THE COMPILER

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

40TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, NOV. 2, 1857. NO. 6.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

☞ *The Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1,75 per annum if paid *in advance*—$2,00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

☞ Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "COMPILER" on the sign.

NEW FIRM.

Family Groceries and Confections.

THE undersigned have purchased the Grocery Store of E. H. MINNIGH, on the Northwest corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by A. B. Kurtz, where they invite the attention of all who may wish Groceries, Confections, Fruits—Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Starch, Soda, Spices of all kinds, Lemons, Figs, Almonds, &c. Also, a fine assortment of chewing and smoking Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c. ☞ Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

WM. BOYER & SON.

September 7, 1857.

New Cheap Cash Store.

THE subscribers having entered into partnership under the style and firm of H. S. & E. H. MINNIGH, respectfully inform the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity, that they have opened a new, large and well-selected assortment of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

at the old-established stand, on South East corner of the Diamond, formerly called the Jew's corner, comprising every variety, style and price. In part of **Dry Goods.**—Black Silks, Black Alpaccas, plain and fancy Delaines, Berages, Ginghams, plain and fancy Jaconets, plain and dotted Swiss Victorines, Lawn, Mull, Muslins, blue and unbleached Shirtings, Osnaburg, Bed Ticking, Jaquered Diaper.

Gents' and Boy's Wear.—Black Cloth, Black Cassimeres, fancy and plain Cassimeres, silk and fancy Vesting, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Linsey, Cottonade, Farmer's Drill—every style and price. A fine assortment of Gloves and Hosiery of every style and quality.

Groceries.—Brown, Crushed, Granulated, Pulverized, and Clarified Sugar, D. & W. Syrup, New Orleans Molasses, Ground Alum and fine Salts, Dairy do., Queensware, Glassware, Cutlery, Cedar-ware, and every other article found in a well-conducted Dry Goods and Grocery Store.

Having selected their stock with care, they are enabled to sell cheap for Cash, and respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

☞ All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

H. S. & E. H. MINNIGH.

Oct. 5, 1857.

Stauffer & Harley.

Cheap Watches and Jewelry.

WHOLESALE and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 148 (Old No. 90) North Second street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases, $28,00; Gold Lepines, 18 carat, $24 00; Silver Levers, full jeweled, $12 00; Silver Lepines, jewels, $9 00; superior Quartiers, $7 00; Gold Spectacles, $7 00; fine Silver do. $1 50; Gold Bracelets, $3 00; Ladies' Gold Pencils, $1 00; Silver Tea Spoons, set, $5 00; Gold Pens, with pencil and silver holder, $1 00.

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $80; Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents; patent, 18¾; Lunet 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

STAUFFER & HARLEY.

On hand, some gold and silver Levers and Lepines, still lower than the above prices.

Oct. 12, 1857. 1y

REMOVAL.

WINGERD, WHITE & SWOPE,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES, CAPS, & STRAW GOODS; ALSO, IN FASHIONABLE

Moleskin, Silk, Felt and Fur Hats,

N. W. Cor. BALTIMORE & HOWARD STS.,

Adam B. Wingerd, Daniel S. White, John A. Swope. } *BALTIMORE, MD.*

Aug. 3, 1857.

Attention, One and All!

NOW IS THE TIME

To Have Your Picture Taken.

SAMUEL WEAVER having provided himself with an entire new and splendid SKY-LIGHT DAGUERREAN ROOM at his residence in West Middle street, opposite Prof. Jacobs, one square West of Baltimore street, where he is now prepared to furnish

Ambrotypes and Daguerreotypes,

in every style of the art, which he will warrant to give entire satisfaction. His long experience and superior apparatus give him advantages seldom furnished by Daguerrean establishments out of the city. He has a large number of specimens at his Gallery, in Chambersburg street, where he will continue as heretofore, which the public are requested to call and examine.

☞ Charges from 50 cents to $10. Hours of operating from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Gold Lockets, Breastpins, suitable for miniatures, always on hand, at the very lowest prices.

☞ Children will not be taken for less than 50 cents.

☞ AMBROTYPES taken from one dollar and upwards, and in the best style.

July 20, 1856. tf

COOK STOVES!—Four styles of Cook Stoves—the Noble Cook, Royal Cook, William Penn, and the Sea Shell—for sale at the Ware Room of SHEADS & BUEHLER.

STOVES!—Every variety of Cook, Parlor, Saloon and Office Stoves can be seen at the Ware Room of Sheads & Buehler, in West Middle street. Our Stoves are all purchased in Philadelphia, and will be sold cheaper than they can be bought at retail in the city or elsewhere. Call and see them.

SHEADS & BUEHLER.

LUMBER!—On hand a supply of Lumber, of best quality. Orders for any amount can be filled. Yard on Washington street, near Railroad street.

SHEADS & BUEHLER.

COAL!—Persons desiring to lay in their Winter's supply of Coal, will please send in their orders at once, as it can be furnished cheaper from wagons than from the Yard.—Office in West Middle street.

SHEADS & BUEHLER.

BOOTS, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Carpet-Bags, Trunks, Valises,—an immense lot, and selling low, to make room, at SAMSON'S.

The Muse.

CORN.—AN AGRICULTURAL SONG.

TUNE—*Sparkling and Bright.*

Better than gold is our corn tenfold
From the fertile earth advancing,
'Twill give you health and bring you wealth,
Your happiness enhancing.
Then husk your corn before 'tis morn,
For the pumpkin pie is waiting,
And fill your maw, 'tis nature's law,
To give yourselves a baiting.

With it we make a Johnny cake,
Or roast, or fry, or griddle,
And puddings good, be it understood,
And stirred up with a paddle.
Then husk your corn, &c.

When it is green, as we have seen,
'Tis first-rate boiled or roasted,
And when 'tis dry, who dare deny,
'Tis quite good popped or toasted.
Then husk your corn, &c.

Turkeys and hens count it by tens,
And never stop to taste it,
And ducks and geese, a pint a-piece,
A bushel, they'll soon waste it.
Then husk your corn, &c.

Squirrels by day, red, black and gray,
To store it in their "eiries,"
No questions make for conscience sake
But snatch it like the furies.
Then husk your corn, &c.

The brave chipmuck with right good pluck
Round it you'll see him lurking,
With pouting lip he seldom chirp
Of talk like boys while working.
Then husk your corn, &c.

At mid of night with much delight,
Old Bruin fills his basket,
By light of moon, the knowing coon,
He ate it as he husked it.
Then husk your corn, &c.

The grunters all both great and small
Will squeal to hear it rattle,
And then 'tis good as any food,
For horses, sheep and cattle.
Then husk your corn, &c.

Miscellaneous.

The Fading One.

Did you ever see some member of a family *fading away*—gradually, yet surely, beyond all human help, wasting under the power of disease? Around the house, perhaps—going out for the short walk or the gentle ride; able, it may be, to see friends, and pleasure of life; but growing weaker day by day—suffering, enduring, but slowly *fading*. Did you ever see a friend thus as piece by piece the clayey tabernacle was being taken down and the spirit pluming itself for its flight as soon as its prison chains fall off?

Such an one I saw recently—and who has now gone to her eternal home. It was very touching to watch the solicitude of all the family of their drooping flower. The arrangements for the visit had been made with reference to her wishes; the temperature of the room must be regulated for her comfort; the easiest chair had been for her use. The mother's eye watched her as she passed around the room, with a mother's anxiety; the sisters anticipated every wish of her heart; the little brothers hushed their noisy glee and stepped more gently in her presence.

I watched her weakness as she turned upon her loved ones for support, *apparently* unconscious of all their attentions—receiving them freely as they were given—and thought what a beautiful provision of a merciful Providence is the *family!* It is indeed a relic of Eden left to us yet unbroken, primitive heaven-born blessedness. If the world were one great commune of Socialism, as some would seem to desire in these days of wickedness, might do well enough in youth and health, and vigor, but what would become of the *fading ones* in this selfish world?

We may well be grateful for *family* comforts. We may well prize them if we have them unmarred by sickness or death; for but a few families escape a great while. And when they come what consolation should induce us to spare any attention which can be given to smooth the pathway to the tomb? No lapse of time can ever take away the bitterness of the recollection of unkindness at such a time, after the grave has closed over the lost one.

Speak gently to your *fading ones.*—Bear patiently with all the humors and caprices of a mind weakened by disease. Consider no self-denial too great to be born. But especially point often to the necessity of being at any time prepared for death. If possible, disrobe death of its terrors by making it familiar and holding *free* intercourse upon the great themes of the soul's immortality and its eternal home. Such efforts will bring consolation in the hour of sorrow, when all the weary watchings and night vigils and trials of patience shall be forgotten.

A Beautiful Thought.—How many, who have deemed themselves antagonists, will smile hereafter, when they look back upon the world's wide harvest field, and perceive that, in unconscious brotherhood, they were helping the self-same sheaf!

☞ Quarantine has been raised at New Orleans, and it is now expected large quantities of specie will arrive from Cuba.

The Giant of the World.

Some weeks ago we gave a few facts in regard to the weight and dimensions of Miles Darden, who died in Tennessee, and was said to be the largest man in the world. The Jackson *Whig* has the following additional particulars of the deceased, furnished by the Rev. John Brooks.:

He was twice married. His children are very large, but probably none of them will ever be more than half the weight of their father. He was quite active and lively, and labored until about four years ago, when he became so fleshy that he had to be compelled to stay at home, or be hauled about in a two horse wagon.

In 1849 he made a contract with a tailor to furnish him with a suit of clothes for $50—the cloth was to cost $5 a yard. Upon measurement it took twelve yards of cloth. So the tailor lost ten dollars and the making. The tailor states that three men each weighing over two hundred pounds, put the coat on, buttoned it around them, and walked across the square at Lexington. In 1850 it took 134 yards of flax cloth, a yard wide, to make him a coat. It took 16 yards of cambric for his shroud, twenty-four yards of black velvet to cover the sides and lid of his coffin; and a hundred and twenty-five feet of plank to make his coffin.

His coffin was eight feet long; across the breast thirty-two inches; across the head eighteen inches; across the foot fourteen inches. He weighed in 1845 eight hundred and seventy-one pounds. His height was seven feet six inches.—His weight when he died, as nearly as could be ascertained was a fraction over 1000 pounds.

Give Your Child a Paper.—We clip the following from an exchange. Who wrote it, or where it come from, are alike unknown to us. But cheerfully put it in circulation, with endorsement:

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper because he reads the things which are familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider the substantial information which is connected with advancement. The mother of a family being one of the heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind is thus fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children, amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate, and most easily governed. How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given hundreds to reclaim a son or daughter, who has ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen to error?

☞ When the worthy Brilie S——, of B——, died, leaving his widow comfortably provided for, Deacon M—— paid great attention to the bereaved lady, ordered the coffin, directed the funeral arrangements, and finally kept close beside her as they accompanied the remains to the tomb. Just as the procession halted, he hinted to her, in one of the intervals of their mutual confidence, that at a proper time he should be happy to fill the arm-chair that the Brilie had so long enjoyed. The deacon was in season, for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house before the minister made her the same proposition. "You are too late!" replied the bashful widow; "the deacon spoke to me at the grave."

Indifference.—In a large city like New York people very generally mind their own business, and do not peep into their neighbor's key-hole. One of these houses which contain many families was discovered to be on fire in the lower story some time ago. The watchman rapped at the door. A tenant of the fourth story looked out of the window and asked what was wanted. "Your house is on fire. The first story is all in a blaze," cried the watchman.—"Very well," said the tenant, drawing in his head, "tell the people that live there, it is none of my business, as I occupy the fourth story."

☞ Jack R—— died in the town of Springfield, N. Y., a year or two ago. A short time before his decease, an anxious sister inquired of him whether she should send for a minister. He replied in the negative. She told him that they were fearful he had not long to live, and suggested that he might not feel entirely prepared for the event. "Why should I be afraid to die?" he asked; "I never voted a Know Nothing ticket in my life!"

☞ A Quakeress, jealous of her husband watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truent kissing and hugging the servant girl.—Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped thro' the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her: "Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

☞ Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greatest part of your life. They appear so when they are passing—they seem to be so when you look back to them—and they take up more room in your memory than all the years which succeed them.

☞ "John," said a father to his son one day when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any bare footed boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

A Runaway Couple.

A runaway couple, "true lovers" of the most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at a small inn near Boston, and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to "splice 'em," and to be "quick about it."

The landlord complied, and the "licensed minister" came.

"Be you the minister," asked the bridegroom.

"I am," replied he.

"Oh! you be, eh? What's your name?"

"Stiggins."

"Wal, neow, Stiggins," said the Yankee, "do it up brown, and your money is ready; and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced:

"You will please join hands."

The Yankee stood up with his lady-love and seized hers fervently by the hand.

"You promise, Mr. A——," said the parson, "to take this woman——"

"Yaas!" said the bridegroom.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yaas—*yaas.*"

"That you will love and honor her in all things?"

"Sart in—*yaas*, I tell yer!"

"That you will cling to her, and her only, as long as you both shall live?"

"Yaas *indeed*—nothin' *else!*" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner.

But here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and to the especial annoyance and discomfort of the ardent bridegroom.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister slowly; for it occurred to him that the laws of the State did not permit this performance without the "publishment" of the "banns" for a certain length of time.

"What—what—what in time is the *matter?* Don't stop here! Put her thru? What's split, parson? Anything 'gin out?"

"Just at this moment my friend I have remembered that you cannot be married in Massachusetts as the law——"

"*Can't!*—Wot in natur's the reason? I like *her* and she *me*; what's to hender?"

"You have not been published, sir, I suspect."

"That's a fact, ain't a-goin' to be nuther; that's the reason why we crossed over into yon 'little Rody' (the scene was on the border of Rhode Island) "on the sly, you see, parson."

"I—really—sir——" said the minister.

"*Re-a-l-l-y!*—wal, never mind; go ahead. 'Taint fair—don't you see 'taint? You've married *me*, and haint tetched *her!* Now *don't* stop *here!* 'Taint the fair thing, by gracious 'taint now you *know* it."

"I will consult," said the minister, hesitating.

"No, you won't—no don't consult nothin' nor nobody, until this 'ere business is concluded!" And with this he turned the key, and put it (amidst the titterings of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he said:

"Go on now, straight from where you left off; it it *aint* right, we'll make it right in the morning, as the saying is."

After reflecting a moment, the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality, so he continued:

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey him?"

"Them's 'em," said Jonathan as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him as long as you both shall live."

"*That's* the talk!—stick to one another *allers*"—and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

"Hoorah!" shouted Jonathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Hoorah!" continued Jonathan—"What's the price?" (The parson seemed to hesitate.) "How *much?* Spit it out! Don't be afeared. You did it like a book. Here's a V. Never mind the change, send for a hack, landlord. Give us your bill. I've got her! Hail Columby!"

The poor fellow seemed to be entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward he was on his way to the railroad depot with his wife, "the happiest man out of jail," said the eye witnesses who described the scene.

Character of a Gentleman.—A lawyer at a circuit town in Ireland dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at an inn. He did not discover the loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately.—On reaching the door he was met by a waiter, who said:

"I know what you want, sir, you have lost something."

"Yes, I have lost a ten pound note."

"Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is."

"Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you."

"No, sir, I want no reward for being honest." But, looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

☞ Gustavus Adolphus knew how to put down dueling. Two officers asked leave to fight a duel. Leave was given, and the king became a spectator. With him came the Provost Marshall. "Now, gentlemen," said Gustavus to the combatants, "fight till one of you are killed; the Provost Marshall will hang the survivor." The officers shook hands.

☞ Thursday is the Russian Sunday.

Medical Use of Salt.

In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed cholic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water,—drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a very heavy fall, &c.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water, until the sense return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail Dr. Rush found two teaspoonfuls of salt complete-ly stayed the blood.

In cases of bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.

In a wilted neck, wash the part with brine and drink it also twice a day until cured.

Salt will expel worms, if used in the food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious if used much.—*Scientific American.*

Bitten by a Rattlesnake.—A German doctor of Urbana, Illinois, the manufacturer of snake bite medicine, caught a rattlesnake on the prairie and took it home, and offered to let the snake bite him every time any person bought a box of his medicine for one dollar. On Sunday of last week, while fooling with his pet, it bit him in the hand. He applied his medicine without effect. On Monday he sent for a doctor, but too late; he died the same day.

Extraordinary Suicide.—Mrs. Olive Cyrle, of Bristol, Vt., lately committed suicide by starving herself to death. Her husband had deserted her, unable to support herself she received aid from the town. Her situation so weighed on her mind that she settled into a deep melancholy, and refusing all food, *after thirty-three days of fasting*, died in terrible agony. Everything was done to cause her to break her determination, that prudence could dictate, but in vain.

Things to be Proscribed.—Every State in the Union should henceforth most rigidly proscribe and prohibit the establishment of the "Mush room," "Wild Cat," and "One-horse" banking concerns which have produced so much mischief, and brought discredit on all banking institutions. The breaking down of half a dozen or a dozen of these rabble banks at the commencement of our present financial troubles, spread alarm among the people and embarrassed the operations of the other banks. The people in every part of the country should set their faces against broken banks—mere shaving shops—whose issues have no substantial security for their redemption. Legitimate banking institutions should also, as a matter of self-interest, give no countenance to concerns that only prejudice the public mind against all connected with banking operations.—*New York Sun.*

A Connoisseur.—A down easter strayed into the square in front of City Hall, yesterday morning, and planted his organs fairly in front of the bronze statue of Franklin, looking upward to the benignant face of the old philosopher with great apparent interest.

"What ole fellur's likeness is that?" asked he of a by-stander.

"That, sir, is a statue of Benjamin Franklin."

"Statew of Franklin, eh! wall I've read all about him. Putty good old fellow in his way. Never is much on the Revolution; but was great on soft soddern the French. But, I say, yeou! How *darned yaller he was!*"

☞ The Mayor of a one horse town somewhere up in Minnesota, holds forth in the following glowing strain in his inaugural:

The growth of our city has been astounding to all human calculations.—They stagger belief, and the thoughts mount up to glory and vociferate hallalujah at the, shrinatic panorama of the butterfly brilliancy of the future, hereafter of the time to come by and by in a few years from hence. We must make ample provision for the time, or "bust."

☞ A good story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time into a bowling-alley and kept firing away at the pins, to the imminent peril of the boy, who, so far from having anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively engaged in endeavoring to avoid the balls of the player, when rattled on all sides of the pins, without touching them. At length a fellow seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball, "Send in among the pins, bub, if you don't want to get hit!"

☞ Philosophers say that squinting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute.

A wag suggests that this accounts for so many closed eyes at church in service time.

Sighing.

There is not a more pernicious habit, nor one that grows more insensibly upon a man, than that of sighing. Besides wasting a great deal of good breath that we want for something better, it wears out the lungs; it induces irregularity of respiration; it quickens the action of the heart; and it depresses the spirits—just as a hearty laugh exhilarates them. With some, too, it is a mere habit. I have known some very even tempered men who seem to take it as a sort of safety-valve for blowing off superfluous wind from their circles; and unfortunate does it grow upon them, that they do come out with their aspirations at all sorts of queer times and unsuitable occasions, treating it just as a whole company, who are listening to a witty *récontre*, or a lively song, with a "heigh ho!" that is quite appalling. From whatever cause it arises, I pronounce sighing to be a vain, pestilent, and profitless operation, to be discountenanced alike by physician, philosopher, and friend. If a man is down in the world, it will not replenish the empty purse; it will not fill him, and he is poor, as the world goes, way in the world to raise the wind.—"A plague on sighing," says pleasant old Jack Falstaff, "it blows a man up like a bladder." So does wrong; for it blows a man up, like fresh from a tankard of ale; it blows a man up, like the flame from the wick of a candle.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A Word to Boys.—Idleness is the parent of vice, and hence the necessity of being engaged in some useful and honorable employment. We ever saw a boy that was industrious, diligent, and persevering, but who attained a respectable and influential position in society? No matter if your natural abilities are not of the highest order, don't let that discourage you, but set to work bravely, and with side and shoulder to, the wheel improve the talents you already possess, and you may accomplish more for yourself and the world than a score of far brighter intellects that are suffered to rust out.

Manly and Generous.—It has been stated in Boston papers, that Messrs. Chickering & Sons, the extensive piano-forte makers, employ some three hundred mechanics and many laborers; that on a late pay-day, in consequence of the non-arrival of funds due at a distance, they were obliged to expend the funds in hand in the redemption of matured paper, and had to forego paying their hands their accustomed weekly allowance; that the men thereupon met, consulted together, passed resolutions expressing sympathy with and confidence in their employers, and tendered to them a loan of six or eight thousand dollars, the proceeds of their own savings.

Rich Editors.—An exchange says that editors are, as a general thing, not overstocked with worldly goods. Humbug. Here we are, editor of a country paper, fairly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a double barreled rifle, seven suits of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup, two gold watches, thirteen shirts and two night shirts, carpets on our floor, and a pretty wife, own one corner lot, have ninety-three cents in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy it is a pity. Humbug! Who cares for editors? *Harrisburg Argus.*

☞ Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by ordering his antagonist and backing his conclusions with a few of his guards, he soon found few disposed to enter the lists against him. One day, when he was even more disposed for an argument, he asked one of his chiefs why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question:

"Because," was the reply, "to express a opinion before a sovereign, who has such very strong convictions, and who wears *such very thick boots!*"

Pathetic.—It is told of Charles Lamb, that on one occasion having taken a seat in a crowded omnibus, a stout gentleman subsequently looked in, and politely asked: "All full inside?" "I don't know how it might be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me."

☞ In one of the courts lately there was a long and learned discussion as to whether a witness should be allowed to answer the question, "What did Mary say?" Three judges gave long and elaborate opinions in the affirmative, and the question being repeated, the answer was "Not a word."

Dog Law.—In the middle ages of France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom were adopted at the present day, there would be some howling.

The Son of President Taylor.—Richard Taylor, Esq., only son of the late President Taylor, is the Democratic candidate for the Senate of Louisiana in the Southerles district.

☞ We forget, in the violence of our grief, when the storm is wild about us and beats upon us, that the waves which buffet us most heavily lift us ever, in their surges, nearest to the stars.

☞ An exchange says that the most dignified, glorious and lovely work of art is a woman—the next most dignified, glorious and lovely work of art is a Berkshire pig.

Material for a Romance.

A letter from a friend informs us of the marriage at Baltimore, of two of the rescued from the "Central America." Both parties became enamored attached to one another on board the steamer, and on the very evening preceding the disaster sealed their affection with the usual vow. When the gale came on and the panic was at its height, the young lady threw herself in his arms, and with a gallantry quite becoming the romantic occasion, the gentleman impressed her brow with one of Tennyson's patent soul-speaking kisses, and "slid" her over into the first boat that was lowered. He saved himself by jumping. Upon arriving at Norfolk he learned that the young man looked strange. He had no baggage or valise, and *all his money!* The young man looked sad, as much as to say—"now, may be *you* think so." But said his Gowned one, Pshaw, nonsense! Never mind, Ah, so you do, then he embraced his groom, and he looked extremely philosophical, but said no more. They suddenly vanished, and we suppose are now enjoying all the blessings of matrimonial, &c., &c.—*Petersburg (Va.) Express.*

The Financial Crisis.—United States Stocks.—The Washington Union refers to the operations of the Independent Treasury at present as exhibiting the wisdom of its establishment. It says:

"The operations of the Independent Treasury during the present financial crisis have been more beneficial to the commercial interest of the country than its most sanguine friends anticipated. At the time of the greatest pressure upon the money market, the Secretary of the Treasury was enabled to disburse from the vaults of the Treasury large amounts of specie, which has gone into the banks and into general circulation, affording relief to an extent wholly unexpected. The policy adopted by the Secretary of the Treasury to bring in the outstanding stock of the government has met with universal approval, and all parts of the country unite in commendation of the happy operations of the Independent Treasury."

Another Effect of the Pressure.—The financial revulsion is destined to do some good as well as harm. It would be a terrible calamity to have the Union dissolved just now, when everybody is sorely troubled about the issue of things. It may, therefore, be a consolation to know that the "seven thousand citizens of the free States," who were to hold a northern Union convention at Cleveland, 28th inst., announce that in consequence of the financial revulsion that meeting has been postponed until further notice, when it is presumed they will proceed to "redeem" their "promises" by dissolving the Union—on paper. The secession of time will no doubt be gratefully accepted by almost everybody, who thought the convention would have summarily "wind up" the Union.

Newspaper Fusion.—Hard times has got the newspapers to beginning to go double, as in any other branch of industry. The St. Louis Daily Intelligencer, as before stated, has been united with the Evening News of that city, and their joint issue will hereafter be published as an afternoon paper. The three Democratic papers in Dubuque, Iowa, are to be formed into one. The Republican and Whig, at Quincy, Ill., are also to be joined in one, and the St. Paul Times and Minnesotian are likely to follow suit soon. In Philadelphia the Times and Sun have been merged in one paper.

Defence against Garroters.—An instrument called "Shaw's Garrote Paralizer," is advertised in the London Times, which, when it is struck a sharp, loud report, and with a quick and sharp blow at the same time. It can be carried in the pocket, and the advertisement says, "are a sure defence against garroters."

☞ "Times are improving, and we are getting on their legs again," said a New York gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, those who used to ride in their carriages now walk."

☞ The mirage on Lake Superior is truly wonderful. It is not uncommon to see islands far in the distance, which gradually disappear as they approached.

☞ Our devil, last Sunday night, attempted to steal a watermelon, but accidentally, got his head stuck in the mouth with a tarnal hymn book in su'thin'.

☞ Mr. Smith says that a cow ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kittens.

☞ Why is twice ten and twice eleven? Because twice ten is twenty and twice eleven is twenty two.

☞ A pleasant wife is a rainbow in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

☞ The telegraph has thundered the divine organ, but it could not be heard upon it, and has always been silent.

☞ Men had much rather be censured for vices of commission than for those of omission.

☞ Why is a kitten like a boy? Because it ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kittens.

☞ Why is twice ten and twice eleven? Because twice ten is twenty and twice eleven is twenty two.

☞ A pleasant wife is a rainbow in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

☞ The telegraph has thundered the divine organ, but it could not be heard upon it, and has always been silent.

☞ Men had much rather be censured for vices of commission than for those of omission.

☞ More credit can be thrown down in a moment than can be built up in a year.

Glory.—The red fire that illuminates the flaming of war.