

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, The Markets, Local and General Intelligence, Politics, Advertising, &c.

38th YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, MAY 12, 1856.

NO. 33.

Terms of the "Compiler."

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "COMPILER" on the sign.

Administrators' Notice.

PULIP MYERS'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Philip Myers, late of Reading township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present properly authenticated for settlement. WILLIAM MYERS, ANDREW MYERS, ADAM MILLER, Administrators. April 5, 1856. 6c

Executor's Notice.

HENRY B. SHROEDER'S ESTATE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Henry B. Schroeder, late of Butler township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. TOBIAS BOYER, Executor. May 5, 1856. 6c

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration with the will annexed on the estate of HANNAH BLEAKLEY and MARGARET BLEAKLEY, late of Menallen township, Adams county, Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. ROBERT BLEAKNEY, Administrator with the Will annexed. April 7, 1856. 6c

Executor's Notice.

JOHN HOUGHTON'S ESTATE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Houghton, late of Butler township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in Tyrone township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOHN DIEHL, Executor. April 7, 1856. 6c

Committee Notice.

THE subscriber, having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Committee of the person and estate of Jacob Lady, (of J.), a Lunatic, of Straban township, Adams county, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims or demands against said Lady, to present the same to the subscriber, residing in Butler township, for settlement, and all persons indebted to make immediate payment. HENRY LADY, Committee. April 7, 1856. 6c

Administrator's Notice.

JACOB B. SMYERS'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob B. Smyers, late of Huntington township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. WILLIAM B. SMYERS, Administrator. April 14, 1856. 6c

Trees, Evergreens.

FLOWERING Shrubs, Roses, Plants, &c. in great variety and size, for sale by large or small quantities, at the RESING SEX NURSERY and GARDEN, Philadelphia. Their stands are in the Market, below Sixth street, where the above can be had every day. Orders also received here for the Nursery. Catalogues sent to applicants gratis. Direct to S. MAUPAY & CO., Rising Sun Village, Philadelphia. N. B.—Roses, Verbenas by the hundred or thousand, and other flowering plants for sale cheap. April 14, 1856.

Caledonia Iron.

FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS, having the exclusive sale of Caledonia Rolled Iron for Gettysburg, would call the attention of buyers to this make of Iron—the best in the market—which will be sold at the lowest rates. We keep a large supply of Hammered Iron constantly on hand. Call at the sign of the RED FRONT. Dec. 10.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF FOR THE Toothache!

THERE is to be had at the drug stores of S. H. Buchler, Gettysburg, and James A. Elder, Emmitsburg, a most efficient remedy for the Toothache, which will, if properly applied, according to directions, cure the most violent Toothache instantaneously. Should the pain in course of time reappear, the same application has to be made again, and after two or three applications the cure will be effectual. Please call for A. Fergers's Toothache Balsam. Price 25 cents per phial. August 27, 1855. ly

SUPERIOR Parasols for sale by GEO. ARNOLD'S. **CARPET Bags**, of every variety, at ARNOLD'S. **WOOL and Cotton Carpet**, cheap, at ARNOLD'S. **TOBACCO.**—A prime article just received at SAMSON'S. **FIGURED, Plain and Buff Marseilles Vestings**, low, at GEO. ARNOLD'S.

Choice Poetry.

THE ANGEL BARQUE.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

Little Calvin, a blue-eyed, fair-haired child of six summers, was dying, and he bade his father and mother come near the bedside that he might tell them farewell. "Mother," said he, "will you not go with me?" "Where are you going, my child?" asked his mother. "With his eyes fixed upward, he answered, 'To Heaven, mother,' and in a moment was in the arms of His who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

From the rosy western heaven,
Through the tinted mists of even,
Up the purple depths of twilight,
Slowly sailed a snowy cloud,
Coasting by the golden sky-lands,
Sailing that barque until the zenith
Was enveloped in its shroud.

Summers six had come and parted,
Since upon that sea uncharted,
Once before came seraph sailing
On a skyward tending track.
Then a leaf, of God's evangel,
They had left—a tiny angel,
On thy bosom, gentle mother,
Now they come to call it back.

All his earthly mission ended,
On his little couch extended,
Lay he, with his hands clasped,
As his azure eyes grew dim,
Though by others all unnoted,
Watching where that vessel floated,
And the wailing angels waited,
For he knew they came for him.

Many sweet "good byes" he told ye,
Close his little arms enfold ye,
Father, brother pressing near him,
Shutting heaven from his view,
But to thee he clung the nearest,
Thou the fondest, best and dearest,
As he murmured, "Oh! my mother,
Will not you go with me, too?"

"Where, oh! where, my child?" "To Heaven!"
Sighed the passing spirit. Even
Caught the cadence of the chorus
As the angel-barque swept on:
Sailing up the ether slowly,
And lies moored within the shadow
Of Jehovah's great white throne.

Select Miscellany.

NICE GIRLS.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.
To my mind there is nothing in all the world half so beautiful, half so delightful, or half so lovable, as a "nice girl." I don't mean a pretty girl, or a dashing girl, or an elegant girl, but a "nice girl," one of those lively, good tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty domestic creatures, whom we meet in the sphere of "Home," diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a "nice girl" is not the languishing beauty, who dwales on a sofa, and talks of the last new novel, or of the last new opera; or the great giraffe-looking girl, who creates an impression by sweeping majestically through a drawing room. The "nice girl" does not even dance well, or play well, and she does not know a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active for that; she is not given to novel reading, for she is always too busy. And as to the opera, when she goes there she does not consider it necessary to show her bare shoulders, but sits generally away in the back of the box, unheeded and unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that we discover the "nice girl." It is at "Home."

Who is it that rises first in the morning, and gets the breakfast ready before the family comes down? Who is it that makes papa's toast, and carries up mamma's tea, and puts buttons on the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and makes everything bright and comfortable in the parlor? Is it the soft beauty, or the giraffe, or the elegant creature? By no means. It is the "nice girl." Her unadorned toilet has been performed in the shortest possible space of time; yet how charmingly her hair is "done up"; how simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white collar! What hearty kisses she distributes, unasked, among the members of the family. She does not present her cheek or her brow, like the "fine girl," but takes the initiative herself, and kisses the boys, one after the other, with an audible "smack" that says aloud, "I love you, ever so much!" If ever I coveted anything in my life, it is one of those kisses from that "nice girl." She troubles no one to "help the kettle." She has fetched it from the hob, and replenished the teapot, while some one has been thinking about offering his assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives into the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is running up and down stairs, always doing something, and always cheerful and light-hearted. She is a perfect treasure—the "nice girl" is. When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no amount of fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl," is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high collar, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck-ribbons, bound with the modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" yet, who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low-necked dresses, or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a "nice girl" with curls—but this may be a prejudice. I am quite sure, however, that "coaxers," or "coaxers"—those funny little curls which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline—are totally inconsistent with the character of a "nice girl." And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a "nice girl" were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed to allow to my *bonnet*, should be in this case, *bonnet*—is it kid boots with brass heels. There is a nameless charm about

tidy feet, which, I believe, the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot, and a well-shaped ankle, in conjunction with a clean, white petticoat, and a tight stocking, will nearly make amends for a slight Young man, is it not so? yes, you confess it. Women, old enough to be your grandmothers, have piloted you from Pall Mall to Dinlisco by the sheer force of a neat boot. Such is the influence of tidy ankles. This, however, by the way.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

A Remarkable Executioner.

We have observed several wonderful stories of late, respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner, who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon one occasion it happened that a criminal, who was condemned to death, had a singular itching to play at nippins; and he implored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The judge, thinking there could be no harm in honoring him, granted his last prayer; and, upon arriving at the place of execution, he found everything prepared for the game—the pins being set up and the bowls all ready.

He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After a while the Sheriff, observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing upon his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had grasped, and, seizing it firmly rolled it at the pins. All of them fell; and the head was heard to exclaim, as it rebounded from the further wall, "Hurrah! I've won the game!"

Death of John the Hermit.—Egledo Van Kehr, born in France, a soldier of Napoleon I, was expropriated by the government at the downfall of the great general, and came to the United States, died in Erie county poor-house last week, where he was conveyed on the morning before his death. He came to this city nearly thirty years ago, and, avoiding human society, has made his last home in the forests around the city, living in hollow trees or burrowing in the ground. He would speak no English, although he was versed in the language, repeating that he would not speak the tongue of those who defamed and destroyed Napoleon. He was a companion of Napoleon in his brilliant march of the great army upon Russia, and returned with the wreck of its invulnerable squadrons on the fatal and horrible retreat from the conflagration of Moscow. During the whole of the recent cold winter he slept in an old barn.—*Buffalo Rep.*

Pretty-Very.—"In passing up the street the other day," says the Fall River Monitor, "we met two little girls of seven or eight summers, who seemed to be enjoying vacation fully and all to themselves. Passing through the streets unmindful of what was going on, they seemed as happy as two larks, and looked as beautiful as they seemed happy. Stopping at one of our candy shops, one of them made a purchase of some candy, a large, nice-looking stick, and breaking it, gave her companion half, saying as she did it with the utmost simplicity imaginable: 'here, Mary, you may have the largest half; as you are the smallest.' Dear angel child, what a lesson of unselfishness was contained in thy simple words! God bless you, and enable you to sweeten life to manifest the same gentle and sweet spirit—here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest.' What teachers children sometimes are."

A cannon-ball, striking the oaken ribs of a man-of-war, pierces straight through them, scattering destruction on all sides, until its force is expended; but if it impinge upon the way, it swerves aside, and is conquered by their unresisting softness, and finally subsides without injury. So the first burst of passion, increased and rendered more dangerous by a stubborn opposition, will generally yield and fall harmless if it is met by softness and submission.

Editors.—Col. Schouler, of the Cincinnati Gazette, has written not only to the readers of the Gazette, but to the editorial fraternity generally, a valedictory, in which he announces his intention of retiring altogether from the editorial profession, after twenty years' arduous service therein. At the conclusion of his address he says: "It has been my fortune to know many gentlemen connected with the press, and I have found few among them that were not true, patient under difficulties, of long suffering, and of honest hearts. Although my connection with the fraternity ceases with this issue, I shall ever regard it with affection; and to have been an editor will be to me a more acceptable introduction than to have been a member of Congress."

Astonishing Tragedy in Louisiana.—When a woman is wicked she is wicked, and no mistake. The *Natchitoches (La.) Chronicle* records that Mrs. Jodrigos, of that ilk, having behaved in an unseemly manner, was rebuked by her husband, whereupon she, with the assistance of her paramour, she took him into the woods, and in spite of his prayers for mercy, hung him by the neck until he was dead. This Mrs. Jodrigos is about the strongest-minded woman of these strong times.

Legislative Business.—The Governor, up to the day of final adjournment, had signed 671 bills and 11 resolutions passed by the State Legislature. Mrs. Smith, the boys are getting into your cornfield? "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy—corn won't hurt 'em."

A Shanghai Ping-Muss.

Mr. Boyd is a very valuable citizen, but we regret to say, very easily irritated. This fact is known to a couple of butcher boys, by the names of Donnelly and Smith, who reside in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Boyd. If there is any article in this world that Mr. B. is down on, it is a Shanghai rooster. For this prejudice, Mr. B. is indebted to a purchase which he made during the "hon fever." During that excitement, Mr. B. bought a pair of "imported chickens," for which he gave sixty-three dollars. He kept them a year, and suffered a loss of one hundred and twenty-five dollars—twenty-five dollars in feed, and one hundred dollars for damages, paid to a Mr. Emory, because the "male bird" attacked his little boy, Henry Sylvester, and tore his nose open. Since that day Mr. B. has been down on Shanghais.

The fact is well known to the butcher boys aforesaid. On Monday last they felt like fun, and came to the conclusion that they would turn Mr. Boyd's prejudices to account. They accordingly concocted the following advertisement, and inserted it in the Albany Knickerbocker.

WANTED.—A pair of first quality Shanghai Roosters. For fine blooded \$15 will be paid. W. C. S. BOYD.

Lilius rooster, continued. An offer of this kind of course rather "took the crowd." At such prices there was not a "bird fancier" in the city who was not willing to supply Mr. Boyd with all the "fine blood" he could possibly want. The first operator that appeared was a retailer from the Bowery. "Is Mr. Boyd in?" "No, he's not; and if he was, what business is it to you?" "I've brought them chickens."

"What chickens?" "Those he advertised for this morning. A pair of full-blooded Shanghais. Read that." Here the Bowery operator drew out the Knickerbocker, and requested the housemaid to run her eye over "that advertisement." "And Mr. Boyd is not in?" "No, sir; and what's more, he won't be in till evening. He's gone to Lousinburg, on a sleigh-ride."

"But I can leave the chickens, I suppose, provided I don't ask for the money till he returns?" "Of course. Place them in the cellar." The Bowery dealer did as requested, and left the house, promising to call about tea-time. He had hardly got around the corner, before a young man, who formerly tended shop for Joe Clark, made his appearance with "the killingest pair of chickens ever seen in Ameriky."

"Is Mr. Boyd in?" "No, he is not." "Well, here's them chickens he advertised for. Where shall I put them till he comes back?" "Throw them in the cellar, had luck to them." Mr. Clark's "young man" obeyed orders, and then followed the Bowery boy around the corner. Mr. Clark's "young man" was followed by nineteen other dealers, each with a pair of Shanghai roosters in his hand. They were all placed in the cellar. Mr. Boyd arrived home about 5 o'clock, P. M. He went up stairs, pulled off his coat, and then repaired to the front parlor.

"What's all that row, Margery?" "The black cock has kilt the yaller one, and is now crowing over it." "Why, that's the devil's own time since you've been gone." "With what?" "With them Shanghais." "What Shanghais?" "Then you put in The Knickerbocker." "In the Knickerbocker? What are you talking about?" "The Shanghais, sir. Nineteen pair and some of 'em big enough to trot a coach." "And who brought nineteen pair of Shanghais here?" "The men who owned them."

"And for what purpose?" "Because you put them in The Knickerbocker." "Nonsense—I've put no Shanghais in the Knickerbocker, and want none—throw them into the street."

"Not I. By my troth, I'd as soon take a grip of a kitchen donkey." Here twenty-seven full blooded roosters started a crow that might have been heard as far as Troy and back again. "Will you throw those chickens into the street?" "Never!—I'd sooner loose my place and both hands."

"Well, then, I'll do it myself." Here Mr. Boyd seized an axe handle and "went in." In about fifteen minutes eight Shanghais were placed *hors du combat*, while the other nineteen on the opposite side walk were fighting for the pre-emption right to a piece of doughnut. Mr. Boyd having cleared the house of the "cursedest thing that was ever invented," returned to the supper room for the purpose of taking tea. He had just faced his first cup and piece of toast, done "on the first side," when a rap was heard at the front door. "See who that is, Margery."

Margery obeyed orders, and in a moment returned. "Who is it?" "Five gentlemen who wish to see Mr. Boyd." "Take them in the front parlor, and say to them that I'll be up in a moment." "Yes, sir." Margery "left the presence," and carried out the order according to the instructions received from her employer. In a few moments Mr. Boyd finished up his tea and toast, and called on his callers.

"Well, gentlemen, what do you wish?" "Pay for them cocks." "What cocks?" "Those Shanghai cocks we brought this morning." "And who told you to bring me any Shanghai cocks?" "Your advertisement in the Knickerbocker."

"No such thing. I have not had an advertisement in the Knickerbocker for two years." "That he bloated. You don't think you can sell us with such gumption." "Do you know to whom you are addressing such language?" "Of course we do—to a man who wants to swindle folks out of their chickens. You are a numbing, you are." "Leave my house, sir."

"I'll not leave till I have my chickens or your money." "As for money, I owe you none. Your chickens you will find in the street—saving those that were killed in the cellar."

"And do you suppose that we are going to be swindled out of our property in this manner?" "I've told you twice already that I want no more conversation with you. Leave the house or I'll serve you as I did the Shanghais!" "And how's that?" "Pitch you into the street!" "That's just our play. Undertake to pitch us into the street, and we'll charge nothing for the chickens."

Mr. Boyd accepted the challenge, but lost by it—He got so awfully pumelled by the young man who formerly tended store for Clark, that his head looked like a harvest moon—very much swelled, and slightly tinged with vermilion. This was on Thursday evening. On Wednesday morning Mr. Boyd appeared at the police office and swore out a warrant against half the chicken growers in the city. Mr. Boyd is exasperated, and allows that if there is any justice in this State, the young man who formerly tended for Clark shall have his share of it.—*Albany Police Tribune.*

A Toast of the Tallest Kind.

At the last celebration of the fourth of July, in the parish of Caddo, Louisiana, the following toast was given. It may be called the romance of the confectionary shop.

"Woman—Heaven's best gift to man—his Pandora, or basket of jewels—his confectionary shop, or stick of rock candy—his otto of roses, or sugar coated pill—her presence his best company—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles his brightest moments—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pole of his safety—her lips his most faithful counsellors—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares." "Girls, do you hear that? 'His otto of roses!' Oh Moses!"

A Complaining Parishioner.

A parishioner complained to his parson, that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer.

"Why?" asked the parson—"can't you hear distinctly?" "Oh, yes; I can hear well enough." "Can't you see plainly?" "Yes, I can see perfectly well." "Well, then, what can be your trouble?" "Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears, they are as flat as dish-water."

Three Fish for Dinner.

A Liverpool paper tells this story, as having its origin in an unpopular eating house. It is a good one, happen where it might.

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?" "Waiter—"Let me see, sir; what have you had, sir?" "Dinner—"Three fish."

"Waiter—"Only brought up two, I think, sir." "Dinner—"No, three; I had two maackerel, and one snail!"

Thinking Hard Words.—"Hans!" said a Dutchman to his arch son, whom he had just been thrashing for swearing at his mother, "what's that you're tinkin' so yickid about, in the corner there?" "I ain't tink nut'n'." "You lie, you fagabone—you tinks damn—and now I'll vip you for dat."

A gentleman in Arkansas has made a present of an "immense American eagle" to the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, and the said editor promises substantially to release the noble bird on the election of Mr. Fillmore to the presidency. The poor bird is imprisoned for life.

Kansas.—The *Herald of Freedom*, published at Lawrence, Kansas, approves of President Pierce's proclamation, and says that, if honestly carried out by Gov. Stanton, it is all that the Free State party "could expect or even desire." This expression of opinion will be very acceptable to the Black Republicans, who have been very unanimous in their denunciations of the President for issuing that proclamation.

Advice to Boys.—You are made to be kind and generous. If there is a boy who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

A fellow in East Salisbury, who wants a wife, writes to his friend in Boston on the subject, asking the following impudent question:—"Mr. Merrill, sir—will you be so kind as to inform me if I should be likely to find a single woman in Boston, of good moral character?"

Some wise man, years ago, said—"If you want to learn human nature, get married to a spunky girl, move in the house of another family, and slap one of the young ones, and then you'll learn."

Miss Florence Nightingale has been gazetted officially as Directress-General of all the hospitals in the British dominions. No nurses can for the future be appointed in any public hospital without her sanction.

"Father," said a cobbler's lad, as he was peering way across a field, "they say that trout bite good now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work, and they won't bite you!"

The pen with which the Treaty of Peace was signed is to be presented to the Empress of France.

Figs and peaches are spoken of by the New Orleans papers as "in market."

Some one is making preparations to apply for admission into the Union.

Counterfeit \$50 bills on the State Bank of Charleston, S. C., are in circulation.

Great Suffering in the West—U. S. Soldiers Eating their own Companions.

The following is an extract from a private letter received in this city by the editor of the *Military Argus*:

Fort Pierre, N. T. March 15, 1856. A most horrible affair happened between here and Sioux City in December last, which is almost too hideous to relate. Three soldiers, named Rigbert, Wicker and Cornell, deserted from companies D and H, Second Dragons, about the first of December, and started down the river. On their way they overtook four persons from this place, who were proceeding in the same direction, and as self-preservation suggested the idea of strength in numbers, they mutually agreed to travel in company.—Up to this time, and for some ten or twelve days after their junction, the weather had been remarkably mild and pleasant. A few days after, however, heavy snows accompanied with intense cold, set in, which continued with but little intermission for thirty or forty days, during which time but little progress was made. At length their scanty stock of provisions gave out, and starvation seemed inevitable, for they were at least two hundred miles in a direct line from the nearest settlement.

For six days, without a particle of food, they continued their course down the river, but made very little progress towards their destination. Under these accumulated sufferings a soldier named Cornell died, and the others, to appease their hunger, cut up his body and eat his flesh. The following night one of the civilians died, and his body was disposed of in like manner. On the succeeding night two more of the civilians died, but as the party was discovered shortly after, the living were spared the necessity of making any further meals upon the dead bodies of their companions.

They were found by a party of Maj. Howe's command, and when first discovered were regaling themselves upon the arms and legs of their unfortunate companions. The survivors were taken to Major Howe's camp, and under proper care and attention have all recovered.

Great Cattle.

One of the Largest Stock Farmers in the World.—We copy the following from a late number of the *Albany Knickerbocker*:

"Some of the finest cattle we ever saw were brought to this city last Saturday on the Central Railroad. There were thirty-four head, with an average weight of two thousand four hundred pounds. They sold for ten cents a pound live weight, which is equal to \$250 each. They were grown by B. F. Harris, of Champagne, Illinois, who has one hundred head of the same weight still to bring to market. Mr. Harris is one of the largest stock farmers in the world. His farm contains four thousand acres. He keeps usually about 500 head of cattle and 600 of hogs. About the first of May he turns the cattle on the prairie, and they graze under the control of mounted herdsmen, who pen them at night. By the first of autumn his horns, on the wide range of rich prairie, reach the climax of bovine perfection, and a more attractive sight cannot be found. Through the winter those intended for spring sale are stall fed, requiring 100 bushels of corn to feed a good sized ox. In the winter of 1848-49 this gentleman still fed 982 cattle, and bought 56,000 bushels of corn. In the year 1853, Mr. Harris fed and sold a hundred head of beef; their average weight was 1,966 lbs. These were the extraordinary lot which took the premium at the World's Fair at New York. The average of cattle herds usually marketed will not exceed 1,500 lbs. gross."

The Old North State All Right.

A North Carolina correspondent of the *Richmond Enquirer* writes:

"Our State is strong in the principles of Democracy, and without a shadow of doubt, will return Thomas Bragg to the gubernatorial chair. The address of Mr. Caruthers, of Missouri, to his constituents, is an able exposition of the sentiments of every lover of liberty, whether political or religious. It is a bitter pill to the Know Nothings about here. I should be very glad if you could forward me another copy of it."

Renouncing Know-Nothingism.—The *Bedford Gazette* publishes letters from David O. Shoemaker, Frederick H. Beagle and Jacob Harshbarger, renouncing and exposing Know-Nothingism, and denouncing the Order as "a sink of loathsome corruption and falsehood."

The war in Europe, which has just been closed, has not produced such great political changes as was anticipated. It is probable that everything remains *statu quo ante bellum*, with the exception of a new organization of the principalities, and the "rectification" of the Southwestern frontier of Russia. The loss of men, killed and wounded, and from sickness consequent upon the war, has probably not been less than six to eight hundred thousand, and the cost of the war, to the nations engaged in it, including the losses inflicted on Russia, may be estimated at not less than \$1,500,000,000. When the books are finally balanced it will probably be found that the recent three years' war has been more costly in men and money than any three years of war in which the nations of Europe were ever before engaged, not excepting the campaigns of Napoleon.

Will Furgotten.—The *Binghamton Democrat* says: "The London Telegraph, enumerating the American cities which the Britishers could take just as easy, in case of war between the two countries, leaves out New Orleans altogether! We can't account for the omission, except on the ground that they took it in 1814, and do not think it necessary to take it over again."

Delegates to Cincinnati.—Senator Bayard and Gov. George Ross Riddle have been chosen delegates to the Democratic National Convention from the New Castle district, Delaware. They were instructed to vote for Mr. Buchanan so long as they may think it proper so to do.