Acre of our God, This is the place where human harvest grows!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Where, where will lie the birds that sing, A hundred years from now?
The flowers that now in beauty spring, A hundred years from now?
The busy lip, The lofty brow, The heart that beats So gallantly now!
Oh! where will lie the beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh, A hundred years from now?
Who'll press for gold this crowded street, A hundred years from now?
Who'll tread your church with willing feet, A hundred years from now?
Pale trembling age, And fiery youth, And childhood with Its brow of youth— The rich, the poor, the low and the high, Where'll the many millions lie, A hundred years from now?
We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years from now;
No living soul for us will weep, A hundred years from now;
But other men Our heads will fill, And other then Our streets will fill; While other birds will sing as gay, As bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years from now.

Miscellaneous.

Zoological Stories.

Traveler's tales have a peculiar reputation for the marvelous, and many travelers have been accused of fiction. Whether zoological tales are in all cases to be trusted, we have, now and then, a doubt. They are true in the main; but sometimes, possibly, the first narrator of an unusually good story has judiciously abstained from citing it; and once in the Zoological Story book, the pleasant tale has stood on its own merits; and been handled tenderly, as is the way with ornaments; no man too roughly scratching at them to find out of what materials they are composed.

Of course we accept legends as legends. It was once believed of crocodiles, that, after they had eaten a man comfortably, and left only the skull, at the sweet kernel of which—the brain—they could not get, their tears were shed over the bone until they softened it, and so the skull was opened, and the brain devoured. When that is told as a legend, we say, certainly, it was a very quaint thing to believe of the tears of crocodiles. Then traveler's tales of the proverbial kind are next of kin to legends.—Here is a very marvelous one, and yet, let us be bold and say that we believe it. It is this. An Indian, having tamed a rattlesnake, carried it about in a box with him, calling it his great father. M. Pinnace met with him as he was starting for his winter hunt, and saw him open the box, and give the snake his liberty, telling it to be sure and come back to meet him, when he returned to the same spot next May.—It was then October. M. Pinnace laughed at the man, who immediately saw his way clearly to a speculation in rum, and betted two gallons that his snake would keep the appointment. The wager was made; the second week in May arrived; the Indian and the Frenchman were on the appointed spot. The snake was absent and the Indian, having lost his wager, offered to repeat it doubled, if the snake did not return within the next few days. That was the Frenchman's work and lost. The snake, who had been speechy might have apologized for being rather behind his time, apologized, and crawled into his box. We know this. Rattlesnakes are teachable; and in this instance, the keeping of the appointment seems to us only an apparent wonder, and the Indian's thief, turned out of the box, made himself

snug at no great distance from the place of ejection. Winter over, the Indian came back. His great father may have been dining heartily, and indisposed to stir; but as he grew more brisk, the accustomed invocation of this little son became effectual, and brought the tame snake to the box as usual.

Disjunctive knew a spider (such a spider was a person to know) who regularly placed himself upon the ceiling over a young lady's head whenever she played the harp and followed her if she changed her position. The celebrated violinist Berthini, it is our shame never to have heard of him, when a boy, saw a spider habitually come out to hear when he was practicing; this creature at last became familiar and took a seat upon the desk. Lentz tells of a goose who followed a herp-player wherever he performed, probably to his own great satisfaction.—By the way, tells of a pigeon in the neighborhood of a young lady who played brilliantly on the harp; the pigeon did not greatly care about her playing, except when she played the song of "Sperli," from Handel's Opera, Admetus; then it would come and sit by the window, testifying pleasure; when the song was over, it would fly back to its perch, for it had not learnt the art of clapping wings for an encore.

In the matter of experience we can believe the story of a dog who either was not blessed with a love of music, or had a master given to the perpetration of atrocities against his canine ear; the dog whose peace was broken by his master's practice on the violin, took every opportunity to hide the stick. Plutarch's story of the mule we are at liberty, we hope, to set down in the list of pleasant fables. The mule laden with salt blundered, by chance, into a stream; coming out it found its load to be so agreeably lightened, that it afterward made a point of taking a bask upon its travels. To cure it of this trick, the farmers were filled with sponge, and when the mule came out of the water with the sponges saturated, it felt a load that it had reason to remember.

Dr. Pelican saw a party of rats around the bung-hole of a cask of wine dipping their tails in and then licking them. Mr. Jesse tells of rats who performed a similar feat with an oil-bottle.

But this is nothing in comparison with the acuteness of Degradre's monkey. Left with an open bottle of muscad brandy, he sucked what he could from it with tongue and fingers, and then poured sand into the bottle till the rest ran over. Le Vaillant, the African traveller, had with him dogs and a monkey. When the monkey was weary he leapt on a dog's back for a ride. One dog on such occasions quietly stood still. The monkey, fearing to be left behind, would presently jump off and hasten to the caravan, the dog, with studious politeness, taking care to give him precedence. An elephant—we must at least append one tale about the elephant, whose great sagacity makes him the hero of a thousand and one—elephant belonging to an officer in the Bengal army, was left during the long absence of his master to a keeper; who as even elephant-keepers will do, cheated him of his rations. When the master came back, the half-starved elephant testified the greatest joy; the keeper in his master's presence, put, of course, the full allowance of food before the elephant, who immediately divided it into two parts; one representing his short commons, which he devoured greedily; the other representing the amount to which he had been defrauded in his dinners, he left. The officer of course understood the hint and the man confessed his breach of trust.

We must get rid of another story of an elephant, like the last perfectly credible.—Elephants have more sagacity than dogs, and of dogs few tales are current that are doubtful. This is the tale of an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes. A painter used to study from the animals in the garden, and was minded once to paint the elephant. But of course he must paint him in an attitude, and even the sagacity of an elephant failed to understand that the artist wished him to keep his mouth open, and hold up his trunk. The artist therefore got a little boy, and intrusted to his care a bag of apples, which he was to throw into the elephant's mouth one by one, obliging him in this way to keep his trunk uplifted. "The apples," says Mr. Broderip, "were numerous, but the painter was not a Landseer, and as he had not the faculty of seizing and transferring character with Edwin's magical power and rapidity, the task was studious. By the master's directions, the boy occasionally deceived the elephant by a stimulated chuck and then coked out the supply. Notwithstanding the just indignation of the balked expectant, his gourmandise checked his irritable impatience; and keeping his eyes on the still well-filled bag, he bore the repeated disappointment, crunching an apple when it chanced to come, with apparent glee. At length the last apple was thrown aside, and the elephant applied himself to his water tank as if for the purpose of washing down his repast. A few more touches would have completed the picture, when an overwhelming drench from his well-adjusted trunk obliterated the design, and drenched the discomfited painter. Having, by this practical application of retributive justice, executed judgment on the instigator, the elephant, disdaining the boy, whom he regarded as the mere instrument of wrong, marched proudly around his enclosure; loudly trumpeting forth his triumph."

We have left that story in the pleasant words of its accomplished narrator. Mr. Thomson now shall tell us one in his way, which illustrates the faculty of imitation. "An orang-utang brought up by Pere Carbaeus, became so fond of him that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was under the necessity of shutting him up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped and followed the father to the church, where silently mounting the sounding-board above the pulpit he lay peacefully still until the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation were unavoidably urged to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely rebuked their attention. The report failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and actions; the congregation could no longer restrain themselves, but burst out into loud and continued laughter." Of course a friend stepped up to acquaint the preacher with the existence of a second person above the sounding-board co-operating with him zealously. And of course the culprit was taken out by the servants of the church with a face expressive of insatiable innocence.

There was a dog trained to run on errands for his master, who was trotting home one evening along a by-road, with a basket containing hot pies for his master's supper, when two highwaymen dogs burst out upon him and while he dogfully fought one, the other burglariously broke into his basket.—The dog who was waylaid saw instantly that fighting would not save the pies; they must go, and it resolved itself into a question who should eat them. He at once gave up his contest with the adversary, if the pies were to be eaten—among dogs, at least—his right was the best, so he immediately darted on the basket and devoured all that remained.

A story of an elephant again comes to the surface. At Macassar an elephant driver had a cocoanut given him which he wantonly struck twice against the elephant's forehead to break it. The next day they were passing by some coconuts in the street exposed for sale. The elephant took up one and began to knock it on the driver's head; the result, unhappily, was fatal. Elephants commonly discriminate so well, as to apportion punishment to the offense against them—they are considerate, merciful and magnanimous. Another story of an elephant, we think occurs in one of Mr. Broderip's books. A visitor to an elephant at a fair, having given him one by one a number of good ginger-bread nuts, thought it a good joke to end by giving him at once a bag full of the hottest kind. The elephant, distressed with pain, took bucket full after bucket full of water, and the joker warned of his danger had barely escaped over the threshold before the bucket was flung violently after his departing figure. A year afterward the foolish fellow came again with ginger-bread in one pocket and hot sauce in the other. He began with his donations of ginger-bread and then modestly substituted one hot nut. The moment it was tasted by the elephant, the offender was remembered and caught up into the air by his clothes; his weight tore them and he fell, leaving the elephant his tails and some part of his trousers. The animal putting them on the floor, set his foot upon them, and having deliberately picked out of the pockets and eaten all the ginger-bread that he considered orthodox, he trod on the rest and threw the tails away.

The Cape baboons appear to have a tact for battle like the Caffres. Lieut. Shipp headed twenty men to recapture sundry coats and trousers stolen by a Cape baboon. He made a circuit to cut out the marauders from their caverns; they observed him, and detaching a small troop to guard the entrance, kept their posts. They could be seen collecting large stones under the active superintendance of an old gray-headed baboon, who appeared to be issuing his orders as a general. The soldiers rushed to the attack, when down came an avalanche of enormous stones, and Britons left baboons masters of the situation.

Of monkey's tricks the Indians have an amusing fable. A man went on a journey with a monkey and a goat; he took with him for his refreshment rice and curries.—Arriving at a tank, the man resolved to bathe and dine. While he was in his bath, the monkey ate his dinner, and having wiped his mouth and paws on the goat's beard he left the goat to settle his account. When the man came out of the bath, and found his dinner gone it was quite easy to see by the goat's beard who had stolen it.

The monkey was no ass. The sense of asses is not rated very high; but that is a mistake about them. They are shrewder people than we take them for, and kinder-hearted as well. A poor higgler living near Warwick had an ass for his only companion and partner in the business. The higgler being palsied, was accustomed to assist himself often upon the road by holding to the ass's tail. Once on their travels during a severe winter, man and ass were plunged into a snow-drift near Rade Water. After a hard struggle the ass got out, but knowing that the helpless master was still buried he made his way to him and placed himself so that his tail lay ready to his partner's hand.—The higgler grasped it and was dragged

out to a place of safety. Zoologically speaking, it ought not to be thought disrespectful in a man to call his friend "an ass."

Elephants again. They show their good taste, and are very fond of children. Dr. Darwin says: "The keeper of an elephant, in his journey in India, sometimes leaves him fixed to the ground by a length of chain while he goes into the woods to collect food for him; and, by way of reciprocal attention, asks the elephant to mind his child—a child unable to walk—who is gone. The animal defends it: lets it creep about his legs; and, when it creeps to the extremity of the chain, he gently wraps his trunk about the infant's body and brings it again into the middle of the circle."

We cannot clear our minds of elephants without unburthening a story which we have from a tale-teller with Indian experience, and which we imagine to be now first told in print. It causes us to feel that in a Parliament of animals, elephants would have divided in favor of a tea-house bill. There was a large ship's rudder to be stored; men were busy about it one evening, when a file of elephants were passing on a way home from work, and it was proposed and carried that an elephant might as well save them their pains, and push the thing into the water for them. So an elephant was brought and put his head down and appeared to push with might, but not a beam stirred. Another was brought to help him with the same result; and finally, as many elephants as the rudder would allow, seemed to be busy and did nothing. So the elephants went home. They had struck, and declined working out of business hours. Next morning on the way to work, one elephant was again brought, and pushed the rudder down into the water about as a man might push a walking-stick.

Stories illustrative of the kindness, gentleness and kindred feelings of which animals are capable, have no end; one follows another; for in fact, the ants, mals, bird, beast and fish, are all good fellows, if you come to know them properly. A rat tamed by a prisoner at Genoa slept in his bosom. Punished for some fault, it ran away, but its anger or its fear died and its love lived on; in a month it returned. The prisoner was released and in the joy of liberty it did not come into his mind to take his old companion with him. The rat cooled itself up in some old clothes left by his friend, all that was left of him, abstained from food and died in three days.

A surgeon at Dover saw in the streets a wounded terrier, and like a true man took it home with him, cured it in two days, and let it go. The terrier ran home resolved to pay the doctor by instalments. For many succeeding weeks he paid a daily visit to the surgery, wagged his tail violently for some minutes and departed. Tail wagging is a dog's money, and when this dog thought that he had paid in his coin a proper doctor's bill, the daily visit to the surgery was discontinued.—Harper's Magazine.

Pan of Gravity.—Bassal Bassal shrieks a half-naked infant of eighteen months old.

"What's the matter with mamma's thwetty little deeky?" says its affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young serpent in return bids its talons into her face.

"Oh den, Missis, I know what little massa Jim wants," exclaims the cherub's negro nurse.

"You black hussy! why don't you tell me then?" and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a bounce in the chops with her back.

"Why he wants to put his foot in dat pan o' gravy, wots on de harf?" whimpers the unfortunate blacky.

"Well, why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger you," replies the mother of the bewailing young one.

Dinah brings the gravy, and little Jim puts his bare feet into the pan, dashing the milk warm grease about its sweet little shanks to the infinite amusement of its mother; who tenderly exclaims—

"Did mamma's yittle Dimmy want to put its teeny-weezy footys in the gravy. It shall paddle in the pan as it choosy-woosy, and then shall have its pooty red frock on and go and see its pappy-yappy."

A Gallant Dyer.—A lady being desirous of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, who was something of a wag in his line. The lady called and asked—

"Are you the dying man?"

"No, ma'am, I'm a living man, but I'll dye for you," promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

A very excellent lady sought to instruct her grandchild in relation to the providential care of Heaven.

"Who gives you your daily bread?" said she.

"Dad!" answered the child; "but Uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on."

Bugs.—"Is that a lightning-bug in the street?" asked a short-sighted old lady.

"No, grandma," said a pert little miss, "it's a big bug with a cigar."

Patrick, what do you say to the indolent—are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Arrah, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

Dickinson College commencement ceremonies begin at Carlisle, Pa., on the 5th of July. Rev. B. F. Brooke is to be one of the orators.

Courting.

I don't see why people cannot do their courting by daylight, thereby saving an extra supply of lights, fuel and furosome nap.—A Breakfast Table Remark.

When! preach that doctrine until your head is grey, and you are as toothless as a new-born babe, and still young folks will "sit up," till the stars grow tired of watching and the roosters begin to crow.

There is a sort of fascination in it, a positive denial to the contrary notwithstanding. An indescribable, undeniable charm in the sole occupant of a front parlor, with nothing to molest or make afraid; the sofa drawn up before the shining grate, and the lamp regulated to a steady blaze that will not eclipse the brightness of eyes, or make particularly prominent unclassical, irregularly pleasing in hearing the last pair of household feet take a bee-line departure for the upper chambers, and feel that the over-swinging parlor door will remain closed until one of the party concerned chooses to open it.

Talk of courting by daylight! Think of laming one's arm by quick, hasty withdrawals from around a certain waist, at the incessant ringing of the door-bell, or seeing puff combs and curls flying in every direction, by a sound of coming footsteps. Imagine proud lover at the feet of fair lady, puffing forth an eloquent, long arrow, with extraordinary expressions flitting over his face; and, at the same moment, a puzzled little countenance peering through the folding doors, wondering what makes Mr. M. "pray with his eyes open!" Or, more disagreeable still, have "mamma" open the door, without the prelude of a rap, of course just at the moment you have ventured to test the temperature and sweetness of her daughter's lips.

And then what time in the day could one take? Not in the forenoon, certainly, when music teachers and fashionable callers are in vogue; not in the afternoon, when one's sense is stupefied by the eating of a hoary dinner; not on Sundays, when everybody is expected to go to church; not in church, with pantomimic gestures that set the occupants of neighboring pews a staring.—No, there is but one time, and that the veritable season set in old primitive days—a time and season for courting. An hour, when you can pluck Nelly's fingers to make her tell who she loves best; look in Nelly's hand to see if her fortune runs with yours, and see what letters of the alphabet is firm by the lines therein; kiss her when you please, hug her when you please; and all this when the folks are sleeping, when the sound of footsteps are scattering in the street, and there is no one on earth so near Nelly as yourself! Them's 'un!—Margaret Vera.

Female Painting.—A Woman's Trick.

Painting is said to be carried to great excess at the present time among the fashionable ladies of Paris, notwithstanding the use of paints ruins the natural complexion. A malicious practical joke which an English lady devised to torment the painter, became in this "made a note of" in a Paris letter to the New Orleans Picayune.

"They tell a very good joke here of an elderly English woman who had trained a little Havana dog to lick the faces of the persons who kissed it.—They say that whenever she meets with a lady under false colors she makes her puppy jump on the lady's lap; the lady suspects that it is a perfidious little scoundrel, which unpurges her cheek with its false but vigorous licking. Not long ago this English woman was at a brilliant party in the Faubourg St. Honoré; she singled out among all the guests an Italian lady of noble birth, who is extremely addicted to paint, and at the conventional signal 'Bibi' jumped into the Italian's lap and began to ply its tongue with great energy—one side of the forehead in cheek was a line of peach-smeared cream, the other side was of a sweet sixteen; the other side was shrivelled, wrinkled, yellow. It required all the French dexterity of another laughing to suppress the peals of merriment which this sight excited to explosion; and the naïveté of the English woman was delighted by the laughing eyes of the whole room. But that night 'Bibi' was taken sick with a gastritis, and two days afterwards it groined its last bow-wow-woos in the arms of its weeping and desolate mistress, who told everybody that it was the paint of the Italian which killed this auldie pug, and she spreads this report so industriously, it is said there is no small chance of its getting into the court house in the shape of a suit for slander."

Fanny Fern is arguing against matrimonial advertisements, and justly says—

"A woman must first have ignored the sweetest attributes of womanhood, have overstepped the last barrier of self-respect, who would parody with a stranger on such a topic.

"No—never tell woman be the wooer, save as the flowers woo, with their sweetness—have as the stars woo, with their brightness—save as the summer wind woo—silently unfolding the rose's heart."

Give us Fanny, yet, on matrimony. She "has been there."

Beware of tattlers. "The dog that will fetch a bone will carry one. The viper that will fore before your face will haul its poison on your back."

Pretty Excuse for a Wife Beater.—The treasure that we value most we hide.—Punch.

Bishop Morris on Political Clergymen.

Bishop Morris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the recent session of the Maine Conference, delivered an address to the members, in the course of which he said:

"I deem it not unimportant or out of place to address a few words to you, my brethren, upon a subject which attracts considerable attention at the present time, namely—as to how far a minister of the gospel ought to take part in the politics of the day. When a minister goes into his pulpit, he finds his congregation composed of men of different political views, of men zealously and conscientiously attached to different political parties; and if he publicly becomes the partisan of one side or the other, there will of necessity spring up a coldness towards him to diminish his influence. I feel convinced, from what I have observed, that the only result that can be expected from a minister taking part in the political contests and discussions of the day will be to engender enmity and hard feeling in his congregation."

But some may ask, whether we are not citizens like other men, and have not duties to perform as such? Most certainly we are, and I trust I have not proved recreant to the obligations resting upon me as a citizen, although I have not, for the forty years that I have been in the ministry, ever entered a political meeting, or spent above five minutes at any one election. I have always made it a point to go to the polls at the most quiet time of the day, when there was likely to be the least excitement—to deposit my ballot in an unostentatious manner, and return home: I have never seen the time when I thought I was called upon as a citizen to do more than this. I know not how it may be with others, but I have always found enough to do in the duties of my calling. I am willing to "let the potsherd strive with the potsherd," but prefer for myself to attend to the duties devolving upon me as a minister of Christ. I recollect an anecdote of a Methodist brother who was stationed to preach the gospel to the people in "Fountain Head Circuit," near the hermitage of the late President Jackson, in the exciting political times of his second election. Party zeal was just then at its height, and each party wanted every one to be on its side. They sought out the newly arrived minister, and eagerly inquired of him whose side he was on? "I am on the side of the Lord and the Fountain Head Circuit," was the reply. "Which of the candidates do you intend to vote for?" "I trust that I shall be found on my knees, praying to God for the conversion of sinners and the upbuilding of Zion in Fountain Head Circuit." However they might question the devoted minister he would wisely answer that he meant to do his duty faithfully as a Minister of Christ in "Fountain Head Circuit." In conclusion, let me say, my brethren, go ye and do likewise.

Heart-Reading Accident.—A correspondent of the Reading Advertiser, writing from Berwille, May 30th, gives the following particulars of a heart-reading casualty which occurred near that borough the day previous: "Yesterday afternoon, as Mr. Peter Mokol and one of his sons were at work in their saw-mill on the Northhill-creek, in Upper Bern township, and while their attention was directed only for a few moments by something going on near by, a little boy, about three years old (son of Rebecca Hoffman, one of Mr. Mokol's servants) came into the mill and laid down upon the leg which was then being sawed. The child perfectly unconscious of his danger, was caught by the saw, and horrible to relate, before help could reach him, was literally sawn in two, from the abdomen through the spine. The entrails were scattered around in pieces, and in less than five minutes the poor child's indescribable sufferings were relieved by death. Only fifteen minutes before the accident, the boy was in his mother's arms, in the yard of the dwelling-house, about forty yards from the saw-mill. He was not seen afterwards, until Mr. Mokol was attracted by his cries to the scene of his horrible death. The child was much beloved by all Mr. Mokol's family."The Case of Judge Underhill. This personage, who is charged in numerous bills of indictment with fraud and forgery, is now at his residence in Lancaster, which place he was taken on Wednesday last, by Col. Wm. Saffin, keeper of the debtors' apartment of the Moyamensing prison. His bail was reduced from \$35,000 to \$15,000. His reception at Lancaster was cordial. He was met at the depot by a crowd of persons, who manifested deep sympathy for his self-inflicted calamities. It is now said that the charges against him will be allowed to rest, and a *nolle prosequi* entered.—Phil. American. I am astonished at your honor's decision," said a young lawyer to a judge who had decreed against him.—"This remark cannot be permitted," said the judge, "and an apology will be necessary on your part." "Permit me," said the senior council, "to offer an excuse for my young friend; he is new in these matters, and when he has practiced as long before your honor as I have, he will be astonished at nothing." A Terrible Name. The Indians give each other very significant names.—Lieutenant Hooper, of the Arctic expedition, found a woman at Fort Simpson, whose name was "Whisky-Sis, Toogues." Land speculation: still ran high in the West.

Look on that Picture and then say This.

"The Union can only be preserved by a faithful and sacred maintenance of the constitution upon which it stands." [Loud cheers.] "Not by an unwilling, halting support; but a cheerful, ready support—not to one, but to all its provisions." [Loud cheers.]

Thus instructively spoke Mr. Fish, in Pierce, late President of the United States, at the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery dinner" the other day. When he rose to speak he was (according to the reports) received with cheer, applause, and one more, and vociferous salutation greeted his periods.

One year ago we sat at the annual table, with the same gallant and renowned company. The music and the badness were the same, but the key-notes of the sentiments were very different. Then the burden of the speeches at the table was the enormous outrages upon the constitution, in its spirit and in its letter, which had just been perpetrated in a fair Territory of the Union under the command or tolerance of this gentleman, Mr. Pierce, who was then our President.—Boston Traveller.

Such (says the Journal of Commerce) is the change which, according to a leading Republican print, has taken place within one year. A great change it is, and a glorious one! "What has caused it? Only this: That the people have discovered that they were humbugged; that they were following false lights; and so they are fast returning to reason, patriotism, and duty." That, is all.

One of the Matrons.

—There is a gentleman residing in North Chelsea, who has an own son now living, but thirteen years older than himself.—Some time after his birth, the combined ages of father, mother and child were less than thirty years. This mother has had fourteen children, and has marriagable grand-children, and on a visit from her son danced nineteen dances with him in one evening. Where is the woman who can beat this?

Another Premoter.

—The last Ocean mail brought the following "item":

A woman, residing on Telegraph Hill, filed the necessary papers in the County Court yesterday, demanding proper provision for her child, whose father she says, is John Charles Fremont, late Black Republican candidate for President of the United States.—Margaret Vera.

Whom? Here is Fremont No. 8, and Where is Horace Greeley?

Profess of Farming.—The Patterson Guardsian says Mr. John Anderson of Bergen county, N. Y., owns a farm nearly a mile in length, twelve acres of which are devoted to farming purposes. He spends about \$2,000 per year for manure and other fertilizers, and receives in return about \$1,000 per year from each acre, making above the cost of manure, labor, seeds, &c., from 600 to \$3,000 clear profit. Out of a patch of rhubarb 16 feet wide by 180 long there has been sold this season over fifty dollars' worth, and the gardener states that a larger quantity is now ready for market.

Destruction to House Bugs.

—The French Academy of Science is satisfied by Baron Theuard that boiling water, consisting of two parts of water by weight, infallibly destroys bugs and their eggs. It is enough to wash with work, &c., with the boiling solution to be entirely relieved from this pest.

Radishes.

—If any of our readers cannot raise good radishes, on account of the worms, or unsuitable soil, will strewn common wheat bran, one fifth thick, on any good soil, and how it will then plant their seeds, they may eat as good radishes as anybody can grow.

Curious Fact.

—There is a curious fact said to exist in a few miles south of Greenock, Putnam county, Ind., where there is a family of six, all having the same birthday. The father and mother are each thirty-five years old, the children are respectively, fourteen, eleven, eight, and five years old. Their birthdays all come on the 17th of May.

A London Eccentric.

—Two ladies of the Observatory, who see the eclipse of the moon, they were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed.

Don't be so silly, says a gentleman, as to be so late, and not to see the eclipse. The man, and a handsome one, was now employed at the Government factory at Harper's Ferry in the manufacture of the rifle and