

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37TH YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave the heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an end in view,
And towards the beacon mark,
Paddle your own canoe.

Every voice that hears you on
The silent shore,
From its sunny source had gone
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay,
Cheat you of your due;
But while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofly state and power,
Honest fame, and early health
Are a better dowry;
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to win the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wealth of fate
From the hand of Fate;
Would you wear a deathless name,
With the good and great;
Would you bless your fellow men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free fight,
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the Right;
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost—
Every good deed nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will do;
But if you suggest, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Select Miscellany.

The Summer is Ended.

In commenting upon the eventful summer from which we have just emerged, the N. Y. Mirror says that "it has been a hard and a hot one. Fires, failures, disease and death, have brought losses and mourning to thousands—the calamity of short crops and high prices makes the poor man look anxiously to the coming winter. Many who began the season in the fulness of health and beauty, have perished with the early flowers, and hundreds who went abroad decked in the gay colors of joy and hope are now robed in the sombre attire of grief and mourning. Autumn has come to many a heart, even in the spring-time of life, and the earth has become to thousands of its pilgrims literally the valley of the shadow of death. They who have passed through this trying season unscathed by sickness and misfortune—whom the Death Angel has not even brushed with his wings, should make their lives a hymn of thanksgiving to the Infinite God who has dealt with them so gently and so graciously!—Instead of looking on the dark side of the future, they should look up in grateful confidence to the Reaper whose sickle has left them to flourish a little longer in the field of life, while thousands, as fall of health and promise as they, have been cut down and withered in an hour."

THE TONGUE.—I must confess, says Addison, I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument that I would by no means discourage it. All that I am at is to cure it of several disagreeable notes—and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, and gossiping. In short, I would have it tuned by good nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE WORLD.—The following is supposed to be the number of newspapers in the world:—10 in Austria, 14 in Africa, 24 in Spain, 26 in Portugal, 50 in Asia, 65 in Belgium, 85 in Denmark, 60 in Russia and Poland, 320 in other Germanic States, 500 in Great Britain, Ireland and Scotland, and 2000 in the United States, or about twice as many in this country as in all other nations. This accounts for the superiority of our people in point of intelligence to every other people on the globe.

AN IMPUDENT FELLOW.—A lecturer down East defines widows as "second-hand wives."

Live Within Your Means.

We don't like stinginess. We don't like economy, when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every luxury, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows, and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy which is every man's duty, and which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practised if the poor man would secure independence.

It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty to live within his means; not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can be, by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence and the constant satisfaction which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

We should like to impress this single fact upon the mind of every laboring man who may peruse this short article—that it is possible for him to rise above poverty; and that the path to independence, though beset with toils and self-sacrifice, is much pleasanter to the traveler than any one he can enter upon. The man who feels that he is earning something more than he is spending, will walk the street with a much lighter heart, and enter his home with a much more cheerful countenance than he who spends as he goes, or falls gradually behind his necessities in acquiring the means of meeting them.

The man who is everybody's debtor is everybody's slave, and in a worse condition than he who serves a single master.

For the sake of the present, then, as well as for the future, we should most earnestly urge upon every working man to live within his means. Let him lay by something every day—if but a penny—it is better than nothing; infinitely better than running in debt a penny a day or a penny a week. If he can earn one dollar a day let him try fairly and faithfully the experiment of living on ninety cents. He will like it.

"People will laugh." Let them laugh. "They will call me stingy." Better call you stingy, than say you do not pay your debts. "They will wonder why I do not have better furniture, live in a finer house, and attend concerts and the playhouse." Let them wonder for a while—it won't hurt you. By-and-by you can have a fine house and fine furniture of your own, and they will wonder again, and come billing and cooing around you like so many pleased fools. Try the experiment. Live within your means.

The Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation, and a long train of experiments, must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere every where at all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than in cold air.

3. The air nearest the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates.

Now when by continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible, and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a low latitude, or by the motion of a saturated air to a colder latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. It condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water, and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple the philosophy of rain! What but Omnipotence could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth!

Mr. Nehemiah Perkins, of Topsheld, Me., it is said, recently gathered from a single apple tree upon his farm one hundred bushels of apples.

The New Hampshire Patriot reports that since the first of June last, four of the Representatives in the New Hampshire Legislature have died.

A Great Shot.

The "best shot ever made," that we have heard of, was that of an old hunter, who told us the story, but for the perfect accuracy of whose statements we will not vouch.

Our friend, the hunter, was standing on the bank of the Miami river, rifle in hand, and spied on the opposite shore a noble deer, upon which he fired. At the instant he touched the trigger, an enormous fish leaped from the water and received the ball through the gills; the deer dropped dead in his tracks.

The hunter took a canoe, which, as fortune was in a smiling mood, happened to be near, secured the fish, which had ceased to flounce and was floating with the current, and landed at the spot where his prize—the deer—had fallen. On examining the animal he found that the ball had passed through him, and looking in the direction it had taken, he discovered a dead deer, also slain by the indomitable bullet, and presently saw that it had buried itself in an old poplar, and from the hole it had pierced, gushed a stream of honey as bright as gold. He stooped to gather a stick to stop this waste of sweetness, and his hand rested on a rabbit, which he lifted and then dashed to the ground in anger, when lo! he smote a flock of quails, killing a number of them.

Thoroughly disgusted with the excess of sweetness which had come upon him, he took good care of his game, and, in due season, of the honey also.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Powerful Puff.

A New York pill doctor, who advertised in a Cincinnati paper, asked the editor to give him a puff. The editor, good-natured, wrote a "first rate notice," from which we make the following extract:

"One single pill worn in each pocket, will instantly give ease and elasticity to the tightest pantaloon. A little quantity will create an appetite in the most delicate stomach, or physic a horse. They will also be found to give a rich flavor to apple-dumplings, and a peculiar zest to pickled oysters; they will thicken soup, reduce a supulent person, and are an excellent bait for mouse-traps. One pill dissolved in a bucket of water will be found a perfectly water-proof lining for canal embankments; placed in steamboat boilers, they will effectually prevent their bursting, and greatly increase the speed of the boats. As for their medical qualities, they are justly entitled to be called—*Medicamentum Gracia Probatum*,—i. e., a remedy approved by grace—for they effectually cool St. Anthony's fire and stop St. Vitus's dance; they purify the pimples in the small pox, and eradicate the red gum in teething; they reduce white swelling and cure the black jaundice, blue devils, yellow, scarlet, or any other fever; they cure also the thrush in children, and pip in hens, the staggers in horses, and the nightmare in owls. But further enumeration is unnecessary; suffice it to say that this medicine is a combination upon new principles discovered by the present proprietor's immortal grandmother, and are an exception to all rules of science, common sense, and experience; so that while they are the most powerful agent in nature, revolutionizing the whole animal economy, and eradicating the most incurable diseases, they are at the same time a perfectly innocent preparation, and may be taken with entire safety by the nursing infant—powerful all harmless."

ANOTHER MEDICAL PRIZE QUESTION.—The N. York Academy of Medicine, through the liberality of a few of its members, offers a prize of \$100 for the best essay on "The Nature and Treatment of Cholera Infantum." To be presented during the ensuing year. The trial for the prize is not restricted to the fellows, but is open to the profession throughout the country.

VIOLATING THE LIQUOR LAW.—Zachariah Porter, of the Cambridge (Mass.) Cattle Market Hotel, has been convicted in the court of common pleas in Lowell, on nineteen cases, for selling liquor, eighteen of which were on appeal. The fine of \$350 and imprisonment for four years is thus confirmed. The matter will now go before the supreme court on exception.

REMARKABLE.—At the burial of Marshal de St. Arnaud the flags of France and of England, for the first time in history, covered the same coffin, and Musselman cannon roared in sign of grief at the funeral of a christian general.

NOBLE BEQUEST.—William Walker, of London, has bequeathed £1,000 to the poor of his native city, Perth, the income to be expended in blankets, coats and oatmeal, in the month of November in each year, forever.

BROKEN BONES.—"Mr. Witness, you have said that while walking with an umbrella over your head, you fell into this reservoir and were badly injured. Did you break any bones, sir, at that time?" "I did, sir." "What bones?" "Wholbones, sir!"

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he sights, but my old shaggy coat and hat, which to say the truth, have no particular claim for admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

"Don't hurry," exclaimed the man who was going to be hung, to the crowd which followed him, "there'll be no fun till I get there."

Anecdotes.

We find in an exchange paper an anecdote of the late Wm. Wirt, that is too good to be lost. Wirt's life of Patrick Henry, as every reader of that biography knows, is excessive in its laudation of the great Virginia orator; in fact, it may well be doubted whether the man ever lived to whom such swelling and varied strains of panegyric could be justly applied, as Wirt continually resorts to in depicting the character of Henry.

In illustration of this trait the following story current in Eastern Virginia, said to be true to the letter, is told.

"Wirt was once engaged in the trial of a cause in which one of the most material witnesses on the other side was notorious for his glibness. By way of showing up this trait in the witness, and thus impairing his testimony, Wirt asked him if he had ever read Riley's Narrative, and if so, whether he thought it was true. "Oh, yes," said the witness, "I've read it, and I believe every word of it!"—The counsel on the other side perceiving the advantage gained by his opponent, here interposed the question—"Did you ever read Wirt's life of Henry, and if so, do you believe it is true?" "I have read it," replied the simple witness, "but I can't say I believe it; no, no, that's more than I can swallow!" Wirt was "essentially floored."

A JUROR WHO HAD "SCRUPLES."—During the recent trial of Furman, at Covington, Ky., one of the jurymen returned was asked by the prosecution if he had any "conscientious scruples about inflicting the death penalty?"

"Scruples?"

"Yes, sir, conscientious scruples."

The jurymen scratched his head, and thought deeply for a moment.

"Yes, sir, I have scruples—scruples—"

"Scruples," suggested the attorney.

"Yes, sir, I have conscientious scruples."

"Will you explain the nature of your scruples to the Court," said the lawyer.

"My scruples," said the jurymen, facing his Honor, "is that the Dutchman ought to be hung, and I'm in for it."

He was ordered to "stand aside for cause."

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over-lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for this voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

LARGE PRODUCE FROM BEES.—John Ross, an experienced apiarist of Warren, Mass., has a hive of bees, from which he has taken during the past year two hundred and forty pounds of extra honey. The bees were fed upon a preparation made by himself, and by the use of which they do far better than when left to collect their own food.

THOROUGHLY PATRIOTIC.—The Panama Star, giving the incidents of the recent earthquake there, says: "One patriotic individual rushed to his consul's residence, and claimed the protection of his national flag. In vain a friend told him he would be no safer there than at earthquakes respect no flag. 'I'll be d—d if they shant out, though,' he replied. 'If any earthquake dare touch that flag, the whole Union would rise to put it down.'"

LIFE IS A LEMONADE MADE UP OF DIFFERENT INGREDIENTS.—fortune, that's the water—misfortune, that's the lemon—and good fortune, which is the sugar. It is rather pleasantly mixed, but it is an unpleasant dose when the lemon is excessive, or the superabundant water makes it mawkish and pall upon the appetite.

PENNSYLVANIANS FOR KANSAS.—The Pennsylvania Company, numbering about 150 persons, left Conneautville on the 1st inst. They were joined at Rochester, by another branch of the company from Cambria county.

A CENTENARIAN.—An old lady, named Sarah Canby, and aged one hundred and seven years, recently died at New Liberia, La. She was born in the city of New York, on the 25th of December, 1746.

"One boy in a shop is as good as a man. Two boys, however, are worse than none at all. If there be but one boy in a room he is quiet and sedate as a Quaker. Introduce another, and ground and lofty tumbling and somersets over the stove are in order from sunrise till dark."

"Boys," said a village pedagogue the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in the school?" "It is Bill Sikes, sir, who is all the time imitating a locomotive."

"Come up here, William, if you have turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

"Is them fillers alive now?" said an unlearned to his teacher.

"What fellows do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, Paul, and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

A Good Retort.

A clergyman who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined to purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed—

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you were where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the STATE PRISON," retorted the clergyman.

GREAT SALE OF CHOICE FOWLS.

A large collection of rare foreign birds and poultry, which had been on exhibition at Barnum's museum, in New York, during the week, was sold at public auction on Saturday. The stock was imported by Mr. Giles, of Connecticut, for himself and others, and was brought over in the steamship Washington. Among the bidders was Tom Thumb, who was perched upon the top of a cage, and attracted as much attention as the golden pheasant. A pair of white swans and a pair of Japanese peacocks were bid off at one hundred dollars each. A pair of Mandarin ducks brought one hundred and fifty dollars, and a black swan the sum of one hundred dollars. Many very beautiful fowls, which were said to be worth forty dollars a pair, were knocked down at two dollars and a half. The entire lot offered, it is said, cost seventeen hundred dollars.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The following States and cities have designated the days named for the purpose of general thanksgiving:

November 23d.—Maryland, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Louisiana, Florida, Wisconsin, and New Jersey, and the cities of Washington, Norfolk and Portsmouth.

November 30th.—Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois, Michigan and Connecticut.

DIED IN THE HARNESS.—Rev. Joshua T. Russell, a Baptist clergyman at Jackson, Mississippi, recently closed a very eloquent address before the Bible Society with these words:—

"Millions who are now around the Throne of God, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, have been saved by the influence of this book." While uttering these words, he looked up as if he had a vision of what he described, and paused a moment, and saying, "I have done," sat down, and was immediately seized with a fatal attack of apoplexy.

TICKETED THROUGH.—At present human ingenuity seems to be taxed to the utmost to suggest means by which the lives of passengers may be preserved, even if a vessel goes down at sea. The last, and perhaps the best, we find in the Boston Transcript. It is the suggestion of an old sea captain, and contemplates a sufficient number of life boats to accommodate the passengers and crew, each boat to be provided with a compass, water and food, and to be numbered and placed under the command of an officer of a vessel. As each person takes passage in the vessel, he is also ticketed for a position in one of the life boats, so that, in case of accident, each one knows where he belongs.

NUMBER OF SLAVES IN THE WORLD.—The African Institution of Paris—an association for the diffusion of civilization and Christian light in Africa—has recently issued a circular which shows that the number of blacks held in slavery in different countries is seven and a half millions, of which 3,025,000 are in the United States, 3,250,000 in Brazil, 900,000 in the Spanish colonies, 95,000 in the Dutch colonies, 140,000 in the republics of Central America, and 80,000 in European establishments in Africa.

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"Yes, sah, he berry good farmer, makes two crops in one year!"

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why? he sells his hay in de fall, and makes money once; den in de spring he sells all de hides ob de cattle dat die for want ob de hay, and dus make money twice!"

"Here, fellow, hold this horse."

"Does he kick?"

"Kick! no; take hold of him."

"Does he bite?"

"Bite! no; take hold of the bridle, I say."

"Does it take two to hold him?"

"No!"

"Then hold him yourself."

"They write home that there are fleas enough in Turkey to dan up the Bosphorus. The Turks wear them for lining for their shirts."

"Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should bear in mind that a little sunshine will melt an icicle much quicker than a regular northeastern."

"Shanghai Chicken," is the title of a new weekly published at Dayton, Ohio, by the Shanghai Company.

Agricultural Surveys.

We live in an age when the whole world seems ultra, and thus we find Congress spending thousands of dollars for improvement in the telescope, and nothing for the plow.

Our state legislatures will vote half a million of public funds for a geological survey, which is but remotely applicable to the purposes of the farmer, when an agricultural survey, costing a much less amount, would be more immediately useful.

It is true that the farmer, from a geological survey, may know the rocks, the debris of which has formed the soil, and if every farmer would read it, and every geologist so write it as to render it applicable to his use, he might abstract this best of information from it. But we all know that farmers do not read geological reports, and we equally well know that they are not made in such a manner as to render them suited to their use.

They are so scientific in their character, and so general in their application, that the agriculturist neither comprehends them, nor does he find sufficient pertinent matter to call forth his admiration.

An agricultural survey, strictly so, would give a synopsis of the rocks from which the soils were formed, by an occasional analysis of the soil, and it would doubtless contain the proper directions for the supply of the deficiencies. It would settle all the mooted questions of the day;—the ability of every kind of soil to raise every kind of crop, would soon be known; the use of all known amendments on different soils would readily be understood; for each operator in making a report of the results of his experiments, would doubtless, by a reference to such a survey, give a detail of the composition of his soil with a proximate accuracy, at least, which would enable others to judge of the value of the amendments used for the crop raised on soils differing but slightly in their chemical constituents. It would soon be known what kind of soils are best suited to each of the staple crops, and when we received a report of two crops raised with the same amendments, but at different depths of cultivation, we should know why they differed in result. Such a survey would furnish all the necessary statistics, so that the amount of crops and their relative proportions to each would be known. We should have some basis for farmers to depend upon in deciding what crops they should raise. The effect of climate on the different crops, and the different kinds of soils, would be clearly understood, and the class of implements used in the different districts would be known to all. To the Horticulturist it would be invaluable.

We now know that the same kind of fruit which on one kind of soil is of superior quality, fails entirely on another, but we do not as well know the causes why. All these would soon be arrived at, by the assistance of agricultural surveys.

The natural history of the country, at least in its utilitarian application, would be fairly set forth; for those making the survey would be brought into direct contact with the farmers, and all facts relating to Entomology could thus be practically ascertained. Indeed, the oft repeated question, "How shall agricultural knowledge be disseminated?" would be answered by such reports. We should not long find that one or more farmers in each district could raise a hundred bushels to the acre; for the means by which the greater crop could be raised would become generally known, and where it arises from peculiarities in composition of the soil, the amendments necessary to produce similarity to the degree required, would be ascertained.

Indeed, such reports, instead of finding their way to the upper shelves of large and unread libraries, would be so valuable to the farmer, that every farmer's boy could use them as a text book, and instead of being stimulated to study those things that are of remote usefulness, he would apply his observation to the more useful area of the farm.—*Working Farmer.*

Disappointed Politicians.

It is a striking feature of the political campaign this fall, that in almost every state in the Union disappointed and decayed politicians have enjoyed a kind of jubilee. Those who have been gorged with office, and allowed to retire, and men who for any reason have been laid on the shelf in their respective localities, have taken occasion this year to emerge from their hiding-places, and at once to gratify their private revenges, and make a new effort for a fresh share of spoils. Wherever the *Justus* movement has prevailed these men have been among its prime leaders; wherever the *secret order* has been organized they have been sachems in the tribe; wherever the anti-Nebraska war cry has been popular they have almost split their throats by joining in it. In the hour of calm and repose they were quiet as the grave, or, if they attempted to make mischief, they were restrained by the people, who knew their histories. But, with the confusion and excitement of 1854, they have gloried in the opportunity to show themselves, and even claim now to be, the most pure and patriotic and worst used persons the republic ever had. It is unnecessary to call names in order to describe them. In the Morrill ranks of this State, in the Pollock ranks of Pennsylvania, in the anti-administration ranks of Illinois and Indiana, and Ohio and New Hampshire, the same characters show themselves by unmistakable signs. They have generally corrupt histories, sour tempers, and a hatred of all politicians more honest than the selves. Some of them may succeed, for a brief period, in getting places once more at the public crib, and in satisfying a little their personal resentments; but they will have short terms and early punishments.—*Easton (Maine) Argus.*