

**THE POST**  
Published every Thursday Evening by  
**JEREMIAH CROWE, Proprietor.**  
Terms of Subscription,  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable  
within six months, or \$1.50 if not paid  
within the year. No paper discontinued  
until all arrears are paid unless at  
the option of the publisher.  
Subscriptions outside of the county  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.  
Persons lifting and using papers  
addressed to others become subscribers,  
and are liable for the price of the paper.

# The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., DECEMBER 21, 1871. NO. 40.

**Advertising Rates.**  
One column one year \$50.00  
One-half column, one year, 30.00  
One-fourth column, one year, 15.00  
One square (10 lines) one insertion 75  
Every additional insertion 50  
Professional and Business cards of  
not more than five lines, per year, 5.00  
Auditor, Executor, Administrator  
and Assignee Notices 2.50  
Editorial notices per line 15  
All advertisements for a shorter period  
than one year are payable at the time  
they are ordered, and if not paid the per-  
son ordering them will be held responsible  
for the money.

**J. P. CRONMILLER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Middleburg, Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 8, '67]

**A. C. SIMPSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Sellingrove Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

**J. W. KNIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Freelburg Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

**W. M. VAN GEZER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 8, '67]

**GEO. F. MILLER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 8, '67]

**J. H. DILL,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 8, '67]

**CHARLES HOWER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Sellingrove Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two doors north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 6, '67]

**SAMUEL ALLEMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Sellingrove Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Collections made in all parts of the State. He can speak the English and German languages fluently. Office between Hall's and the Post office. [Jan. 8, '67]

**L. N. MYERS,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
Middleburg Snyder County Penna.,  
Office a few doors West of the P. O. on Main street. Consultation in English and German languages. [Jan. 8, '67]

**J. C. BUCHER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 8, '67]

**GROVER & BAKER,**  
SEWING MACHINE,  
Persons in need of a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on or on S. W. FACTORY, Agent, Sellingrove, Pa. [Jan. 24, '68]

**DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,**  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,  
Middleburg Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

**B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,**  
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST  
Sellingrove Penna.

**JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

**Y. H. WAGNER, Esq.,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms. [March 12, '68]

**DR. J. F. KANAWEL,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public. [6-381f]

**G. RAYBILL & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE  
Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats, Brushes Cotton Laps, Grain Bags, Fly Nets, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.  
No. 545 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Feb. 7, '67

**F. A. BOYER, JR.,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
Freelburg Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Most respectfully offers his services to the public as Vendue Officer and Auctioneer. Having had a large experience, I feel confident that I can render perfect satisfaction to my employees. [Jan. 9, '67]

**B. T. PARKS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.  
Office in Court House, [Sept. 15, '67]

**LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'**  
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE  
No. 322 N. THIRD S  
6.33 PHILADELPHIA.

**MERCHANT HOUSE,**  
H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r.,  
J. C. NIFE, Clerk,  
Nos. 418 & 416 North Third Street,  
Philadelphia

## Select Poetry.

### CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

Heep on more wood—the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest for the festive cheer:  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Bona  
At lot more deep the feast did drain;  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer  
Caroused in seas of ale and beer;  
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
The half-gnawed ribs and marrow bone,  
Or listened all, in grim delight,  
While scolds yelled out the joys of fight.  
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,  
While wildly loose their red locks fly,  
And dancing round the blazing pile  
They make such barbarous mirth while  
As best might to the mind recall  
The bounteous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian staves of old  
Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
And brought blithes Christmas back again,  
With all its hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious right  
Gave honor to the holy night;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
That only night in all the year,  
Saw the stoned priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel dined her holly green;  
The hall was dressed with holly green;  
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Courtesy doffed the pride;  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose;  
The lord, underrating, share  
The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
All hailed with uncontrolled delight  
And general voice the happy night.  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.  
The fire, with well-dressed logs supplied,  
Was roasting up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall table's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,  
Borne then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord;  
Then was brought in the turkey brown,  
By old blue-coats and the serving-man;  
Then the grim bear's head frowned on high  
Crested with bay and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell  
How, when, and where the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting and the snare;  
The wassal round, in good brown bowls,  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls,  
Then the huge sirloin rooked; hard by  
Plum-porridge steamed, and Christmas pie,  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce  
At such high tide, her savory goose.  
Then came the merry market day;  
And carols rolled with blithesome din,  
If unmelodious was the song  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mummery see  
Traces of ancient mystery.  
White shirts supplied the marguerade,  
And smutched cheeks the visors made;  
But, oh! what masks, richly dight,  
Can boast of bonnets half so light?  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas branched the nightiest  
"Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

**How I Tended the Baby.**  
I have never been convicted of murder, neither am I predisposed to suicide, but such another night as the last will drive me to the refuge of the silent grave. I must make a confidant of some one, or go crazy. This is just the way the matter stands. My sister-in-law has a baby—a very nice baby—the nicest baby you ever saw. It is of the feminine persuasion. In an unlucky moment I came to my brother's house, to stop over night, and found the family in great tribulation. There was to be a great ball and they wanted to go; but there is an unwarrantable prejudice implanted in the human breast against babies in sleeping-cars, public performances and balls, and hence the trouble. An unlucky hint, thrown out by myself, brought down judgment upon me, and my well known good nature bro't wrath on my devoted head. They went to the ball, and I stayed to tend that baby. She looked so demure, and I was imposed upon by the mother's hypocritical assertion, that "she was just the best baby in the world, and would sleep like a lamb all night," that I looked upon the matter with cheerfulness, and the result hardly justified the ecstasies of the fond mother.  
Let me say, at this point, that from this time I distrust the words of young mothers with regard to their offspring. With the best of motives, they are liable to be deceived, as in this case.  
For a time that treacherous infant behaved gloriously. She sat upon the floor, surrounded by a miscellaneous collection of toys, and I, with the evening paper and a fragrant Havana, elevated my feet on the dining room table, and began to enjoy myself. In the middle of a bitter editorial article, I became aware of a sniffling sound at my foot, and looking down, my charge was observed to be rubbing her eyes vigorously, giving utterance to the sniffs which had called my attention. I took her up, and tried to read. Vain effort! that terrible infant made frantic plucks at the paper, and failing to tear it from my grasp, lifted up her voice and wept sore. I

### Mormon Wives.

George Alfred Townsend writes to the Cincinnati Commercial from Utah: Brigham Young's most noted wife is called Amelia; she is a vivacious, spirited woman, about thirty-two years old, American born, and without children. Another of the President's wives is Mrs. Decker, who retains indications of much former beauty, and her daughters are the handsomest of Brigham's children. The old gentleman looks out well for avocations for his sons-in-law, and it is said that in his will he has divided all his property into seven hundred shares, giving the bulk of it to the church, and distributed the rest equally among his families.  
I saw Brigham, at the Social Hall, on the occasion of my last visit here, bid four of his wives adieu. The old gentleman had been dancing, but had fatigued the legs of seventy years, and he approached the cluster of his helpmates, buttoned up in a blue overcoat with a white vest underneath, a red woolen comforter around his neck and a worn silk hat in his hand. He looked very large, square, and bland, and he said with tenderness and dignity, shaking each by the hand.  
"My dear, I bid you good-night!"  
The wives, crowding up with apparent emulation, asked if it was his wish that they also should accompany him home.  
"No," said Brigham, "stay as long as you please. I will have the carriage come back and wait for you at the door below. Good-night!"  
They were all middle-aged women, common-place, but cheerful; Brigham is said to object to his wives dancing round dances. It is wonderful that a Mormon with half a dozen wives can be jealous or fastidious about each of them, and yet I have heard people here fly into a passion because their wives were spoken to on the street by strangers, or stared at. The only case of assassination, chargeable with any degree of probability to the Mormons, was that of Brassfield, a teamster, shot dead in the streets of Salt Lake, for selling a Mormon's furniture, and proposing to clope upon the proceeds of it with a wife.  
Godbe, who hates Brigham Young sincerely, has four wives, besides one divorced. Since he has been "cut off" from the church, he has contemplated setting the example of radical monogamy. "And yet," says Godbe, "I love all my wives so equally, and they all love me so harmoniously, that I cannot pick out the one to stay or those who must go."

### Hand-shaking.

How did people get in the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection to friends and acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they eluded to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is in the act of shaking hands with him unless he be a double-eyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right, and pretending to be on good terms with his victim.  
The custom of hand-shaking prevails more or less among all civilized nations, and in the tacit avowal of friendship and good will, just as a kiss is of a warmer passion.  
Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen, unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection; in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.  
Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, refined or vulgar, sincere, or hypocritical enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinement and idiosyncrasies of character may not, perhaps, be discoverable in this fashion, but the salient points of temperament and individuality may doubtless be made clear to the understanding of most people by a better study of what may be called the physiology of hand-shaking.  
To present the left hand for the purpose of friendly greeting is a piece of discourtesy—sometimes intentional on the part of superiors in rank to their inferiors, an act that no true gentleman will commit. There is no reason why it should be considered more discourteous than it would be to kiss the left cheek instead of the right; but doubtless, the custom that makes the right hand imperative in these salutations, dates from those early times when hand-shaking first began, and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity weaponless.

### Saved By Suit.

The Plattsburg (Mo.) Register gives the following:  
A few days ago Wm. Hamilton, residing near the Missouri Pacific Railroad, went into the timber about a mile off to shoot squirrels. Nothing being heard of him all night, several neighbors the next morning went in search of him. About three o'clock in the afternoon they found him up a leaning tree, thirty feet from the ground, fast and unable to extricate himself. After some trouble he was taken down, and it was seen that one foot and ankle were badly torn and bleeding.  
He said about three o'clock the previous day he came across a large black bear, and shot at but missed him. The bear made for him with all his might. He ran, and, finding the bear gaining on him, threw away his rifle, and partly climbed and partly ran up a leaning tree, with the bear following right at his heels. The top of the tree had been broken off and was hollow. He thrust one of his legs into the hole to keep himself from falling, but soon found that his leg was fast. He tried to extricate himself, but could not. The bear in the meantime had torn his boot off and was gnawing and eating the flesh from the foot and ankle. Mr. Hamilton took his pocket-knife out and cut brain's eyes; but with one sweep of the bear struck the knife from his hand, with a part of two of his fingers.  
Mr. Hamilton could now see no help and gave up to die, expecting to be eaten up alive by the bear. But soon a happy thought struck him. That morning he had put some salt in his pocket to salt some cattle he had running in the timber. He took a small handful and sprinkled it in the bear's eyes. It had the desired effect. The bear shook his head, growled and went down. He soon returned, but a little more salt drove him away the second time, and to Mr. Hamilton's inexpressible delight he trotted off into the forest.

### Forest Leaves for Tanning.

A Vermont tanner has invented and successfully tested a new material for tanning, which is nothing else than dye from forest leaves. The leather treated by the new method is said to be more smooth and flexible to retain more fully the strength of the raw hide than when bark is used. It is further stated that one ton of leaves will tan as much leather as five cords of hemlock bark, and in one half the time.

### The Personelle of Congress.

The Philadelphia Press has the following personal items about Congressmen:  
Of the seventy-four Senators fifty are lawyers.  
Garret Davis is the most garrulous member of Congress.  
Senator Sumner has seen the longest service—twenty consecutive years.  
Hon. Simon Cameron is the oldest Senator, and Mr. Spencer, of Alabama the youngest.  
Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, is the most conscientious member of the House on points of order.  
Judge Kelly is the oldest member of the Philadelphia delegation (born in 1814), and Mr. Creely (born in 1835) the youngest.  
Hon. Henry D. Foster is the oldest Pennsylvania member, (born in 1812) and Hon. William McClelland (born in 1812) the youngest.  
In the House, the longest consecutive term of service—that of Mr. Dawes, as usual as it has been long—stands accredited to Massachusetts.  
The House has no septuagenarian, the oldest member—Mr. P. Perry, of New York—being not quite sixty; to make up for which, fact there are seven members who are under 30 years of age.  
Among the Senators, eleven have been Governors of States. Nine were born in New York, so that the Empire State cannot complain, although her nominal representation is restricted to two. New England, having twelve members, has nineteen sons in the Senate—which prevents her from being left out in the cold quite yet.  
Of the professions represented in the body, the editorial has risen to the fourth place, having now eleven members. There are eight manufacturers, three doctors, two clergymen, one teacher, (grantly needed), and one "general business," which we trust does not mean "jack at all trades and good for nothing." No less than fifty two were born in New England, seven came from the British Isles—Canada and Prussia being the only other foreign birthplaces.

### Dyspepsia.

If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service for him to follow any particular regimen—to live on bread, butter, or any such stuff—to weigh his food, &c. so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours office or counting room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he put nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Alleviate yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please, provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye bread or oatmeal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any theories on dyspepsia domestic medicines, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are contentedly talking and thinking of dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, regularly, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate—  
Appleton's Journal.

### Jersey Lightning.

Jersey lightning is either brantly, three hours old, still born, and quicker than a flash. The jakes iz drunk raw by all oil sports, and makes a premonitory and hissing noise as it winds down the throat, like an old shoe goose setting on eggs, or a hot iron stuck into ice water. Three hours a day of this flicker will tan a man's interior in six months so that he can swallow a live air foot crab, feet fast, and not waste a wink.  
It don't fat a man (elder don't) like whiskey doz, but pucks him up like dried potatoes. If a man can survive the first three years of Jersey lightning, he iz safe then for the next 75 years to come, and keeps looking every day more like a three year old peppered, hotter and hotter. An old elder brantly drinker will steam, in a sudden shower of rain, like a pile of stable manure, and his breath smell like the banghole of a rum cask lately emptied. When Jersey lightning iz fast born it tastes like bileing turpentine and cayenne, half and half, and will rise a blood blister on a pair of old cowhide brogans in 15 minutes and applied eternally will cure raman-tism or kill the patient, I forgot which. The first horn a man takes of this flicker will make him think he has swallowed a live air foot crab, and will go out behind the barn and try to die, but kaint. The eyes or an old elder-brandist looks like deep gashes cut into a ripe tomato, his nose is the complexion of a half boiled lobster, and the grizzle in his gullet sticks out like an obo in a tin loaf. The more villainous the drink, the more inveterate are those who drink. I kaint tell yer whether elder brande will shorten an old sacker's days or not for they generally outlive all the rest of the nabers, and die just as soon as the old tavern stand changes hands, and is opened on temperance principles. One bottle of sassaparilla or ginger popp iz as fatal to those fellers as a rifle ball iz tow a bod bugge.—  
Josh Billings.

### Judicial Floggings.

Judicial floggings are still continued in Delaware, the whipping-post having been put into use in New Castle a few days since. One man was flogged for the third time, and said that, having had all the manhood flogged out of him, "he didn't care for anything." Eight others were punished with twenty lashes each, and several in addition stood for an hour in the pillory. The offense of oag was petty larceny.

### Hand-shaking.

How did people get in the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection to friends and acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they eluded to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is in the act of shaking hands with him unless he be a double-eyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right, and pretending to be on good terms with his victim.  
The custom of hand-shaking prevails more or less among all civilized nations, and in the tacit avowal of friendship and good will, just as a kiss is of a warmer passion.  
Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen, unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection; in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.  
Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, refined or vulgar, sincere, or hypocritical enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinement and idiosyncrasies of character may not, perhaps, be discoverable in this fashion, but the salient points of temperament and individuality may doubtless be made clear to the understanding of most people by a better study of what may be called the physiology of hand-shaking.  
To present the left hand for the purpose of friendly greeting is a piece of discourtesy—sometimes intentional on the part of superiors in rank to their inferiors, an act that no true gentleman will commit. There is no reason why it should be considered more discourteous than it would be to kiss the left cheek instead of the right; but doubtless, the custom that makes the right hand imperative in these salutations, dates from those early times when hand-shaking first began, and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity weaponless.

### Saved By Suit.

The Plattsburg (Mo.) Register gives the following:  
A few days ago Wm. Hamilton, residing near the Missouri Pacific Railroad, went into the timber about a mile off to shoot squirrels. Nothing being heard of him all night, several neighbors the next morning went in search of him. About three o'clock in the afternoon they found him up a leaning tree, thirty feet from the ground, fast and unable to extricate himself. After some trouble he was taken down, and it was seen that one foot and ankle were badly torn and bleeding.  
He said about three o'clock the previous day he came across a large black bear, and shot at but missed him. The bear made for him with all his might. He ran, and, finding the bear gaining on him, threw away his rifle, and partly climbed and partly ran up a leaning tree, with the bear following right at his heels. The top of the tree had been broken off and was hollow. He thrust one of his legs into the hole to keep himself from falling, but soon found that his leg was fast. He tried to extricate himself, but could not. The bear in the meantime had torn his boot off and was gnawing and eating the flesh from the foot and ankle. Mr. Hamilton took his pocket-knife out and cut brain's eyes; but with one sweep of the bear struck the knife from his hand, with a part of two of his fingers.  
Mr. Hamilton could now see no help and gave up to die, expecting to be eaten up alive by the bear. But soon a happy thought struck him. That morning he had put some salt in his pocket to salt some cattle he had running in the timber. He took a small handful and sprinkled it in the bear's eyes. It had the desired effect. The bear shook his head, growled and went down. He soon returned, but a little more salt drove him away the second time, and to Mr. Hamilton's inexpressible delight he trotted off into the forest.

### Forest Leaves for Tanning.

A Vermont tanner has invented and successfully tested a new material for tanning, which is nothing else than dye from forest leaves. The leather treated by the new method is said to be more smooth and flexible to retain more fully the strength of the raw hide than when bark is used. It is further stated that one ton of leaves will tan as much leather as five cords of hemlock bark, and in one half the time.

### The Personelle of Congress.

The Philadelphia Press has the following personal items about Congressmen:  
Of the seventy-four Senators fifty are lawyers.  
Garret Davis is the most garrulous member of Congress.  
Senator Sumner has seen the longest service—twenty consecutive years.  
Hon. Simon Cameron is the oldest Senator, and Mr. Spencer, of Alabama the youngest.  
Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, is the most conscientious member of the House on points of order.  
Judge Kelly is the oldest member of the Philadelphia delegation (born in 1814), and Mr. Creely (born in 1835) the youngest.  
Hon. Henry D. Foster is the oldest Pennsylvania member, (born in 1812) and Hon. William McClelland (born in 1812) the youngest.  
In the House, the longest consecutive term of service—that of Mr. Dawes, as usual as it has been long—stands accredited to Massachusetts.  
The House has no septuagenarian, the oldest member—Mr. P. Perry, of New York—being not quite sixty; to make up for which, fact there are seven members who are under 30 years of age.  
Among the Senators, eleven have been Governors of States. Nine were born in New York, so that the Empire State cannot complain, although her nominal representation is restricted to two. New England, having twelve members, has nineteen sons in the Senate—which prevents her from being left out in the cold quite yet.  
Of the professions represented in the body, the editorial has risen to the fourth place, having now eleven members. There are eight manufacturers, three doctors, two clergymen, one teacher, (grantly needed), and one "general business," which we trust does not mean "jack at all trades and good for nothing." No less than fifty two were born in New England, seven came from the British Isles—Canada and Prussia being the only other foreign birthplaces.

### Dyspepsia.

If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service for him to follow any particular regimen—to live on bread, butter, or any such stuff—to weigh his food, &c. so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours office or counting room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he put nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Alleviate yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please, provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye bread or oatmeal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any theories on dyspepsia domestic medicines, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are contentedly talking and thinking of dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, regularly, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate—  
Appleton's Journal.

### Jersey Lightning.

Jersey lightning is either brantly, three hours old, still born, and quicker than a flash. The jakes iz drunk raw by all oil sports, and makes a premonitory and hissing noise as it winds down the throat, like an old shoe goose setting on eggs, or a hot iron stuck into ice water. Three hours a day of this flicker will tan a man's interior in six months so that he can swallow a live air foot crab, feet fast, and not waste a wink.  
It don't fat a man (elder don't) like whiskey doz, but pucks him up like dried potatoes. If a man can survive the first three years of Jersey lightning, he iz safe then for the next 75 years to come, and keeps looking every day more like a three year old peppered, hotter and hotter. An old elder brantly drinker will steam, in a sudden shower of rain, like a pile of stable manure, and his breath smell like the banghole of a rum cask lately emptied. When Jersey lightning iz fast born it tastes like bileing turpentine and cayenne, half and half, and will rise a blood blister on a pair of old cowhide brogans in 15 minutes and applied eternally will cure raman-tism or kill the patient, I forgot which. The first horn a man takes of this flicker will make him think he has swallowed a live air foot crab, and will go out behind the barn and try to die, but kaint. The eyes or an old elder-brandist looks like deep gashes cut into a ripe tomato, his nose is the complexion of a half boiled lobster, and the grizzle in his gullet sticks out like an obo in a tin loaf. The more villainous the drink, the more inveterate are those who drink. I kaint tell yer whether elder brande will shorten an old sacker's days or not for they generally outlive all the rest of the nabers, and die just as soon as the old tavern stand changes hands, and is opened on temperance principles. One bottle of sassaparilla or ginger popp iz as fatal to those fellers as a rifle ball iz tow a bod bugge.—  
Josh Billings.

### Judicial Floggings.

Judicial floggings are still continued in Delaware, the whipping-post having been put into use in New Castle a few days since. One man was flogged for the third time, and said that, having had all the manhood flogged out of him, "he didn't care for anything." Eight others were punished with twenty lashes each, and several in addition stood for an hour in the pillory. The offense of oag was petty larceny.