The Compiler.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

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

43d Year. GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOV. 19, 1860. No. 7.

TERMS.

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JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wamplers' Tinning Establishment —"COMPILER PRINTING OFFICE" on the sign.

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REFERENCES.

Prof. Nathan R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., Baltimore Md.
Dr. J. L. Warfield, Westminster, Md.
Dr. W. A. Mathias, " "
Jacob Reese, Esq., " "
John K. Longwell, Esq., " "
Geo. E. Wampler, Esq., " "
Rev. Thomas Bowen, Gettysburg.

Oct. 25, 1858. 6m

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. REFERENCES: Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stæver.

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

Merchants' Hotel,

46 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

C. M'KIBBIN & SON, Proprietors.

April 2, 1860. 1y*

Lime Factory

IN GETTYSBURG!—ATTENTION, FARMERS!—The undersigned would most respectfully inform the public in general, and the farming community in particular, that they have erected two spacious LIME KILNS, at the corner of Stratton street and the Railroad, and are now burning, and will continue to burn, large quantities of the BEST LIME, which they will dispose of at the lowest living rates. Farmers and others are invited to give them a call. By supplying a good article, which they expect always to do, they cannot fail to give satisfaction. McCURDY & CRASS.

Aug. 20, 1860. tf

New Fall and Winter

CLOTHING, for Men and Boys, with every article of wearing apparel in that line, together with Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Sacks, Double Barrel Guns and Pistols, Revolvers, and a splendid article of the improved and celebrated Colt's Revolver, with all the necessary fixtures to it. Buffalo Robes and Over Shoes, India Rubber Over Coats and Leggings, Hosiery, &c., Guitars, Fiddles, Flutes, and Fifes, Jewelry and Watches; together with many other useful articles, all of which will sold VERY CHEAP. You ask where? Why, at SAMSON'S, where every one can buy good and cheap goods. *That's the spot.* The old County Building, N. E. Corner of the Diamond

Gettysburg, Oct. 15, 1860.

Furs! Furs! Furs!

LADIES' FANCY FUR EMPORIUM.—FAREIRA & THOMPSON, Old Stand, No. 818 Market Street, above Eighth, south side, Philadelphia. We beg leave to call the attention of the Ladies, to our large and varied stock of LADIES' & CHILDREN'S FANCY FURS.

Having had great experience, and enjoying peculiar facilities in the selection of Furs, we confidently offer our new stock to the inspection of the ladies, feeling assured that they will decide with us, in its being unrivalled for beauty and variety, consisting as it does, of every description of American and European Furs, manufactured in the latest and most approved styles. Capes, Talmas, Victorines, Cloaks, Muffs, Cuffs—embracing Sable, Mink, Stone Martin, German Fitch, Siberian Squirrel, French Sable, French Squirrel, American Fitch, and Silver Martin.

☞Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to us, we hope to merit a continuance of the same, by furnishing a good article at the lowest Cash prices.

FAREIRA & THOMPSON,
No. 818 Market street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—OLD FURS altered to fashionable styles. [Oct. 6, 1860. 3m

Second Arrival

THIS FALL.—*Larger Stock than Ever!*—JACOBS & BRO. have just received their second purchase of Fall and Winter Goods, which they offer cheaper than ever, having bought at the most favorable rates. They ask the public to call in and see their large assortment, convinced that every taste can be gratified. Their CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, Cassinets, Cords, Jeans, &c., cannot be excelled for variety, and then the low prices at which they are offered are really astonishing. Goods made up at the shortest notice, in the latest styles, and at as reasonable rates as can be expected. Their establishment is in Chambersburg street, a few doors below Buehler's Drug Store. [Oct. 15, 1860.

☞CALL at TYSON & BRO'S gallery of Photography and examine their specimens of fine Art, Gettysburg, Pa.

☞Those who want to buy the finest and best fitting Ladies' Gaiters, Ladies Mor. Boots, Gents' calf and kip Boots, Infants' and Youths' Shoes, call at

McILHENY'S.

The Muse.

THE RAINBOW.

Emblem of happiness!
Where is thy dwelling-place?
Where dost thou wander, and why art thou here?
Dost thou exultingly
Spread thy broad canopy,
Calming the spirits of mortals that fear?

Where is thy origin?
Is it from forests green,
Where nature doth smile in the beauty of Spring?
No: my glories I borrow not
From mountain or cooling grot—
From a hand far more worthy my lustre I bring.

From whence dost thou come then?
From a cavern or woody glen,
Where the dark waters dash o'er the rocks sublime?
No: not from a dismal den,
Not from a gloomy glen—
I came from the hand of a power most Divine.

Thou smile of thy Maker's face!
Thou *cloud* is *thy* dwelling-place,
The dark cloud that threatens a deluge of rain;
But encircling the lowering brow,
On trembling man smiling now,
Bid'st peace and tranquility ever remain.

SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfil,
And bear, in seed, the flowers and fruit,
Of actions good or ill.

LITTLE ANGELS.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many an empty bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light are fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

Story Book.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

In the far-off Golden Age, which historians allude to and poets describe—in the beautiful valley of a small river which empties into the Caspian Sea, where ross bloomed in a perpetual spring-time, where all sweet flowers filled the air with fragrance, and all the melodious birds with song—was gathered one of those happy groups of families into which mankind were divided in the first stages after the deluge; before there were cities, kingdoms, wars, and splendors and vices and cruelties of more advanced civilization.

The Vale of Roses glowed like a new paradise. The mountains, whose glittering peaks were like a jeweled crown, surrounded the valley, and shielded it from the cold blasts of the Siberian wilds. Silver cascades dashed down the precipices, through evergreen trees, flowering shrubs, and long, pendant vines. The emerald green sward that sloped down to the river was bespangled with a thousand gay and odorous flowers; red strawberries gleamed through the grass; the clumps of shrubbery were filled with delicious berries; and grape vines loaded the trees with purple clusters. The choicest fruit grew spontaneously, and the upland terraces were covered with wheat and barley, sowed by the lavish hands of Nature, for the food of man.

In this delightful scene were scattered groups of rustic cottages—small, simple, rude in structure, but so embowered with foliage and surrounded with spreading trees, and so in harmony with the landscape, that each cluster was a new picture of delight. Herds of cattle were in the meadows, horses neighed in the rich pastures, and flocks of sheep and goats gave beauty and admiration to the land-scape. These were attended by shepherds and shepherdesses, dressed in simple but graceful robes, and crowned with flowers. With the lowing and bleating of the herds, the softened roar of the distant cascades, the murmur of the summer breeze, the hum of bees, were mingled the melodies of rude shepherds' pipes, and choruses of happy children at play.—The old people—their venerable heads covered with silver locks—sat in the shade of spreading trees, talking together of the days of their youth, or relating the tradition of their ancestors, and the events of their own early days, to the young people who gathered around them, full of affection and reverence.

In this happy village of the almost forgotten past, the wisest governed by his counsels, and the most beautiful was queen.—Where all were lovely as perfect health, freedom from care, and innocence could make them, Tamar was the most beautiful, as her grandfather, Olm, was esteemed most sage. The mother of Tamar, who, in her youth, had held the place now held by her daughter, was esteemed for her virtue and wisdom, as much as she had ever been admired for her loveliness. The beautiful Tamar was beloved by all—old and young. As she wandered along the romantic banks of the river, in the dewy morning, the blue firmament, with its embroidery of silver clouds, seemed but her canopy; the trees and shrubs nodded their homage; the flowers sent up their incense of perfume; the birds warbled their melodies for her delight; the very flocks stopped grazing to look at her; the horses neighed at her as she drew near them; sweet-eyed gazelles approached her without fear. In this harmony of nature she walked—its queen—robed in lustrous white, and crowned with choicest flowers.

Among all the youths who admired fair Tamar, two of the worthiest aspired to favor of her love. Arnette was one of the bravest as well as one of the noblest youths of the valley. No foot was swifter in the race—no arm stronger in the flood. He could climb the precipices with the mountain goat; his arrow pierced the heart of the spotted leopard or the fierce wolf that came to prey on the flocks of the valley.

His cousin Jaleph was scarcely inferior to him in manly sports. They had grown up together, and loved each other like brothers. Arnette was dark—Jaleph fair. Arnette's black, clustering locks were like the raven's wing; Jaleph's shone like the golden sunshine on the sea. Arnette's dark eyes flashed out their fire under his deep brows; Jaleph's reflected the hues of the cerulean heavens.

Both were brave, and strong, and heroic. If Arnette had more strength and dignity, Jaleph had more skill and grace. One was statelier in his walk; the other more aerial in the dance.

Both loved Tamar. In a thousand ways each told his love. Arnette presented her with a gorgeous plume of the bird of paradise. Jaleph wove for her a garland of matchless beauty, made of shells and flowers. Arnette trained for her a horse fleet as the antelope; Jaleph learned to play the melodies which filled her innocent slumber with enchanting dreams.

So beloved, Tamar was very happy. No one could tell which swain she favored.—Had each one been her brother, she could not have been more kind. The aged people, who loved all their children, looked on and shook their heads; for they saw that this must end, and they feared that it might end in sorrow.

The time came when Tamar also saw and felt the noble cousins loved her with more than brotherly love. Arnette, the more impetuous, first declared his passion.

"Tamar," he said, "beautiful Tamar, I love thee!"

"Dear Arnette!" breathed from the open heart of the innocent maiden.

"Wilt thou be mine?"

Her lovely face, which had been radiant with happiness was clouded now with doubt and perplexity. Arnette saw, and asked again, in deep, subdued tones, "O beautiful one, wilt thou be mine?"

The queenly girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Jaleph that moment came upon them, holding in his hand an offering of flowers. He stopped a moment in surprise at the dark brow of Arnette, and the tearful distress of his beloved Tamar. He grew pale, as his heart told him the decisive hour had come.

With frankness that belonged to the age of heroic innocence—before centuries of selfishness, rapacity, poverty, and crime had marred the bodies and deformed the souls of men—he held out one hand to his rival, and the other to the beautiful one they both adorned.

"I, too, love you, beautiful Tamar!" said the youth with the blue eyes and golden hair. "God of our fathers, witness my deep love! here we stand! Choose between us!"

A pang shot through the heart of each; but they stood; each nobly resigned to the fate that awaited him.

Tamar looked on each. So long had she loved both, with the pure love of saintly maidenhood, that the deeper love now proffered only perplexed and distressed her. How could she take herself from either?—How hurt one, when both were so dear?

"Arnette! Jaleph! why ask me to choose? Are we not happy? so let us remain."

The young men looked in each other's saddened eyes, and each one felt that it could be so no longer. The happy time had passed.

As the group stood, hand in hand, in the glow of the sunset, the mother of Tamar came, in her sweet, matronly dignity, to greet them.

"What is it, my children?" she asked, in alarm, as she saw their sorrowful faces and her daughter's falling tears.

"Dear mother!" cried Tamar, "how can I choose between those I love?"

The mother smiled; but the smile was not free from sadness.

"My daughter," she replied, "there must be one whom we love above all others."

"Mother, mother!" said the poor girl, as she buried her face in her bosom; "both have been so kind, so noble, so loving to me all my life, how can I hurt one or the other?"

Again the sad smile.

"Come with me, my daughter; you, my children, go. In seven days Tamar shall answer you."

They kissed the mother's hand held out to them. They looked tenderly at that weeping girl, and walked away hand in hand. There was no rancor or jealousy in their noble hearts. It is true that each one felt the happiness of his life was at stake.—To fight for the possession of the object of their love, however, was a mode of settling their rival pretensions left to the darkness and ferocity of succeeding ages, when the earth should be stained with crime and blood.

Arnette and Jaleph were together, as ever, in their light labors and their manly pastimes. Two days had passed, and they were swimming in the river. Whether exhausted by exercise, or weakened by emotion, Jaleph could not swim with his usual strength. Soon his golden locks were seen to sink beneath the waves. His sinewy arms grew powerless. A cry from the shore alarmed Arnette. He looked for his cousin, and the next moment plunged beneath the surface. In a few moments he bore him to the shore, where he soon recovered.

Again they were hunting the leopard in the mountains. Jaleph fell, and the wild beast sprang upon him. The lance of Arnette pierced the fierce animal's heart and saved his rival from death.

The seventh day approached. Neither had spoken to Tamar. They had but seen her at a distance. Each had refrained from every offering or sign of love. Their loyal hearts would not permit them to take advantage of each other.

On the eve of the seventh day, they met in the assembly that gathered to prepare the morrow's festival.

Tamar had decided. Her heart, questioned in solicitude, declared for the golden-haired musician. But her love and pity for Arnette, her appreciation of his noble qualities, and her thankfulness to him for twice saving the life of her chosen one, made her look at him with such a glow of admiration and gratitude, that Jaleph's heart sank with him. He went forth and wept.

It seemed plain to him that the question of his life was decided. He would not wait for the morrow. Revealing his plan to one faithful friend he went forth into darkness, and bade adieu to the happy valley.

When the morrow came, Arnette repaired to the lovely cottage of Tamar. She was pale, but more than ever beautiful. As she saw Arnette, she looked around anxiously for his cousin. She grew paler as he came not, and was nowhere to be seen. It was the appointed hour. Arnette, too, looked round, with visible concern.

"Arnette," said the mother, "my daughter has decided. She will give her hand to him her heart had chosen. But where is Jaleph?"

"I know not."

"You know not? He should be here.—What has become of him? Where is he?"

"Alas! I know not!" said the heroic youth, grieved to the heart with the suspicion which these quick questions conveyed.

"Mother!" cried the pale and trembling girl, "be not unjust to Arnette. Twice has he saved the life of Jaleph since we last met."

The confidant of Jaleph came and whispered to Tamar that her lover had gone. The rose that had left her cheeks now fled from her lips; she sank faintingly on the flowery sod.

"What is that?" cried Arnette.

He was told that Jaleph had fled, and why. And he knew, all too well, that he who had fled from his fate dispairingly was the chosen love of the beautiful Tamar, now lying in her mother's arms.

Arnette knelt down by her side, pressed his lips upon her lovely forehead, and said to her mother: "I will bring him to her or never see her more!"

In a week from that day the brave Arnette led his cousin to the cottage of Tamar, and placing their hands together, said, "Take him, Tamar; he is thine! He fled, that I might be happy; I have found him, that thou mayst be happy with him thou lovest. Let me be the brother of both."

The arms of both were twined around him. Who shall say that he was less happy in his generous self-sacrifice than they in their mutual love?

The Golden Age lives in dim traditions and poetic dreams. It lives, also, in every heart that is generous and noble. He who can love without selfishness is a hero of the GOLDEN AGE.

Miscellaneous.

The Bottom of the Ocean—Interesting Revelations of a Diver.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hayti:

The banks of coral on which my divings were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet while submerged, with little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean in many places on these banks is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in diameter. The tops of the more lofty support a myriad of pyramidical pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through those into the deep, winding avenues, he feels that they fill him with as deep an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the coral, where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

Fanny Fern's "Axe" of a Husband.—A lady having remarked that *axe* is the most delicious feeling that a wife can hold toward her husband, Fanny Fern thus comments:

"Axe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have tied, whose shirt you have put in the wash, whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing-gown you have worn while combing your hair, who has been down in the kitchen with you at 11 o'clock at night to hunt for a chicken bone, who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied your bonnet; who has stood before your looking-glass with thumb and finger on proboscis, scratching his chin; whom you have bantered and teased; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open; ridiculous!"

Small Farms and Plenty of Manure.—H. P. Sloan, in the Rockford *Register*, talks right to the point, as follows:

If a farmer has but forty or eighty acres to cultivate, and has a stock-yard or barn, to which he draws all his grain to thrash, and there lets his stock live through the winter, converting all his straw into manure, he can make manure enough to keep the forty or eighty acres in a good condition for growing good crops from generation to generation. Also, a small farm thus managed is much more profitable, in proportion to a large farm managed in the usual way. There are fewer acres to pay taxes upon; there is less fencing to make and keep in repair, leaving the owner much less expense, and a greater profit, according to the capital invested and expended.

Bite of a Rattlesnake Cured in Two Hours.—The Petersburg *Express* publishes the following from a reliable correspondent: A carpenter, while engaged, recently, in pulling down an old house, and in removing some of the rotten timbers near the ground, was bitten by a rattlesnake. In a few moments his finger was swollen to four times its natural size, and a red streak commenced running up his hand and wrist. A deadly languor came upon him, and his vision grew dim, clearly indicating that the subtle poison that was coursing his veins was rapidly approaching the citadel of life. But a remedy was tried, merely by way of experiment, which, to the surprise of all present, acted like a charm, the component parts of which were onion, tobacco and salt, of equal parts, made into a poultice and applied to the wound, and at the same time a cord was bound tightly about the wrist. In two hours afterwards he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work. I knew an old negro who cured a boy that had been bitten by a mad dog, by the same application.

☞Thanksgiving, November 29th.

Robert Fulton, the Inventor.

Among other anecdotes of the first experiments of Robert Fulton, the following has been lately sent us; it was first published in the *Commercial Advertiser* of Sept. 6th, 1850:

Some twenty years since, more or less—for I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed a traveling acquaintance upon a steamboat on the Hudson river with a gentleman, who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany, in his steamboat the *Clermont*, which I had never met with elsewhere.—The gentleman's name I have lost; but I urged him at the time to publish what he related, which, however, so far as I know, he has never done. I have several times related the facts as they where told me, and have often been requested to secure them from oblivion, by giving them to the press.

"I chanced," said my narrator, "to be at Albany, on business, when Fulton arrived there in his unheard of craft, which everybody felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that his craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board, and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and I there found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York in this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have a passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

"I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount, in coin, I laid in his open hand, and with his eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him. "Is that right, sir?" This roused him as from a reverie, and as he looked up at me the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, "Excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor, even for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so."

The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident.

A Heart Worth Having.

A young printer, of this city, fell in love with a beautiful girl who had the misfortune to be rich. He essayed to attract her attention, but who ever heard of a pretty rich girl falling very deeply in love with a poor printer? Despairing, he started for California—that land of refuge for broken fortunes and wounded hearts. This was in the year 1850, when San Francisco was a village and wanted printers more than at present. The boy quickly became a man there; and embarking in the printing business, soon found himself the proprietor of an establishment from which sprang, in due time, a weekly paper, ere long to be followed by a daily. His journal and his fortunes flourished amazingly, and he returned to New York in 1854, with the avowed purpose of buying a six-cylinder press, but, with the unavowed purpose of locking up a lovely form in his new golden chases. Alas, for human hopes! The maiden was wedded and the mother of two children. The printer bought his presses and returned to California—a sadder, not a wiser man. Years progressed and he prospered. One day a lady visited his editorial rooms to lay her modest contribution on his table in hopes of getting some remuneration for it. Her story was told briefly—her husband had come to mend his fortunes in the land of gold, and had died, and she was left very poor, with her two children to support.—The editor looked at the lady a moment—then handed her a doubloon. The astonished woman essayed to utter thanks, but was waved away. To shorten the story, the lady was his early love, and—he married her, sold out his establishment, returned to New York, and is now enjoying as much felicity on the banks of the Hudson as it falls to the lot of few printers even to conceive.—*Springfield Republican.*

Kissing the Handsomest Girls.

A distinguished candidate for an office of high trust in a certain State, who is "up to a thing or two," and has a keen appreciation of live beauty, when about to set off on an electioneering tour recently, said to his wife, who was to accompany him for prudential reasons:

"My dear, inasmuch as this election is complicated, and the canvass will be close, I am anxious to leave nothing undone that would promote my popularity, and so I have thought it would be a good plan for me to kiss a number of the handsomest girls in every place where I may be honored with a public reception. Don't you think it would be a good idea?"

"Capital!" exclaimed the devoted wife, "and to make your election a sure thing, while you are kissing the handsomest girls, I will kiss an equal number of the handsomest young men!"

The distinguished candidate, we believe, has not since referred to this pleasing means of popularity.

How a Negro Came to Steal Turkeys.—A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft: "You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master. "No, I didn't, massa," responded Dick.—The master persisted, however. "Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa, I didn't steal dem turkeys; but last night, when I went across Mr. Jones' pasture, I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and, confound it, when I come to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail!"

☞"Tom, what's monomany?" "Why, you see, Dick, when a poor man steals it is called larceny; but when it's a rich 'un, the jury says it's monomany, and can't help it; that's it."

☞Why is it that Louis Napoleon cannot insure his life? Because no one can be found to make out his policy.

☞A bachelor editor who had a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor equally fortunate, "please exchange."

Jake Willard and the Blind Horse—A Laughable Story.

The Mobile *Register* is responsible for the following mirth-provoking incident:

For twenty-three years, old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow.—His route led him through an old worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, an ill wind lifted Jake's "tile" from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately sat about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself or some other wicked spirit put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the horse, and unbuckling the bell-strap, approached with slow measured "ting-a-ling" the edge of the well.

"G——d dang that old blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a-comin' this way sure, and ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball!"

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that "Ball" wouldn't *whoa*. Besides Jake was at the bottom, resting, before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem," said he, "the old cuss will be a-top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. *Whoa!* G——d dang you, *whoa!*"

Just then, Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now, whoa! Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a, Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a, now! Oh! Lord, have mercy on me!"

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

Walking a Raft.

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timbers which the hand of man hath hewn." So he got on at the lower end, and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he got started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river, it walked down, both traveling at the same rate.—When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near ashore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed, and walked straight into the bar-room he'd come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steadily in the face, and settled it in his own way.

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile, and a corresponding circus bill, a mile from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

"And, publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of man and horse, any whisky of the same kind of that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said, that from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same he had.

They took drinks, when the stranger said, "Publican, that twin brother of your's is a fine young man—a very fine man, indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria!"

"And what's that?" asked the todd-sticker.

"It's when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lyin'. When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life to was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to t'ail from his door to your's. Now, I know my time, an' I'm just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for *that* than any man you ever *did* see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injin gun if I've been moren' ten minutes coming here, steppin' over the blamed logs at that."

☞"Mr. Brown, you said the defendant was honest and intelligent. What makes you think so—are you acquainted with him?"

"No, sir, I never saw him."

"Why then do you come to such a conclusion?"

"'Cause, *he takes ten newspapers and pays for them in advance.*"

☞A Constable pursued a thief who took refuge on a stump in a swamp, and pulled the rail after him on which he went in. The constable made the following return:—"Sightable—conversable—non est—comatable—in swampum—up stumpum—railo."

☞Picture of despair—a poor pig with its nose through a garden fence, almost touching a cabbage stalk.

☞"Ask your purse what thou should'st buy." We asked ours, the other day, what we should buy, but echo most perversely didn't answer "buy" at all.

Rough Beginning of the Honeymoon.

On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer, in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl—a tall, gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, in one corner of the parlor and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly the while. Then the tall female would "put her foot down" and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner, but he would no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what this meant by about nine o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly-married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people at the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing and kicking against the door of the room, and the newly married man mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband in his gentleman Greek Slave apparrel.

It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same room with the newly-wedded pair, that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and was now indignantly repudiating the contract.

"Won't you go away, now, Susan, peaceful?" said the newly-married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I wont—so there."

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within the room.

"Now, now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go to cutting up in this way; now dont!"

"I'll cut up's much's I wanter!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open, and stalking out among the crowd, "well, jest you two wimmin put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, *and I'll marry the whole darned caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!*"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the sensation.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

☞A country girl whose sisters had married badly was about to take the noose herself.

"How dare you get married," asked a cousin of hers, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?"

The young girl replied with spirit:

"I choose to make a trial myself. Did you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose, gets it scalded, and then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose and stands squealing in the same manner. The third follows suit, and he squeals too. But still it makes no difference with those behind. They never take warning of those before; but all in turn thrust in their noses, just as if they hadn't got burnt or squealed at all. So it is with girls in regard to matrimony—and now, cousin, I hope you are satisfied."

☞An ingenious attorney, who always made it a point to get the case, was applied to by a man who had stolen some pork, to defend him. Accordingly, in his usual inventive way, he ruined the principal evidence on which the plaintiff relied, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. After the verdict was declared, as the fellow was leaving the court house, he whispered to his attorney thus: "Squire, what shall I do with the pork, for I have got it yet?"—"Eat it," replied the lawyer, "for the jury said you did not steal it."

☞A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained? "Why, sah," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on de fence tree nights, so dis mornin' I seize him for de rent ob de fence."

The Stars and Stripes.—Washington seems to have been the inventor of the thirteen stripes signifying the union of thirteen colonies. This flag was raised in January, 1776, and was confirmed by Congress in 1777, with the addition of thirteen stars on a blue field. On the 4th of April, 1813, it was enacted by Congress that the United States flag should consist of thirteen stripes, alternately white and red, with twenty stars, white on blue field, and that one star should be added for every new State, the addition to be made on the 4th of July following the admission of each State.

Bad Luck and Good Luck.—Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how *it* will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck with his sleeves rolled up and working to make *it* come right.

Infidelity and Shooting.—A planter on Black River, Louisiana, who had a very handsome Creole wife, recently employed a young Kentuckian as an overseer. Having reason to suspect some lurking design on the part of the overseer, he watched him and discovered his wife in his embraces. The planter got a double-barreled shot gun, and, seeing the gay Lothario coming out of his wife's room kissing her, he blazed away at the Kentuckian, killing him on the spot. He leveled the other barrel at the guilty woman, but missed, and she made good her escape.

Growth of Pennsylvania.—The Philadelphia *American* estimates that the present census will show an increase in population of eight or nine hundred thousand, and that the total population will be not far from three millions.

Five Thousand Bushels of Wheat on One Farm.—The Monks of La Trappe, at Malleray, near Dubuque, have raised upward of five thousand bushels of wheat on their farm this year. This is but one item, and not the largest of their products.

☞Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany coffin.

☞The swiftest horse ever known was "Flying Childers." He performed four miles and three hundred and eighty yards in seven minutes and a half, which is at the rate of over thirty-three miles per hour.

☞Mrs. Burdell Cunningham was married but a few months since, in California, and her new husband, it is said, has already left her a widow.

☞We must not undervalue physicians. Perhaps the fabric of society would fall without them. They are its *pillers.*

☞A punster passing by the shop of Mr. Taswell, observed that his name would be spelt As-well without the T.

☞In Warren county, N. C., a man is now residing whose mother was sixty years old at the time of his birth.

☞A Welsh paper recently contained the following in its notices to correspondents: "Truth is crowded out of our columns this week."