THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

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

40TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1858. NO. 28.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

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JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch, and at moderate prices.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House—"COMPILER" on the sign.

Bastress & Winter,

NEW OXFORD, Adams county, Pa., *Produce, Forwarding and Commission Warehouse;* Wholesale and Retail Dealers in *Groceries;* constantly on hand, *Fish, Salt, Plaster, Guano, &c.*

FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, RYE, OATS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEED, bought at all times, for which the highest cash prices are paid.

Feb. 15, 1858. 6m

New Lumber Yard,

AT NEW OXFORD.—The undersigned would inform the public that he has opened a LUMBER YARD, on a large scale, in the town of New Oxford, Adams county, to which the Gettysburg Railroad has been already extended. His assortment embraces all kinds of Lumber—Panel, First and Second Common and *Culling Boards, First and Second Common and Culling Plank,* Hemlock Fencing Boards, Hemlock Joists, Scantling, Plastering Lath, healed and plain Paling, &c., &c., &c.

He invites calls from those in want of Lumber, feeling assured that in quality or price his stock CAN'T BE BEAT. He will endeavor to deserve a large share of public patronage. JACOB AULABAUGH.

Feb. 1, 1858.

New Coal & Lumber Yard,

AT NEW OXFORD, ADAMS COUNTY, PA.—FRANKLIN HERSH has received and will constantly keep on hand, a large and well selected assortment of LUMBER, and a superior article of COAL suitable for family purposes. Also, Blacksmith's Coal of the best quality. All orders for sawed lumber can be filled at the shortest notice.

FRANKLIN HERSH.

New Oxford, Feb. 8, 1858. tf

A Large Supply of Lumber,

INCLUDING every quality of River Pine, just received, and for sale, at very low prices, at the Yard of SHEADS & BUEHLER, *on the Corner of Washington and Railroad Streets,* justin the rear of the "Eagle Hotel." They have also on hand a large variety of *Plastering Laths, Shingling Laths, and Picket Posts,* (for garden fencing,) which they will sell low. Orders for any amount can be promptly filled. Builders, before purchasing elsewhere, will find it to their advantage to examine qualities and prices.—Also, a superior article of *Blacksmith Coal,* at 33 cts. per bushel.

Gettysburg, Jan. 25, 1858.

New Firm.

FAMILY GROCERIES & 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.

Removed to Hanover,

FRANCIS J. WILSON, late of the Washington House at Abbottstown, has taken HERSHEY'S OLD AND POPULAR STAND, in Hanover, where he will be happy to entertain all who may patronize him. His Table is supplied with the best the market and garden can afford, and his Bar with the choicest of liquors. His Stables are commodious, and attended by careful Ostlers. Give him a call. You will always find FRANK on the spot, ready and willing to make everybody comfortable. [April 27, 1857.

To the Country, Good News.

I HAVE rented the Foundry for the ensuing year, and am prepared to make the different kinds of Castings usually made at a Foundry. I will keep constantly on hand the different kinds of PLOUGHS, Points, Shares, Cutters, &c., Pots, Kettles, Pans, Washing Machines, &c.; Stoves and Machinery; Porches, Verandah's and Cemetery Fencing made and put up with dispatch.

All orders will be attended to promptly; but being without capital, and money being necessary to carry on the business, I will be compelled to sell for cash, but on all country work 5 per cent. will be deducted. Suitable trade will be taken, if delivered at the time of purchasing. Give us a call.

E. M. WARREN.

Gettysburg, June 1, 1857.

Hanover B. Railroad.

TRAINS over the Hanover Branch Railroad now run as follows:

First Train leaves Hanover at 9 A. M. with passengers for York, Harrisburg, Columbia, and Philadelphia. This Train also connects with the Express for Baltimore, arriving there at 12 M.

Second Train leaves at 1 P. M. with passengers for Baltimore and intermediate places, and returns with passengers from York, &c. J. LEIB, Agent.

Nov. 30, 1857.

Jury List—April Court.

GRAND JURY.

Menallen—Abel T. Wright, Samuel Houdeshell, Peter Rice.
Hamilton—George Baker, Daniel Bender, Joseph Woods.
Freedom—Abraham Krise, of P., John R. Harrigan.
Hamiltonban—Cornelius Daugherty, Edward Rusk, Christian Fry.
Liberty—James Topper.
Germany—Abraham Harner, Lewis Stonesifer.
Reading—John Basserman, of John, Singleton Eicholtz.
Berwick Twp.—Michael Carl.
Gettysburg—Samuel Herbst.
Mountpleasant—Andrew Little.
Huntington—Eli Miller.
Franklin—Samuel Hart.
Butler—John Funt.
Conewago—Francis Krichten.
Cumberland—Jacob Muring.

GENERAL JURY.

Reading—Samuel Heiner, Jacob Aulabaugh John Brough, of John.
Oxford—Francis Marshall, William Jenkins, David Hoke.
Franklin—Jacob Sterner, Peter Ketteman, John Throne, Benjamin Deardorff, Samuel Bucher, George Bushey, Jacob Lady.
Cumberland—Isaac Leeper, George Culp, William Patterson.
Menallen—Barnet Myers, George Minnigh.
Latimore—Geo. Robinette, Conrad E. Myers.
Hamiltonban—Wm. T. Reed, Barney Bigham, Jno. Baumgardner, Jacob Walter, John Gelbaugh.
Straban—Ephraim Deardorff.
Hamilton—Levi Geise.
Berwick Bor.—Michael Hoffman.
Freedom—Daniel Sheets.
Gettysburg—George A. Codori.
Huntington—Gibson Fickes, Adam Bream.
Butler—Henry Galbraith.
Tyrone—Daniel S. Diehl.
Conewago—Edward Deffone.
Berwick Twp.—George Baber.

March 15, 1858.

[illegible] RAISINS, bunch and layer, cheapest [illegible] for sale by [illegible] & Bro.

[illegible] PRESERVE PLUMS, just received by [illegible] & Bro.

The Poet's Corner.

For The Compiler.

Lines to My Husband.

When the evening shades are falling,
And the stars in splendour shine,
Still upon my memory calling
Is that silvery voice of thine.

I am thinking of thee ever,
Midst my pleasure and my care,
And although we sometimes sever,
Memory has of thee its share.

As we travel through life's journey,
May my lot with THINE be cast,
And when this dull life is over,
May we rest in Heaven at last.

There we'll dwell with Christ our Saviour,
And we'll join to sing His praise,
And we still will bless Him ever,
For His mercy and His grace.

Littlestown, March, 1858. M. M. S.

Peace.

Where, oh! where
Hath gentle peace found rest?
Builds she in bower of lady fair?
But Love—he hath possession there;
Not long is she the guest.
Sits she crowned
Beneath a pictured dome?
And there Ambition keeps his ground,
And Fear and Envy skulk around:
This cannot be her home.
Will she hide
In scholar's pensive cell?
But he already hath his bride;
Him, Melancholy sits beside—
With her she may not dwell.
Now and then,
Peace wandering lays her head
On regal couch, in captive's den—
But nowhere finds she rest with men,
Or only with the dead!

Never Say Fail.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail.

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succomb,
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail!

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
All asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail
In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's fair pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide:
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail.

Select Miscellany.

Marriage for Show.

To the question often asked of young men as to why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply, "I am not able to support a wife." In one case in three, perhaps, this may be so; but as a general thing, the true reply would be, "I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live." In this, again, we see a false view of marriage; a looking to an appearance in the world, instead of a union with a loving woman for her own sake. There are very few men, of industrious habits, who cannot maintain a wife, if they are willing to live economically, and without reference to the opinion of the world. The great evil is, they are not content to begin life humbly, to retire together into an obscure position, and together work their way into the world—be by industry in his calling, and she by dispensing with prudence the money that he earns. But they must stand out and attract the attention of others by fine houses and fine clothes.

Hospitality in the House of God.—Every church, says an exchange paper, that would prosper, must show proper attention to strangers. It should be seen that they are promptly and courteously provided with seats, and made to feel that they are welcome there. Kind looks should greet them as they come, and follow them as they go. Should they come again, let them meet with the same reception. And should they become constant worshippers there, let them be sought out and visited, not merely by the pastor, but by members of the church and congregation.—Whether rich or poor, they should not be overlooked or neglected. They have claims as strangers, irrespective of all outward distinction. Let us see that they have prompt attention.

Let every man bring the matter home to himself. Suppose you are in a strange place. You go to the house of God on the Sabbath, but are treated as a stranger in the fullest sense of the word. You are not spoken to—you are not seated. We venture to say the occurrence would neither be pleasant nor soon forgotten.

A Muff.—A thing that holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.

The Force of Imagination.

A Lucchese peasant, shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days, but the dog was not to be found; and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from his disappearing, was mad, and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew hourly more violent; he raved, and had all the evidences of the most violent distemper. As he was lying, with the door open, to let in the fast air he was to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to the bedside, licked his hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he, at least, was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head in a basin of water, and thus refreshed, walked into the room to his astonished family. The statement is made in a memoir, by Professor Barbantini; and it is not improbable that many attacks of a disease so strongly dependent upon the imagination might be equally cured by ascertaining the state of the animal by which the bite was given.

Popularity.

There are some people in the community who, chamelion like, take the color of everything they touch, who are so condescending as to coincide with whatever is said or done. They will practice vice with the vicious, advocate virtue with the virtuous, will doubt with the skeptic, and profess a veneration for religion with the pious. If anything is unpopular among the people where they are, it affords them sufficient grounds to reject it, and talk against it. Such persons deservedly lose the confidence of all honest and consistent people. For they at one time advocate opinions which they oppose at another, and profess friendship for those they are with; and then, when they are with others, turn against them. Such persons are like flood trash floating upon the surface of a river, taking every new direction with the current, and unlike those substances which have sufficient weight to sink to the bottom of the stream.—*Herald and Watchman.*

Remarkable Works of Human Labor.

Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 high, with 100 brazon gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 high, and 658 on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles around, and 100 gates. Carthage was 29 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round and contained 359,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of 850,000,000 and Nero carried away 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

To Spoil a Daughter.—1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.

2. Instil into her mind an insane love for dress.

3. Accustom her to so much pleasure abroad that she is never happy at home.

4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.

5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life.

6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.

7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself.

8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid.

9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a moustached bachelor, who is a clerk on a salary of $250 a year.

A Missouri Spurgeon.—During a late revival in the Baptist Church at La Grange, a lad 17 years old, who had acquired some notoriety in the town as a theatrical performer, joined the church and prepared himself for the ministry. He has recently been licensed, and has entered on his clerical duties, and so wonderful are his powers that the whole community are in ecstacies with his efforts. When he preaches the church is crowded; persons from all the country round about flock to hear him, and the oldest veterans declare that they never before listened to such thrilling eloquence. The name of the "boy preacher" is J. B. Fuller.—*St. Louis News.*

☞A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their law-suits.

☞Women are a good deal like French watches—very pretty to look at, but very difficult to regulate when they once take to going wrong.

☞A careful estimate of all the persons of Indian blood indicates that they now number about five millions in all North America.

☞It is said that Mr. Paulsen, the renowned chess-player, has the largest head of any man living.

A Fight in Congress Sixty Years Ago.

The first open fight which occurred in Congress, took place in old "Congress Hall," Philadelphia, on the 15th of February, 1798. The combatants were Matthew Lyon, of Vermont, and Roger Griswold, of Connecticut. What was the precise nature of the difficulty between them, will "more fully appear," probably, on consulting *Niles' Register,* of that day; certain it is, the parties were intensely bitter toward each other, and appear to have "nursed their wrath to keep it warm" for many days.

On the 30th of January, 1798, the two members had high words, when Lyon deliberately spit in Griswold's face. It seems the insult was not resented until the 15th of February ensuing. On this day, Griswold on his way to the Hall, called at the store of John McAllister, 48 Chesnut street, and purchased a heavy cane, and entering the Hall, where he found the members in session, approached Lyon (who was sitting with his back towards him,) and dealt him three heavy blows on the head. Lyon recovered himself at once, and seized a pair of tongs, and between cane and tongs the fight was continued for some minutes. A song of those days, describing the scene, says:

He in a trice struck Lyon thrice,
Upon his head, enrag'd, sir,
Who seized the tongs to ease his wrongs,
And Griswold thus engag'd, sir.

On the day Lyon insulted Griswold, the House appointed a Committee of Investigation. The witnesses were Sam Smith, Brooks, Dana, Hosmer, Coit, Geodrich, and Chipman. What action the committee recommended, does not appear; probably none whatever, and hence Griswold sought his own remedy. The fracas afterwards was also made the subject of investigation, but neither member was expelled. "Mutual explanations" were probably as much in vogue in those days as now.

The Gulf Stream.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its bank and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctively marked, that this line junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea—so sharp is the line and want of affinity between these waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.

☞Sidney Smith says: "It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety. They hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the place which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and good."

Origin of Long Beards or Goatees.—In *Hones' Every-Day Book,* vol. 1, page 367, is the following account amongst the miracles of St. Patrick:

"St. Patrick had a goat; a thief stole it and ate it, and, when accused, denied it; but the goat bleating in the stomach of the thief, proclaimed the merit of St. Patrick; and to increase the miracle, by the sentence of the Saint, all the posterity of the man (thief) were marked with the beard of the goat."

I had always supposed that those who wore goatees did so from choice; but here, from excellent authority, we find they are doomed men, being the descendents of the goat thieves. What a generation we have with us.—*Boston Courier.*

Who Can Beat This?—A young lady in Portsmouth, engaged in gathering a cress, a few evenings ago, took *five hundred and thirty-eight stitches* in *three* minutes, as follows: first minute 176, second minute 176, and third minute 186.—While this may seem almost unreasonable, we *know* it to be a fact, and a fact, too, that establishes the truth that the "Patent Sewing Machines" stand no chance at all in Portsmouth.—*Norfolk Day Book.*

The Irish Immigration.—An Irish paper—the Belfast "Banner"—states that emigration in the present year will be much less than in previous years in consequence of the American distress. In six months, it says, more persons returned from America to Belfast than emigrated from that port during the whole of 1857. At present there are but two vessels ready to sail with passengers for New York and Quebec, while formerly more than twenty left there with emigrants during the same season.

☞An exchange tells of an editor who went soldiering and was chosen captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the orders, "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed, "Cash two dollars a year in advance."

☞Three things to be despised—A brawler in a work-shop; a fool in fine clothes; and a slanderer everywhere.

Major Brown's Coon Story.

"I was down on the creek this morning," said Bill Gates, "and I seed any amount of coon tracts. I think they are a goin' to be powerful plenty this season."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never hern tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If skins is only a good price this season, I'll be worth somethin' in the spring, sure's you live, for I've just got one of the best coon dogs as there is in the State of Illinois."

"You say you never hern tell o' the like o' the coons?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing his tobacco in silence for the last half hour. "Why, you don't know enything 'bout em! If you'd come here forty years ago, as I did, you'd a thought coons plenty! I jist tell you, boys, you could'nt go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thought of pesterin' em much, for their skins worn't worth a darn with us—that is, we could'nt get enough for 'em to pay for skinnin'."

"'I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaned up a big tree to rest. I had'nt much more'n leaned up afore somethin' give me one of the most all-firedest nips about the seat o' my breeches, I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin', for over a hundred yards; when think, sez I, it's no use a runnin,' and I'm snake-bit, but a runnin' won't do no good. So I jest stopt, and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bite, but thar's a blood-blister pinched on me about six inches long.

"Think, sez I, that rether gits me!—What could it have bin? Arter thinkin' about it awhile I concluded to go back and look for the critter jest for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darned the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Directly I sees the split open about half an inch, and then shet up again; then I sees it open and shet, and open and shet, right along as regular as a clock a tickin'.—Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split, but what in the thunder was a makin' it do it? At first I felt orfully scared, and thought it must be something dreadful, and then again I thought it mouten't. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and about a runpin' home and sayin' nothin' about it; and then I thought it coud'nt be enny o' 'em, for I'd never hern tell o' them a pesterin' a feller right in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ancestors riz up in my veins, and told me it 'ud be cowardly to go home, and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let into the tree like blazes, and purty soon it come down and smashed all to flinters; and what do you think? Why it was rammed and jammed plum smack full o' coons, from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so close, that every time they breathed they made the slit open."—*Porter's Spirit.*

The Mesmeriser and the Expressman.

A few years ago, before the railroad companies between Albany and Buffalo had provided the long and comfortable cars now used by the mail agents and Livingston & Wells Express, the messenger of the latter rode in the passenger cars "just like anybody," and of course encountered all sorts of characters.—One of the firm whose love of waggery is well known, happened to be going to Buffalo, and was seated quietly in the car, when his attention was directed to the conversation of two individuals opposite. One of these, it appeared, was a traveling mesmerizer—a regular "professor" of the "science." He was dilating upon its rapid development—the wonderful phenomena it exhibited—its astonishing curative power for disease—the extraordinary discoveries developed through its agency. Finally he got upon his own superiority as a "professor,"—a congenial theme—and here he was at home. After narrating a variety of experiments—some of them astounding, of course—he spoke of the following with a gusto that was irresistible. Said he:

"Last week I was going through one of the streets of this very city—Rochester—and saw a man just ahead, to whom I was anxious to speak. He walked too fast for me to overtake him without running, so I just straightened out my right arm, concentrated my will, make a pass a him—thus—and he stopped quicker than lightning."

"Wh-wh-why, mister, y-y-you don't call that m-m-much of a trick, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I rather flatter myself that it was a pretty strong demonstration."

"W-w-well; it don't h-b-begin with w-what I once did."

"Then you are familiar with the science, sir, I presume?"

"S-s-some."

"Might I inquire what was the case you spoke of."

"Oh, c-c-certainly. Y-y-you see, I h-h-happened to be up here in B-Batavia once in the winter. G-g-going down to the c-c-cars, I saw a m-m-man on t-t-top of a building s-s-shoveling off snow; pretty s-s-soon his foot slipped, and down he came, wh-wh-when he had got about half way down, I j-j-just made a p-p-pass at him, and stopped him quicker than p-p-powder. I c-c-came off without thinking anything m-m-more about it. If yo-yo-you are g-g-going to Batavia, I w-w-wish you would just l-l-let him down, for I p-p-presume he is h-h-hanging there yet."

A Race with a Widow.

Merciful Jehosaphat and big onions, what a time I've had with the widder. We chartered an omnibus for two on Christmas, and started. Widder, said I, where are we go to? She blushed, and said she didn't like to say. I told her she must say.

"Well, Jehuel, if you insist upon it, and I am to have my choice, I had rather go to church."

"What for, widder?" said I.

"Oh, Jehuel, how can you ask me?"

"Cause I want to know," said I.

"Well—(blushing redder than beef)—it is such cool weather now, and the nights are awful cold, and—oh, Jehuel, I can't stand it!"

"Oh, pshaw, widder, spit it out; what do you mean?"

The widow riled. She biled right over like a quart of milk on the fire, and burst out with—

"If you can't understand me, you're a heartless brute, so you are"

"Hold your horses!" said I. "What's all this about? I am not a brute, nor never was; and if a man called me that, I'd boot him sure."

And then biled over, and unbuttoned my coat collar to keep me from bustin' off my buttons. The widder saw I was going to explode, or else collapse my wind pipe, and she flung her arms round my neck, put her lips to mine, and cooled right down.

"Jehuel, dear," said she, in an insinuatin' way, and a voice as sweet as a hand organ, "Jehuel, honey, I want to go to church to get mar—no, I can't say it all, you finish the word, Jehuel, sweet."

"What word, marm?"

"Oh, you stupid Jehuel, dear, I mean word married, love."

"Married, widder!" said I, "did you mean that?"

"Indeed I did, Jehuel, love!"

"Look here, marm, my name isn't Jehuel Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Sweet, I'd have you know. And I wont get married to nobody but one, and you are not the she."

Oh, pewter pennies, but didn't she rave! She made one dash at me; I dodged, and she went butt up against the upper end of the omnibus. Crack went her comb, and smash went that bran new bonnet that I didn't buy for her, and down she went with her face in the straw. But in a moment she rose again, and made one more dash at me. I dropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus. The strap broke and out she went—her gaiter boots higher than her head as she struck the pavement.

"Drive on!" I yelled to the driver.

"Woman overboard!" cried a passing sailor.

"Stop that White Coat—breach of promise—reward—*Herald*—published," shrieked the widder, in tones of mortal agony, while tears of blood streamed from her beautiful pug nose.

"Drive on! drive on!" I shouted.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"To the devil—to Harlaem—to Macomb's Dam—anywhere, so that we escape matrimony and the widder."

He started, so did the widder, and then we did slide; the widder no longer gained, but she held her own beautifully. Thus we had it—out past the Red House—through Harlaem—where Captain Graham attempted to catch us, he probably supposing that we were running away with some bank fund.

My only hope was in reaching Degroot's ahead of her, for I knew they would hide me. We were on the bridge, and, oh, Moses, the draw was up, and a sloop going through. "Driver," said I, "jump that bridge and I'll make your fortune for life, sure as you're born."

"I'll do it or die!" he cried. And he did it. The widder jumped after us, fell into the Harlaem river, and hasn't been heard of since.

A Puzzling "Pome."

Properly punctuated the following nonsense becomes sensible rhyme, and is doubtless as true as it is curious, though as it now stands we admit that it is very curious if true:

I saw a pigeon making bread;
I saw a girl composed of thread;
I saw a towel one mile square;
I saw a meadow in the air;
I saw a rocket walk a mile;
I saw a pony make a file;
I saw a blacksmith in a box;
I saw an orange kill an ox;
I saw a butcher made of steel;
I saw a pen-knife dance a reel;
I saw a tailor twelve foot high;
I saw a ladder in a pie;
I saw an apple fly away;
I saw a sparrow making hay;
I saw a farmer like a dog;
I saw a puppy mixing grog;
I saw three men who saw these too,
And will confirm what I tell you.

Epitaph from Potter's Field, New York.

All you friends that passes by,
Pray give a look, and cast an eye,
And pray for me, for you must die,
As well as Jemmy Jones—that's I.

☞The wisest period in a man's life is between eighteen and twenty-two years; after that his knowingness so falls off that by the time he reaches fifty-five or sixty, he makes up his mind that he is a fool.

☞If you want to gain a woman's affections, don't appeal to her head, but to her feelings. One squeeze of the hand or press of the lips, is worth a dozen speeches. Calico is an institution of touch, not logic.

☞It falleth out with love as it doth with vines; for the young vines bring the most wine, but the old is the best.

☞Whoever heard of a widow committing suicide on account of love? A little experience is very wholesome.

A Veritable Snake Story.

An officer of the army, who served with distinction in the Florida war, was and still is in the habit of delighting the mess table with his reminiscences of scenes which occurred there. On a recent occasion, when snakes, alligators, and other objects of the reptile genus, which flourish so extensively in that garden of the world, became the subject of conversation, he related a circumstance apropos to snakes, which happened to himself. One day, said he, I shouldered my gun, and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying on the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being about forty feet in length, and about a foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before a court of Justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see I had never heard of snakes growing to such a huge dimension, and the fact is, I never should have believed it if I had. Well, he continued, between me and the log, as I took it to be, there was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground right agead of me, and sprang upon it, and lit right on the top of—what do you suppose?

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"An Anaconda."

"No."

"What could it have been?" enquired a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

Good.

This reminds us of an old pulpit anecdote attributed to Rowland Hill.—Two strangers passing the church in which he was preaching, entered, walked up the aisle, and finding no seat, stood for a while and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out.—Before they reached the door the preacher said, "But I will tell you a story."

This arrested the strangers, and they paused, turned again and listened.

"Once there was a man," said the speaker, "who said that if he had all the axes in the world made into one great axe, and all the trees in the world made into one great tree, and he could wield the axe and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whisp to thrash those ungodly men who turn their backs upon the gospel and stop to hear a story."

The strangers thought they had heard enough to satisfy their curiosity, and resumed their walk in the street.

☞A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday scholars, a ploughboy, on the nature of miracles.—"Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" "The mune, please zur." "No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?" "Please zur, I should think it was time to get up."

The Rebuff.—D. Israeli says that "when a man has been *twice* rejected by a female his feelings are somewhat strange." Very likely. We know some who were rejected only once and felt mighty queer about it.

A Model Tenant.—"Jimmy, get some kindling and be makin' a fire."

"Please, sir, I carnt. Mr. O'Brien used the last banister yesterday."

"The banisters gone! Then go on the roof and try the virtue of them shingles."

Exit Sammy.

In a week afterwards. Mr. Murphy wants a reduction of rint—cause why, the floors leak."

☞"I'm glad you like my dress," said a young lady to a gentleman at a late Washington party; "it just cost seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself." Upon which Mrs. Brown, of the *Agitator,* remarks—"When young ladies pride themselves upon the cheapness of their attire, instead of its expensiveness, we shall have fewer broken fathers and husbands."

☞"He who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business." So said Franklin. A cotemporary says: "We have watched these fellows who are early risers, and, as a general thing, they are the first chaps who go to the groceries in the morning. It's all nonsense about the smartest, and greatest, and wisest men being the early risers."

Removal of Judge Loring.—The Senate of Massachusetts has concurred in the address previously adopted by the House, requesting Gov. Banks to remove Judge Loring; and on Saturday the telegraph communicated the fact that the removal has been made. This announcement will be received with regret by all who respect honesty and fidelity to the laws, and will elicit applause from those only whose malice can be appeased by nothing less than the sacrifice of a victim. For executing a law of the United States as its Commissioner he is deprived of his position as Judge of Probate of Suffolk county, Massachusetts.

☞"My son, how could you ever marry an Irish girl?"

"Why, father, I am not able to keep two women. If I had married a Yankee girl, I'd have been obliged to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

☞The mold on decayed fruit, stale bread, moist wood, &c., is shown by the microscope to be plants, bearing leaves, flowers, and seeds, and increasing with incredible rapidity, for in a few hours the seeds spring up, arrive at maturity, and bring forth seeds themselves, so that many generations are perfected in a day.

☞The onion is a superior disinfectant. Two or three good-sized ones, cut in halves, and placed on a plate on the floor, absorb the noxious effluvia, &c., which are generated in the sick room, in an incredibly short space of time—They should be changed every few (say six) hours.

☞It is calculated that there are no less than twenty-eight [illegible] on the surface of the [illegible] which water will [illegible] perspiration.