THE GETTYSBURG COMPILER,
A Democratic Family Journal,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY MORNING,
BY HENRY J. STAHLE.

"Truth is Mighty, and Will Prevail."

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, between Middle and High, near the Post Office—"Compiler Printing Office" on the sign.

What We Want.

IF YOU WANT a cheap Hat buy it of H. B. WOODS.

IF YOU WANT a Fashionable Hat always buy it of H. B. WOODS.

IF YOU WANT a Hat of any kind for less money than anybody else will sell it for, be sure to buy it of H. B. WOODS.

IF YOU WANT good Shoes for Ladies or children, don't be humbugged with damaged auction goods, but buy of H. B. WOODS.

IF YOU WANT Shoes or Boots, "that are shoes and boots worth talking about," and no "cheating trash, buy them of H. B. WOODS.

IF YOU WANT Overshirts, Drawers, Umbrellas or anything in his line, buy of H. B. WOODS.

IF YOU WANT to be dealt fairly with, get the worth of your money and not be cheated, always buy of H. B. WOODS.

IF YOU WANT a pair of real Number One Heavy Winter Boots, don't buy before you see the superior article for sale by H. B. WOODS.

Swan's Grocery.

JOHN M. SWAN has just received a splendid assortment of FRESH GROCERIES, at his Store on the corner of the public Square, in Gettysburg,

SUGARS.

The finest lot of Sugars ever brought to Gettysburg, and very cheap.

COFFEE.

His Coffee is superior to any offered in the place. If you don't believe it come and see.

MOLASSES.

If you want the best Syrups and Molasses in town you will find them at Swan's.

QUEENSWARE, &c.

His stock of Queensware, Dishes, Lamps, &c., is full, cheap and good. Every style and price.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

His Cigars and Tobacco are of superior quality. Acknowledged by good judges to be the best in the market.

CANDIES AND NOTIONS.

Particular attention paid to this department. A full supply of Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Soaps, Fancy articles, in short any and everything usually found in a first class Grocery. In buying in my stock I was careful to know what I was buying, and am now prepared to sell not only GOOD Groceries, but to sell them very cheap. Give me a call and judge for yourselves. JOHN M. SWAN.

Nov. 5, 1866.

The Old System

OF HIGH PRICES VETOED BY NORRIS,

At his new cheap Clothing, Hat, Cap, Boot, Shoe and Variety Store, on Chambersburg street, next door to Buehler's Drug Store, Gettysburg, Pa.

The public will find at this Store, the largest and most fashionable assortment of Gentlemen's and Boy's wear, in Adams county.

OVER COATS.

Beaver Overcoats, Petersham Overcoats, Seal Skin Overcoats, Cloth Overcoats, Esquimaux Beaver Overcoats, etc., etc.

DRESS AND BUSINESS COATS!

Black Cloth Dress and Sack Coats, Cassimere Sack and Frock Coats, Knit Woolen Union Coats and Jackets.

PANTS AND VESTS!

Black Cloth Pantaloons, Black Cassimere Pantaloons, Fancy Cassimere Pantaloons, Harris Cassimere Pantaloons, Black Cloth Vests, Silk Grenadine Vests, Plush and Satinet Vests, &c.

HATS AND CAPS.

Resorte Hats,	Silk Dress Hats,	Dexter Hats,
Driving Hats,	Clipper Hats,	French Hats,
Dasher Hats,	Broadway Hats,	Plush Hats,
Merton Hats,	Brighton Hats,	Mincio Hats,
Croquet Hats,	Bismark Hats,	Peto Hats,
Warwick Hats,	Metropolitan Hats,	U. S. A. Hats,
Dunkard Hats,	Cassimere Hats,	etc., etc.
Velvet Caps,	Cassimere Caps,	Fur Caps,
Cloth Caps,	McClellan Caps,	Navy Caps,
Scotch Caps,	Petersham Caps,	Boy's Caps,
Plush Cap,	Just the Thing Caps,	etc., etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Calf Skin Boots, Men's Heavy Boots, Boy's Jockey Boots, Sporting Boots, Men's Coarse Shoes, Men's Calf Skin Shoes, Boy's Fine Shoes, U. S. Army Shoes, Gentlemen's Slippers, Gum Overshoes, etc., etc.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

White Lin a Shirts, Cassimere Shirts, Linen and Paper Collars, Neck Ties and Butterflies, Handkerchiefs, Woolen and Cotton Stockings, Gloves, Buckskin Gauntlets and Gloves, Woolen Drawers and Undershirts, Scarfs and Comforts, Suspenders, Umbrellas, Canes, Valises, Trunks, Red Flannel Woolen Drawers, &c.

The above mentioned articles can always be found at the CHEAP STORE of T. C. NORRIS,

Chambersburg st, next door to Buehler's.

Nov. 19, 1866.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.—Having just returned from the City, with a splendid assortment of DRY GOODS, I am now prepared to offer greater inducements to buyers than ever before. My stock consists of every description of Dress Goods, plain and fancy, Cloths, Cassimeres, Muslins, Hoop Skirts, Balmorals, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Trimmings, &c.

—ALSO—

In connection with my Dry Goods, I have opened in an adjoining room a large stock of HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, which I will sell very cheap. Children's Shoes as low as 12½ cents, and other goods at corresponding rates. My stock is well selected, and the most complete yet offered. Give us a call and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show Goods.

SEWING MACHINES.

We are also agent for the Florence Sewing Machine, which is acknowledged to be the best in use. It is the latest improved machine out, having the REVERSABLE FEED, giving it an advantage over all other machines.—Call and see them. M. SPANGLER.

Oct. 6, 1866

NEW GOODS.

LATEST ARRIVAL.

FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS

Have just received a large and complete assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

of every style and at all prices, to which the attention of buyers is directed. Those in want of good Goods at the lowest possible rates should not fail to give us an early call.

FAHNESTOCK BROS.

Oct. 6, 1866.

GRAIN AND GROCERIES.—The highest market price paid for Grain and all kinds of produce. Groceries, Fertilizers, &c., can always be on hand for sale at the Warehouse of Aug. 13, 1866. CULP & BARNSHAW.

Gettysburg Compiler.

BY H. J. STAHLE. GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JAN. 14, 1867. 49TH YEAR.—NO. 16.

Professional Cards.

Law Partnership.

W. A. DUNCAN & J. H. WHITE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to them, including the procuring of Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, and all other claims against the United States and State Governments.

Office in North West Corner of Diamond, Gettysburg, Penn'a.

April 3, 1865. tf

Edward B. Buehler,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language. Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.

Gettysburg, March 20.

J. C. Neely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Particular attention paid to collection of Pensions, Bounty, and Back-pay. Office in the S. E. corner of the Diamond.

Gettysburg, April 6, 1863. tf

D. McConaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street,) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PENSIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. Apply to him personally or by letter.

Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

Dr. F. C. Wolf,

HAVING located at EAST BERLIN, Adams county, hopes that by strict attention to his professional duties he may merit a share of the public patronage. [Apr. 2,'66. tf

Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal's

OFFICE and Dwelling, N. E. corner of Baltimore and High streets, near Presbyterian Church, Gettysburg, Pa.

Nov. 30, 1863. tf

Dr. D. S. Peffer,

ABBOTTSTOWN, Adams county, continues the practice of his profession in all its branches, and would respectfully invite all persons afflicted with any old standing diseases to call and consult him

Oct. 3, 1864. tf

Dr. T. O. Kinzer,

HAVING located permanently at BONAUGHTOWN, Adams county, will attend promptly to all professional calls day or night. Office at John Lindis's, where he can always be found, unless professionally engaged.

Aug. 6, 1866. 1y

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.,

DENTISTRY

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

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

Globe Inn,

YORK ST., NEAR THE DIAMOND,

GETTYSBURG, PA.—The undersigned would most respectfully inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has purchased that long established and well known Hotel, the "Globe Inn," in York street, Gettysburg, and will spare no effort to conduct it in a manner that will not detract from its former high reputation. His table will have the best the market can afford—his chambers are spacious and comfortable—and he has laid in for his bar a full stock of wines and liquors. There is large stabling attached to the Hotel, which will be attended by attentive hostlers. It will be his constant endeavor to render the fullest satisfaction to his guests, making his house as near a home to them as possible. He asks a share of the public's patronage, determined as he is to deserve a large part of it. Remember, the "Globe Inn" is in part of it, but near the Diamond, or Public Square. SAMUEL WOLF.

April 4, 1864. tf

Battle-field Hotel.

THIS Hotel, being one of the relics of the Battle of Gettysburg, has been renovated and refurnished, and is ready to entertain travellers and the public generally. It being a short distance from the Soldiers' National Cemetery, it affords convenient accommodations for all visiting there, and the subscriber flatters himself that none shall leave him dissatisfied.

Also, Ice Cream and all kinds of refreshments, at all hours, to accommodate promenaders. Give me a call.

JOSEPH LITTLE, Proprietor.

Gettysburg, May 21, 1866. tf

Railroad House,

NEAR THE DEPOT.

HANOVER, YORK CO., PA.

The undersigned would respectfully inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has leased the Hotel in Hanover, near the Depot, formerly kept by Mr. Jeremiah Kohler, and will spare no effort to conduct it in a manner that will give general satisfaction. His table will have the best the markets can afford—his chambers are spacious and comfortable—and he has laid in for his bar a full stock of choice wines and liquors. There is stabling for horses attached to the Hotel. It will be his constant endeavor to render the fullest satisfaction to his guests, making his house as near a home to them as possible.—He asks a share of the public patronage, determined as he is to deserve a large part of it. Remember the Railroad House, near the Depot Hanover, Pa. A. P. BAUGHER.

Oct. 2, 1865. tf

Cannon's

MARBLE WORKS,

Baltimore street, Nearly Opposite the Court House,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Every description of work executed in the finest style of the art.

June 4, 1865. tf

Still at Work!

THE undersigned continues the CARRIAGE-MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at his old stand, in East Middle street, Gettysburg.

NEW WORK made to order, and REPAIRING done promptly and at lowest prices.

FALLING-TOP AND STANDING-TOP BUGGIES—CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Two first-rate SPRING WAGONS for sale. JACOB TROXEL.

John W. Tipton,

FASHIONABLE BARBER, North-east corner of the Diamond, (next door to McClean's Hotel,) Gettysburg, Pa. where he can at all times be found ready to attend to all business in his line. He has also excellent assistance and will ensure satisfaction. Give him a call. Dec. 3, 1860.

366. If you have chapped hands, lips or rough skin, use the OLEIN, prepared by Dr. R. HORNER.

Selected Poetry.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night,
Had been hessing field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Were ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow:
The stiff rails were softened to swans' down,
And still wavered down the snow.

I stood and watched from the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood:
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robbins the Babes of the Wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes the snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from the cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scars of our buried woe.

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

[Lowell.

Agricultural & Domestic.

EXHAUSTION OF SOIL.

The exhaustion of the soil consequent upon the system of agriculture pursued by our farmers is awakening public notice and challenging the attention of some of the most observant men in the country. Professor Henry, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, has expressed the opinion that there was "more wealth invested in our soil in fertilizing matter at the moment this continent was discovered by Columbus, than there is at present above the surface, in improvements and all other investments. The fertility which ages had accumulated upon its surface, has been the capital upon which the farmer has been drawing with reckless prodigality from the first settlement of the country." And in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives in 1858, by Hon. J. E. Morrill, we find the following remarks upon the same subject:

By the system of husbandry generally pursued here, the land is tilled until it is robbed of its virtue, skimmed of its cream, and then the owner selling his field to some skinflint neighbor, flies to fresh fields with the foul purpose to repeat the same spoliation; and this annual exodus which prevails over all the older States, and even begins upon the first settlement of the new States before their remoter borders have lost sight of the savage, painfully indicates that we have reached the maximum of population our land will support in the present state of our agricultural economy.

The results of this exhausting process can be seen by some examples taken from the State of New York and Ohio. In the neighborhood of Albany, in 1775, wheat yielded from twenty to forty bushels per acre, in 1785 from sixteen to twenty bushels, in 1815 from twelve to fifteen bushels; while by the State census of 1845 Albany county gave seven and one-half bushels per acre, Duchess five, Columbia six and Westchester seven. Within fifty years preceding 1860 the average yield of wheat in Ohio had diminished from thirty to less than fifteen bushels per acre. Now the average production is thirteen bushels per acre. The Report of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture shows that the average crop of Indian corn in that State during the five years from 1850 to 1854, both inclusive, was 38.81 bushels per acre; while during the five years from 1854 to 1858, both inclusive, it averaged only 32.95 bushels to the acre. The average for 1862 was lower than ever before, to-wit: 28 96-100 bushels per acre. The State census of Iowa for 1858 shows an average wheat production of only 4.12 bushels per acre for spring and 6.96 for winter—oats 5.40 bushels per acre, and corn 23.49.

The retrograde movement in many of the States from farming to stock raising and dairy operating, is also a significant fact pointing to the effects of the exhausting system of cultivation. In noticing this fact the Chicago *Times* says:

Throughout Northern Illinois the raising of winter wheat is gradually ceasing. It has done in Western New York. Farmers find the dangers of its being winter killed or destroyed by the chinch bug, added to the heavy freights and the uncertainty of the markets, so far outweigh the chances of profit, that they are in a measure cut off from their former choice between wheat and stock, and compelled to rely upon stock alone. That wheat is winter killed, as some superficially suppose, in consequence of an increasing average cold in our winter, we do not believe. We doubt whether there is any such increase in the cold of the atmosphere, and if there were, winter wheat does not depend upon the temperature of the atmosphere, but on that of the soil. We think it far more probable that it is winter killed because the soil is growing colder, than from any change in the average temperature of the air. The soil is colder because the ashes which resulted from the ancient priarie fires, and which in the early cultivation of winter wheat kept the soil warm during the winter, have been exhausted and never replaced. We are strengthened in this view by the fact that lime and ashes are prescribed by agriculturists and found successful as the preventive of winter killing. Whether the spread of the chinch bug is in any way directly or indirectly connected with the weakness or decline in the plant, arising from this change in the soil, we do not attempt to argue in the present state of universal ignorance and absence of all scientific investigation relative to the growth of this evil. But as every other form of insect, whether midge or other kinds of weevil, hessian fly, wheat fly, &c., down even to blight smut and rust, have been traced to deterioration in certain ingredients of the soil resulting from continual cropping while deterioration gives rise to weakness in the plant which lays it open to these attacks, we may venture to suggest the possibility that even the chinch bug is no exception to the law. For the law under which all these insect evils are benevolently introduced in the divine economy, is that all vegetation which has within itself a deficient supply of vigor and life, shall be eaten up and destroyed by a process more rapid and healthy than that of slow decay.

Either of these theories would imply a partial impoverishment in our soil as the ultimate cause of the abandonment of the winter wheat crop in Northern Illinois, and it will require some argument more weighty than a mere boast of the depth and inexhaustible richness of our prairie loams to meet the case. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that many farmers who formerly made more money either by wheat or stock, and more by wheat than by stock, are now compelled to look to stock alone, although stock is no more profitable now than heretofore except relatively to crops. Does this indicate a healthy condition of our agriculture? If so, would not our agriculture be in a still more healthy condition if all the farmers on our prairies should turn shepherds and herdsmen like those of the *steppes* of South America or the table lands of Mexico? The effect of this would be that we must not only put our soil and labor into cereals, and our cereals into beef, but the quantity of beef would be so vast, and the price so low, that we would, like the Paraguayans and Mexicans, kill them for the hides and tallow.

IS SNOW A FERTILIZER?

"Farmer," of Sullivan Co., N. Y., writes: "I have frequently heard it said that snow is very beneficial to land, and hence it is sometimes called the 'poor man's manure.' Although this is a commonly received opinion, I have hitherto failed to meet with any one who could explain it upon philosophical principles, and have been led to doubt the truth of the assertion. Why is it said to be so?"—*Answer.*—Snow absorbs from the atmosphere very considerable quantities of ammonia, which is especially abundant in the air near cities, as it is set free from coal and other fuel. It is a warm covering, protecting the plants covered by it, especially such as the grasses and winter grains, from the unfavorable action of frost, for it matters little how deeply the ground is frozen, a good bed of snow lying upon it several weeks will thaw it all, and even permit a growth of grain and grass to take place under it. When it melts, the soil has the benefit of the ammonia, and any fertilizing dust that the snow may have caught, and the snow-water besides contains much oxygen—hence the effects are like those of manure, and the reason for the popular judgment, which is quite right.—*Amer. Agricul.*

CRIB-BITING.

An "Ex-Officer," who has studied this disease in the army, before he entered it, and since he returned from service, makes some suggestions which, considering the very indefinite views usually held by veterinarians about it, are worthy consideration. We regret he has no experience in regard to a cure. "I have found that authors call this disease an affection of the stomach, or locate it in other places, still more remote from the seat of the complaint. I have taken pains for the last six or seven years, both in the army and while out of it, to look in every horse's mouth that gave the well known intimation of being afflicted with what is generally termed 'cribbing,' or 'wind-sucking,' and I have in no instance failed to find that the gums grow down between the upper teeth—some within a quarter of an inch of the ends of the teeth, others not so far, but *all* have that characteristic without exception. From this I conclude it is a crowding of the teeth and gums, instead of any intestinal disease. The pain and irritation caused by the pressure, makes the horse press his teeth upon the first horizontal piece of anything he comes in contact with, to obtain relief. The pain he is in, no doubt, causes him to grunt, and the eructation of wind from the stomach is but the effect of having the head and neck in the position he takes. For a cure, I would suggest that keeping the teeth from crowding each other, or the gums, or both, will at once cure the malady."

HAVE YOU PLENTY OF DOOR MATS?

Our observation is, that comparatively few housekeepers appreciate the economy of having plenty of mats at every outside door. The chief wear of carpets comes from sandy or gritty materials brought in on the boots or shoes. Uncarpeted floors are constantly soiled from the same source. Most persons keep but a single mat just inside, or outside of the door. It is far better to have two or three—one coarse, heavy one outside the door, at the bottom of the steps, another just against the door on the outside, and another finer one on the inside. Mats so placed will be a strong hint to careless, slovenly men and boys to wipe their feet clean. The cost is not so much more for three mats thus used, for they will last nearly three times as long as a single one. Each fifty cents invested in mats will usually save ten times the amount in carpets, and in lessening labor and annoyance. Corn husks braided together make good home-made mats. Pieces of old carpets are far better than nothing. A good, cheap mat can be easily made by stitching two pieces of old carpet together and stuffing with a thin layer of hay or straw, knotting it through to keep the filling in place.

COOKING SALSIFY, OR VEGETABLE OYSTER.

We hope many of our readers have a liberal supply of this vegetable, or will have another year. It is grown as easily, and just like carrots or parsnips, and if rightly cooked affords a very agreeable dish, especially as it grows all winter, although we usually take up late in autumn a quantity for winter's use, and pack it in boxes of moist sand in a cool cellar. We clean the roots well, cut in short pieces, boil tender, drain, salt it, add a little salt codfish picked very fine, and butter, thicken with a little flour and milk, and pour it over toast.—C. W. C., Howells, Orange Co., N. Y., writes; Wash and scrape the roots, cut in thin slices, boil in a little water until soft; pour off the water and mash the roots fine. Season with salt, pepper, butter, and a little cream.

SALTING BUTTER.

A New Hampshire correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, gives the following recipe for salting butter: Take two quarts of good salt, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of saltpetre. Use one ounce of the composition for one pound of butter. It should be stamped and left to cool before putting in jars. Butter prepared in this way should not be used for two or three weeks. You will find that your butter will be very fine, as it will have no brittle or salty look or taste. By following this course your butter will keep the year through, in warm as well as cold weather.

Choice Miscellany.

SLEIGH-RIDING WITH A WIDOW.

Snow had fallen, the young folks of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance, and the interesting widow Lampkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo as myself. "Oh, don't," she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight. "Don't what?" I asked; "I'm not doing anything." "Well, but I thought you was going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lampkin. "Toll!" I replied, "what's that?" "How!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells; "Dr. Meadows pretends he don't know what toll is!" "Indeed, I don't then," I said, laughing in turn. "Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go out on a sleighing party, claim a kiss as toll when they cross a bridge?" "Well, I never!" When next we came to a bridge, and I claimed toll, the struggle of the widow to hold the veil was not sufficient to tear it; and, somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight, the horse trotted on himself, and toll was taken for the first time by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said there was no use to resist, and she paid up as we reached it without a struggle. "But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, Doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical affirmative to the question. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

A COLORED DISCOURSE.

A correspondent of the *Knickerbocker*, who writes from Mansfield, sends the following "discourse," for the entire authenticity of which he vouches without reserve, having taken it down from the thick lips of the reverend orator himself:

"My text, brethren and sisters, will be found in the fus chapter ob Genesis and twenty-sebenth verse:—'And de Lor' made Adam.' I tell you how he made him. He made him out ob clay, and when he git dry he breathed into him de breff ob life. He put him in de garden ob Eden, and den set him in de corner ob de lot, and he tole him to eat all de apples ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for de winter apples.

"Byme by, Adam he be lonsom. So de Lor' make him Ebe. I'll tell you how he make her; he gib Adam lodd'num till he got sound asleep, den he gouged a rib out ob his side and make Ebe; an he tole her to eat all de apples ceptin' dem in de middle of de orchard; dem he wanted for de winter apples.

"Wun day de Lor' he go a visiting, de debbil he cum along, dressed up in de skin ob de snake, and he fine Ebe, an' he tell her, 'Ebe, why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard?' Ebe say, 'Dem de Lor's winter apples.' But de debbil says, 'I tell you for to eat dem, case dey's de best apples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple, an' gib Adam a bite; an' den de debbil, he go away.

"Byme by, de Lor' cum home an' he call Adam. Adam he lay low, so de Lor' call again. 'You Adam!' Adam say, 'Hea, Lor'!' An' de Lor' say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Adam tole him, 'Don't know—Ebe, I spect.' So de Lor' call Ebe. Ebe lay low; de Lor' call again, 'You Ebe!' Ebe say, 'Hea, Lor'!' De Lor' say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Ebe tole him, 'Don't know—Adam she spect.' So de Lor' cotch 'em boff, an' trow dem ober de fence, an' tole dem, 'Go, work for your libben.'"

☞ A little chap who had, among other Christmas presents, a "mechanical box," in which two "colored pussons" were intended to dance, on being "wound up," found it would not work, and appealed to an older brother to "fix it." Jack looked at it, and immediately exclaimed, "why! they *can't* be fixed so as to 'work,' Bob! They are *free*, you know!"

☞ "What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson? Do you consider him a good musician?" "On that point I wish to swear with great care. I do not wish to insinuate that Mr. Vauslopes is not a good musician. Not at all. But I could not help observing—people will observe queer things at times—that after he commenced playing on the clarionet a saw-filer who lived next door left home and has never since been heard of."

☞ Old grave-stones sometimes tell the truth. Here is a good specimen of an old time New England epitaph, which may be read in a grave-yard at South Dedham, Massachusetts:

"Many a man for love of pelf,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labors, accumulates, and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything—except his soul!"

☞ A Chinese widow, fanning the tomb of her husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly she saw no harm in aiding the operation.

☞ An Irishman took off his coat to show a terrible wound which he had received a few years before. Not being able, however, to find the wound, he suddenly remembered it was on "brother Bill's arm."

☞ Why are young ladies kissing each other like an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

☞ An exchange says a saving bank in Mobile, established by the negroes, collapsed the other day, in consequence of the depositors withdrawing all the funds to attend a circus.

☞ A six-year old chap in Bethel, Me., being unable to drive his cow out of the barn, set it on fire, and then, he says, "she run."

PARLOR JUGGLERY.

We notice that many of our popular magazines and periodicals are devoting a portion of their space to the science of legerdemain, for the edification of their young readers, and for general home amusement. We don't propose to go behind anything with ink on it, and consequently have prepared a number of tricks which will be found not only entertaining but instructive. In the long autumn and winter evenings they will form a never-failing source of amusement. They are all susceptible of explanation upon natural principles, and no parent can consistently object to them on the ground that "there is suthin' wrong about 'em." These tricks are not only healthy, but are perfectly sure in their results:

The Spittoon Trick.—Take two half-gallon spittoons—white ones are the best—then select a strong red cord—a worsted one, if it can be procured—pass the cord through the two holes of the spittoons and give the ends to a gentleman and lady, selected from the company, to hold. Now let a lady seize the spittoons, and, sliding each to the opposite end of the cord, bring them together smartly, when they will break in pieces and fall to the floor. This trick is easily performed, and will excite considerable applause.

The Magic Stick.—To do this trick properly you will need a pearl-handled knife and a stout hardwood stick, some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick and then try to crush it endways, either between your hands or by sitting upon it. This, to your astonishment, you will find impossible to do.

The Flying Hen.—Select a large, well-fed hen—the color is immaterial, though black is best—and place her in a sitting position on some smooth surface. Then over her place a paste-board box, eighteen by thirty inches. Pound smartly upon the top of the box with a bone-handled table knife for three minutes, and then suddenly raise it, when the hen will immediately fly away. This trick can be performed by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

The Nail Trick.—Take 2 large wrought iron nails, and wire them together in the form of a cross. It will then be found impossible to swallow them. There is no deception about this:

The Cable.—Take a piece of tarred cable, about fifteen inches in length, cut it carefully in two with a sharp knife, and then try and chew the ends together. You can try as long as you like.

The Magic Eggs.—Put twelve fresh eggs carefully into a green worsted bag. Swing the bag rapidly about your head, hitting it each time against the door-post. Then ask the company whether they will have them boiled, scrambled, or fried. It will make no difference which they choose.

The Four Jacks.—Select a pack of cards with plain white backs. Take out the four jacks and burn them before the company, letting them see the ashes. Now shuffle the cards quickly, and, holding them in the left hand, give them a sharp rap with the knuckles of the right. Then place them on the table with the face down, and defy the company to find the jacks. They can't do it.

These are only a few of the tricks in our repertoire, but they will suffice for the present. They are calculated not only to amuse, but to inculcate a love of science among our young friends, and we shall feel amply repaid by their thanks.

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.

The Albany *Times* says it is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about, give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the world is dead, we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is and improve its condition. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral and religious improvement of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre table be kept part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family, men, women and children, read the newspapers.

Sleighing.—The jingle of the merry sleigh bells reminds us of the following extract from a boy's composition or essay on "Sleighing:"

"There ain't much sleigh-riding except in the winter. Folks don't seem to care about it in warm weather. Grown-up boys and girls like to go sleigh-riding—the boys generally drive with one hand and help the girls hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once when he took Celia Ann Crane out sleighing, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muff than he did to holding the horses."

Salt the Chimney.—In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the interspaces of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in the chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture every damp day. The soot thus becomes damp and falls down the fire-place. Our readers should remember or preserve this little piece of valuable information.

☞ A poor woman and her little child lately settled in a western city and were greatly reduced and in need of food.—The child seeing a chicken in the back yard, wanted to kill it and have a pot-pie. "No, no," said the mother, "that would be wicked, and God would surely punish you." "Then," said the youngster, looking up, "let's move back to Boston, there ain't any God there."

☞ The Southern darkies held emancipation frolics at Richmond, Charleston, Wilmington and other places, on New Year's day, unmolested by anybody. At Augusta, Georgia, they had a "military" parade, and such a lot of flashy uniforms, of every color, swords, arms and trappings of every sort—warlike and comical—was never before witnessed among the descendants of Ham and hominy.

Miscegenation.—"A good-looking, intelligent, well dressed, tidy and prepossessing white girl," of Ohio, has married a big Sambo, about seven degrees blacker than a bucket of coal tar. Mated doves,

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two colors mixed as one."

☞ A singular innovation was made at a funeral in Paris the other day. Instead of laudatory discourses in honor of the individual interred, one of his friends read extracts from a newspaper article in his praise.

☞ An ingenious pickpocket in the West is said to have driven a good business by getting on railroad trains, refusing to pay the fare, and then picking the conductor's pocket while he was putting him out.

From the New York Day Book.

SOLILOQUY OF A POOR MECHANIC.

BY "BRICK" POMEROY.

How my head aches!

And I want a little more sleep, but unless I am there when the seven-o'clock bell speaks, I am not wanted.

But I'll rest—nap—snooze here as I rest, and waken in a few moments.

That noise in the kitchen?

That is my wife preparing the breakfast. Good woman—she did not go to bed till an hour or more after I did, and she is always up an hour before me. Her work is never done—mine is never done. I hear her step in another room. I hear the dishes as they are placed on the table. This pillow is not so large as some pillows, so I'll double it up and rest my head on it. And this bed is not such as rich people have, but it's good enough for a poor man! The feather bed is thin—the clothes are none to nice, but then we are better off than thousands I know.

Why not have better ones?

Simply because I cannot afford it. Do you see these hands? Do you see the callous palms—the little labor cracks—the half stiffened blunt fingers? Well, sir, they are marks of industry. I go to the shop early. I work late. I take my dinner in that little tin pail. I work till my back aches. I save my money. My wife helps me at home—she is prudent, saving, industrious and hopeful. My children are not dressed as well as my neighbor's children are, but they wear the best I can get them.

I have no money for luxuries, my family must live, even if my bed be hard, my pillow small—the feathers few and the bed clothes worn—the floor uncarpeted.

Hard work?

Of course I have work, and I have pay for it. But money does not go so far now as it used to. Two dollars to-day are not as good as one dollar six years ago. My wages go for flour, meat, potatoes, butter when we can afford it, eggs, tea, coffee, sugar, cloth, medicines and taxes.

Why purchase butter, tea, coffee, etc.

Why live? I am tired at night and want something I can relish, and a cup of tea gives me strength and new life. And in the morning, with the labors of the day staring me in the face as they lead me along to the grave, I have but little appetite, a cup of coffee with sugar in it and perhaps an egg on my plate tempts the worn out appetite and I thus gain strength for my toil.

Be more saving.

I am saving. My wife is saving. I have hardly a decent suit of clothes. My wife does not have more than two dresses a year. She mends and turns, and patches and saves, and pieces; and she uses our worn-out garments to make clothes for the children. And we have no luxuries in the pantry or cellar—simply plain food. A dollar does not go far in market now. I do not complain, but do get discouraged at times, and wonder why a poor man was born—what use is there in living? Everything costs so much. Cotton costs five times as much now as six years ago. Woolen goods ditto. Tea, coffee, flour, meat, sugar, rice, butter, eggs, tobacco, spices, medicines, &c., &c., cost from three to five times as much as they once did. And my wages are not increased in proportion. And then the war. All I had saved for years went for war expenses. It was fifty dollars here—fifty dollars there—fifty dollars then—twenty dollars more for the last call—fifty dollars more for the next last call and so on. I had to sell my cow and silver watch to raise bounty money.

Why didn't I enlist?

Why didn't you? My son, my brother, my cousin enlisted, and they died or came home crippled. I was drafted—I mortgaged my house and lot to raise money to send a man in my place.

What made me?

To save the Union. They told me the South wanted to get out of the Union, and that we must whip them back. I did not quite understand the matter. I wanted the Union restored and I joined with the Republican party. But all this was for nothing. We went to war—we lost half a million of men—we ruined the South so it is worth nothing to the Union—they submitted—we disbanded our armies—the South laid down her arms and has gone to work, and now these same Republicans say the South is out of the Union, and they are going to keep her out, for fear she will vote against them. I can't see what we gained by war. And I find out that the Democrats were right, and that Democratic times were the best for poor people. And the taxes—why I am now taxed—and taxed and taxed? I must support myself—my family—my poor relatives; my crippled relatives who came back from the war—I pay ten times the City, State, town and county taxes I did before—I am taxed to help support free negroes who once worked, as I have to, and support themselves—and, worse than all, I am taxed to pay interest money to rich bondholders, who live in ease, whose hands are soft, who pay no taxes, yet live on what I earn, and what all of us poor men earn. Now what chance has a poor man under such a Republican Government? A chance to work hard and die poor.

THE BLESSINGS OF "FREEDOM."

A friend, (and a decided Republican,) who fought through the war, and is now trying to run a plantation "down in Dixie," complains of the "uncertainty of procuring labor"—that he had "hired seven different gangs since he took the plantation, and could not induce any of them to remain long;" that the last ones he agreed to pay in advance, week to week, as long as they would remain—which was exactly six days, and the last he saw of them, they were marching (Indian file) down the road, singing, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," in the full enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We imagine the feelings of our Republican friend, as he leaned over the railings, and saw his sable friends, "on their winding way," to have been akin to those of Pharaoh, when the children of Israel "took to the water,"—and we don't recollect, at this moment, any one whose faith in "negro equality" deserved a more convincing shock than his. He is now looking for Northern white laborers, satisfied that "the fre