

# THE COMPILER.

## A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STABLE.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

39<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, AUG. 24, 1857.

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G. F. BAILEY & CO.,

Successors to June & Turner's Superbly Appointed

### CIRCS AND MENAGERIE!

John Shay, Equestrian Director; W. H. Austin, Manager; N. F. Smith, Treasurer; Clow, Jim Ward; King Master, Mr. Shay.

Will exhibit at GETTYSBURG, on Tuesday, Sept. 1st, 1857. Doors open at 2 P. M., and at 7 in the evening. Admission 25 cents. No half price. To see both exhibitions.

The great Equestrian Troupe and Splendid Collection of

### WILD ANIMALS

will be exhibited under the same canvas, for only one price of Admission. The company will enter town on the day of exhibition at about ten in the forenoon, in GRAND PROCESSION, accompanied by the superb American Brass Band, of twelve Wind instruments, in their elegant Music Carriage drawn by Twelve Horses; and after proceeding through the principal streets, will halt at the ground of Exhibition.

The performance will commence with a new and beautiful cavalcade, entitled the PERLIAN CAVALRY! Introducing in a series of rapid and skillful evolutions, the world renowned exercises of that warlike people, illustrating with great truthfulness the review, the charge, the retreat, and the rally. This brilliant spectacle will be represented with new and costly trappings, costumes, appropriate music, &c.

Novel Gymnastics and Acrobatic Feats by Mr. NICHOLS! Among the performances of Mr. Nichols, will be seen the newly invented Rope Feats, called the Fireman's Ladder, elegant display of Athletic Skill, &c.

Brilliant display of Horsemanship, by MONSIEUR L'ETON! upon two and four highly trained horses, exhibiting a most perfect command of the reins, and the astonishing instruction and obedience of the noble horses.

Thrilling feats upon the Trapez, or Aerial Gymnasium, by Messrs. WARD & NICHOLS, a performance requiring the greatest physical and moral nerve of the artists to achieve.

Lively and Energetic Leaps, Acrobatic Feats and elegant Gymnastics, by Miss FLETCHER. A graphic representation given of Hurdle Jumping, Fence leaping, &c., by Mr. LYONS, on his fleet and beautiful charger, without saddle or bridle.

Elegant and vigorous exercises by the Troupe, in Tumbler, Vaulting and Summer-setting, in the course of which the following celebrated artists, will distinguish themselves, viz: Messrs. J. Haslet, Jim Ward, the Clown, W. Ward, Kincaid, Luke Rivers, Master Show, Mr. Solomon and Master Dick.

JIM WARD, the Clown, will perform a Comic Scene on Horseback, in which he will personate with the most striking changes the following characters: The Gipsy, Female Modesty, Hercules, God of Wine.

Feats of Posturing and Muscular Strength, by Mr. SOLOMON.

Elegant act of Lively Equestrianism, by MADAME ADELE DU BOIS, from the Parisian Circus and London Amphitheatre, in all those beautiful Tours de force, and agile feats of Equestrianism, for which her school is so justly and widely celebrated.

The greatly distinguished French Rider, M. BELLOT, will give an exhibition of his superb art, as LA JONGLEUR—A CHEVAL, in the course of which he will perform various feats of wonderful dexterity in balancing Balls, Spinning Plates, throwing Knives, playing with Sicks, &c., during the motion of his horse around the circle.

The entertainments will be enlivened and alternated with the performances of a BAND OF SABLE MINSTRELS, in which Mr. MULLIGAN, the Original Bushy Head, and Mr. SPOWEN, the accomplished Banjo Player, will give a variety of Popular Negro Melodies, Choruses, Glee, &c., Dances, Jigs, Breakdowns, &c. The entertainments will conclude with a COMIC AFTERPIECE.

Aug. 17, 1857.

### The Muse.

#### THE LITTLE COFFIN.

We cannot imagine anything more exquisite of the kind than this poem, by Mrs. H. L. Boatwick. It is one of those poems that one cannot see to read through:

'Twas a tiny, rosewood thing,  
Eben bound, and glittering  
With its stars of silver white,  
Silver tablet, blank and bright,  
Downy pillow, satin lined,  
Mid the lute, chanced to find,  
'Thad the dust, and scent and bloom  
Of the undertaker's room,  
Waiting, empty—ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle bed  
Keeps to-night the nestling head,  
Or on what soft, pillowing breast  
In the cherub form at rest,  
That ere long, with darkened eye,  
Sleeping to a lullaby,  
Whitely robed, and still, and cold,  
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,  
Shall this dainty couch ensfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain  
All this satin sheet like rain,  
And what towering hopes be hid  
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,  
Sarcely large enough to bear  
Little words that must be there,  
Little words, cut deep and true,  
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew—  
Sweet pet name, and "Aoko two"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume  
Round our pathway cast a gloom,  
Chill and darksome as the shade  
From an infant's coffin made?  
From our arms an angel flies,  
And our startled, dazzled eyes,  
Weeping round its vacant place,  
Cannot rise its path to trace,  
Cannot see the angel face?

### The Traveller.

#### Letter from the East.

Jerusalem—The Holy Sepulcher, the Ancient Temple Wall—Olivet—Nativity—Bethlehem—Grotto of the Nativity—Cave of Adullam.

Correspondence of the New York Daily News.

DIMASCHA, Syria, June 1, 1857.

My journey outruns my letters. Camp life affords but little time for correspondence. After a fatiguing day in the saddle, one hurries to the luxury of a hard bed and is soon wrapped in forgetfulness of all things earthly. Thus I have travelled on to this ancient city, having traversed the whole extent of the Holy Land from Beerseba to Dan.

As I remain here some days, I will resume my letters. There is little to be said of Jerusalem—there is no city on earth in which more information has been gathered. Possibly its picture may be as fresh to the mind of your readers as it is in my own. I lingered there a fortnight and never left the city with more regret. Concerning its sacred localities I have nothing new to offer. No made no investigation, and had no theories to establish. When I visited the holy places, unreasonable prejudice on the one hand labored to sap the foundations of many a tradition, unquestionably founded on truth. It is better to believe than doubt; and here, on the altar of Christianity, a kind charity should willingly overlook the faults of some of its followers, while it merits them on the common ground of interest to Him who was its founder.

I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. A burst of music met me as I entered. A pealing organ was ringing and echoing among the domes and vaultings and caverns of this ancient sanctuary. Rich incense floated in the air. A choir of many voices were chanting a Latin service. Beneath the great dome a procession of priests with censors, books and tapers was moving with solemn step around a small ornate structure covering the venerated spot where Christendom has worshipped for at least fifteen hundred years. I did not understand the services, but I remarked what appeared the deep solemnity and earnestness of those who were partakers in it. On several occasions I went all over the church, an intricate assemblage of many chapels of very irregular forms and positions, but returned always with great interest to the sepulcher, which, whatever may be thought of the truth of its pretensions, is certainly the most solemn of shrines. This little chamber, but a few feet square, admits but four or five persons at a time. Pilgrims are constantly entering and departing. Noisefully, they drop upon their knees, and press their lips and foreheads against the plain marble slab that covers the reputed sepulcher of Christ. A number of banners of gold and silver hang above the tomb. From time to time a silent priest, constantly in attendance, sprinkles a fragrant shower over the kneeling votaries. Not a word is uttered. So profound is the reverence that even whispered prayers are suppressed. One can almost hear the throbbing of burdened hearts that have borne their sorrows hither, perhaps from the ends of the earth, to lay them down at the grave of the Redeemer. Is it an erring and superstitious feeling that prompts a devotion so ardent? "Christ is not here," He has risen as He said;—yet an angel voice seems to whisper through the

silence, "Come see the place where the Lord lay." All this may be a deception. Perhaps the reverence of ages errs! The true sepulcher may be north or east or west—a hundred or a thousand yards. Who knows? What matters it? No such petty question of locality affects the interest that roots to this spot. Here, on this very stone, thousands and tens of thousands, for centuries and tens of centuries, have bowed and sobbed and prayed—Kings and beggars—lowly and great—all classes and degrees of men, brought hither by a common impulse, have acknowledged one common faith, and joined in one common petition for a share in His redemption, "who died, and was buried, and rose again, that he might bring us to himself." Pretended though it be, is there nothing that attracts us to the Holy Sepulcher?

From the roof of the Governor's house on the site of the Tower of Antonia, I had a clear view directly down into the area of the Mosque of Omar. Moslem bigotry refuses the Christian a close survey. This sacred mosque, revered next to that of Mecca, stands without any doubt upon, or very near the site of the great Jewish Sanctuary. Architecturally the building is far from handsome. It reminds one of a locomotive "round house" in a railroad depot. It seems, however, to be richly finished. The plan is an octagon, the central part covered by a dome. The exterior is a mosaic of tiles or colored porcelain. A large open space surrounds the building, planted with trees and furnished with ornamental columns, screens and covered places for prayer. In the latter were numerous turbaned heads bowing in repeated prostrations.

Just outside the northeast angle of this area is the Pool of Bethesda, a now dry and partially filled with rubbish. Near by, the Gate of St. Stephen opens upon the valley of the Kedron. Passing out of this gate, and by the scene of the first Christian martyrdom, I walked southerly along the ancient temple wall. Much of the lower courses, where it was protected by the ruin of the superior parts. The stones are of great size, four to five feet deep, some measuring over twenty feet in length. They are the "great stones," costly stones and hewed stones," laid by King Solomon himself. The whole size of the temple's area is some 1,000 by 1,500 feet. At its southeast angle the ancient masonry is well preserved. Some of the courses here are six feet in depth. The contrast of this solid stonework, with the subsequent patching and completion of the wall, is very striking. Several different epochs of ruin and reconstruction are visible along the wall. The average height of the wall on the south and east side appears about sixty feet. It may have been much loftier formerly, before frequent rains raised the ground at the base. The "Golden Gate," now built up, is near the centre on the east side. There are two arched portals with richly sculptured architraves. Looking through a loop-hole, I saw vaults and columns within. The construction is very ancient and may with propriety be referred to the time of Herod. Some make it many centuries earlier.

Passing over the dry bed of the brook Kedron and by the alleged tomb of the Virgin and the Garden of Gethsemane, I climbed the steep slope of Olivet by the path leading to Bethany, many a time trodden by the Saviour's feet. Groves of olive trees still cover the face of the hill looking toward the city. Among them the Son of Man used to wander with his disciples. Here he uttered his pathetic lamentations over Jerusalem, and here he prayed in agony on the night in which he was betrayed. Ascending to the summit of the mountain I climbed the turret of a building connected with the ruined church of the Ascension. The north end of the Dead Sea is clearly visible from this point. The hills that encompass Jerusalem, and the entire extent of the city itself on the opposite side of the deep gully of Jehoshaphat. This scene, the most suggestive, the most deeply interesting on earth, I will not describe. Who does not know it well. My preconceived idea was only modified by finding the outlines of the landscape (toward the city) less strongly undulating than I expected, and the general face of the country more fully cultivated.

Descending further to the South I passed among the ten thousand Jewish tombs that pave the whole surface of this part of the mountain. In the bottom of the valley are the so-called tombs of Absalom, Zachariah, Jehoshaphat and St. James. They are excavated from the rock muck in the Petra style. From thence skirting the South Gate of the city, I entered it by the Zion Gate.

One morning I made the circuit of the walls on the fortifications from the Jaffa Gate northerly to St. Stephens, embracing the principal circuit of the city. This walk gave me a perfect idea of the topography of Jerusalem. I was particularly struck with the depression that runs through it northerly from the Tyropoeon to the Damascus Gate, dividing the city into two distinct portions, and with the fact that the temple area, is overlooked by all parts of Jerusalem, excepting a small portion of the Jewish quarters within the present walls. These are filled with ruins of arches, vaults and massive masonry, more or less buried beneath the accumulations of ages.

With a considerable party, in company with Bishop Gobat, of the English and Prussian Church, I visited the Greek and Armenian Convents. We were formally received and entertained in Oriental style with coffee, pipes, and refreshments. The superior and fathers who did the honors were noble looking old men with venerable white beards. The Armenian Convent is very rich. The doors of the shrines are richly inlaid with pearl and tortoise shell, like the workwork of St. Bruno's Chapel, near Granada.

Afterwards some of us visited the newly discovered caverns, which extend under the city. The entrance is outside the walls, a little east of the Damascus Gate. Entering by a small aperture we found ourselves in an immense chamber, extending by various branches to a great distance. The whole has not yet been explored. The place has the appearance of a natural cavern, enlarged by quarrying. The marks of artificial excavations appear everywhere on the rocks. Immense amounts of stone have been removed from these caverns, but when no one can say.

The labyrinthine ramifications extend toward the temple, and may be connected with the subterranean vaultings believed to exist there. It would require no little time or labor to explore these chambers fully, but the investigation would be one of the highest interest. The rock is soft light colored limestone without distinct stratification. From thence we visited the tombs of the kings. This is a large excavation in the Egyptian style, with numerous diverging chambers containing niches for the dead. Tradition ascribes the works to the kings of Judah, though some consider it of the time of the Emperor Helios. The small interior chambers of this extensive catacomb were each closed by a stone door opening inward. The broken doors, solid panell blocks of limestone, still lie in the tombs. They had projecting pivots above and below, fitting into corresponding recesses in the solid rock. The principal entrance into the vaults from the portico was below the level of the floor and apparently concealed. A circular stone about four feet diameter, by stands on edge, fitting into a recess when in place, and into a long channel when opened. The arrangement is interesting as possibly similar to that where the Angel "rolled back the great stone" from the door of the Saviour's sepulcher.

We visited Bethlehem, six miles south. Riding through the little city on the summit of its conspicuous hill, we went to the convent which includes the site of the nativity. Passing through a low iron door, we entered the large church built by Helena 1,500 years ago. It is the oldest Christian church now standing. The building is a large and rich one, somewhat resembling the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

Thence we descended to the celebrated grotto which lies beneath the church. Here in a cave in the original rock is the site which from the earliest ages has been handed down as the stable where the Son of God took upon him our flesh. It is a small chapel, where numerous lamps are kept burning before an altar, beneath which is a silver star bearing this inscription:—  
"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

There are two other altars in the grotto. One with a marble manger is supposed to indicate the spot of the shepherd's adoration, the other that of the Magi. Good pictures hang over the two altars. The other ornaments of the chapel, excepting some lamps of precious metal, are quite plain. Near the grotto of the Nativity is that of St. Jerome, (containing his sepulcher), where he spent several years of his life and wrote the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures, and where also occurred that "last communion" so vividly painted by Domenichino.

Of the verity of the tradition which fixes the scene of the Nativity in the grotto of Bethlehem, but little need be said. The question has been ably examined, and though some still doubt, many are convinced of its truth. The church was built only some 800 years after Christ's crucifixion. The locality of an event like the Messiah's incarnation would not be likely to be lost in so short a time. The City of Bethlehem is a small compact town, and undoubtedly on its original site. This grotto at any rate cannot be far off from the manger to which Joseph and the Virgin resorted, because there was no room for them in the inn. The caves in this country are used as pens for cattle and sheep to this day. I have seen them so employed both in Egypt and in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is of small profit to dispute about precise localities. On, or very near this spot, occurred that wonderful event which woke the songs of the angels in Heaven—the promised Messiah, "conceived of the Holy Ghost, was born of the Virgin Mary."

From Bethlehem we pursued our way southerly along the aqueduct of Solomon, which runs on the side of a steep stony valley. In the bottom of this valley, a few miles up, there is an agricultural establishment connected with the English Mission on Mount Zion. We descended to visit it. The narrow base of the valley is cultivated as a garden, planted with fruit-trees and flowers. The establishment is designed to cultivate industrious habits among the natives, and to develop the fruitfulness of the country under proper tillage. We took our noon lunch in the garden under the shade of a spreading fig tree, and then set out to visit the cave of Adullam, about an hour and a-half to the south-east.

I have no room to give you an account of my journey to the Dead Sea without swelling this letter to an unpardonable length. I reserve it, therefore, as well

The path leads down the same valley. It is very narrow at the bottom, with sides rising rocky and steep. After leaving the gardens there is but a scanty vegetation among ledges and great blocks of limestone which cover the ground. Soon the descent of the valley becomes very great as it begins to plunge downward toward the deep depression of the Dead Sea. Leaving the bottom, now become a wild glen, we followed a sort of goat path along the side among rocks and loose stones in some difficult and dangerous places.

We left the animals at last at the ruins of an extensive establishment, once perhaps a convent, standing in a wild and desolate spot. It is on a steep hillside, looking down almost perpendicularly into a gulf of several hundred feet. Wild cliff rise on the opposite side of the narrow glen, whose windings are seen for some miles below, descending rapidly and filled with mountain debris.

In this strangely savage region the youthful David dwelt when he fled from the hand of Saul. Here he gathered together a company of outlaws, over whom he became a sort of robber captain. Half a mile beyond the ruin, in the side of the precipice along which are the evidences of an ancient road cut in the rock, we came to the cave. A small aperture conducts by several windings into an ample cavern with a lofty roof. Our candles could scarcely send their rays to the rocky ceiling. Diverging passages lead from this hall, one of which penetrates the mountain a quarter of a mile. The opening in some places is just passable on the hands and knees. There is room in the cavern for the concealment of quite a body of men. The cave of Adullam mentioned in I Sam. xxi. It is supposed that David composed here the 57th and 142d Psalms.

On our return we descended by a scrambling path, and pursued our way among the loose rocks in the bottom of the valley. After some miles of this difficult travelling, where we were often obliged to dismount and lead our horses, we left the glen by a lateral opening to the north, ascending toward Bethlehem. The country immediately about the cave is remarkably well cultivated. The steep hillsides are terraced and planted with figs and olives. At the bottom of the valleys are grain fields. In some of these Ruth the Moabitess followed the reapers of Boaz. In one of the deep valleys is pointed out the place where the shepherds received the angelic visitation.

Climbing the hill to Bethlehem by a steep rocky road, we stopped to see the ancient well for whose waters David longed in the wilderness. It stands under an old vaulted portico just outside the town. There are two curbs of marble, much worn by the friction of ropes. A crowd of girls were busy at the well drawing water with little leathern buckets and pouring it into large skins, which they carried off on their shoulders. The scene was quite an Oriental one, and the damsels themselves were many of them very pretty. They were as usual loaded with heavy silver bracelets and with strings of coins on their foreheads. They drew water for us to drink in the patriarchal style, while we stood admiring the simple manners which have existed in this country unchanged since patriarchal days.

On another occasion we took a journey of two days to the northward of Jerusalem, visiting a number of scriptural localities. We slept at Bethel, perhaps on the very ground where Jacob laid down to rest, and where he dreamed. The country is a succession of high, stony hills, with but little cultivation. As respects its fertility, Judea is the least inviting portion of Palestine. The villages are nearly all ruins of ancient towns, once strongholds surrounded by walls. They are almost invariably on the summits of hills, located with reference to defence. The population is now small and wretched, living in hovels, or in the half-fallen vaulted houses of their predecessors. The buildings are all of gray limestone, with domed roofs of mud or stone. The men always go armed with guns and swords. The women wear a great deal of ornament, generally composed of numerous silver coins bound in an arch over the head. The little children are good looking, and many of them have remarkably pleasing countenances. Under proper culture they might be trained up into a respectable community. Their case is almost hopeless, however, under the present government—Moslem bigotry and the unfavorable forms of Christianity in the East.

From Bethel we traveled westward down a deep valley, whose waters flow into the Mediterranean. Down this pass both Joshua and Samuel pursued the routed ranks of the Philistines. We ascended to the upper Bethoron, an ancient fortress on the sharp summit of a projecting knob. The view from hence is very broad to the westward, the central chain of hills that runs through Palestine breaking off here suddenly nearly 2,000 feet. The ranges far to north and south across the lowlands, including the plain of Sharon and the land of the Philistines, bounded by the sea at the distance of some thirty miles. On this lofty elevation the conquering Joshua is thought to have stood when he commanded the sun to stand still upon Gibeon and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon. The latter is a green valley distinctly visible to the west; the former a small town some miles off to the southeast.

I have no room to give you an account of my journey to the Dead Sea without swelling this letter to an unpardonable length. I reserve it, therefore, as well

as some notes of my further ramblings through Holy Land, and of Damascus, which is a queer place, the most thoroughly oriental of all the cities of the East, for another occasion. "H."

### Miscellaneous.

#### Editorship.

We have known a very learned gentleman to obligingly bring us a contribution with the remark, that as we were continually occupied, it must doubtless be quite an accommodation to receive a good article once in awhile—and on examining the "good" article in question, we have found three gross grammatical errors, divers sins of awkwardness, and two words misspelled in the first and second sentences. A lecture, which will bear printing as it is delivered, is an exception; and, in a word, there are very few men, who have not served a regular apprenticeship in the types, who can sit down, and, without a "halt or let," express their thoughts readily and fluently in writing. Yet, with all this, we daily meet with gentlemen who, because they have made an occasional hit in a letter to a friend, or have elaborated a drawing story, or a poem in some incoherent paper, talk dashing of journalism, and graciously inform us how they would make things fly round, if they were only editors.

Singular—every man, no matter how stupid he is, always seems to be morally convinced that if everything else fails, he can either manage a small farm or edit a paper—and experience shows that where there are a hundred educated young men capable of successfully practicing a profession, there is not more than one or two who are really enough of a genius, a scholar, and a man of practical sense, to make a good editor. In fact, though all the world reads papers, there are very few out of the business who have ever taken out the pains to acquire much information relative to it—and the natural consequence is, that its difficulties are unappreciated. —Boston Investigator.

One of the Wants not Supplied.—The New York Post, referring to the abundance of good food produced in the United States, and the scarcity of individuals competent to prepare it for the table as it ought to be prepared, says:—

"We want schools for cooks as much as for physicians; even more, for people want to eat every day, but they only want a doctor occasionally; and they would want one much less frequently if they were better fed, that is, if their food were better prepared. How often does it happen that the professing cooks know how to make good bread or to boil a good potato or a cabbage? It is as much as a man's life is worth to travel through the interior and less frequented portions of our western country, so apt are they at spoiling the produce of the soil in preparing it for the table. In three months a man or woman of fair intelligence could be taught some of the art of preparing the gifts of Providence for the nutriment of man than is possessed by ninety-nine hundredths of the most experienced of our American cooks. Who will move in the matter? Who is prepared to take his rank among our great national benefactors by setting such an institution in motion?"

Marshall Castellane, a rigid disciplinarian, called out the garrison of Lyons one sultry day and made them go through all the movements and incidents of a pitched battle on a small scale. In the midst of terrible volleys of musketry, executed at his orders, he observed two grenadiers who, overpowered by the heat and by exertion, had quietly fallen on the grass. He immediately rode up to them, bursting with rage, and exclaimed, "You cowardly scoundrels, what are you doing here? While your comrades are fighting, you are sleeping! Actually doing nothing!" "I beg your pardon, Marshal," said one of the grenadiers, "we are acting the slain in the battle." The Marshal smiled and turned his horse.

"You have no ducks here?" said a Yankee, who was on a visit to the fens of Lincolnshire during the shooting season. "I was on the Chesapeake once in the duck season. The boys got tired of shooting with their double-barrels, and we got a cannon from the town, loaded with a bag of B B shot, hauled her to the river, levelled her and fired. I tell you ducks was that! We gathered three thousand, and the crippled got away. But that was not all, for the bag shot was in fell over the head of a greyhead when it came out of the cannon, and I caught him before he got clear."

By the year two thousand, it is probable that manual labor will have utterly ceased under the sun, and the occupation of the adjective "hard-fisted," will have gone forever. They have now a potato-digging machine, which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them up in the cart, while the owner walks along side, whistling, with his hands in his pockets.

A Judge charging a jury had occasion very frequently to make use of the words *mortgager* and *mortgagee*. The foreman of the jury asked the judge the meaning of the words, candidly confessing he did not know their import. His lordship facetiously explained them thus:—"I sue to you—you notice me; 'I'm the non-er, you the non-er."

Brigham Young a New Yorker. Both Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball are New Yorkers. Brigham lived near the line dividing Ontario and Monroe counties, in the town of Victor, at the time he became a Mormon. He had always manifested a proclivity to religious fanaticism, or rather he was a lazy rascal, good for nothing except to howl at a camp meeting. He lived in a log shanty, with a dilapidated, patient, suffering wife, surrounded by a host of tow-headed children. Occasionally he made up a lot of axe helms and traded them off for sugar and tea; in other fits of industry he would do a day's work in the hay field for a neighbor, hoe the potatoes in his own little patch, or pound clothes for his wife on a washing day. But his special mission was to go to camp meetings and revivals, where he managed to get his daily bread out of the more wealthy brethren, in consideration of the union with which he shouted "ga-lor-ah!" On such occasions Brigham took no thought of the morrow, but cheerfully putting on his old wool hat, would leave his family without flour in the barrel or wood at the door, and telling his wife that the "Lord would provide," he would put off for a week's absence.

Poor Mrs. Brigham managed by borrowing from her neighbors, with the small hope of paying; clipped the wood herself, and with an old sun-bonnet—Navarino style—went to the spring after water, thoroughly convinced that her lot was not of the easiest, and that her husband was, to use a western expression, an "ornary cuss," in which sentiment all who knew him joined. People were getting very tired of Brigham when Mormonism turned up. He was just the man for the religion, and the religion seemed expressly adapted to him. He became an exhorter, held neighborhood meetings, ranted and howled his doctrines into the minds of others as weak as himself, and finally went west with the rest of them, where he has developed his powers, until the poor, miserable, rustic loafer is governor of a territory and the chief prophet of a great religious sect. He has just the mixture of shrewdness and folly which is required for success in fanaticism or quackery. A wiser man could not hold his place. A man must be half fool and half knave to be a successful quack.

Heber C. Kimball was a man of more respectability. He was born a fanatic, and if he were not a Mormon would be something else just like it. In his church—he was a Baptist originally—he was one of those pestilent fellows who want resolutions passed at church meetings withholding fellowship from somebody else, and insist on having a political codicil added to the Bible.—We believe he had some property. He has much more talent than Brigham Young, but is inferior to him in the elements of quackery. He has very respectable relatives now living in the part of Monroe county from which he started.

A Hen House Ravisher.—In Albany a few days since, a hen house belonging to a Mr. Phelps, was broken into and robbed. Mr. Phelps being angry, allowed that he would "lay for the thief," and shoot him. This drew out the following reply:—

To Mr. Orsin Phelps.—Boin one of that ar class that gits poltry any way it can be got, and understandin from your advertisement in a newspaper that you have sum chickens left, and that you'd got a pistol and sum blu pil to give to the man what stole 'em, this is to certify that I shall come to-night, and I have got a howitzer with me crammed full of nales, and other iron implements. I have marked your size on the side of a church, and been practisin on it for a week, and don't think I can miss you. So cum on with your pistol and blu pil. After I get through bring at you, I'll carry home the "duds" on the howitzer. Yours, A HEN HOUSE RAVISHER.

One Ind of the Railroad In.—An Alabamian, a few days since, went out to see the depot of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near the depot were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, he shouted to one—

"Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has, sir," was the prompt response.

A woman is either worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she is a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one; but is a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the band of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"

Some "queer fish" in St. Louis, in allusion to the "bill for the benefit of married women" before the Missouri Legislature, asked if they had better not do something for the benefit of the single ladies, and not trouble themselves about other men's wives.

Punch says that every family ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kitten.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call her "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.