

# The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAILE.

"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.

37<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

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NO. 29.

## TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

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## Jury List—April Court.

GRAND JURY. Hamiltonban—Joseph J. Kerr, Rufus C. Swope, Benj. Marshall, Huntington—John L. Sadler, David Lerew, Andrew Coulson, Isaac Sadler, Latimore—Isaac Grist, John Harbold, Wm. Finkelberger, Isaac D. Worley, Germany—Isaac Staub, Joseph Barker, Tyrone—Wm. Sadler, Liberty—Samuel Eiker, Straban—Isaac F. Binknerhoff, Jacob Cassat, Reading—John Miller, James Dicks, Robert Dicks, Wm. Hildebrand, Franklin—Charles W. Lego, Oxford—Abdel F. Gitt, Menallen—Andrew Bittinger.

GENERAL JURY. Huntington—Jacob A. Gardner, Benj. Gardner, Henry Shultz, Moses Ziegler, Michael Fissel, Warner Townsend, Franklin—George Geyer, Peter Ketterman, E. W. Staile, Wm. McCullough, Augustus Micklely, Cumberland—Isaac Pfoutz, John Butt, Jr., Oxford—Joseph Stough, Peter Diehl, Mounjoy—Jeremiah Bowers, Butler—Hamilton Everett, Daniel Gitt, Freedom—Jacob Myers, Union—John Spangler, John Diehl, Liberty—Maxwell Shields, Michael Correy, John Musselman, Tyrone—Jesse Cline, John Diehl, Berwick—Michael Bender, Latimore—Jacob B. Miller, Mountpleasant—John Eckert, Andrew Kerrigan, Alex. Tawney, Menallen—Elijah Wright, Solomon Bender, Hamiltonban—Jeremiah Biesecker, Borough—Hugh Newdiddle, Hamilton—Bernard Hildebrand, March 12, 1855.

## OLD SOLDIERS.

### Bounty Land Act of 1855.

The undersigned is now fully prepared to file and is rapidly filing CLAIMS TO BOUNTY LAND for soldiers of the War of 1812, and of ALL the wars of the U. States—their widows and minor children. In addition to his long experience and success, he would add, that in all the many claims he has hitherto filed, (between 100 and 200) he has carefully preserved, and has now every thing necessary to establish the rights of claimants—also Rolls and Lists of Companies, and facilities for furnishing proofs in all cases that may be entrusted to him.

He has made complete arrangements for locating warrants in the Western States. Warrants bought—Warrants sold, Apply personally or by letter to D. MC CONAUGHY, Gettysburg, March 12, 1855.

### Bounty Land Claims.

The undersigned will attend promptly to the collection of claims for BOUNTY LANDS under the late act of Congress. Those who have already received 40 or 80 Acres, can now receive the balance, by calling on the subscriber and making the necessary application. JOEL B. DANNER, Gettysburg, March 12, 1855.

## Bounty Lands.

SOLDIERS who served in any war of the U. States a term not less than fourteen days, are entitled to 160 ACRES BOUNTY LAND, and in case of the death of the soldier, his widow or minor children, (if any) are entitled to the same quantity. In cases where 40 or 80 acres have already been received, the difference necessary to make up the 160 acres can now be drawn.

Apply to the subscriber, at his office, in Gettysburg, where persons having Land Warrants to sell, may obtain the highest price for them. R. G. M'CREARY, March 19, 1855. 6m

## Samuel M. Mecutchen,

No. 536 North Front Street, above Maiden, and N. E. Corner Front and Maiden Sts. Philadelphia, MILL-WRIGHT and BURR MILL STONE MANUFACTURER. Sole Proprietor of Jouxson's highly approved and much improved Smut and Screening Machines, also, Improved Iron Concave Bran Sifters, the Premium Machine for Millers; Costello Mill Irons, Smut Machines, Patent Lever Mill Bush and Stretched and Common Belting, Square Meshed Bolting Cloths, from the most approved Manufactories, always on hand, made up and put on order, cheap and warranted. March 26, 1855. 3m

## F. H. Smith,

PORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTURER, N. W. cor. of Fourth & Chesnut Sts., Philadelphia, always on hand a large and varied assortment of Work Boxes, Cabas, Traveling Bags, Backgammon-Boards, Chess Men, Pocket Mem. Books, Dressing Cases, Cigar Cases, &c. Also, a general assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH & GERMAN FANCY GOODS: Fine Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Razors, and Gold Pens. Wholesale, Second and Third Floors, N. W. corner Fourth & Chesnut Sts., Philadelphia. N. B.—On the receipt of \$1. a Superior Gold Pen will be sent to any part of the United States, by mail, describing pen, thus, medium, hard, or soft. [April 2, 1855. 1y

ATTENTION! I have on hand a well selected stock of Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, to which I invite the attention of buyers. So, come along, and you will find me in York Street, opposite the Bank. VIOLINS, Guitars, Accordions, Flutinas, Harmonicas, Guitar and Violin strings, at SAMSON'S.

## Choice Poetry.

### OUR QUARREL.

BY C. JUDGE.

We quarrel'd—lovers often do, However so deep they love; Our quarrel out of little grew, As we sat by the stove.

We parted in the usual way With lovers, when they fight; That is, we staid which could say, In coldest tones, "Good night!"

I held the handle of the door, And as I turn'd it round, I thought I never heard before "Good night!" so sadly sound.

I could have rush'd back to her side— So strong my love return'd— And craved forgiveness, had not pride The bare idea scorn'd.

Slowly I trod the stairs alone— The first time since we lov'd— And feelings, until then unprov'd, My bosom strangely mov'd.

Her hand was not as wont in mine— Her voice I lov'd to hear Was silent: nor came look or sign, Or parting kiss, to cheer.

Starting from this sad reverie, Half shouting, "I don't care!" My progress was arrest'd by A footstep on the stair.

I knew her step, and turn'd me round; She spoke a single word— My name—'t was the sweetest sound I thought I ever heard.

Yet there was something in the tone That smote me, while it charm'd; That seem'd to say, "You fault alone," And left me quite disarm'd.

I bounded up to where she stood, And kiss'd her for the deed; In the sweet assurance that it could But from true love proceed.

We do not think of quarrelling now, Nor have we since the hour When my proud heart was forc'd to bow Before a woman's gentle power.

When I would give a moment's pain, Remembrance cries "Forbear!" I hear her magic voice again— Her footstep on the stair.

New York, March 16, 1855.

## Select Miscellany.

### Interesting Facts.

Some indefatigable statistician has taken the trouble to collect and condense in the following paragraph, a volume of important facts in human life; which, as a matter of information, should be committed to memory by every one. The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one half before reaching 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only six reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,854 every day; 3,730 every hour; and 60 every minute. On one extreme, the losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age, than men, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 100 individuals. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes; that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one eighth the population.

### Interesting to Think About.

Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time, amounts to 36,627,843,273,075,255. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000—the number of square leagues of land on the globe—leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land, which, being divided as before, give 1,314,622,076 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,853,174,600,000, which being divided as before, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod, which, being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is a vast cemetery—1283 human beings lie buried on each square rod—scarcely sufficient for ten graves—each grave must contain 128 persons. Thus it is easy to see that the whole surface of our globe has been dug over one hundred and twenty-eight times, to bury its dead! How truthful the declaration of the poet:—"There's not a dust that floats on air But once was living man."

### The First Duel in the United States.

Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that the first duel in the new United States, was fought at Plymouth in 1621, the year succeeding the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Sabine, in his Notes, says: "The parties were Edward Doty, and Edward Leister, servants of Stephen Hopkins, and having a dispute, they settled it gentleman-like with sword and dagger. Both were wounded. Without a statute law on the subject, the whole company of Puritans assembled to consider and punish the offence. The decision was the wisest that could have been made. Doty and Leister were ordered to be tied together, heads and feet, for twenty-four hours, without food or drink; but the intercession of their master, their own humanity and promises, procured a speedy release."

### Horrible Revenge.

Dr. Radcliffe, who was fond of the pleasures of the table, was one afternoon comfortably disposing of a bottle of wine, when a countryman entered the room, and begged him to come immediately to his wife, who was dying. "I can't help it, my fine fellow—I can't move till I have finished my bottle." "Now, it happened that the countryman was a large, strong man, and the doctor a very small one; so it occurred to the former that his best plan was to seize the doctor and carry him off on his shoulders. He did so; and while he was bearing him along, the doctor, bursting with rage, exclaimed:—"You villain, I'll cure your wife!" and he was as good as his word.

## The First Wedding.

We like short courtships, and in his. Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question, almost immediately after meeting—Mà-lo-Evo, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood, have wished we were the man "wot did it." But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's, and he improved it.

We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding; Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.

One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us in his wife's scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger but not older—without experience, without a house, without a pot or kettle, nothing but love and Eden! Noah's Weekly Messenger.

## An Unfortunate and Singular Mistake.

Two years ago, says an exchange, a young Englishman was arrested in Boston, for passing counterfeit money, tried, convicted and sentenced to the State's Prison. The money which he passed was a five dollar bill on the Wrentham Bank, which was taken by the person receiving it to the Suffolk bank for deposit. The teller of the Suffolk pronounced it counterfeit, and wrote "counterfeit" across the face of it. On the trial the mark of the teller was called to prove the bill counterfeit, and the teller's stamp went for evidence. About a month ago, the bill, which had been safely kept in the District Attorney's office, by accident, fell into the hands of the former cashier of the bank, when he immediately pronounced it genuine. Whereupon the young Englishman was set at liberty, after a confinement in the State's Prison for nearly two years. The question now is, who ought to pay the damages, the State or the Suffolk Bank?

WM. PENN ON THE SURRENDER OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—A curious document has been recently brought to light by C. L. Ward, Esq., of Towanda, Pa., by which it is shown that William Penn, the Quaker, did not believe in harboring and keeping runaway slaves, when their masters denounced them. The document referred to is said to have been accidentally discovered in one of the public offices of Pennsylvania, containing the early archives of the State. It was marked on the outside, "Wm. Penn to the Susquehanna Indians," and is as follows:—"My good friends—The people of New York having again written earnestly to me about those prisoners taken by you, especially ye woman and ye boy, saying that they bought them fairly of the Governor of Carolina, who sold them for slaves.—And they being very good friends and neighbors, and all under the same King, I must therefore desire you to deliver the said woman and boy to the bearer hereof, Silvester, who will carefully carry them to New Castle, and there put them on board of a vessel bound directly for New York—and by so doing, you will greatly oblige your very good friend and brother. Wm. Penn."

Perhaps there is not a more offensive feature of dandyism than over scenting with high-flavored sweets. As the Scotch proverb has it, it is "over sweet to be wholesome." An amusing rebuke of this vulgar habit was given at Niagara last summer, which is worthy of preservation:—"Sitting on the piazza of the 'Cataract House,' was a young, foppish looking gentleman, his garments well-scented with a mingled odor of bad cologne and very powerful musk. A solemn-faced odd-looking man, after passing the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone said:—"Stranger, I can tell you what will take that scent out of your clothes. You take—" "What!—what do you mean, Sir?" said the exquisite, filled with indignation, and starting from his chair. "Oh! get mad, now—swear—pitch round—fight; just because a man wants to do you a kindness?" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what'll take out that smell—'pshaw! You must whiff your clothes—bury 'em only for a day or two." "I had an uncle who once got foul of a sk—" At this instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment; and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop," and vanished upstairs.

The fact is, there is no parrying such good-natured satire when well founded.

An Indian being asked what he did for a living replied— "Oh, me preach."

"Preach," said a by-stander, "and do you get paid for it?"

"Sometimes me get a shilling, and sometimes two shillings."

"And isn't that mighty poor pay?"

"Oh, yes, but it's mighty poor preaching."

WIT AS WIT.—At a social party a few nights since, no matter where, a lady asked a lawyer, "Why coal is like a celebrated law book?" "I have no doubt of its being Blackstone," replied the lawyer. "But," said the lady, "we burn Coke also." "True," said the lawyer, "but at most of the coal-yards you get a very little ton."

A POWERFUL APPEAL.—On one of the petitions received by the Governor of California from Texas, for the pardon of Taylor, were the names of Chief Justice Polk, his lady and fourteen daughters. Taylor, who was sentenced to be hung, was pardoned.

AMERICANS AT SEBASTOPOL.—According to the New York Tribune there are two American surgeons in Sebastopol. They are likely to stay there some time, and probably, before the war is over, have ample opportunity to become acquainted with their profession.

"Do you go in for the Maine Liquor Law?" "Why, partly yes, and partly no; I go in for the Liquor, but not for the Law."

"My dear," said a traveller to a little red-headed girl, "can I procure a glass of milk here?" "No, this," was the reply; "it's a temperance bouth."

## Expected Return of the Three Hundred Year Comet.

The eminent astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, gives some very interesting details relative to the return of that great comet, whose periodical course is computed, by the most celebrated observer, at three hundred years. Our cyclical records show that it was observed in the year 104,392,682,975—again in 1264, and the next time in 1550—always described as shining with the most extraordinary brilliancy. Most of the European astronomers had agreed in announcing the return of this comet in 1848; but it has heretofore failed to appear. In fact, it is not so easy or simple a matter to compute those vast cycles or periods as some superficial persons—who do not look beyond the day of the year in which they live—may imagine. We are, however, assured by M. Babinet, that up to this moment, this beautiful star "is living on its brilliant reputation," so that Sir John Herschel himself was wrong when he despaired of its re-appearance, and put craps on his telescope. We are now informed that a celebrated and accurate computer—M. Bomme, of Middleburgh—with a patience and devotedness truly German, has gone over all previous calculations, and made a new estimate of the separate and combined action of all the planets upon this comet, of three hundred years; and he has discovered that it is not lost to us; but only retarded in its motion. The result of this severe labor gives the arrival of this rare and renowned visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years, more or less; so that between 1856 and 1860, those who are then living may hope to see the great luminary which, in 1550, caused Charles V. to abdicate.

## Clay Used for Fuel.

We stated recently that some person at New Orleans had, by a simple process, made common clay serve all the purposes of coal, either to burn in grates or to generate steam. The article is called "Firmamentum," and a few days ago a trial of it took place in the furnace of the office of the New-Orleans True Delta, which paper says:—"The Firmamentum, which to all appearances is nothing more or less than common clay, made up into balls about the size of a four pound cannon shot, and dried like brick, was thrown into the furnace like so much coal, lighted without the slightest difficulty or detraction, and in a very short time steam was raised. The heat in the furnace was intense, and with a very slight addition to the quantity (about half a barrel) first thrown in, steam was kept up for several hours, at a point sufficiently high to keep two of our machine presses going at their utmost speed. From what we have seen of the Firmamentum, previous to the public test of yesterday, and viewing the latter as conclusive, we give it as our unbiased and deliberate opinion that it will answer all the purposes of coal, so far as producing heat and generating steam are concerned. The same paper states that a company has been formed for the manufacture of the article on an extensive scale, and that it can be furnished at 25 cents per barrel. It is said to produce no smoke, nor to emit any sparks, and therefore will be preferable to coal for locomotives, dwellings and hotels.

AN INGENUOUS INVENTION.—An inventive genius, desirous of promoting the domestic raising of hens, has invented a contrivance to keep them from scratching up the garden. It is a small instrument, somewhat resembling a very long spur, attached to the hind part of a hen's leg. The instrument is so arranged that when the hen is about to scratch the earth the spur catches in the ground before her foot has fairly descended, and obliges her to bring the foot down quietly and harmlessly a little in front of the place which she has aimed at. The hen thereupon tries the other foot, with a like result. She keeps trying, and before she is aware of it, the machine has walked her right out of the garden! This will be just the thing when the "hen fever" returns.

The following advertisement appeared, a few days ago, in one of the New York dailies:—"Notice.—If the gentleman who keeps a store in Cedar-street with a red head, will return the umbrella he borrowed from a lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to his advantage."

The extraordinary expenses to which many firms in New York are subject in the shape of store rents, may be inferred from the fact that the stores of the Astor House fronting on Broadway, (eight in number,) rent for \$28,000. Each corner store (about 50 feet front) rents for \$4,000. One of "The Trade," in that location, has been compelled to close doors within a few days.

The bark of the great California tree is about to be erected, for a short time, in the New York Park. It is thirty feet in diameter and ninety feet high, and its erection will require the labor of ten men for at least ten days. In May it is to be shipped for the Paris Exhibition.

SCARCITY OF PROVISION.—The Leesburg (Va.) Washingtonian alludes to the extreme scarcity of food for stock in Loudon county. Some of the farmers have been forced to dispose of their stock at low prices. Corn has sold as high as \$6.80 per bushel. The prospects for grazing are likewise bad, the drought and the severity of the winter having killed all the clover.

Great news for the afflicted!—Money, it is said, has become a drug in the New York Market. Hope our retail dealers will order on a supply forthwith, and put us down for a few doses.

The Lynchburg Virginian says that in Nicholas county, recently, a hunting party of three or four persons killed thirty-three deer in three days.

PAPER FROM BAMBOO CANE.—A specimen of paper, manufactured from the common cane, the bamboo of the Mississippi river, has been exhibited at St. Louis, and is highly approved.

An ancient and exceedingly simple method of book-keeping, is to keep all the books you lay your hands on.

An exchange says:—"Recently six sisters were married in one house in Somerset, Pa., all by the same clergyman."

If you want your neighbors to know "who you are," give a party and don't invite the folks who "live next door."

## Good Sentiments.

We copy the following letter from the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate. It contains the sentiments of hundreds of foreigners who have come to our land. The sentiment is patriotic, and it is written in a spirit that all who read it must admire:—"Brother Clark.—The Providence of God so ordered my destiny that I was born out of the limits of the United States. While yet a mere lad, I read of the struggle of the heroes of the Revolution for freedom: nor did I fail to observe, that prominent among their grievances, was the effort of their tyrannical ruler to prevent the population of this country, by restricting the immigration laws. I traced them through the varied scenes, from the first pistol shot at Lexington, to the final consummation of liberty at the siege of Yorktown; grieving at their defeats, and rejoicing at their success; I saw Lafayette, DeKalb, Steuben and others, from every nation of Europe, battling side by side with Washington, Green and Gates; prompted by no motive but the love of liberty, hoping for no reward but its triumph. In that crisis there were none to charge that the stain of foreign birth polluted their souls; they went down to their graves in peace, rejoicing that by their blood and treasures they had assisted in establishing on the footstool of God, one asylum for the oppressed.

Inspired by their examples with an enthusiastic love of liberty, and encouraged by the noble generosity of the American people, I emigrated to this country at an early age, and here ventur'd my all, of hope, fortune and aspirations. You will not think it strange, then, that I grow uneasiness when I see an organization growing up among us, whose object it is to blight my hopes, ruin my fortune, and forever defeat my aspirations—when I see the religious presses of the country fostering and aiding this organization—and it was with regret I learned that the Advocate was among its apologists. Would not the heroes of the Revolution lie uneasy in their graves if they knew their names and their labors perverted to accomplish such an end? Would not their blood cry out for vengeance, being spilled for equal rights, to be thus bartered for privileged classes and birthrights—the initiatory steps to aristocracy.

I have taken an oath to "renounce forever all allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate or sovereign whatsoever, and particularly to the one whereof I was formerly a subject." This oath makes it perjury for me to claim any other country than this for my home. And can I call this a home where I am not, nor ever can be (should this order prevail) recognized as possessing, full privileges of citizenship? I am recognized as such by the laws and Constitution, but this order, counteracting both the law and the Constitution, deprives me of my rights. Caught in this trap—robbed of the privileges which were held out to induce me to swear allegiance to this country, what place on earth may I call my home? I have renounced, on my citizenship in all other countries, and am I then to be denied it in this? The Arab or the Tartar might refuse to admit me to their rights, but even their sense of honor would forbid them thus to ensnare me. I must be lost to every country, and every country lost to me, save that country where the arm of man cannot sway the scales of justice.

I read my Bible in the language of Luther, and learned to be a Protestant, and from my Bible and Wesley I learned to be a Methodist. No one asks me to disbelieve the Bible because it came from India, Protestantism because Luther was a German, or Methodism because Wesley was an Englishman. No one refuses me a membership in the church because I was born in a foreign land. I can join them in praising God for his favors, and invoking his blessing on our country; I can commune with them at the sacramental board, and yet refusing me a vote, they will cast their ballot side by side with the vilest scoundrel that ever disgraced the soil on which he was born. Ministers of the gospel denounce me (with all profane-ness) from the sacred desk, and for their profane-ness in the work of the order, are bribed to abandon their profession, and mock the call of God, by entering the polluted arena of political warfare; and even endeavor to make the church subservient to their schemes. The lambs of God, which they were called upon to feed, must be left to the mercy of the wolves, whilst they return to the flesh pots of Egypt. Their voices which one day proclaim the insearchable riches of Christ from the sacred desk, on the next may be seen wrangling in legislative halls or political caucuses, about some schemes for party aggrandizement.

Of these things you cannot but be aware. Many of your correspondents are rejoicing at it, and yourself either commenting or silently acquiescing. I hope for the sake of the church of which I am a member, for the sake of the reputation of the Advocate as a religious journal, and for the sake of Him whose cause it professes to sustain, that such things may hereafter meet the condemnation they merit. A METHODIST. Woodsfield, Ohio, Feb. 14.

## Hear Him.

The editor of the Lebanon Courier says of the Know Nothings:—"They are bound together by secret obligations of the most binding character, and they stop at no means to accomplish their ends. And this is an aristocratic *coterie* too. They permit no plebeians to scent the air of their secret machinations. The rank and file must be mere blind followers, swallowing the pills prescribed, without asking questions. The true democracy of Lebanon county, or of any other country, can have no part or lot with such men—they have no common interests or sympathy with them, and it is impossible that, when men feel the dignity of their American nationality, they will permit themselves to be mere cats-paws in the hands of men who intrigue in exclusiveness."

ADVICE TO KNOW-NOTHINGS.—The Peeks-kill Republican, advises those few "respectable Christian men" who have been inveigled into the Know-Nothing "Councils," to "come out." It says:—"We are told that some good Christian men have gone into these Orders, and it would be strange if they had not. But what of all that? It only proves that a very good man may sometimes make a fool of himself. We would advise all respectable Christian men who are in, to back out as soon as they can. We shall soon have more Poor-Trade tragedies if Protestantism is to leave her spiritual weapons, and resort to stabs in the dark for her defence and support."

## Treatment of Fruit Trees.

Mr. Ekron:—I herein purpose giving you the manner of treating fruit trees, particularly the peach and plum, so as to make them bear, and if suitable to appear in your well prepared columns, you are at liberty to use it. The following treatment of fruit trees was communicated to me, by a lover of good fruit, who has taken great pains to have plenty of fruit, and that which is good. In the beginning of the month of April, take a handful of rock salt, and put around the roots, close to the trunk of the trees. Then leave the trees until the first of May, when a good coat of lime should be applied to the bodies of the trees. At the same time, make a strong decoction of hickory wood ashes and water, by boiling them together, and apply this plentifully to the roots of the trees, by pouring it around them while in a boiling state. This will kill the worms and insects, or prevent them from injuring the trees. After trees have been acted on a few times in this manner, the bark becomes smoother, and the knots of young trees which are found particularly on the plum, will disappear. The trees grow more thickly, and bear double the quantity of fruit they would without the application.

It is often a complaint among many farmers, that their peach and plum trees will not do any good, but if they will try this simple application, their complaints will cease. One of my neighbors who had several plum and peach trees, and who had tried various ways to make them bear, without effect, determined on cutting them down; but after some persuasion, last spring, he was induced to give this mode a fair trial. The result was that his trees were loaded with good fruit, and instead of having to buy, he had considerable to sell. Let each of your readers, try it, and see if it does not produce the desired effect. 93d Ward, Philadelphia. ARBORIST.

HORRID TRAGEDY.—A YOUNG FRIEND.—On Saturday week, John A. Edwards, a lad aged fifteen, living in the family of his uncle, John W. Hungerford, at Kiskatom, N. Y., requested permission of the wife of Mr. H. to use a double-barrelled gun, which was in the house, for the purpose of seeking game. Permission being granted, he and his uncle shortly after left the premises in different directions, when Edwards soon returned and commenced breaking open all the drawers and chests, in which he supposed there were two hundred dollars, which Mr. Hungerford had received, a few days previous. Not finding the money, he loaded the gun with slugs and shot, and deliberately fired the contents of one of the barrels into the breast of his uncle, who, by this time, had reached the house. Hungerford fell, pleading for life, when the little fiend again presented the gun and snapped it. Mr. H. partially recovered and fled, pursued by Edwards, who again fired with fatal effect. He then returned to the house, placed the gun in its usual place, and escaped from the bloody scene, but was soon afterwards arrested. Little hopes are entertained of Hungerford's recovery, as several slugs entered his lungs.

"Perseverance," said a lady, very earnestly to a servant, "is the only way to accomplish great things." One day eight dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared. "Sally, where are all the dumplings?" "I managed to get through them, ma'am." "Why, how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?" "By perseverance, ma'am." Sally.

The Harrisburg Union says, that in the town of Lebanon, in this State, the Know-Nothing run a Minister of the Gospel for the office of wood-carver, simply "because he opposed the order." Shame!

The railway between Alexandria and Cairo, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, is now complete, with the exception of the three bridges on the two branches of the Nile and the Delta Canal.

New clothes are great promoters of piety. A new bonnet or a new dress will induce a lady to go to church at least three times on Sunday, where she didn't used to go once before she got it. That's so.

A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money, if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare!"

A Mr. Thompson, of Kansas Territory, has built a prairie ship, or wagon, to be propelled by wind, in which he proposes, with thirty companions, to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains next June.

I observe that in our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what the do, which they can help, than for what they are, which they cannot help.—Mrs. Janevan.

A late number of an Indiana paper announces the destruction of the editor's hat, whereupon a neighboring journal expresses the hope that there were not many lives lost!

"Business before pleasure," as the man said when he kissed his wife before he went out to make love with his neighbor.

Is the boy that got fogged for telling a fib the same "trembling lyre" that the poet speaks of? Are modern sausages *meat* for consideration?

What is the difference between a bee-hive and a defective potato? One is a beeholder and the other a spectator.

Somebody says it is an ascertained fact that cold sand casted upon by the rays of the sun, will ignite spontaneously in sixteen hours.

Voltaire said of an apothecary, that his employment was to pour drops of which he knew little, into a body of which he knew less.

Why are a pair of skates like an apple? Because they have occasioned the fall of man.

The wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.—Delany.

If one-tenth of a cent is a mill, what part of a cent is a mill-er?