

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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Political.

Know-Nothing Resolves.

The Pittsburgh Gazette, the venerable organ of Allegheny county, anti-Masonry, Whiggery, Free-Soilism, &c., gives the following as the substance of the resolutions of the Know-Nothing of that county. What is true of the conspirators in Allegheny is equally true of them in every other county in the State—in fact, wherever the dark-lantern genity may be found. OFFICE—OFFICE—OFFICE, is their object—and their inordinate desire to obtain the spoils is the principal chain that holds them together.—*Patriot.*

"Resolved, That we must carry this county—at all costs."

"Resolved, That we are not able to do it without help from outsiders."

"Resolved, That the county offices are worth something, and we want them—we must have them."

"Resolved, That in order to carry these offices, or make a respectable show in the county, the organs must play fair Free-Soil and Temperance tunes from this forward."

"Resolved, That plantations and 'niggers' are well enough, but if we can't get them, we will rant on the Free-Soil question, and take the county offices—if we can."

"Resolved, That we must have office—that is what we got up the party for."

K. N. Explosion.

The delegates from the Know-Nothing lodges in Dauphin county met in Harrisburg, on last Thursday, the votes for the various candidates were counted, and the ticket announced. But the means resorted to for the purpose of effecting the nomination of some of the aspirants for office, had been so rascally, that a regular stampede was the result. The following protest was prepared and signed by ten of the delegates.

WHEREAS, This committee at its session on the third of August, decided that no voting should be done by party, or enclosing the ballot, in the selection of candidates.

Therefore the undersigned do solemnly protest against the action of the districts, thus voting, as illegal and not binding on the members of the organization, and declare themselves free and independent to act as they please in the coming campaign, and request that, this protest be entered on the minutes of this convention.

Such was the dissatisfaction among the brethren of the order, that the successful were compelled to abandon their wish to hold a ratification meeting in the evening. A large number of the members avowed, publicly, their determination to withdraw from the order. They acknowledged that they had been deceived, and resolved, never again, to be found acting in such company. That the Cayennes of Dauphin county are completely disorganized, there can be no question. This was their first, and we predict will be their last convention in the county. *Sic transit gloria Sami.—Harrisburg Patriot.*

The career of the Know-Nothing, it is not difficult to foresee, is destined to be as short as it is shameful. Having not the slightest foundation in principle,—held together by no more reliable tie than "the cohesive power of public plunder," they can only live by "victories," and must die with the first blow of defeat. Like other predatory bands, they will cease to exist, in an organized body, the moment the object of the association fails by a failure of spoils. The several stages in the decay of the "American" party will be found in the end to compare with the grammatical degrees of comparison, thus:—Positive, know-nothing; comparative, get nothing; superlative, be nothing.—*Reading Gazette.*

THE GOOD THE K. N.'S HAVE DONE.—The Millidgeville, (Ga.) Union thanks the Know-Nothing for one thing:—

"They have done great harm. They have sown seeds which we fear will bring ruin on the land, notwithstanding their complete overthrow in the country. But one good result has followed this organization. They have purified the Democratic party of its corrupting elements. Most of the office seekers, from the highest to the lowest, from the candidate for Governor to the candidate for Constable, flocked to the standard of Know-Nothingism, when it was thought to be inevitable. This bad influence has been carried away from the Democratic party. Never was the Democratic party so pure as at this moment. For the agency the Know-Nothing have had in bringing about this 'good time,' we thank them. For all else, we condemn them."

A BOSTON "FREE AND EASY."—A correspondent of a religious paper says that at Theodore Parker's church "not a few had secular newspapers, which they sat and read till the services commenced. There were bows of recognition across the hall, and everybody seemed quite at ease.—The sexton set a vase of beautiful fresh flowers on the speaker's desk."

Prentice says: "Three years ago, a man in Mississippi cheated us out of twenty dollars, and now his son cheats us out of about the same sum. The young man's propensity to cheat is probably the only thing that he ever inherits."

Choice Poetry.

THE LITTLE FROCK AND SHOES.

From the Plymouth Memorial.
BY REV. B. MITCHELL.
A little frock, but slightly worn,
Of blue and white declaim,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
Lay folded neat and plain;
Beside a little pair of shoes,
With laces and there a daw,
Lay half concealed among the things
In mother's bureau draw:
Summer had passed away from earth
With all her sweetest days,
The birds had left their Summer haunts
For more congenial skies;
The twilight breeze sweetly play'd
Among the dense of eve—
A rangel left his home on high,
To gather flowers for heaven:
The angel near and nearer came,
Where sister sick did lie,
Then gently found her faded cheek,
And pointed to the sky!
The morning shone upon the bed,
The angels' wings were seen,
The angel moved his silvery wings,
And whispered "come with me!"
We gathered round her dying bed,
With hearts to weep and pray—
"And many were the tears we shed
When sister went away!"
"No better tears had she to weep,"
No sin to be forgiven,
But closed her little eyes in sleep,
To go to them in heaven!
We laid her in the earth's green breast,
Down by the village green,
Where gently weeps the dewy grass,
And summer flowers are seen,
And often when dear mother goes
To get her things to use,
I see her drop a silent tear
On sister's frock and shoes.

Select Miscellany.

The Old Fashioned Mother.

Ah! how much meaning is compressed in that simple expression, the old-fashioned mother. It carries our thoughts back to those women, whose home-influence was pure and elevating; who taught their daughters to render themselves blessings to society by their goodness, their diligence, their useful knowledge. We think of the lofty heroism, the brave endurance, the thousand virtues they inculcated, and sigh at the contrast between the past and the present. How few modern mothers understand or perform their duty in training their children. A smattering of this, and that the one is considered quite sufficient education, and to show off to advantage is made the great business of life. No wonder there are so many desolate fire-sides, so many unhappy wives, so many drinking, gambling husbands.

You Forgot Me!

A good joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens, who is the father of an interesting family numbering four or five children, the youngest of whom has seen some three summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the drollest little mischief alive.

On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace and retire to bed an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngster through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than become comfortably seated in the pew, when in walked the youngster with nothing on but a night-wrapper and a cloth cap.

"You forgot me!" said he, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church.

The feelings of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.

There is a fine sketch of the life of Alexander Jackson, in the January number of Harper's magazine. Among other anecdotes, is the following, which we do not remember to have met with before: While he was connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some of the soldiers were making a great noise in the tent. "What are they doing?" asked the General. "They are praying now, but they have been singing," was the reply. "And is that a crime?" asked Jackson, with emphasis. "The articles of war," the officer said, "ordered punishment for any unusual noise." "God forbid!" replied Jackson, with much feeling, "that praying should be an unusual noise in any camp," and advised the officer to join them.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.—Mr. Benton concludes one of the chapters of the forthcoming second volume of his Thirty Years View on the causes of the present discontent in the South with the following remarks:

"Separation is no remedy for these evils, but the parent far greater than just discontent or restless ambition would fly from. To the South the Union is a political blessing; to the North it is both a political and a pecuniary blessing; to both it should be a social blessing. Both sections should cherish it, and the North most. The story of the boy that killed the goose that laid the golden egg every day, that he might get all the eggs at once, was a fable; but the Northern man who could promote separation by any course of wrong to the South, would convert that fable into history—his own history—and commit a folly, in a mere profit and loss point of view, of which there is no precedent except in fable."

ANTIDOTE TO HYDROPHOBIA.—Dr. Youatt, of England, in cases of persons bit by mad dogs, has healed more than four hundred cases by the use of muriate of silver, and not one had any symptoms of hydrophobia. A writer in the New York Tribune states that lobelia and steam have cured several cases of hydrophobia.

AN OVERFABING TREE.—Mr. Joel Lyons, of Greenfield, Mass., has a pear tree which, for two years past, has borne two crops of pears, and this year it has had two crops of pears on it, and has now blossomed for a third crop.

A genius at the south has had his sleeping chamber painted with iceberg scenes. The water in the pitcher froze the first night, and he was obliged to kindle a fire the second. Nothing like cooling scenes. Precisely.

THE SMITH FAMILY.—It is rumored that a convention of the relatives of John Smith is soon to be held in Camden, N. J., for the purpose of taking measures towards the securing a fortune of some \$2,500,000, for which heirs are wanted. If all the relatives of John Smith attend, Camden will be overrun with them, like Egypt of old was with locusts.

The Newfoundland Dog's Vengeance.

BY OLD GRAY.

The American brig Cecilia, Captain Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a beautiful specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, broad white chest, white feet and white tipped tail, the rest of his glossy body being black, made him as beautiful as his peerless namesake, who, no doubt, would have been proud to possess him.

He was owned by a seaman named Lancaster, who was naturally enough extremely fond of him.

Captain Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and especial repugnance to dogs, so much so indeed, as if all his ancestors had died of hydrophobia, and he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day developed in the most shocking manner, for as Napoleon had several times entered his room and wagging his great banner of a tail, knocked paper and ink off his desk, on the next occasion the Captain seized a knife, and cut half of the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and seeing the calamity, and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation he killed Captain Symmes to the cabin floor with a sledge hammer blow, which had it hit the temple, would forever prevented the captain from cutting off any more dog's tails.

The result was that Lancaster was put in irons, from which, however, he was soon released. Captain Symmes partly repented his cruel deed, on learning that Napoleon had once saved the owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are aware, is one of the very largest of sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have seen one twenty-seven and a half feet in length. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of all sharks.

But a few days elapsed after the catastrophe of poor Napoleon ere he became the hero of a most thrilling occurrence, the very thought of which has often thrilled me with horror. During the interval the noble beast was not at all backward in exhibiting his wrath at the captain by low growls when he approached.

In vain did his master, fearful for the life of his dog, essay to check these signs of his anger. Captain Symmes, however, made all the allowance he should, and offered no further harm to him.

One morning as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the Cecilia then running about ten knots.

"Man overboard! Captain Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw the swimmer striking out for the brig, which was rounded to; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude.

By the time the boat touched the water their worst fears were realized, for at some distance beyond the swimmer, they beheld advancing upon him the fish most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry, hurry! men, or we shall be too late," exclaimed the mate. "What's that?" The plash which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea, the noble animal having been watching the cause of the tumult from the bows of the vessel. He had noticed the captain's fall and the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if conscious of the peril of his late enemy and gratified at it.

His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of dog to man, when the latter is in danger. At last he plunged in, and rapidly making his way to the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passable swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull, boys, for dear life!" was the shout of the mate as the boat now followed the dog, whose huge limbs propelled him gallantly to the scene of danger.

Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way, while ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal—told what fearful progress he was making, while Lancaster in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer, and the faithful animal who had saved his own life.

"Great God! what a swimmer!" exclaimed the men who marked the speed of the splendid animal. "The shark will have one or two if we don't do our best."

The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark arrived within three or four lengths of the captain and suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man, and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their rows of long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But Napoleon, who seemed to be inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them.

"Saved! if we're half as smart as that dog is!" cried the mate, as all saw the voracious monster shudder on the sea, and smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, with his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water, where the captain had also sunk from view.

But a few moments elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after, Lancaster, with the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them in and give me an oar!" cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was followed by the mate's splashing water in his eyes, as he came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's legs, while his body was drawn into the boat.

Foiled a second time, the shark passed the boat, plunged and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of his wounds from Napoleon.

Save the Man with the Red Hair.

IT requires great coolness and experience to steer a course down the rapids of the Sant St. Marie; and a short time before our arrival two Americans had ventured to descend them without a boatman, and were consequently upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt to rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing toward the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted, and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red haired individual in an exhausted condition was safely landed. "He owes me eight or ten dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly upon his assistants. The red haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sant, and in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. "And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom—"a man'll never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to himself."—*Blackwood.*

The Time to Choose.

Mrs. Swisshelm says the best time to choose a wife is early in the morning. If a young lady is at all inclined to sulks and slatternness, it is just before breakfast. As a general thing a woman don't get on her temper, till ten A. M.

Men never look slovenly before breakfast—no indeed! Never run round vestless, in their stocking feet, with dressing gown inside out; soil'd handkerchiefs hanging by one corner out of his pocket; minus dickey; minus necktie; pantaloons straps flying at their heels; suspenders streaming from their waistband's chin slavers on one side, lathered on the other; last night's coat and pants on the floor just where they hopped out of them; fire started up in forty wrinkles, because the fire won't burn; and because it snows; and because the office boy hasn't been for the keys; and because the newspaper hasn't come; and I leave they smoked too many cigars by one dozen, the night before; and because there's an omelet instead of a chicken for breakfast; and because they are out of shaving soap; and out of cigars and credit; and can't any how "get their tempers on," till they get some money and a mint julep!

The Loafer's Address to a Mosquito.

You wiped blind sucker, why doant you urk yure livin sum waside Lintin down on people and insurten yure Long bil to git blud, litin on Foakses noses, and when they git mad an Begin to slap, leave? Haint you got no feelinks? Grate seazer! how yude git noked if yu was As larg as sum tu leged blud suckers as is Linted hear, wot wares kloas. Why doant yu Lint dounly, as the do, and blode em four Tha nat, without hollerin all the while y

Yure a kanable! yu do a big biznis on a Smawl skail, yu sack more blud out of a Feller than a elephant can, an yure smeller Aint half as long. Yu walk up foaks When thar as asleepin, in the swair Vengens. How do yu work it to keep Yure bil so sharp without grindin? Whi Doant yu pek wurnus out o' treas, & et insex, yu long leged cuss!

What twen is it yu syng so much, Goin rownd with yure fetthers shott off, Seakin whoon yu ma dewover? Yu Seam to be a kon ten tid burd from yure Syngin, and syng loudus when yure Hungry. I shud thack yude want on Boots or panty letts, to keep yure long Legs from bin koadt thys wether; Insexk, yure usin; yu kant chaw, butt Yure sum on suckin, kaus yu never Git weaned. Insexk, a dew.

"My lad," said a traveler to a little fellow whom he met clothed in pants and a small y. ket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?" "Mammy's washing it."

"Have you no other?" "No other!" exclaimed the urchin in surprise, "would you want a boy to have a thousand shirts!"

Mrs. Muggins, having treated her boarders for thirteen successive days to fried liver, a committee of seven were selected to present the good lady with a pine pitcher, emblazoned with a coat of yellow paint. Very eloquent speeches were made. It was an affecting occasion.

A gentleman said he should like to see a boat full of girls set adrift on the ocean, just to see which way they would steer. "Oh," replied a lady present, "that's very easily answered. They would steer for the Isle of Man, to be sure."

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey who was shaving a gentleman from the country a few evenings since. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

"Emmy, what did you find in your stocking this morning?" inquired a father of his wee boy, one Christmas day. "A big hole," replied the young hopeful.

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman carving. "No," said his friends, "cut it bridle-wise, for then we all may chance to get a bit in our mouths."

A PRUDENT RECOMMENDATION.—The Cherokee Presbytery (O. S.) have adopted resolutions recommending to the churches in its connection to insure the lives of the ministers, as the most convenient method of making provision for their families after their decease.

Mrs. Snizzle, my pa wants to know if he maynt lend himself to your axe a little while. He had allers rather lend than borrow.

Well Said.

The following anecdote, in reference to the reception given by a sensible lady, residing not many miles from this place, to her pastor, who attempted to take advantage of an invitation to the hospitalities of her house, to press upon her husband the many beauties of Know-Nothingism, was related to us by her husband, and is undoubtedly correct.

The very Reverend political gentleman, in the course of conversation, drew from his pocket a copy of the so-called "Basis of principles of the American Party," and commenced reading and commenting upon them. After talking some time, the lady of the house spoke up:

"Well, Brother F—, you don't belong to the Know-Nothing, do you?"

This question, so fairly put, slightly discomfited the pastor, but in a moment he replied: "Why, sister, I must confess that I do consider myself a member of the great American party."

To which she quickly and with some spirit rejoined: "Sir, if I could not be an American by daylight, I wouldn't be an American at all!"

The Know-Nothing brother has never since said a word about politics in her house, and we rather think never will.—*Parkersburgh News.*

NO DIFFERENCE IN HEAVEN.—Rev. Ross, in a sermon in the Winebrennerian Church, on Sunday night, said that all men of every clime, nation and country, were acceptable to God, and in heaven the people of every nation were on an equality! Yet that Church has a pastor who sits himself up to know more of the worthiness of men, than the master he preaches to follow: a pastor who is a member of the order of Know Nothings, who proscribes men on account of their foreign birth, and say all men may be equal in Heaven, but swear by the Star-spangled Banner, they shan't be here!—*Waynes Co. Dem.*

AN INGENUOUS DEVIOT.—The Sultan's favorite dwarf, a man about 46 years old, and 3 feet high, a few years ago, took a notion to marry, and applied to the Sultan for a wife. The Sultan gave him permission to go into his harem, and take the one whom he could kiss. The dwarf, like all other men, was ambitious to have a long wife. While the Sultan's live hundred women, who knew the terms according to which the dwarf was permitted to choose, were laughing at the mannikin, he went up to one of the tallest and handsomest of them, and struck her a sudden blow on the stomach. She collapsed with the pain, and before she could recover, he caught her by the neck and gave her the dreaded kiss. The Sultan kept his word, and the tall beauty is now the mother of the dwarf's children.

ANECDOTES OF ROYALTY.—A good anecdote is current about the first interview between Victoria and Louis Napoleon, at Windsor. When the French prince had retired to their apartment, Empress Eugenie remarked that the Queen, making every allowance for the Guelph features, was not at all handsome; but Napoleon replied sternly: "She has seven children."

At the same time Prince Albert expressed his admiration of Eugenie's beauty to the Queen, and Victoria turned proudly around, saying: "She has no children!"

A PROBLEM SOLVER.—Simon Pierson, an early settler in Genesee county, N. Y., in his "Reminiscences" tells some amusing anecdotes. Here is one: "About four miles west of the river we came to a log tavern kept by Major Smith. Here we found a small man with a large wife. Says Major Smith to the small man, 'Is that woman your wife?'"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. Says the Major, "How did you get across the river? I should suppose that wife would have sunk the old canoe." "Oh," said the little man, "I went twice for her!"

AN ILL-FERD MAN.—Smithers was telling us of some of his trials. He had been shipwrecked once, was burned out, twice, and had to pay the notes of three of his friends for whom he had endorsed, fell through a man-trap in the sidewalk and broke a leg, was arrested by the Sheriff on his marriage for a debt he didn't owe; but all these evils he bore without murmuring. The great trial of his life was that his wife wouldn't let him smoke in the parlor.

"Mother," said Mrs. Partington's Ike, "here's a word in this ere paper I can't make out."

"Spell it, child," said the old lady. "S-a-g N-i-c-h-t-s!" "Sage Nits, sonny, what does it say at ut em?"

"It says that they started in old Kentucky, and are spreading all over."

"Dear on us!" said the old lady, "the world must be comin' to an end! Chintz-bugs, cutworms, and locusts, was bad enuff; but here must come the filthy things, the sage nits! No passengers for this year, Isaac!" and Mrs. Partington sighed.

Frank Marryatt, in his "Mountains and Molchills," tells a story of an old Judge in California, who was an habitual frequenter of the bar-room, and who, with his rich neighbor, would exclaim to the crowd:

"Come, let's all take a drink!" Gladly the loafers would surround the bar, and each would call for his favorite beverage; but when all was finished, the Judge would observe:

"And now let's ALL PAY FOR IT!" which the loafers would sorrowfully do, and then retire wiser men.

Dan Marble tells a story about a Yankee tailor, who was dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he "was sorry," very sorry, very sorry indeed, that he couldn't pay it.

"Well," said the other, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorrer than I am, then I'll quit."

"Do you keep matches?" asked a young wag of a retailer.

"Oh yes, all kinds," was the reply. "Well then, I'll take a trotting match."

The retailer immediately handed him a box of Brander's.

From nature, man derives everything. The spider taught him weaving; the fish furnished the idea of a boat; the swan, the pleasing model of the sail; the palm led to the erection of the pillar; the skin of brutes gave us the idea of dress; and the cocoa-nut led to the beer-jug. The tax on wool alone appears to be purely a human invention.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Cost of Manure.

Mr. FRANKS:—Very many farmers cultivate—or rather pretend to cultivate—their lands without deriving any profit from them, and all because they are without manure! Now, I hold it to be a fact susceptible of the clearest proof, that rather than go on, year after year, in this way, a farmer had better raise money on mortgage, and purchase fertilisers for his lands which will return him double interest the first season, besides no small quantity of valuable material of which to manufacture manure for the next, and for the subsequent years. When a farm has become so completely exhausted by injudicious management or excessive over-cropping as not to defray, by its produce, the expenses necessarily involved in carrying it out, all hopes in resuscitating it through its own resources may as well be relinquished at once, for if indulged they will prove visionary, and the end of the dreamer who entertains them, be worse than his first. Under such circumstances, money expended in efficient fertilisers will prove a profitable investment. The question in such cases should be, "Will one dollar laid out in manure produce more than one dollar and six cents in produce after deducting expenses of cultivation, &c? It will. Nay, more, we assert—and without any fear of contradiction, that every dollar so laid out—provided the manure be judiciously applied and the crop well worked, will return both principal and interest the first year, over and above all necessary expenses, and leave the land in a good condition for a succeeding crop. Besides this, it will also furnish material of which manure can be manufactured at home.

This we have frequently seen illustrated; and yet many farmers exclaim, when advised to purchase manure for the fertilization of lands annually running them in debt—that they are "too poor." Their surplus funds, if they possess any, are invested in the stocks, or loaned out on mortgage, which they consider a much safer and more lucrative method of disposing of it, than investing it in the soil. Any person may soon convince himself of the error of this policy, who will but expend ten dollars in good manure, and apply the same on some part of his farm in addition to the quantity he ordinarily applies.

Just so long as additional quantities of manure will produce an excess crop above its cost, and the cost of culture, just so long can the owner afford to purchase it: when this result ceases to be realized, then it will be judicious to stop, for the soil may then be regarded as sufficiently fertile for all practical purposes, and further supplies would tend to diminish, rather than increase the amount of crop. Farmers who have poor and exhausted lands, should reflect upon these things.

A PRACTICAL FARMER.
Bald Eagle Farm, August 12, 1855.

Teacher's Qualifications.

1. A fully developed and sound physical constitution.

2. A habit of cleanliness and neatness of person and dress.

3. A courteous demeanor and a uniform, polite and unembarrassed manner.

4. A natural or acquired fondness for children.

5. Familiarity with all branches taught in the school.

6. A mind systematically instructed, unvisited by peculiar modes of thinking and free from eccentricities and caprices.

7. Power of concentrating thought upon any given subject, of pursuing a train of investigations without wavering and of securing the true result.

8. Should be distinguished for a love of order.

9. Apt to teach, or ready to impart instruction to children.

10. Ability to secure their attention, and to develop and improve the faculties of children.

11. Should have a just sense of the importance of his labors, a conscientiousness, which will not suffer him to rest content with only a partial performance.

12. Should be firm in principle; but kind and charitable in his judgments of acts and motives.

13. Should be placable and ready to forgive, on the exhibition of penitence and purpose of reformation.

14. Should discriminate in his treatment of children of different temperaments and habit.

15. Should be able, without perturbation, to administer all suitable and appropriate discipline.—*Mon. D. M. Camp in "Excellence."*

CARRIED THE JOKE TOO FAR.—The Toronto (Canada) Patriot says:

"Two Americans, on Wednesday morning, wishing to secure a free passage from London to Niagara, received a small bounty, and enlisted to serve in the Foreign Legion. They were furnished with free tickets through to Niagara, and immediately left on the cars for that place; but the recruiting officer, hearing of their intention to