The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHLE. "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.

39TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, JAN. 19, 1857. NO. 17.

Terms of the "Compiler."

☞ *The Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, 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.

Choice Poetry.

"BORROBOOLA-GHA."

A stranger preached last Sunday;
And crowds of people came
To hear a two-hour sermon
With a barbarous sounding name;
'Twas all about some heathens
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness
Called "Borroboola-Gha."

So well their wants he pictured,
That when the plates were passed,
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder,
To push the rolling car,
That carried light and comfort
To "Borroboola-Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll,
'Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild;
And looking down with wonder
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn:
What could she want, I questioned,
Impatient to be gone;
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mummy she's a dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger,
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless,
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh! had I ever pictured
A scene so full of woe?

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed:
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar:
Was I suddenly transplanted
To "Borroboola-Gha?"

No, no! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not *only* to the heathen;
This was his charge to them—
"Go preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."

O, Christian! God has promised
Whoe'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go find in yonder hovel,
A "Borroboola-Gha."

A Capital Story.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"You are mistaken. I would sooner die than wed a mere country beauty."

"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry, tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by adulation—a guileless, simple, loving creature——"

"Aye!" said Fred, laughing, "a choice cluster of virtues and graces. Country beauties always sweet, and guileless, and simple: so are country cows. No! I tell you if as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still, if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churns and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Helen Irving; but it was a very pianissimo laugh, away down in the corner of her musical little heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet only of the egotist.

Another moment, the young men came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned and he whispered in visible trepidation, "Do you think she heard?"

"No!" rejoined the other, half audibly, "she shows no resentment—she has not even looked up from her book—you are safe—she could not have heard you—but what an angel she is!"

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid her book aside and began to twine a half-finished wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled oak trunk [illegible] stream around her [illegible] through [illegible] and [illegible] tered over her white dress—she sat quite at ease, apparently unaware that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty to ask if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where a Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile, the beauty looked up. "Mr. Irving? The only Irving in the village is my father," she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery—that's where we live.—I believe it was an academy once—that's a sort of high school, isn't it?" with a most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied by another graceful bow.

"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow.—He will remember me—Frederick Lane, at your service."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell him, word for word," replied Helen, tucking her sleeves around her arm, and making rather a formal courtesy.—Then catching up her book, and gathering her scattered flowers, she hurried towards home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt, and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room, where the family were at supper, "as sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane, who you all talk about so much, is in the village. He will call here to-morrow—the first proper specimen of a city beau, (as of course he will be,) all sentiment, and refinement, faultless in kids, and spotless in dicky—important and self-assured as one of that ilk can possibly be.

"Promise me, all of you, that you'll not lisp about music, reading, or writing in my presence, because—I have a plan. Father will not—I know—only give him a newspaper.—Aunt Minnie never talks—I mean in company, and mother will be too glad to see me churn butter and mend stockings. Sis, your rattle of a tongue is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet, and ask me no questions, I will give you that work-box you have coveted so much."

"Helen, you are not quite respectful," said her father, gravely.

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were folded about his neck. "I always mean well, but I'm so thoughtless! There, all is right, now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

"Come, sis, what say *you?*"

"Why, on that condition, I'll be still as a mouse, but what's your reason?"

"Ah! that's my own," sang Helen, as she danced out of the room.

"You knit admirably!" said Fred, looking on with an unconscious smile of admiration.

Helen sat at an open window, through which rose-bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both sweet shade and fragrance.—The canary overhead burst out every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on a long, blue stocking, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow-birds.

"You knit admirably: are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite. I like it better than—than anything else—that is—I mean—I can churn very well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glances had traveled, from the corners of his eyes, over every table, shelf, and corner, in search of some book or paper; but not a leaf, sere or yellow, repaid his search.

"O! yes," said Helen, with a self-satisfied glance.

"What books? permit me to ask."

"I read the Bible a good deal," she answered gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All—of course not: and yet what do we not find in that holy volume? History, poetry, eloquence, romance, the most thrilling pathos." Blushing, and recollecting herself, she added, with a manner as childish as it had been dignified.

"As for other books—let me see—I've in my library—first, there's the primer, (counting on fingers,) second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, nursery tales, fairy stories, two or three elements of something, biography of some person or other, mother's magazine, king Richard the third—there! isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I don't know quite as much as those who have been to school more," she added, as if disappointed at his mute rejoinder; "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I'm not to be outdone."

The young man left her more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, which he vainly attributed to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manners and gentle disposition, quite won upon the city-bred and aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness and refinement about everything she said and did. She perplexed and delighted him.

Often, as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would drop like a pearl from her lips, not more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

"If I should fall in the snare," thought he, "I can educate her. It would be worth trying."

It was useless to combat with his passion: so at last he fell at Helen's feet, (figuratively speaking,) and confessed his love.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine!" was his invariable answer to her exclamations of unworthiness; how she should appear in fashionable society, etc., etc.

They were married—and returned from their wedding tour, and, at the expiration of the honey-moon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from her usual simplicity, and indeed, without jewels or laces, with only that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss roses, she was the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon blazing with light, her heart failed her. "Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find that he is ashamed of me? I cannot bear the thought: but should he overcome all conventional notions, then have I a husband worthy to be honored—then shall he be proud of his wife."

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent looking girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied "poor Fred,"—wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he, oh, joy! he seemed only to love her the more as she clung to his arm so timidly. His noble face exposed the pride he truly felt, he looked as if he would have swept back the scorners with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word not in strict conformity to etiquette—and Helen's heart beat high; tears came to her eyes, when she thus felt what a noble heart she had won.

The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly-formed creature, with haughty features; and ill-concealed scorn lurked in her great brilliant eyes whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she held sway over the heart of Fred, and scoring who he had married, she fancied her hour of triumph had come.

"Do you suppose she knows *anything?*" said a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled—her fair brow flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He had gone—speaking at a little distance with a friend.

Presently Marion Summers turned toward her.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked; there was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks burning.

"And sing?"

"A little," was the calm reply.

"Then do favor us," she said, looking askance at her companions. "Come, I myself will lead you to the instrument."

"Hark! whose masterly touch?" Instantly the half-spoken word is arrested—the cold ear and haughty head are turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such correct intonation! Such breadth, depth, and vigor of touch! "Who is it? she plays like an angel."

And again hark! A voice rolls out: a flood of melody, clear, powerful, passing sweet; astonishment paints many a cheek a deeper scarlet. There is silence—unbroken silence, as the silvery tones floating up—

"Aye! care I not for cold neglect,
Though tears unbidden start,
And scorn is but a bitter word,
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true—
If one be true—
The world may careless be:
Since I may only keep thy love,
And tell my grief to thee."

"Glorious voice," said Fred to his friend, who with the rest had paused to listen, "who can it be? I——"

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She had turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife.

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side; but he spoke to marble.—The color had left his cheek as he walked slowly toward her.

If he was speechless with amazement, she was not. A rich bloom mantled her cheeks—triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before—they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgments she blended wit and humor. "How well she talks?"—"who would have thought it?"—"Fred's little wife: he has found a treasure;" were whispered around the room.

Meanwhile Frederick Lane, Esq., stood like one enchanted, while his poor little rustic wife quoted books and authors with perfect abandon—admired this one—commended that. A sedate-looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation; Helen smilingly finished it, and received a look eloquent with thanks.—Bon mots, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if she had just received a touch from some fairy wand.

Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream: pressing his hands over his bewildered sight to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending, a breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp—her full arm leaning on its golden strings—and heard again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," he said, when once alone with her, "what does this mean? who are you? I feel like awaking from a dream."

"Once a country girl," said Helen, gravely: then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed: "Forgive me: I am the very little rustic whom you would rather die than wed. Are you sorry you married me?"

"Sorry, my gracious wife! But, Elly, you could not, surely, deceive me? Did I not understand that you had never——"

"Been to an academy," she broke in; "never took a music lesson—never was taught how to sing—all true. And yet I am all you see me to-night—myself my own teacher: with labor and diligence, I trust I am worthy to be the wife of one so exalted as I find my husband to be."

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now, and hear her story; she laughing between whiles, her pretty face all dimples, as she tells him how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all into an empty room by themselves, leaving them to seclusion and dust—while the little country girl without any deep laid plan, succeeded in convincing a well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting-needles than the piano and harp.

Select Miscellany.

☞ A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room or elsewhere, where a dull light is wished, by putting finely-powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

Wolf Teeth in Horses.—We have a horse fourteen years old next spring. About six months since he went blind in one eye, and on examining his mouth we found *wolf teeth.*—This horse was at "mature age," and one year ago his eyes were sound as a dollar.—H. S., *Steubenville, Ohio.*

☞ The rotten apple injures its companion.

Answering a Young Lawyer.

County court was sitting awhile ago, in ——, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of yea—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin, in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand.

He looked cold, and half-perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and, unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, "with tears in his fists and his eyes doubled up"—and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrantee deed, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him:

"You look like a traveler."

"Wall, I s'pose I am; I come from Wisconsin afoot, 'tany rate."

"From Wisconsin! that *is* a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through the 'lower regions' in your travels."

"Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizmahogany, "I've ben through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know."

"O," says the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig-tail, appeared through the slit of his cheek—"you'll find them much the same as in this region—*the lawyers set nighest the fire.*"

Duck Trade of Norfolk.—It appears there is a considerable traffic in wild ducks between Norfolk and New York. The Norfolk Herald thus speaks of the operations in this business by a farmer in Princess Ann county, Va.:

He has had twenty men employed constantly since the commencement of the season, and up to the 20th of December they had consumed in their vocation twenty-three kegs of gunpowder, with shot in proportion. The ducks which they killed were brought to Norfolk once a week, and piled up in the warehouse of Kemp & Buskey, on Roanoke square, where on every Wednesday they were packed in barrels and shipped for New York by the steamship Jamestown. The number of barrels thus sent off weekly, have, up to this time, averaged from 15 to 25 barrels, and one week the number reached as high as 31.—They consist of all the varieties of the duck species known in our latitude, such as canvas back, red-heads, mallard, black ducks, spiggtails, bullnecks, baldfaces (or wigeons,) shovelers, &c., to which may be added a good proportion of wild geese.

Entomology.—Professor Aggassiz says, that more than a lifetime would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects and describe their appearancee. Meiger, a German, collected and described six hundred species of flies, which he collected in a district of ten miles circumference. There have been collected in Europe twenty thousand species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin two Professors are engaged collecting, observing, and describing insects and their habits, and already they have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees.

A Sad Story.—Some time last summer a lawyer of Hamilton, C. W., eloped with the wife of Mr. Brogdin, another lawyer. Her husband shot the seducer, was tried for murder and acquitted. It is now said that Mrs. Brogdin has committed suicide by cutting her throat. A late paper reports that Mr. Brogdin exhibited signs of insanity while on his way to the West. What a sorrowful and fearful consummation! A seducer shot, his paramour a suicide, and poor Brogdin likely to be insane.

Free Sile.—"Get up! get up!" said a watchman the other night, to a chap who had fallen a grade below the door step sleeper, and who had taken lodgment in the gutter; "you must not lie here."

"Lie! you're another!—y' you lie yourself! Not lie here! I tell you what, old fellow, that may do in them 'ere slave States, but I'll let you know," said the agrarian, sputtering a mouthful of mud in the watchman's face, "that this is free sile!"

☞ An Illinois editor, speaking of a rogue who lived in that vicinity, says:

"The rascal had broken every bank and jail and Sabbath day we have had in this county for the last five years."

That chap was a real "broker."

☞ A Fremont clergyman met a Democrat on the sidewalk, and said to him, "Brother, can you account for this remarkable result in favor of Buchanan, after all we have done?" "Yes," said the Democrat, "the Buchanan men trusted in the Lord while the Fremonters relied on the clergy."

☞ There are some faults in conduct and some in conversation and writing, which are not to be condemned nor to be pardoned, but to be forgotten.

☞ "Mrs. Quigg, is your husband a Know Nothing?" "I guess so, for he told me this morning that somebody had been making a fool of him."

☞ A minister approached a mischievous urchin about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son, I believe that the devil has got hold of you." "I believe he has too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

☞ Thirty thousand passengers were carried last year by the steamships between Europe and the United States, including eastern and western passages.

☞ In selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

☞ Happiness is like a pig with a greasy tail, which every one runs after but nobody can hold.

The Farm.

HISTORY OF DRAINING AND ITS RESULTS.

The first notice we find of draining, is in a book by Walter Bligh, published in the time of Cromwell, called the "English Improver Improved," or the "Survey of Husbandry Surveyed." A few extracts will show, though the style partakes of the Puritan character of the times, that the true theory of underdraining was even then well understood. He insists particularly upon the necessity of drawing out the bottom water by deep underdrains. "Only make thy draining trenches deep enough and not too far off thy floating course, and I'll warrant it, they drain away that under moisture, fyrth, and venom, as aforesaid that maintains them, (the rush, flag, and mareblabb) and then, believe me or deny Scripture, which I hope thou darest not, as Bildad said unto Job, 'Can the rush grow without mire, or the flag without water?' Job viii 12. That interrogation plainly shows that the rush cannot grow, and the water being taken from the root; for it is not the moystnesse upon the surface of the land, for then every shower should increase the rush, but it is that which lyeth at the root, which drayneth away at the bottom, leaves it a naked and barren relief."

"As for thy drayning trench, it must be so deep that it goe to the bottom of the cold, spewing, moyst water, that feeds the rush and the flagg."—"Yea, suppose this corruption that feeds and nourishes the rush or flagg, should lie a yard or four foote deepe, to the bottom of it thou must goe, if thou wilt drayn it to purpose or make the utmost advantage of either floating or drayning, without which thy water cannot have its kindly operation." He would fill the drains with "green fagots," or "pebbles and flint stones," "then having covered it over with earth, and make it even as the other ground, wait and expect a wonderful effect through the blessing of God."

For more than a century draining has been successfully and extensively practiced in the county of Essex, England, but the general practice of thorough draining dates no farther back than the labors of Mr. Smith, of Deanston, who was the introducer of the system.—He advocated not only the practice of cutting off the water of individual springs, but of draining the entire surface of retentive soils by parallel drains running through the whole.—From him, the name "Deanstonising" was applied to the practice of filling drains with small stones. Still more modern is the practice of draining with tiles, but the time, more than thirty years has elapsed since their introduction, would indicate that they possess a great degree of permanence. Where they have been laid deep enough they still continue to operate successfully.

The extent to which draining is now practiced in Great Britain is most astonishing. In some parts almost entire counties have been underdrained. In Lincolnshire, canals have been constructed many feet above the fields, into which the water is raised by windmills or steam, and then flows away to the ocean, and thus what were once dreary wastes have been converted into the most fruitful fields. There now stands upon Lincoln heath a tower seventy feet high, upon the top of which, till within a half century, a light was kept every night, like a light house, to guide travellers, upon the heath. The whole district is now cultivated like a garden, and this fertility, is entirely owing to the magnificent system of drainage which has been adopted.

The late Professor Norton, detailing what he saw in England in 1846, describes the operations on one farm in the Northern part.—Nine hundred acres were already drained with three hundred miles of drains, and the farmer having a new lease of nineteen years, was pushing his labors with renewed energy. The surface soil was stiff and the subsoil almost impervious to water. The drains immediately raised the value of the land from a rent of $2 50 per acre to one of $6 50. One half of the expense, as is usual, was borne by the landlord. A neighboring proprietor had laid about two hundred and fifty miles on his own estate, and had thus increased the rent on many of his farms from five to fourteen dollars per acre. So great was the ameliorating effects that fine crops of turnips were growing upon stiff clay where it was impossible to produce them before.

The same zeal with like results was found in Scotland. Mr. Tennant, who occupied a farm three miles from Edinburg, had drained every field, and said that with him "draining was an indispensable preliminary to every improvement." The value of another farm had been doubled in five years, by laying two hundred miles of underdrain, followed by subsoiling and other improvements. A reclaimed peat bog of one hundred and fifty acres, where the peat was twenty feet in thickness, exhibited "firm beautiful fields producing very heavy crops, in one instance reaching nearly eighty bushels of oats." The same writer says "that hearing the experience of a great number of practical men I never met one who was disappointed in the result of efficient, thorough draining."

Mr. Colman also in his European Agriculture, gives his opinion that thorough draining and subsoiling constitute "the great modern improvements of English husbandry," and that "they seem destined to increase the products of the country beyond any calculations which have yet been made."

The Duke of Portland had some time since laid more than seven thousand miles of drainage on his estates. The Duke of Bedford had laid two hundred and fifty miles in a single year. On another estate the rental was so much increased as to yield twenty-nine per cent. on the capital employed. The manager of the farm of Sir Robert Peel reports the crop of turnips on a drained field as "four times as great as ever before produced."

So perfectly established is the necessity of drainage and confidence in its success, that government has provided means for furnishing loans to be expended for this purpose, and private capitalists consider the security ample upon funds advanced for this expenditure.—While it is true that we have not many such extensive districts which need draining as exist in Great Britain, yet it is equally true that we have few farms which do not furnish some fields which would be benefitted by its application, and some whole town ships where but little of the cleared land will maintain its fertility unless artificial drainage is adopted.

A large part of Holland has been redeemed from the sea by strong embankments and skilful draining. Much of the surface being lower than the surrounding ocean and intersecting rivers, the water is elevated by machinery and kept out by strong dykes. Windmills were first employed to drive the draining wheels, but recently steam engines are substituted as being more efficient and certain.—Harlem lake is thus drained by three enormous steam engines, each driving eleven mammoth pumps. Each pump is capable of raising to the height of ten feet at each stroke over six tons of water, or over sixty-six tons for the eleven. The cost of each engine with its fixtures was about $170,000, and the annual cost of keeping it dry is estimated at $30,000. Yet this expenditure is amply repaid by the redeeming and rendering serviceable to man of seventy thousand acres of most fertile soil.—This undertaking promises to be so successful that the plan is proposed of draining the Zayder Zee, a tract of about forty miles in length and breadth.

Many of the sugar estates in Louisiana are protected from the overflowing of the waters of the Mississippi by an embankment called a "levee," and as the river is often higher than the surface of the fields, the water is raised from ditches by wheels driven by steam. It is proposed in this way to drain the whole Delta of the Mississippi, and thus furnish for cultivation an immense area of inexhaustible fertility, which is now entirely worthless.

The effect upon the health of a country produced by extensive draining, is found to be not the least of the benefits arising from it. Numerous statistics show the improved state of health of many districts in England, but we will notice only one striking instance mentioned by President Hitchcock, of Amherst College, in his report upon the Agricultural Schools of Europe. In a district in France there was a scattered and miserable population, the mean length of whose lives did not exceed twenty-five years. The periodical overflow of extensive marshes was the cause of all this unhealthiness. M. Nevier purchased 1600 acres and in two years succeeded in draining all the ponds and introducing successful cultivation with the most marked benefits as to health. Before the drainage was finished the per cent. of his domestics sick with fevers was as high as twenty from June 15th to Oct. 15th. After the drainage the proportion fell successively to six, five, and three and finally to one half per cent.

With such results before us why do we neglect, not only the drain ing of our own farms, those little patches of the earth's surface for which we are accountable, but to make public provision for draining extensive marshes and intervals, which are such fruitful sources of pestilence and suffering, and thus not only add to the productive capital of the country, but aid in extending the common lease upon life and health of the whole human race?

New Law—Pre-Payment on all Transient Printed Matter Compulsory.

We are requested to publish the following regulations, which the Postmaster General has made, to carry out the provisions of the act just passed requiring pre-payment of postage on all transient printed matter:

1. Books, not weighing over four pounds, may be sent in the mail, pre-paid by postage stamps, at one cent an ounce any distance in the U. S. under three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper.

2. Unsealed circulars, advertisements, business cards, transient newspapers, and every other article of transient printed matter, (except books,) not weighing over three ounces, sent in the mail to any part of the United States, are chargeable with *one cent* postage *each*, to be prepaid by postage stamps. Where more than one circular is printed on a sheet, or a circular and letter, each must be charged with a single rate. This applies to lottery and other kindred sheets assuming the form and name of newspapers; and the miscellaneous matter in such sheets must also be charged with one rate. A business card on an unsealed envelope of a circular subjects the entire packet to letter postage. A transient matter, like a circular or handbill, enclosed in or with a periodical or newspaper sent to a subscriber, or to any other person, subjects the whole package to letter postage; and whenever subject to letter postage, from being sealed, or from any cause whatever, all printed matter without exception, must be prepaid, or excluded from the mail. It is the duty of the postmaster at the mailing office, as well as at the office of delivery, carefully to examine all printed matter, in order to see that it is charged with the proper rate of postage, and to detect fraud. At offices where postage stamps cannot be procured, postmasters are authorized to receive money in pre-payment of postage on transient matter, but they should be careful to keep a lot of stamps on hand.

Pumpkin and Squash Pie.

For common family pumpkin pies, three eggs do very well to a quart of milk. Stew your pumpkin, and strain it through a sieve or colander. Take out the seeds, and pare the pumpkin or squash before you stew it, but do not scrape the inside; the part nearest the seed is the sweetest part of the squash. Stir in the stewed pumpkin till it is thick as you can stir around rapidly and earnestly. If you want to make your pie richer, make it thinner, and add another egg. One egg to a quart of milk makes very decent pies. Sweeten it to your taste; with molasses or sugar; some pumpkins require more sweetening than others. Two teaspoonfuls of salt, two great spoonfuls of sifted cinnamon, one do. of ginger. Ginger will answer very well alone for spice, if you use enough of it. The outside of a lemon grated in is nice. The more eggs, the better the pie; some put an egg to a gill of milk. They should bake from forty to fifty minutes, and even ten minutes longer if very deep.—*Frugal Housewife.*

☞ We find in an exchange a remedy for frosted feet, which is just now very appropriate. Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two and dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub it over the foot, will effect a cure in a short time. If this is done a few times, it is almost certain to cure your feet entirely.

☞ He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.—*Fuller.*