

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAILLE.

"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, APRIL 13, 1857.

NO. 29.

Terms of the "Compiler."
The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAILLE, 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.

At an Orphan's Court,
HELD at Gettysburg, in and for the county of Adams, on the 20th day of January A. D. 1857, before David Ziegler and David Horner, Esqs., Associate Judges, &c., assigned, &c.
In motion the Court grant a RULE upon the widow, heirs and legal representatives of JOHN SPANGLER, late of Berwick township, deceased, to appear at the Orphan's Court, to be held on the 31st Monday of April A. D. 1857, to accept or refuse to accept the Real Estate of said deceased, at the valuation thereof made (by the Sheriff) or show cause why the said Real Estate, or any part thereof, should not be sold, in case they, or any of them, should neglect or refuse to take and accept the same.
Personal notice to be given to widow, heirs, and legal representatives, resident within the county, and to those residing out of the county by publication in one newspaper, published in Gettysburg, for three successive weeks, and by sending a number of said paper addressed to them at their nearest post office.
By the Court:
J. J. BALDWIN, Clerk.
March 23, 1857. 3w

Attention, One and All!
GREAT SHOW.
"GREAT SEA-SERPENT CAPTURED!"
SAMUEL WEAVER having provided himself with an entire new and costly apparatus, is now prepared to furnish Ambrotypes and Daguerreotypes, in every style of the art, which he will warrant to give entire satisfaction. His long experience and superior apparatus give him advantages seldom furnished by Daguerrean establishments out of the city. He has a large number of specimens at his Gallery, in Chambersburg street, which the public are requested to call and examine.
Charges from 50 cents to \$10. Hours of operating from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Gold Lockets, Breastpins, suitable for miniatures, always on hand, at the very lowest prices.
Children will not be taken for less than \$1.00.
AMBROTYPES taken from one dollar and upwards, and in the best style.
Dec. 22, 1856. 1f

JAMES BROWN'S GRAMMATICAL WORKS.
THE FIRST Book of the Rational System of English Grammar. 25 cts.
THE SECOND Book of the Rational System of English Grammar, designed to teach the process of Analysing the English Language with sound judgment; and the art of using it with grammatical propriety. 31 cts.
These works are now used in the Public Schools in the First School District of Pennsylvania.
THE THIRD Book of the Rational System of English Grammar, designed to enable the learner to become most thoroughly acquainted with the nature and use of the PREFIXIONS, and may be read by him either in or out of school. 50 cts.
BROWN'S GRAMMATICAL READER. This book sets aside the old GRAMMARS, exposes their defects, demonstrates the little use of attending to them, and presents to the Teacher the unerring and only way to the Grammar of the English Language. 37 1/2 cts.
For sale by PETER GRIFFIN, 118 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.
March 2, 1857. 6m

THE PERRY COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE Insurance Company,
CAPITAL \$139,586—effects insurances in any part of the State, against loss by fire; prudently adapts its operations to its resources; affords ample indemnity, and promptly adjusts its losses.
Adams county is represented in the Board of Managers by Hon. Moses McLEAN, WM. McLEAN, Agent.
Office of M. & W. McLean, Gettysburg.
May 26, 1856.

Jacob Shrad.
CONTINUES the Flour & Feed business, at his old stand, in West Middle street. He keeps the best and sells as cheap as the cheapest. Give him a call.
January 12, 1857. 3m

Removals.
THE undersigned, being the authorized person to make removals into Ever Green Cemetery, hopes that such as contemplate the removal of the remains of deceased relatives or friends, will avail themselves of this season of the year to have it done. His terms are moderate, and every effort is made to please.
PETER THORN, a K. S. of the Cemetery.
February 9, 1857.

Hats. Hats.
BLACK SILK and Sough Hats of the latest style and at reduced prices for sale at COBEAN & PAXTON'S.

Boots and Shoes.
A large assortment, just opened, and will be sold cheaper than the cheapest at SAMSON'S.

THE attention of the LADIES is particularly invited to the large assortment of plain and fancy Gaiters, latest style, just received by BROWN & COMPANY.

ATTENTION! Those who are fond of music, will find a large assortment of Violins, Accordions, Flutes, Pipes, &c., &c. Cheap at SAMSON'S.

TRUNKS, Carpet Bags and Umbrellas, for sale at COBEAN & PAXTON'S.

Choice Poetry.

TO-DAY.
Let detards grieve for childhood's days,
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track;
I cannot join in mourning time
Forever passed away—
For whilst I look on Nature's book,
I'm thankful for to-day!
The trees are still as fresh and green
As ever branches were,
And still, in proud vigor seen,
They wave their arms in air;
The rivers sing the self-same song
That they have sung for aye,
Whose burden, as they glide along,
Is, "God is here to-day!"
There's not a bird upon the bough,
Or leaf upon the tree,
But in the summer twilight now
As sweetly sing to me:
The blindest bird that winter blows
Can chase disease away,
And shower blessings in the snows
That hide the earth to-day.
And everywhere a thousand gifts
Invite us to rejoice—
To grieve no more the days of yore,
But raise a thankful voice;
That tell us, though the world were fair
In years removed for aye,
The earth and sky, and sea and air,
As lovely are to-day.
Then tell me not, that childhood's days
Alone are fraught with joy—
That manhood's fancy cannot raise
The structures of the boy;
The childish mind is lost in dreams
Of pictures far away;
But man beholds majestic themes
In wonders of to-day.
O ye, whose eyes upridding rise,
Pronouncing fate unjust—
Who walk the earth with cherished hopes
Low trailing in the dust—
Discead a false, unmanly thrill,
Nor own so weak a way,
But hope in him who gave you all,
And thank him for to-day.

Select Miscellany.

Curious Facts.
Captain Beaufort saw near Smyrna, in 1840, a cloud of locusts forty-six miles long and three hundred yards deep, containing as he calculated one hundred and sixty-nine billions.
Lewenhook reckoned 17,000 divisions in the corner (outer coat of the eye) of a butterfly, each one of which he thought possessed a crystalline lens. Spiders, &c., are similarly provided for.
The hair spring of a watch weighs 0.15 of a grain; a pound of iron makes 50,000. The pound of iron costs 2 cents; a single spring 2 cents; so that 50,000 will bring \$1,000.
Spiders have four pairs for spinning their threads, each pair having 1,000 holes, and the fine web itself the union of 4,000 threads.—No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed, they seize on the webs of others.
Molehills are curiously formed by an outer arch impervious to rain, and an internal platform with drains, and covered ways on which the pair and young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.
Few insects live more than a year in their perfect state. Their first state is the egg, then the caterpillar, then the chrysalis, or pupa, and finally the procreant form. But in these changes there are infinite degrees and varieties of transition, all of which constitute the pleasing and very instructive study of Entomology.
Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects led to death, and from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds are annually brought to Europe for scarlet and crimson dyes.
It is said of Achilles, one of Homer's heroes, that his mother dipped him in the river Styx, which made him invulnerable, except in the heel by which she held him. This one vulnerable point proved his ruin; for Paris slew him with an arrow that pierced his heel. This it is with all men. They may be invulnerable on almost every point, but there is a weak place in every man's character.—Each one has his easily besetting sin.
Stories of Disasters.—Walker's doctors, who have arrived at New York, tell shocking stories of the sufferings of his men. From their accounts it would seem that the disease has increased very much since the men learned from the proclamation of Gen. Canas that they would not be shot in Costa Rica, but be well treated and sent home. They desert in squads and whole ranks, with their petty officers at their heads when sent out on foraging expeditions. During ninety days no less than 980 men disappeared, of whom at least 300 deserted. Of the mounted rangers twenty-seven went off in a body, and several companies for large bodies to desert have been detected. One foraging party, numbering 60 men, deserted in a body.
An Old Child.—In attempting to care a four-year-old child, a gentleman found some difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken.
"My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so much about the age and respectability of Mr. B.—he planted the first bill of a hen that was planted in this town, and I know that," said the husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."
"I'll tell you now, it is a better hen than that of Mr. B., who was scratched with a friend when she came to a toll-bridge."
"Do you know who built this bridge?" said he to Hook.
"No," replied Hook, "but if you go over you'll be told!"
A Danish Writer speaks of a butler who said that he did not know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complaint of dizziness that he did not know what to do of, and so lived on.

A Peep into a Living Man's Stomach.

From the Hartford Times.
The case of Alexis St. Martin is one with which the public, and especially those who have given particular attention to the subject of physiology in connection with medical science, are already somewhat familiar. It is indeed a most extraordinary one—perhaps never might say, the most extraordinary and singular one known to the annals of surgery. St. Martin is a Canadian of French descent. In the year 1825, when he was 18 years old, and while employed in the service of the American Fur Company, in Canada, he was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket loaded with duck shot, as he calls it, but which must, we infer, have been about the size of "duck shot." He informed us that he did not feel or know that he had been hit, but a moment afterwards he felt a cold chill, as if a nail of cold water had been dashed over him. The charge, entering laterally from behind, passed quite through his body, tearing up the muscles, carrying away half of the sixth rib, lacerating the left lobe of the lungs, as well as the diaphragm, perforating the stomach and exposing to view the pericardium, or covering of the heart! A portion of the lungs, as large as a turkey's egg, lacerated and burnt, and just below this portion of the stomach protruded from the wound, the food at the same time passing from the orifice thus made in the stomach. This orifice has never healed, and through it the process of digestion can plainly be seen in the stomach. Dr. Beaumont, the surgeon who attended him, published, some years ago, a volume made up of facts connected with this case, and entitled, "Dr. Beaumont's Physiology and Experiments on the Stomach, and on the Digestion of Food." This work embraced the observations and experiments of St. Martin, and may be said to be the foundation of nearly all our positive knowledge now possessed on the subject of digestion. In this book Dr. B. gives the particulars of the treatment of the case, and the singular recovery of the patient. Curiously and happily enough, by the adhesion to the sides of the protruded portions of the stomach to the pleura costalis and the edge of the external wound, a free exit was afforded to the contents of that organ, and effusion into the abdominal cavity was thus prevented, and the man's life saved. Probably not one man in a million, if wounded in a similar manner, would recover at all, while the chances against just such a direction and result of another accidental or even an intentional shot would be so enormous as to defy computation and almost to surpass belief. The case of St. Martin is probably the first, the last, and the only one of the kind the world will ever see; and the opportunities which it affords for the acquisition of positive knowledge concerning the human stomach and digestive functions are of corresponding interest and value. Think of the idea of actually witnessing the process of digestion and the assimilation of various foods in the interior of the stomach! This interesting subject for study was in Hartford on Saturday and Sunday last, and we had the opportunity of seeing him. He is under the care of Dr. John G. Bunting, formerly a surgeon in the British army, and who proposes to exhibit this living wonder to the medical men of our large cities previous to a journey with him to Europe. While here, St. Martin and the Doctor were the guests of Colonel Colt, at whose invitation they were induced to stop, while on their way to Boston, for the purpose of allowing to the Hartford Medical Society an opportunity of noting the processes and the effects of digestion, the absorption of different kinds of food, &c.
Some of the facts thus obtained are new and interesting; others seem to confirm previous theories of the physicians.
It was found that brandy, taken upon an empty stomach, (half an hour before,) has the effect to temporarily paralyze the process of digestion for a period of four hours. Moreover, its influence upon the stomach, under the circumstances, is such as to prevent that organ from recovering its natural and healthy tone for thirty-six hours after the brandy is swallowed; when, at the expiration of that time, its restoration to a healthy tone is indicated by the appearance of red patches on the internal coats of the stomach, from which millions of mucus are soon to exude.—(This is the result noted after a delirium.)—(Curiously enough, during this period, appetite is not the least impaired, although the functions of digestion are greatly impeded. The immediate effect of the brandy is indicated by the coat of the stomach a condition of color of inflammation or congestion—the physicians were unable to grope, from appearances, which of the two conditions really existed in this case. If, however, the brandy is taken with the dinner, or after the food presents its direct contact with the coats of the stomach, and the result then is to facilitate the process of digestion, as was frequently proved by observations, which show that food under these circumstances digests as usually and quicker than it does without this stimulus. This, however, does not prove that brandy is beneficial as a regular concomitant of the dinner-table. It may well be questioned if it is part of wisdom to make such regular and increasing application of the white and sour to a horse that is disposed to do his best without this sharp stimulus; though there may be cases of weak stomachs where the very moderate use of pure brandy might prove advantageous. But the physicians who have watched the processes going on in St. Martin's stomach, do not propose to deal in theories; they are after hard, broad facts.
Another interesting discovery has been made by observations in this man's stomach. In looking into the aperture left by the shot from the gun, the secretion of the gastric juice has been distinctly seen. The theory of the existence of this curious digestive agent had long been held by the faculty, and was indeed so strongly sustained by reason and by circumstantial evidence that it was regarded less as a theory than as an ascertained fact. It was not, however, until this case of St. Martin's occurred, that the doctors were enabled to know, from the positive evidence of their senses, that the so-called gastric juice was precisely what it had been supposed to be; it was never before actually seen, as it is now rendered evident as food taken into the stomach, requires its presence to perform the work of digestion, and it is not placed in exactly the quantity requisite for the work to be done. Thus, if a small amount of food be taken, this gastric secretion is correspondingly small; and if the quantity of food is increased, the gastric juice is also increased in quantity. It exudes from the coats of the stomach as sweat from the surface of the body, and is of a limpid clearness like water. It could be seen trickling down the inner coating of the stomach, and has, it is said, a slightly sweetish taste. In post-mortem examinations, this singular agent is never found; and it was, as we are informed, never seen before this hole in the living man's stomach exposed it to the curious eye of the investigator.
Another fact that we noted, while watching the case of St. Martin, may prove of some benefit to invalids, if not to persons in robust health. The time required to digest different kinds of food varies with the character of the food; and some articles, hitherto supposed to be particularly easy of digestion, are not found to be so by the experiments made with this case. Thus, the flesh of an old hen is more readily assimilated and more quickly disposed of than a "tender chicken;" and the same thing is true in regard to beef. The meat of a full grown ox or cow digests quicker than veal.
Hundreds of people have an idea that game and meat that has been kept until it has almost reached the verge of putrefaction is more easily digested than fresh game or fresh beef. This belief has led to the taste that likes, or professes to like, what is called the game flavor in woodcock, venison, &c. But it is seen, in this case, that tainted meats or game require a longer time for digestion than fresh meats. By a curious process in the stomach, the tainted meat is seen to undergo a very effective cleansing before the work of digestion begins. It is rolled over and over, and passed and re-passed from one portion of the stomach to the other, the subliminal agencies of that interior, laboratory all the while acting upon it and eliminating particles by particle, the offensive portions, until all is clean and ready for the proper work of digestion to commence.
The interior of the stomach, contrary to the impression of many persons, is clearly and not uninviting in its appearance. Its delicate pink coatings are as clean and perfect as all the rest of Nature's handiwork; and it is not until the pampered and unnatural appetite of individuals have, by overloading it, and by eating and drinking improper things, rendered it weak and incapable of performing all the work thrust upon it, that the stomach, or rather its contents, become "foul."
Cooked (melted or drawn) butter and the hard used in "shortening" pie-crust, is not digested at all. It is seen swimming upon the surface of the contents of the stomach in the form of yellow or light-colored grease, and it finally passes off undigested. The skin of all fruits never digests, neither do the stones or "pits" of plums, cherries, &c. The "vanilla" seasoning of ice cream is found to act as an irritating substance upon the stomach, and it greatly retards digestion. In both of these respects, also, the coloring matters of families is seen to be still worse. These facts are settled simply by looking into the stomach with the naked eye, and viewing all the processes or stages through which different articles of food must pass in the act of digestion.
But bread never digests! Bear this in mind, reader, if you are accustomed to "cut the 'light' and tempting biscuit at tea," or the warm loaf that looks so appetizing upon your dinner table. Not bread never digests at all; it will after a long season of tumbling and working about in the stomach, begin to ferment, and it will eventually be passed out of the stomach as an unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but never digests—never becomes assimilated to or absorbed by the organs that appropriate nutrition to the body. It is, however, a first rate dyspepsia-producer.
Chopped meat, mistakenly introduced through this hole into the man's stomach, is found to nourish him just as it would, if taken at the mouth! All that the "patient" requires, in this case, is to be allowed to chew a piece of gum, (merely to satisfy the habit of chewing, we suppose,) and he gets along as if he had eaten his dinner; it is undoubtedly better, however, that the food should first be masticated, and this can only be done through the proper agency appointed for that purpose by nature.
Veal and oysters in an hour, cooked oysters in two hours and a half; raw oysters (contrary to our previous impressions) three hours and a half; beef steak, two hours and a half; fat pork four hours; bean soup, a little more than three hours. Probably this rule would not apply to all persons; different articles of food are digested differently in different stomachs; but the general principle here illustrated undoubtedly holds good in the great majority of cases.
Cubed, taken into a healthy stomach, is found to irritate it.
Milkfulness, and after the meal, facilitates digestion wonderfully. Take St. Martin to a theatre, for instance, after a hearty evening meal, and let him enjoy a good comedy—the result is astonishing; digestion is promoted to a surprising degree. "Laugh and grow fat," is an adage now seen to be founded upon a physiological truth.
But make this man sad and angry, under the above circumstances, and presto! what a change! The whole process of digestion is at once arrested—brought to a sudden stop, as if by the stroke of an electric shock! and it does not again go on as well as before, until the emotion which caused the interruption has died away.
Water is the first thing taken up and absorbed by the stomach, and this must be done before food is acted upon, even if the water be taken subsequently to the food. Eating and drinking freely, alternately, at meals, as a habit, is not sanctioned by the revelations made through the bullet-hole in St. Martin's stomach. Another bad practice is the habit of "eating between meals," and at all hours. The custom, according to the disclosure here made, is a most pernicious one. Regularity above all things, is to be observed, both in the quantity of food and time of eating it.
Black pepper is much worse for the stomach than red or cayenne pepper; it inflames the coatings of the stomach.
A piece of meat, tied to a string, has been introduced into the stomach through this orifice, and after a lapse of a certain time it has been pulled out again, and the progress of the digestive action accurately noted. In this way we learned, for instance, that bread is reduced to a mass of fine, disagreeable and even noxious matter, after having been for some time subjected to the action of gastric juice. Another

er queer disclosure is the action of the stomach in case of hunger, when the whole sack or bag known as the stomach, is seen to roll and work about. If kept too long in this empty and restless condition, the action of the organ is weakened—the stomach loses a portion of its vital energy, and the digestion of food taken at that time is performed more slowly in consequence. The stomach evidently requires rest, like the body, and it receives injury if this is not allowed it; but it should not be long without food.

Anger has the effect to cause the bile to rush into the stomach in a stream. This has been observed with certainty in the case of St. Martin. When he has been suddenly enraged, while lying upon a table, the bile has been seen to rush into the stomach which was perfectly clear of it the instant before, and in such a quantity as to admit of its being cupped out freely in a cup! simply by turning him over!

Dr. Bunting has taken voluminous notes, and will publish a book, setting forth the results arrived at while St. Martin has been under his charge. It will be a valuable addition to the existing works on medicine and surgery.

St. Martin, since he was wounded, has married, and become the father of seventeen children, five of whom, with his wife, are living. At first, the only way by which his food could enter the stomach, was through the wound, was to use compressive and adhesive straps, a necessity that has been overcome by the growth of a small fold of the coats of the stomach, which now extends almost entirely over the orifice, but can be readily depressed with the finger, so as to allow an examination of the interior of the stomach, (when it is empty,) to the depth of five or six inches.

St. Martin is of medium height, dark complexion, a peculiar, glittering gray eye, and is remarkable for his wiry toughness of constitution. The Medical Society were much interested in the experiments, and they passed a resolution of cordial thanks to Dr. Bunting, for affording them this opportunity of personally witnessing this singular and interesting case, and for important facts which he so freely furnished them; also to Col. Colt, for the lively interest he had taken in securing the presence of St. Martin in Hartford, in order that the professors here might have the benefit of witnessing and testing important facts in the case.

Where are the Clergymen?—The proceedings of the House of Representatives have not been opened with prayer since the temporary adjournment. Have the clergy forgotten their duties, or have they concluded to let one hundred members go by default?—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The probability is, that the ministers have labored thus long with such an indifferent result, that they have given it up as a hopeless task!—*Independent Whig.*

Ministers are commanded never to be weary in well-doing.

"While the lump holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return."

"Here is a bit of 'romance in real life,' that very aptly illustrates the adage that 'truth is stranger than fiction.'" A Mr. Connelly left Albany and went to California in 1849. Mrs. Connelly soon after heard of his death, and yielding to the suit of another gentleman, married him. A day or two since Mr. Connelly came to town and found the lady taking tea with husband No. 2; asked explanation; got it; asked for his wife; was told that he could have her if he would take her three children, too. Mr. Connelly won't do that, but offers to pay for his wife's board the four years at \$2.50 per week. Husband No. 2 hasn't decided yet whether to "do it" or not.

A gossiping club is said to have been formed down East, for the purpose of more effectually ascertaining the business of other people generally. It already has attained a large membership, and promises to become a flourishing institution. The following are some of its rules:

"Any member of the society who shall be convicted of knowing more of his own business than another's, shall be expelled from the society without a hearing.

"No member shall sit down to his own table, until he has ascertained to a certainty what his neighbors, within three doors of each side of his house, shall have to eat;—whether they have paid for the same; if not, if they expect to.

"Every member who shall see two or three persons engaged in conversation, shall place himself between them until he has heard all they have to say, and report the same accordingly.

"Every member who shall see a gentleman visiting a young lady more than twice, shall circulate the news that they are going to be married, and said members are henceforth required to report all manner of things about the gentleman to the lady, and ditto about the lady to the gentleman. This will break up matches and afford much good gossip."

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman, in very positive terms, that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again; and added "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety." "And have you been born again?" said his companion musingly. "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you, young man, to be born once more."

A man was arrested in Cincinnati one day last week who was actually guilty of stealing a horse, and a powder-house at that. The building had been vacated, and he had stolen first the doors and windows, next the walls, and lastly was digging up the foundation when arrested.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back. There, now!" Poor Smith sneaked.

An Alienist, who was lame in one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiers on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said the hero, "not to run."

To Prevent Cows from Kicking.

Mr. Editor—I have owned for the past three years a cow that was very valuable for her milking qualities, but very troublesome on account of her kicking propensities. After I had made up my mind to dispose of her on account of her bad habit, I happened to employ an Englishman, to whom I gave the advice of caution upon his first essay at milking. He smiled, and said he could easily prevent that, and proceeded to pass a rope about her body just in front of her back, tying it in a simple knot upon her back. The rope was not drawn very tight, and to my utter surprise the cow stood perfectly quiet through the process of milking, not as much as offering to raise her foot. To test the remedy, I directed him the next morning to intermit the use of the rope, and she immediately returned to her old habit. I had previously tried the method suggested in the Country Gentleman some weeks since, of tying up the fore leg, but without avail. She would still attempt to kick and in the effort hurt herself. I have not had the opportunity of testing it with any other cow, but as it proved so entirely successful in the instance named (and my man informs me he has seen it repeatedly tried and with uniform success) that I have thought proper to give you the result of my own experience, hoping that others may be equally profited by it.
A. C. POWELL, Syracuse.

To Produce Civil War Among Rats.—Take a barrel with one head out, put in water of sufficient depth to drown the rats.—Fasten over the top some thin, elastic covering—a drum-head, or sheep's skin with the wool off will do. Put meat or some kind of bait which they will like. When they have got well baited, slit the cover transversely with a thin knife, so that the incisions will meet in the centre. A brick should be set upon its end in the water. When all is thus rightly prepared, the rats as they go on the barrel will be led down by the trap door into the water. A struggle will commence to obtain possession of the island.—The hue and cry they will make for help will be heard by other rats about the premises, when they all will rush upon the top of the barrel and be precipitated into the water together, and a regular Kill-kenny fight will ensue.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Soft Soap.—Seventeen pounds of potash to twenty pounds of grease; boil the grease; put in two pails of scalding water, and stir it together; fill on the barrel the next morning with cold water; stir it from time to time. Fit for use in three days.

Registered Letters.—The New York Times recently published a list of registered letters mailed to that office, which, it alleged, were never received. Mr. Holbrook, the special post-office agent, has, however, set the matter right as far as the mail is concerned, by showing that the postmaster in that city holds receipts for all the registered letters enumerated by the Times. It appears they were taken out by a clerk in the office of the Times, and not accounted for to the proprietors. The Times says it has, by personal examination, satisfied itself of the correctness of the Mr. Holbrook's statement. The Post-office Department is frequently blamed for the sins of others. Business men cannot be too careful to whom they give authority to take their letters from the post-office.

"Dred Scott."—A meeting of colored people was held on Thursday evening week, in Philadelphia, the object being, as announced in the call, "to consider the atrocious decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, and other outrages to which the colored people are subjected under the Constitution of the United States." Various speeches were made and a series of resolutions were adopted in furtherance of the objects of the meeting.

Mrs. Partington says that just before the last war with England, circumstances were seen around the moon nightly, shooting stars permeated the earth, the desk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, and comets swept the horizon with their operative tails. Everybody said it portended war, and sure enough it did come. Its costiveness was felt through the land, but the bravery of General Jackson expiated the American citizens, and foreign dominion soon became a by-word!

We find the following parody upon McKay's "Tell me, ye winged winds?" going the rounds:

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That roam my pathway round,
Do ye not know one spot
Where warm feet no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some hollow in the crowd,
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found?

The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And snickered as it answered—"Nary place!"

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favorite spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where ermine is not,
And hoops are out of place?

The loud waves, sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopped for a while, and spluttered "Yeou git out!"

A gentleman was writing a note at a coffee house, the other day, and perceiving an impertinent fellow looking over him, as he wrote, wound up thus: "I should say more, were it not that an impudent puppy is looking over my shoulder." "Upon honor, sir," said the man, "I have not read a word you have written."

A darkey set to work to cut down a very tough tree, his axe flew back for some time with but little effect. A storm occurred meantime, and a crushing shaft of lightning shattered a huge oak to splinters near him.

"Bress de Lord!" exclaimed Sambo, "dat well done. Pose you try dis one nex—guess you get your match!"

They are fond of titles in the East.—Among his many other high sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long reign.