

# 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.

38<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

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## TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

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## New Segar & Tobacco MANUFACTORY.

SAMUEL FABER, Jr., would respectfully inform the citizens of the town and county, that he has opened a Segar and Tobacco manufactory, in Baltimore street, next door to Forney's Drug Store, Gettysburg, where he will constantly keep on hand a large variety of SEGARS, of the finest flavor, and at the lowest living prices.—OF CHEWING TOBACCO he has the choicest kinds—also a capital article of SNUFF—all of which he offers as low as the lowest. He only asks a trial, convinced that he can gratify every taste. He hopes, by strict attention to business and a desire to please, to merit and receive a share of public patronage. May 7, 1855.

## Stacks of New Goods!

The Cheapest—the Prettiest—the Best! J. L. SCHICK has returned from the city with the largest and best selected stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS he has ever had the pleasure of offering to this community. CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES! He will not pretend to enumerate his large and attractive stock—the limits of an advertisement will not admit of it. But if you wish to select from the choicest lot of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dress Goods, your eyes ever behold, go to Schick's. October 15, 1855.

**Dissolution of Partnership.** THE Co-Partnership existing between the Subscribers has been dissolved this day by mutual consent.

We are much obliged to our friends and the public for the liberal support extended to us. Our Books are placed in the hands of Alex. Coban for collection, and we earnestly request those indebted to us to call and make immediate payment, as we desire to settle the business of the firm without delay. W. W. PAXTON, ALEX. COBAN.

**W. W. Paxton** INFORMS his friends and the public generally, that he will continue the Hat & Shoe Business, at his old Stand, and will always keep on hand a large and splendid assortment of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS of every variety of style and price, which he has determined to sell low for Cash or Country Produce. Call and see the Goods. Sept. 24, 1855.

**Tin Ware, &c.** SAMUEL G. COOK informs his friends S and the public generally, that he has on hand, at his Shop, nearly opposite the Post-Office, a very large and well-assorted stock of TIN-WARE, which he will sell at prices which cannot fail to please. He will also execute to order, with promptness, in a workmanlike manner, and with the best materials, all kinds of HOUSE SPOUTING, METALLIC ROOFING, HYDRANT WORK, &c. Gettysburg, Nov. 12, 1855.

**New Goods, Cheap Goods.** FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS have just received their usual Large and Handsome assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, to which they invite the attention of the Public, consisting of every description of Dry Goods, Hardware, Saddlery, Queensware, Groceries, Cedar ware, Iron-Oils & Paints, &c. Give us an early call, and we will show you the Largest, Prettiest, and Cheapest Stock of Goods in the County. FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS, Oct. 15, Sign of the Red Front.

**Lost and Found!** AT THE CHEAP CORNER, Fall & Winter Goods, Every description will be sold very low for cash. Also a variety of SHAWLS, and READY-MADE CLOTHING, very cheap. Call and see. JOHN HOKE, Gettysburg, Oct. 29, 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. J. M. B. DANNER, Gettysburg, 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—as 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. MCGONAGHY, Gettysburg, March 12, 1855.

**Flour! Flour!** THE undersigned continues the Flour business as heretofore. He sells by the barrel or any smaller quantity. By taking small quantities he can buy as high and sell as low as anybody else, and by always endeavoring to keep none but the best, he hopes to merit and receive a continuance of liberal patronage. W. M. GILLISPIE, At the Post Office, Gettysburg, Pa., 1855.

## Choice Poetry.

### A Winter Carol.

From the Home Journal. BY MRS. G. W. PATTER.

The snow came over the mountain,  
On the wings of the winter gale;  
It covered up field and fountain,  
In the folds of its mantle pale.  
It fell where late were singing  
Birds, and their homes of leaves,  
On bushes in the rule that swaying;  
And it filled the cottage eaves.  
Scorning the plant of pity,  
It rode from the rattling cloud,  
And it wrapped the shivering child,  
In the folds of its mantle proud.  
It was dilted for many a mile,  
Above the porch appearing,  
And over the topmost stile.

The squirrel hid in the hollow,  
From his hole in the maple tree,  
And the rabbit kept close in the burrow,  
Under the barn eared door;  
But the sun, when day was dawning,  
Gathered his garments bright,  
And he rose from the bed of morning,  
Like walking in shirts of white.

Bread thro' the trees tops streaming,  
Rays from the sun's golden crown,  
And the icicle clanged by gleaming,  
Brought a ray of the sun's own.  
And the partridge commenced his drumming,  
And the snipe began to hiss at home,  
And the children went singing all a-buzzing,  
For joy at the "good time" come.

Oh! thus for the heart of sadness,  
The child's life bleak despair,  
Gathered some of gladness,  
And sorrow's winter air.  
That the summer seen all departed,  
And bright each hope of bloom,  
There are rays for the lonely hearted,  
Which length will cheer the gloom.

## Select Miscellany.

### The Two Homes.

Two men, on their way home, met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice.

"A very hard day," echoed almost sepulchraly, Mr. Walcott. "Little or no cash coming in—payments heavy—money scarce, and at ruinous rates. What is to become of us?"

"Heaven only knows," answered Mr. Freeman; "for my part, I see no light ahead. Every day brings new reports of failures; every day confidence diminishes; every day some prop that we lean upon, is taken away."

"Many think we are at the worst," said Mr. Walcott.

"And others, that we have scarcely seen the beginning of the end"—returned the neighbor. "And so, as they walked homeward, they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured the whole horizon."

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly, and the two gentlemen passed into their homes. Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fretful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What!" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He's been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott, "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him; he'll be ruined if he goes on this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed the unpleasant information, as by the information itself, started up under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased—"I wasn't to blame; and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

"Very well—we will see about that," he answered sternly, and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much worse than when he went up. Again he seated himself in the large arm chair, and again closed his weary eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his oldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand.

"Father," he opened his eyes.

"Here's my quarter's bill. It is twenty dollars. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, sadly.

"Nearly all the girls will bring their money to-morrow, and it worries me to be behind the others."

The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went out pointing.

"It is mortifying," spoke up Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "I don't wonder that Helen feels unpleasantly about it. The bill has to be paid, and I do not see why it may not be done as well at first as at last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said:

"The coal is all gone."

"Impossible!" he raised his head and looked incredulously. "I had sixteen tons."

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons, instead of sixteen—it's all gone. The girls had a time of it to-day, scraping up enough to keep the fire going."

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room in a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say, when anything is out," answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest, in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seated himself, and closed his eyes as before. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt. The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely.

To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that only where strength could be looked for, no strength was given!

"Come to supper," said Mrs. Walcott, coldly. "But he did not stir."

"Ain't you coming to supper?" she asked, as she was leaving the room.

"No, I don't wish any; my head aches badly," he replied.

"In the dumps again," muttered she to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say that anything is wanted."

When she returned from the dining room, she found her husband sitting where she left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked, coolly.

"No; I don't wish anything."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you had not a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries—but rather a querulous dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Walcott silently resumed her employment.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the heart of Mr. Walcott. No thought of kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary, a narrow regard for each self, and a looking to him only to supply the means of self-gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt discouraged. He retired early, and sought to find relief from mental disquietude in sleep, which he vainly looked for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber, and disturbing dreams.

From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter bill that must be paid, of the coal and flour that were out and the necessity of supplying his wife's empty purse, he went thro' to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, and almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but, unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sunk under it.

The day that opened so unpromisingly, closed upon him a ruined man!

Let us look for a few moments, upon Mr. Freeman, the friend and neighbor of Walcott.

He, also, had come home weary, and dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe; and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart, for the thought came—how slight the hold upon all these comforts! Not for himself, but for his wife and children came the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; then quick, pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting room, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side; her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?"

It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman. Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. As he was, too deeply troubled to bid no wish to sadden the heart that loved him, by letting the depression from which he was suffering, become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman, saw quickly below the surface.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly, as she drew his arm chair towards the fire.

"A little headache," he answered with a slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated, ere a pair of little hands were busy with each foot, removing garter and shoe, and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return.

It was impossible, under such a burst of heart-sympathy, for Mr. Freeman's spirit long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptibly to himself, gloomy thoughts gave way to more cheerful ones, and by the time supper was ready, he had half-forgotten the fears which had haunted him during the day. But they could not be entirely freed back, and their existence was marked during the evening by an unusual silence and abstraction of mind.

This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who some time half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband certain matters about which she had intended speaking with him—for she feared they would add to his disquietude. During the evening, she gleaned from something he said, the real cause of his changed aspect. Her thoughts commenced turning in a new channel. By a few leading remarks, she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses, and the propriety of curtailing them at various points.

Before sleep fell soundly on the eyelids of Mr. Freeman, an entire change in their style of living, had been agreed upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one half.

"I see light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body and a confident spirit, he went thro' the next day—a day that he looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and calmest spirit, that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up mountain high before him. Weak despondency would have ruined him. None had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world, and conquered in the struggle.

"I see light ahead"—gave place to "The morning breeze."

The Lincoln Democrat publishes two lines of the great epic upon Gen. Jackson, written by a Western bard.

"When you see their eyes glisten, then my men fire,  
Were the last dying words of A. Jackson,  
Esq."

Provoking.—To dream you are hugging your "gals!" and wake up with the pillow in your arms.

## The Rag Girl.

It was one cold and wet morning in the year 1834, that Mrs. L., wife of Mr. Isaac L., who lived on Columbia street, Cincinnati, discovered a little girl in the alley, in the rear of her house, picking up rags. The girl was very dirty, and covered with nothing but rags stitched together, and nothing on her head, feet or arms. When Mrs. L. discovered her she started as if afraid of chastisement. Mrs. L.'s feelings were wrought up to a high degree of sympathy in seeing the child, only about eight years of age, shivering and black with dirt, and standing in a mass of mud half way to her knees.

"Child," she addressed her, "ain't you cold and hungry?"

"Yes, mam," was the reply.

"Come, my child," said Mrs. L. She took her in, and gave her a breakfast. After eating, she began to question her, and found that she had a mother and drunken father, who compelled her to go out and pick rags to get money for him with which to buy liquor. She told Mrs. L. where she lived, and she to test her veracity went to where she was directed, and found the place; the poor drunken father, with three little children, ragged mother, with haggard and sallow look, and no means of a family within their miserable hovel, on Plum street.

Mrs. L. became satisfied that the child could be nothing but miserable with them, and she resolved to keep her at all hazards. She left a dollar with the woman and departed. On arriving home she found the little Annette S. cheer at the fire. As soon as Mrs. L. entered the room, the little rag picker smiled, and said:

"I have been waiting for you some time; I must go, and I wanted to thank you for your kindness."

This lady hearing such a remark from so young and miserable a looking child, astonished Mrs. L. and still further calling out her sympathy; and as the girl was stepping to the door, the woman told her to stop, and she would give her some new clothes; but, no, the girl would go, she said she was compelled to be at work.

Nothing could persuade her to stay; but a promise to go and see the mother and get her consent. The lady left, and in a short time returned, and told the child that her father and mother had given her to them.

The child in about a week was in one of the private schools of the city, and at the age of fourteen, received a medal worth thirty dollars, for her excellence in composition. At the age of sixteen she was the idol of the family of Mr. L., the belle of Cincinnati, and the admired of all who knew her.

Mr. L. was a man of great wealth and prominence in the city, and did all he could, for the education of Annette, in connection with his two sons and only daughter.

In 1844 she was married to a very wealthy young man of high accomplishments. They soon removed to the city of Boston, where they prospered in business, and—here the story must end, for a further statement would refer to the reader precisely the person who was once the Rag Girl of Cincinnati. Suffice it to say that she is one of the first literary women of this country, and the wife of Mr. L., eldest son of her benefactor in 1834, when standing ankle deep in the mud in the alley in the rear of the house of her father-in-law.

Reader, this is only one of the many beautiful returns for the labors of the generous. How many opportunities the wealthy have for doing that which will contribute to the salvation of the object of the charity, and be a lasting monument to the pages of their biography.

ILL LUCK.—A little bad luck is beneficial now and then. A Patrick Henry had not failed in the grocery business, it is not at all probable that he would ever have been heard as an orator. He might have become celebrated, but it would not have been from his eloquence, but the great wealth he acquired by a speculation in bar soap and axe handles. Roger Sherman became a signer of the Declaration of Independence for no other reason than that he could not make a living at shoemaking. He cut his horstles and staked his "all" on the "rights of man." The consequence was that the same individual who found it bootless to make shoes, in a few years became a living power in our revolution.

THE WAY TO SETTLE A DEBT.—A testator left to his eldest son one-half of his horses, to his second one-third of his horses, and to his third one-fourth of his horses—the testator had seventeen horses. The executor did not know what to do, as seventeen will not divide by two, by three, nor by four. A Dervish came up on horse-back and the executor consulted him. The Dervish said, "take my horse and add it to the others." There were then eighteen horses. The executor then gave to the eldest son one-half, 9; to the second son one-third, 6; and to the third son one-fourth, 2; and 1. The Dervish then said; "You don't want my horse now, I will take it back again."

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—"It was once in my power to have shot General Washington," said a British soldier to an American, "as they were discussing the great of the great struggle at concluding peace. 'Why did you not shoot him then?' asked the American; 'you ought to have done so for the benefit of your countryman.' 'The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit,' replied the Englishman, 'for we depended upon him to treat our prisoners kindly; and, by heaven! we'd sooner have shot an officer of our own!'"

For low spirits, we recommend a clear conscience, fresh air, lots of exercise, and a taste for flate. "And it came to pass when the evil spirit was upon Saul, that David took a harp and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil departed from him." In treating diseases of the mind, music is not sufficiently valued. In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary shops.

A dog committed suicide a few days since, at South End, Boston, by putting his neck across a rail on which a train of cars were approaching. He had stolen some venison, and had been taken to account for it. Dogs are getting more sensitive than men. This is one of the moral results of the "dog fair" held in that city.

Mike Walsh is at Sebastopol, with more than thirty other Americans. They receive much kind attention from the British officers.

A law among the Arabs permits a man to divorce any of his wives who do not make good bread.

## A Noble Act.

We are called upon almost daily to chronicle almost every other conceivable act or incident save that of a noble and generous one, not that we doubt such do occur, but they rarely find a place in the "local," as those who are the actors, governed by pure motives, never seek publicity, while those who are the recipients rarely make known publicly the timely aid of the stranger or relief of the benefactor. Last evening a little boy, miserably clad—if thin and long worn and torn clothes constitutes misery in clothing—entered a clothing store on Superior street, and in accents irresistible to a heart alive with one spark of feeling, supplicated for a few pennies. His application being granted, he retired, but had not been gone some five minutes when he returned, accompanied by one whom from his attire and speech none could mistake for a true gentleman, who purchased for him a suit of clothes, and after paying for them and giving the balance of the change with a kind word to the boy departed. On inquiring as to who the gentleman was the boy could not tell, only that "he had asked him for some pennies, that he stopped and looked at him and inquired concerning his circumstances, and then had brought him in the suit and bought the clothes." The boy departed happy as a bird, but it would be difficult indeed to say which was the happiest, the unknown stranger or the little beggar child. For true it is, as all who have experienced it can testify—"That it is more blessed to give than receive."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Ghost Story.

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease of long standing was that of a rheumatic individual, with which is connected an amusing ghost story. There were a couple of men, in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of sealing sheep and robbing church-yards of the burial clothes of the dead. There was a public road leading by a meeting-house where there was a graveyard, and not far off on the road was a tavern. Early one moonlight night, while one of the thieves was engaged robbing a grave, the other went off to steal a sleep. The first one, having accomplished his business, wrapped the shroud around him, and took his seat in the meeting-house door, awaiting the coming of his companion. A man on foot, passing along the road toward the tavern, took him to be a ghost, and alarmed almost to death, ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the tavern, which he reached, out of breath.

As soon as he could speak, he declared that he had seen a ghost, robed in white sitting in the church door. But nobody would believe him. He then declared that if any of them would go back, they might be convinced. But incredulous as all were, not one could be found who had courage to go. At length a man who was so afflicted with rheumatism that he could not walk, declared he would go with him if he could walk or get there. The man then offered to carry him on his back, took him up and off they went.

When they got in sight, sure enough there it was, as he had said. Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and to get as near a view of his ghostship as possible in the dim light, they kept venturing up nearer and nearer. The man with the shroud round him took them to be his companion with the sheep on his back, and asked him in a low tone of voice—

"Is he fat?"

Meeting with no reply, he repeated his question, raising his voice higher:

"Is he fat?"

No reply again, when he exclaimed, in a vehement tone—

"Is he fat?"

"This was enough. The man with the other on his back, replied—

"Fat or lean, you may have him!" and, dropping the invalid, traveled back to the tavern as fast as his feet could carry him. But he had severely gotten there, when along came the invalid on foot, too! The sudden fright had cured him of his rheumatism; and from that time forward he was a well man!

Pretty Good.—An extensive and wealthy lumberman, in a neighboring county, is the father of a hard nut of a boy. Being desirous of reforming him, he offered, as an inducement, to give him the avails of the lumber from two thousand hemlock logs, provided he would go to school and behave himself for one year. Young hopeful remained silent for some time after listening to the proposition. Finally, in reply to his father's interrogation—"what do you say, my son?"—he said: "Call it pine logs, father, and I'll go it."—Sandy Hill Herald.

Stephen Hall, a queer genius, had made frequent gracious promises to his friends that he would put himself out of the way. One stinging cold morning he vowed he would go out and freeze to death.

About eleven o'clock he returned, shivering and slapping his fingers.

"Why don't you freeze?" asked a loving relative.

"Golly!" said the pseudo suicide "when I freeze, I mean to take a warmer night than this for it!" Sensible, wasn't he?

A PRACTICAL SERMON.—A few Sundays since, a certain highly popular and talented clergyman of the Methodist Church read to his congregation the 24 Chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, the 19th verse of which is as follows:

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God."

After reading this verse, he deliberately raised his eyes to the congregation, and remarked, "dear hearers, St. Paul was not a Know Nothing!" and without another word of comment went on with his reading.—Balt. Rep.

"Mr. Jones, you said the defendant was a gentleman; what do you mean by that?"

"I mean, a man that pays his bills the first time they are presented to him."

The Evening Bulletin has the following in regard to the cold winters for the last 60 years: 1797. From the year 1790 until 1797 the thermometer had not reached zero, during the month of January in Philadelphia. In January 1797, the mercury on two mornings was 5 degrees below zero at the permanent Bridge. On the 9th it got down to 13 degrees below, and upon the two subsequent mornings, it was 10 below zero—horses with sleighs attached, were driven upon the ice on the Delaware from Trenton to Philadelphia.

1799. This year the Delaware was closed by ice from the 22d of January until past the middle of March.

1800. This winter, which lost but little of its severity before the 20th March, was remarkable for the extent of its snows, which fell as far South as New Orleans.

1805. In Philadelphia the mercury did not sink lower than 5 deg. above zero, but at Albany, Syracuse and Buffalo, the mercury was from 15 to 20 deg. below zero.

1810. Though not a severe January in America, the cold was during this month intense in Europe. At Moscow the mercury sunk 40 deg. below zero and froze.

1815. On one morning the mercury was 7 below zero; on another 5, and on two others, 3. This winter was remarkable for the horrible condition of the roads and for great suffering among the poor.

1821. This was the coldest January since 1780, in the U. S. On nine mornings at sunrise the mercury was below zero in Philadelphia. On two mornings it was 10 below zero. At Brunswick, Me., the mercury became stiff in the bulk.

1828. The January of this year was remarkably mild, the Delaware being throughout entirely free from ice and not a flake of snow being seen through the month. On several days the mercury ran up to 70 in the shade, while every shrubbery and trees put forth their buds.

1832. On three mornings the mercury was from 4 to 6 below zero.

1835. On several mornings the mercury in Philadelphia was from 2 to 4 deg. below zero. At Albany on the 6th January it stood at 23 below.

1835. During a snow storm on the 9th and 10th of January, nearly 3 feet of snow fell. At one time there was good sleighing from the Ohio river to the Bay of Fundy.

1843. A remarkably mild and pleasant month in Philadelphia, though intensely stormy and cold even in its vicinity, and particularly towards the north. At Montreal and Quebec the mercury sunk 30 below zero.

1845. "But very few instances occurred" "in which the mercury sunk below the freezing point."

1852. On the 20th of Jan. 1852, the mercury sunk to 21 degrees below zero. It has not gone down to zero since, in January, until the last month.

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