

Terms of Publication.

THE WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN, Office in Sayers' building, east of the Court House, is published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$3 50 if not paid within the year. All subscription accounts must be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Terms of Advertising

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1 50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cents per square for each additional insertion; ten lines or less counted as a square. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. A liberal deduction made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. Job printing of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors; Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., or every variety and style printed in the shortest notice. The REPUBLICAN'S OFFICE has just been re-fitted, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Poetry.

TOAST FOR LABOR.

Here's to the man with horny hands, Who tugs the breathing bellows; Where anvil ring in every land, He's loved by all good fellows. And here's to him who goes afield, And through the globe is ploughing. Or with stout arm the axe doth wield, While ancient oaks are bowing. Here's to the deliver in the mine, The sailor on the ocean. With those of every craft and line, Who work with true devotion. Our love for her who toils in gloom, Where cranks and wheels are creaking; Bereft she is of nature's bloom, Yet God in patience thinking. A curse for him who sneers at toil, And shuns his share of labor; The knave who robs his native soil While leaning on his labor. Here may this truth be taught on earth, Grow more and more in favor: There is no wealth but owns its worth To handicraft and labor. Then pledge the founders of our wealth, The builders of our nation; We know their worth, now to their health Drink we with acclamation!

TALE OF LOVE!

Two maids were walking in the grove, (They both were growing old), The one to tell a tale of love, The other to be told. "He is not rich," the elder said, "Nor handsome, nor high-born; The man whom I propose to wed, Most other girls would scorn."

Select Reading.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER. In the days of the good old colony of Virginia, the distinctions of rich and poor were based upon laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devout followers of this code, was a wealthy planter, living in what is known as the Northern Neck. He was in all respects, a frank, openhearted, manly gentleman; but his estimate of his fellow men was founded upon the principle that governed his selection of horses—BLOOD. Wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant feature with him. He had our human weakness, and, like all of us, was influenced more than he ever believed, by pounds, shillings and pence.

There were in the country at this time a young man who was already rising high in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of good family, but was, as yet, a poor young surveyor, who had spent much of his time in traversing unknown forests, with nothing but his compass for guide, and his chain for his companion, locating land and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in all the varied feats of strength in which the old-time Americans took such pride. He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all that knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked. Mr. G— seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was heartily given, and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G— a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence; so frequently, indeed, that Mrs. G— felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unreserved intercourse with their daughter. The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor, or to blind her to her duty to her family. Nevertheless Mary G— was not so fully impressed with this conviction of duty as was her father. She found more to admire in the poor surveyor than in all her wealthy and aristocratic suitors; and, almost before she knew it, her heart passed out of her keeping, and was given to him. She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart; and she would have thought it a happiness to go out with him to the backwoods and share his fortunes and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they might bring to her. Nor did she love in vain. The young man, whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so great, had not then learned to consider binding the distinctions which society drew between his position and that of a lady.

He knew that in all that makes a man in integrity and honesty of purpose, he was the equal of any one. He believed that, except in wealth, he stood upon a perfect equality with Mary G—, and loved her honestly and manfully, and no sooner had he satisfied himself upon the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion, simply and truthfully, and received from the lady's lips the assurance that she loved him dearly.

Scorning to occupy a doubtful position, or to cause the young lady to conceal aught from her parents, the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G— for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal. He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful and insolent upstart. "My daughter has always been accustomed to riding in her own carriage," he said. "Who are you, sir?" "A gentleman, sir," replied the young man, quietly; and he left the house.

The lovers were parted. The lady married soon after, a wealthy planter, and the young man went out again into the world, to battle with his heart and conquer his unhappy passions. He succeeded it; but although he afterwards married a woman whom he loved honestly and truthfully, and who was worthy of his love, he never was wholly dead to his first love.

The time passed on, and the young man began to reap the reward of his labors. He had never been to the house of Mr. G— since his cruel repulse by the planter; but the latter could not forget him, as his name soon became familiar in every Virginia household. Higher and higher he rose every day, until he gained a position from which he could look upon the proud planter. Wealth came to him, too. When the great struggle for independence dawned, and he was in his prime, a happy husband, and one of the most distinguished men in America. The struggle went on, and soon the "poor surveyor" held the highest and proudest position in the land.

When the American army passed in triumph through the streets of Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the officer riding at the head of the column chanced to glance up at one of the neighboring balconies, which was crowded with ladies. Recognizing one of them he raised his hat and bowed profoundly. There was a commotion on the balcony, and some one wanted water, saying Mrs. Lee had fainted. Turning to a young man who rode near him, the officer said gravely: "Henry, I fear your mother has fainted. You had better leave the column, and go to her."

The speaker was George Washington, once the "poor surveyor," but then Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. The young man was Colonel Henry Lee, the commander of the famous "Light Cavalry Legion;" the lady was his mother, and formerly Miss G—, the belle of the "Northern Neck."

"MARK TWAIN" describes as follows the personnel of the Imperial family of Russia: "The Emperor had on a white cloth cap, and white cloth coat and pantaloons, all of questionable fineness. The Empress and her daughter wore simple suits of foul, with a little blue spot in it, blue trimmings, and crooked straw hats trimmed with blue velvet, linen collars, clerical neck ties of muslin, blue sashes, flesh-colored gloves, parasols—lady readers will take due notice. The exceeding simplicity of these dresses would insure them against creating a sensation in Broadway. The little Grand Duke wore a red calico blouse and a straw hat, and had his pataleons tucked into boots. Simplicity of costume and king's staidness of manner cannot go very well together, and I was curious to see how the imperial party would act. They acted as if they had never been used to anything finer. They were as free from any semblance of pride or haughtiness as if their house had always been a village inn."

A BURGLAR named Frank Riley was arrested in Chicago, a few days ago, for the crime of breaking open a safe in Louisville, Kentucky, and taking therefrom the sum of forty-six thousand dollars. Among the effects found on his person by the officers of justice was the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, } Washington, D. C., Dec. 13, 1866. } "Henry A. Smythe, Collector of Customs, New York: "Sir—This will introduce to your favorable consideration Frank Riley, of New York City, with whose character I became acquainted in Tennessee, and whom I commend to you as worthy of a suitable appointment under you. "With great respect, very truly yours, ANDREW JOHNSON."

This document was in a very dilapidated condition, arising from constant use, as Mr. Riley informed the officers of the "sole her system."

AN OVERGROWN BOY.

Henry Ward Beecher is never so great as when you see him among men, or we might say, perhaps, among children. He never left off being a boy. There is something so honest, noble and childlike in his great square-jawed social utterances, that in that sphere he is perfectly irresistible. So powerful is this influence become that the whole city of Brooklyn, and to a considerable extent the whole nation, is affected by his social example. The narrow, contemptible mannerism that characterizes the people affecting Churchianity, the Miss Nancyish ways of too many, even of our clergy, the pompous airs, exquisite snobbishness, pious propriety, and severely orate methods of speech and writing commonly supposed to give evidences of refinement and taste, the great thundersweep away with one blast of his trumpet of truth.

Mr. Beecher has taught the world that to be saints men need not be hypocrites, and to love the beautiful, one need not be a sap-head. Culture may kill out a man's naturalness, and leave only mere airs. Beaa Brunnel and Beecher are forever at war. Oh, how disdainfully Aramiata Soprannisa Rosewater invents and elevates her prosobias at the mention of some characteristic "Beecherism" of the Brooklyn Beavers. "Did Mr. Beecher actually play ugly mug, and stir the pudding at a social gathering?" said one of these ancient maiden saints to us a few days since. "It is positively horrid." It is a characteristic of men who love truth supremely that persons have but little influence over them. God makes a truly wise man so simple and unpretending that men never look into the manger for the King of the kingdom coming. Yet it is here that we find our King. "A little child shall lead them." The child is the model for Christians to follow and frame their characters by. So does Mr. Beecher. So do not the great, the grand, and those filled with pomp and show. Visit Brooklyn, and you shall see a man as brown as a Western farmer, with a perfect tumble of hair, falling all over shoulders as broad as a blacksmith's. His gait is rapid, abrupt and blunt. He rolls as he walks like a Cape Cod shipmaster. He wears a rough sack coat, pepper and salt perhaps, breeches, wide, roomy, and better fitting than the pants on Webster's statue in front of the State House in Boston. He swings his arms as he gets over the ground, ever and anon lifting his hat and smoothing back his hair over his massive forehead. His features are coarse, his skin as rough and ruddy as a Jack Tar's, and his whole air that of a man overflowing with human nature. "How are you?" is his greeting as he meets you—no mannerism hand-shaking or French airs; he passes right on unless you have business. Then if you hem or haw, or hesitate or don't come right to the point, ten chances to one if he does not take French leave at once, and leave you to meditate upon the abruptness of the wonderful man.

In short, Mr. Beecher has no nonsense in his make up. He is filled with good sense, and woe be to Mr. Diplomacy if he crosses his path with his endless circumlocutions. He crashes right in on your forms of propriety, your airs and distinguished considerations. We once saw him beset by a committee—it must have been sent to extend thanks and distinguished consideration for his great services in behalf of our country while in England. There were kid gloves of course. There was a perfect puff of patchouly from silk handkerchiefs and court dresses, and diamonds in a shower, and all that. Then the French etiquette, the preliminaries, the coming to the point, the craven manner, the bowings, nonsense, hypocrisy, gentility, in short, refinement of the poor creatures, bewildered the poor man so that when at last he shut them off with an abrupt grunt, not even saying good evening, we thought he breathed again as one gasping for fresh air. This is the Americanism of our times and country. He is religiously and politically an embodiment of our future Church and State. As the prophet of the coming kingdom, he heralds in what his whole life will yet exemplify. No man of this nation is to impress upon the nation his character more than Henry Ward Beecher.

Franklin stamped his spirit of economy upon our American boys, but Mr. Beecher will stamp his whole soul upon the lives and aspirations of our whole people.

CURE FOR INGROWING NAILS.—It is stated that cauterization by hot tallow is an immediate cure for ingrowing nails. Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon and hold it over a lamp until it becomes very hot, and then drop between the nail and the granulations. The effect is most magical. Pain and tenderness are at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations all go away, leaving the diseased parts dry and destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being paired away without any inconvenience. The operation causes but little pain if the tallow is properly heated.

APROPPOS—A "ladies' shoemaker" advertises himself as one of the luminaries of the "sole her system."

THEORIES OF ADVERTISING.

The business that mainly occupies man in this world is trade; the secret of success in trade, after reasonable judgment and industry are used, is advertising. This fact was never so generally recognized by business men as now, and with this recognition they include the fact that only judicious advertising pays them, and that to make it judicious is one of the deepest problems which come before them. For this problem contains many conditions, such as, for example, the medium for advertising, the time, the region, the class of persons to be addressed, the quality and quantity of things said, the persistence that may be desirable, and, above all, the discovery of some new and striking way of seizing public attention. For the prizes of advertising are the result of combining bold expenditures with original and pleasing methods.

The theories of advertisers upon all these conditions, particularly the last, are wonderfully various, those who disbelieve in advertising at all, being now too few for mention. One man believes in advertising in publications, where all his competitors advertise, another where he will be alone; one thinks advertising needless when business is brisk, and useless when it is dull; while another thinks the reverse; one believes in the city, another in the town; one bases his hope on mere length, and another takes half a page to print a few sentences, while another puts his announcement upside down. Some advertise moderately and steadily, and some make show displays occasionally. Large cities are full of devices outside of Newspapers. Boys distribute handbills at the ferries and on the streets; a painted bed with nettles looped up greets the eyes of those who cross Fulton ferry, in mosquito time; men march solemnly about, dressed in some mysterious garment that proclaims the merits of Indian-rubber goods and weather strips, or covered with buttons from crown to sole, or bearing sign boards of chiropractors; a nuisance in the shape of an advertising van haunts Broadway, and the curbstones, the fences, and the very pavements everywhere are a flame.

It may be called accidental, but the fact is that nearly all of the large fortunes made in trade during the last thirty years, both in this country and in England, have been made in connection with persistent and studied advertising. Dr. Jayne, Brandreth and Ayer, Davis' Pain-Killer, Russia salve, Bonner's Laxer, Plantation Bitters, Hostetter's Bitters, Spalding's prepared glue, Holloway's pills, Eastman's business college, and Barnum's Museum are good examples. The amount of money sometimes paid for advertising is almost incredible, some firms having expended fifty thousand dollars in a single week, and even tens of thousands upon a single advertisement. Beside burdening the fences, several parties have their own poets and advertisement writers, at liberal salaries. Messrs. Phalon & Son are reported to have such a man, to whom they pay three thousand dollars a year, and whose duty was for a time comprised in devising a new conundrum every day, which should set forth a new night blooming cereus.

The secret of judicious newspaper advertising may be briefly stated. It consists, not in long standing advertisements, which are inevitably placed in obscure corners; but in short, fresh paragraphs, renewed frequently, and possessing the interest of reading matter. These are read for their own sake, and make new customers, as well as guide old ones.

MRS. LINCOLN.—Amongst all the mean things done by the democrats, about the meanest is the persistence with which they dishonored President Lincoln, and visit their hatred of him upon their widow. While Brick Pomeroy shocks all decent people by his ribaldry over the murder of our martyred chief, his more respectable confederates manufacture slanders on her who bears his name. One story has scarce run its rounds before another is started; and the last, by the World, is, that she is in New York, under the name of Mrs. Clarke, trying to sell her clothing and jewelry to add to her slender income. If Mrs. Lincoln is reduced to such necessity, shame to the land, and it is the people, not herself, she screamed when she dropped that honored name, in such a transaction; but we have no doubt the story is a sheer fabrication, made to gratify democratic hate of the great dead, who had honored his wife as do few living men.—Pitts. Gazette.

The Paris Exposition has been a great pecuniary speculation, and should the Emperor declare its permanency, it will prove a constant source of profits. According to agreement, the profits, if any, arising from the Exposition, are to be divided equally between the State, the city of Paris, and the company owning the charter, granted by a law passed by the French Legislature, in 1865, for the purpose of organizing this stupendous undertaking.

In a matrimonial advertisement for a husband, the advertiser says that as she "wants a full-grown man, none need apply who are under six feet." That is not an unnatural notion for a lady bent on by-men.

Yellow Fever at Galveston.

A correspondent writing from Galveston, Sept. 9th, says: "The city resembles one vast hospital. The number of deaths to date since commencement, (July 24th) reaches nine hundred, mostly Northern and Western people, foreigners, and officers and employees, civil and military, of the United States, bookkeepers, and clerks, brought here to die by the hundred from the larger Northern, Western and Eastern cities; members of Northern, Western and foreign firms and business houses, one third of which, some with large stocks of goods, are now closed on account of employers and employees having been summoned by "Yellow Jack" to their long and narrow houses in the graveyard. The Jews have suffered most in proportion to their number, many of them succumbing to their noised dread of death after taking the disease. This month, on account of its sudden weather changes and equinoctial storms, will prove the most fatal.

The type of disease is very malignant. Several of our best physicians, among them Drs. Rowe, Taylor, &c., of the United States army, and Drs. Hanna and Gault, of the Galveston Medical College faculty, fell victims and are in their graves. Others of the profession are now down with it. The streets are nearly deserted; business is at a stand; the city wears the aspect of a continuous Sabbath; gloom has settled upon the countenances of many you meet; the churches are deserted; the firing of the United States army and navy signal guns, the ringing of all bells, and other noises have been stopped authoritatively during the epidemic, not to disturb the fever sick, whom we count by thousands and in every house. Nurses and physicians are worn out and scarce. The suffering is very great, and much of it remains untold—only known to Him who scourges us in His wrath.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CARS.—In one of the cars that ply Fulton avenue, Brooklyn, some days since, a young swell in albumen pantaloons, azure vest and milky tie, was disgracing tobacco by putting it into his mouth, and wantonly sending the liquid residuum over the car floor. In its "flight" it alighted on the dress of a lady that circumstances forced to sit near the spot, and the fellow was utterly too gross even to apologize. However, when the lady made a request for his handkerchief to repair the stain as far as might be, and when the fellow refused, he was considerably surprised, and the passengers delighted, by the lady very quietly turning up that section of her dress soiled by the fellow's brutality, and wiping it on the dandy's pantaloons, with a result that made little channels run down to his boots. With a simple "Take that, you dirty puppy," the woman resumed her composure, and the man suddenly remembered that he had an errand on the street. Let 'em all be served that way, and rub it in hard.

LAST week a hotel-keeper in Lancaster, "smelled a mice" in this wise: Two countrymen took lodging at his place, and fared sumptuously, drinking three bottles of wine daily. The last day, and before they had settled their bill, a dispute arose about the speed of their horses. They at last settled upon a race, and appointed the landlord judge. When they were ready, the judge, like those of the Olympian games, gave the word—once, two, three, and go. Away they went, and have neither been seen nor heard of since. No doubt they are running at this moment, (a bill in some other place), leaving this landlord fully compensated by having had the honor of being judge.

In a speech at Pleasant Valley, Ohio, General Garfield said that in a recent conversation with him, Gen. Grant betrayed the deepest anxiety as to the mischief the President may do before Congress meets. General Schenck, remarking that Congress would soon be in session again, Gen. Grant anxiously replied, "It will be seventy-eight days yet." "Why, General," exclaimed Schenck, considerably surprised, "do you count the days?" "Yes, I do," replied General Grant, "it will be just seventy-eight days, and I would to God the time were nearer!"

A MAN in Round Rock, Texas, slaughtered a beef and found in it a genuine ten dollar gold piece. A farmer lost a purse containing fifteen dollars in gold while surveying on the prairies in the locality, and it is supposed that the steer swallowed the coin while chewing the purse. The money was lost several years ago.

A LITTLE girl who had been visiting in the family of a neighbor, hearing them speak of her father being a widower, on her return home addressed him thus: "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know your mother's dead?" "Why, yes, I knew mother was dead; but you always told me you was a New Yorker."

The Philadelphia Ledger, which is one of the largest printing establishments in the United States, was started in 1836, by three journeyman printers, two of whom are yet living and are millionaires.

DEMOCRATIC ORATOR CONFUNDED.

We are informed that a village in one of the "backbone" Democratic counties was the scene of a funny incident a few evenings since, whereby a Democratic orator was utterly confounded and brought to grief by men of his own party. The circumstances are as follows: He had told them how the rich bondholder had reduced them to slavery in spite of the efforts of the Goddess of Liberty and several other personages, both human and celestial, till then unknown to the audience. He quoted extensively from George Francis Train's "demagogue" speech, and among other things the following: "Work! work! work! From the dawn to the dusk of day, For your hopes are crushed with a weight of debt. That the toil of your life won't pay!"

Having wrought up his hearers almost to mutiny, he left that branch of his subject, and proposed to show up some of the Republican leaders, beginning with Ben Wade. "Why, fellow-citizen," said he, "there is Ben Wade, a regular agrarian, who wants all the property divided so that every man will have an equal share." [Thundering applause, and cries of "Bully for him!" "That's the ticket!" "He's the man for me!" "Why, fellow-citizen," said he, "Ben Wade is a Radical and an agrarian; a—Deafening applause, and yells of "Good for the Radicals!" "Bully for the agrarians!"

The speaker was thunderstruck. Evidently, his hearers had never heard of Ben Wade and the Radicals. They had been well stirred up against the rich, and they thought that radicalism was a species of democracy, of which Ben Wade was the champion. "Gentlemen—fellow citizens," continued the speaker, "I don't think you exactly understand me. Ben Wade is the Vice President, elected by the Radicals, and he is himself a Radical, and an agrarian land pirate to boot. Why, what do you think? He proposes to take the rich man's property, for which he toiled in early life, and give it to those who have no property, even to those who do not work. What do you—" A voice, "Three cheers for Ben Wade!"

And in spite of all that two or three village leaders, candidates for constable and supervisor, could do, the crowd gave three thundering cheers for Ben Wade and the "agrarians." The orator, finding that he had got on the wrong track, abruptly brought his remarks to a close. A lie, in that instance, made Ben Wade several friends, yet we sorely feel like congratulating him on the acquisition.

ANTIQUITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Shakespeare, in "As You Like It," makes Rosalind say, "The poor world is almost six thousand years old," and there are plenty of people in our own day who believe that this globe came from the hand of the Creator only sixty centuries ago. But geology has exploded that theory, and the ablest theologians now agree that the "six days" of the creation represent vast periods of time, while the earth itself is of inconceivable antiquity.

The question which now excites attention is whether the human race is not far older than is generally believed, and whether it was not contemporary with the great animals, remains of which are now and then discovered, but which became extinct before the date of any history, sacred or profane, or even of tradition. The interesting discoveries resulting from the explorations now in progress in Kent's Cavern, Devonshire, England, show, indisputably, that man was in existence when the mammoth, three different species of the elephant, the rhinoceros, lions, and other animals were common in that country, but which are now extinct, for the bones of the animals have been found, and with them, tools, weapons, and other articles which were the unmistakable work of human hands, guided by intelligence. These remains have been found imbedded in gravel and stalagmite, and the explorations have been conducted under circumstances and with a care precluding the possibility of deception.

A report of these discoveries has been laid before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in session at Dundee during the present month, and an interesting discussion upon the antiquity of the human race ensued. Sir Charles Lyell took the ground that these discoveries were proof positive that man was co-existent with the mammoth and other extinct animals which have been believed, heretofore, to antedate the human race. Other members agreed with him, and in the face of these discoveries, defiantly challenged those "who had whispered abroad objections to the theory of the antiquity of man, to come forward and state them now."—World.

GREAT YIELD OF WINE.—George Hasman, one of the great wine growers of Wisconsin, made 1,030 gallons of pure grape juice from 470 Concord vines, on 4-10 of an acre, and 1,300 gallon of pure grape juice from an acre of Norton's Virginia, containing 1,200 vines.

"VITALS backed here," is the horrible announcement placarded in the window of a New York eating house.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PALACE.—A story is told in private circles about a wealthy but ill-informed American who went to Paris and applied for lodgings at one of the most aristocratic "old family" mansions of the city, where he read the words "Hotel de Crillon" over the door. Haughtily dismissed there, he next applied at another of the same sort, the "Hotel de Boissy," unaware that the custom of placing the name over the door is one of the old observances of the French aristocracy. At this juncture some one informed him of his blunder, and great was his chagrin. Subsequently he met a friend who recommended him to go to the "Hotel du Louvre," which is really a public house of entertainment. But ignorance had succeeded to wisdom. "No, hang it!" was the crude reply, "I'm up to that, you know; you don't get me to apply for board at Louis Napoleon's palace!"

An experienced editor pays a high and deserved compliment to the fair patrons of the press. Women, he says, are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, etc. We have been an editor for forty years, and never lost a dollar by female subscribers. They seem to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay the preacher and the printer—two classes of the community that suffer more by bad pay, and no pay at all, than all the rest put together.

A SARATOGA correspondent says that a burlesque advertisement was posted in the Union Hotel, announcing that, "in order to overcome a natural prejudice against the use of hash, the proprietor will, on Monday, place a two dollar and a half gold piece in a certain quantity of the hash; on Tuesday, one-half that amount in two pieces; on Wednesday, one-third that amount in three pieces," and so on for a week.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in a recent letter to the New York Tribune, says: "Since I have come to Europe I have been constantly called upon, in France, Switzerland and Germany, to explain our present difficulty, and that while I have found a great many persons unfriendly to the permanence of the Union, no one has the courage to confess himself an admirer of Andrew Johnson."

PAT'S TURTLE.—The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed: "Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead!" "So he is, ma'am; but the cratur's not sensible of it."

The Franklin, (Louisiana), Planter's Banner of the 7th, contains the following interesting paragraph in a leader detailing the inducements to emigrants: "There are three millions of acres of tillable lands in Attakapas and St. Landry, which can be bought, according to quality and quantity, or location, at from \$1 to \$30 per acre. We know of good sugar lands that can be bought for \$10 an acre, a few miles from navigation."

THE USE OF TOBACCO.—This is the way boys reason when forbidden to use tobacco: "The lawyer smokes; how can it be illegal? The doctor chews; how can it be unwholesome? The clergy snuff; how can it be immoral? The politician smokes, chews or snuffs; how can it be impolite?"

NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—In the year 1750 there were but seven newspapers and periodicals published in the United States; in 1810 there were 250, including 25 published daily; in 1832 there were 583; in 1860, 2,051, circulating annually 927,951,548 copies.

A FRENCH Savan has likened the quickness of volition in an animal to the telegraph. He tells his class: When the whale is harpooned the nerve affected instantly telegraphs to the creature's brain, "Harpoon in tail," upon which the brain telegraphs back, "Jerk tail and upset boat." What a wonderful thing is science.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Maine Farmer, says: "Many a housewife may be glad to know when she has a piece of fresh meat she wishes to keep a few days, that it can be successfully done by placing it in a dish and covering it with milk. Sour milk or buttermilk will do as well. I have practiced the plan for years."

"I say Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?" Jones, (impressively and significantly,) "you see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the Gazette of Fashion, and I dress according to my Ledger."

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but some thing difficult to regulate when set "going."

NEXT month all the conductors and other employees of the Erie Road are to be uniformed with blue coat, naval cap, and gray pantaloons.

A BALL struck a little boy in the eye last week. Strange to say, the ball immediately came out of his mouth.