THE COMPILER.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

39TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, SEPT. 7, 1857. NO. 50.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

☞ *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.

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MALE AND FEMALE.

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☞ $1,75 could be spent in no more profitable manner than by subscribing for the "COMPILER," which will furnish you with all the news of the day, the markets, the marriages and the deaths occurring in the community, with choice selections of literature, poetry, wit and humor, and all that will go to make up a first-rate Family Newspaper. Address the Editor and Proprietor, HENRY J. STAHLE. May 18.

A SMALL FARM,

AT PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, on *Thursday, the 10th day of September next,*

A TRACT OF

Valuable Limestone Land,

containing **28 Acres,** more or less, situate in Germany township, Adams county, on the Turnpike leading from Littlestown to Gettysburg, one quarter of a mile from the former place, adjoining lands of James Renshaw, George Myers, and others. The improvements are a good two story BRICK HOUSE, Log Barn, Corn Crib and Wagon Shed, and other out buildings; a never failing well of water at the door, and several never failing springs on the tract; also an Apple Orchard of choice fruit, with other fruit trees.

Persons wishing to view the property are requested to call upon the undersigned Agent, or on Mr. George Gonder, residing thereon. It is one of the most desirable country residences in the county.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JOSEPH L. SHOEB,
Agent for James E. Shorb.

June 29, 1857. ts

A Valuable Farm,

AT PUBLIC SALE.

THE Subscriber, Executor of the last will and testament of JOHN HEMLER, Sr., deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, *on Saturday, the 12th day of September next,* the following Real Estate of said deceased, viz:

A FARM,

situate in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Moses Scott, Peter O'Neal, Daniel Kohler, and others, about 5 miles from Hanover and 3 from New Oxford, containing 82 ACRES, more or less, with good proportions of Meadow and Timber-land. The improvements are a Two-story Brick Dwelling HOUSE, Log Barn, and a Stone Spring House, (with a never-failing Spring to it,) and all necessary out-buildings; an Apple and Peach Orchard, with choice fruit of all kinds. The fences are good, mostly chestnut rails. The land is in first rate order, it having been nearly all limed within the last few years. About 10 Acres of good Woodland to the farm.

☞ Persons wishing to view the property, are requested to call on John Hemler, Jr., residing thereon, or on the subscriber, residing in Oxford township.

☞ Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JOSEPH J. SMITH,
Executor of John Hemler, Sr., dec'd.

Aug. 3, 1857. ts

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale, *on Saturday, the 12th day of September,* 1857, on the premises, in Latimore township, Adams county, about one mile and a half from Deardorff's mill, and two miles from Petersburg, the following Real Estate, to wit:

A TRACT OF LAND,

containing 120 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Michael Stambaugh, Moses Myers, Jacob Stitzel, and the Latimore creek, which runs through the farm. The improvements are a Two-story Brick Dwelling HOUSE, Tenant House, Log Barn, Smoke House, Wash House, and other out-buildings, with a well of water near the house. About 10 acres are Woodland, the remainder cleared, in a good state of cultivation and under good fencing. There is also on the premises a Saw, Chopping and Clover Mill. The land is well watered, there being a spring in each field. There is also an Orchard of choice fruit trees on the premises.

☞ Persons wishing to view the premises before the day of sale can do so by calling on Nathaniel Stambaugh, who resides on the same.

☞ Sale to commence at 2 o'clock on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

PHILIP STAMBAUGH.

August 17, 1857.

8 Teachers Wanted.

THE School Directors of Butler township will meet at the School-house, in Middletown, *on Wednesday, the 9th day of September next,* for the purpose of employing Teachers for the Winter term. The County Superintendent will be present to examine Teachers.

F. W. KNOUSS, *Sec'y.*

Aug. 24, 1857. td

3 Teachers Wanted.

A MEETING of the School Directors of Oxford District will be held at the Public School-house in New Oxford, *on Saturday, the 12th of September next,* at 2 o'clock, P. M., to receive applications for Teachers of the Public Schools of the District.

By order of the Board,
J. R. HERSH, *Sec'y.*

Aug. 24, 1857. td

Assignee's Sale.

VALUABLE IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY & REAL ESTATE.

On Saturday, the 26th of September next,

THE Subscriber, Assignee under a deed of voluntary assignment for the benefit of creditors, by THOMAS WARREN & WIFE, will sell at Public Sale, at the Court-house, in Gettysburg, the following valuable property, viz:

No. 1. TWO LOTS OF GROUND, fronting on Railroad street, on which is erected a valuable Iron and Brass Foundry, known as the "*Gettysburg Foundry,*" with all the necessary apparatus, Steam Engine, Flasks, Patterns, Tools, &c. The Foundry is now in running order, and doing a first-rate business.

No. 2. A HALF LOT OF GROUND, on corner of Carlisle and Railroad streets, with a new Two-story Brick DWELLING, with Attic and Basement—large two story Brick Back-building and Attic, Stabling, never-failing well of water, &c.—admirably adapted for a Public House.

No. 3. A TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING, adjoining No. 2, with Attic, good cellar, back-building, &c.—also new.

No. 4. A LOT OF GROUND, on corner of Chambersburg and West streets, fronting 60 feet on former street and running back to an alley, with a Two-story Plastered DWELLING, Weather-boarded Back-building, a Frame Shop, Stabling, Well of Water, &c.

No. 5. A LOT OF GROUND, adjoining No. 4, fronting 60 feet on Chambersburg street, on which are erected FOUR Three-story Brick DWELLINGS, with Attics. These will be sold together or separately, to suit purchasers.

No. 6. TWO LOTS OF GROUND, adjoining No. 5, each fronting 60 feet on Chambersburg street and running back to an alley, being desirable building lots.

No. 7. HALF LOT OF GROUND, on East Middle street, adjoining properties of Ephraim Hamway and Geo. Swope, on which are erected a good Two-story Brick Frame DWELLING, Back-building, Well of Water, &c.

No. 8. A LOT OF GROUND, on West Middle street, adjoining properties of S. S. McNair and others, fronting 60 feet on Middle street, and running back to an alley.

No. 9. FIVE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, near Pennsylvania College, adjoining lands of R. McCurdy, Eden Devan, and others.

No. 10. THE INTEREST OF THOS. WARREN, (being the undivided two-thirds,) in a TRACT OF LAND, in Freedom township, containing 40 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of S. S. McNair and others, known as "Middle Creek Factory." There are on this property a large Two-story DWELLING, Back building, Stabling, Saw Mill, and other improvements. The water-power is equal to any in the county, and furnishes an admirable site for a Mill or Factory.

☞ The interest of D. Warren, who owns the other third of property No. 10, will be sold at the same time, so that the purchaser will secure an entire title.

Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by

SAMUEL WEAVER, *Assignee.*

Aug. 17, 1857.

Orphan's Court Sale.

BY virtue of an alias Order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Administrator of PHILIP COB, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, *on Saturday, the 12th day of September next,* the Real Estate of said decedent, viz:

A FARM,

situate in Liberty township, Adams county, three miles west of Emmitsburg, adjoining lands of Hon. James McDivit, Maxwell Shields and others, containing 164 Acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared and in a good state cultivation, and much of the balance is well covered with thriving Chesnut and Rock-oak Timber. Between 40 and 50 acres more could easily be cleared. The improvements are a one-and-a-half story LOG HOUSE, Log Barn, a young Orchard of choice fruit, &c. There are two good Springs near the dwelling. The road from McDivit's Mill to Sabillasville passes thro' this property.

☞ Persons wishing to view the property are requested to call upon the subscriber, residing thereon. It will be offered undivided or in two parts to suit purchasers.

☞ Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

WM. A. COLL, *Adm'r.*

By the Court—J. J. BALDWIN, *Clerk.*

Aug. 10 1857. ts

Administrator's Notice.

SARAH DEARDORFF'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Sarah Deardorff, late of Strahan twp., Adams co., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in Franklin township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

FREDERICK DIEHL, *Adm'r.*

Aug. 24, 1857. 6t

Auctioneering.

ANDREW W. FLEMMING, residing in Breckinridge street, near James Pierce's, Gettysburg, offers his services to the public as a *Sale Crier* and *Auctioneer.* His charges are moderate, and he will on all occasions endeavor to render satisfaction. He hopes to receive a share of public patronage.

Aug. 17, 1857.

Black Silk Hats.

FALL and Winter Style, just received and for sale at COBEAN & PAXTON'S Fashionable Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Store.

THREADS, Pins, Needles, Thimbles, Ladies' and other Combs, Buttons, Hooks and Eyes, Tooth Brushes, Lead Pencils, Matches, cheap at NORBECK'S.

IF you want to buy GOODS CHEAP, call at G. F. ECKENRODE & BRO'S, at Heidlersburg, Adams co.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Silk and Soft Hats of every description, and for sale cheap at BRINGMAN & AUGHINBAUGH'S.

CHILDREN'S Shoes of every variety and size, at BRINGMAN & AUGHINBAUGH'S successors to W. W. Paxton

☞ BUY your Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes, at Bringman & Aughinbaugh's, in Chambersburg street, at the sign of the "BIG BOOT."

TRUNKS, Carpet Bags, Velises, &c., of best quality, and low rates, at SAMSON'S.

The Muse.

A DILEMMA.

Which is the maiden I love best?
Twenty now are buzzing round me:
Three in their milk-white arms have wounded me
Gently, yet I feel no rest!
One has shower'd her black locks o'er me,
Ten kneel on the ground before me,
Casting forth such beams of blue,
That I'm pierc'd—oh! through and through!
Bacchus! gods! what *can* I do?
Which *must* I love best?

Tell me—(ah, more gently take me,
Sweet one, in thy warm white arms!)
Tell me—which will ne'er forsake me
Through all life's ills and harms?
Is it *she,* whose blood's retreating
From that forehead crowned with pride?
Is it *she,* whose pulse is beating
Full against my unarm'd side?
What do all these things betide?
Strong my doubts grow—strong—and stronger:
Quick! give answer to my call!
If ye pause a moment longer,
I shall love ye—ALL!

Miscellaneous.

The Capitol Extension.

The enlargement of the Capitol at Washington is progressing to completion as rapidly as the nature of the work will admit. The *Union* of Thursday last informs us that the Southern wing is in a more advanced state than the Northern. The new Hall of the House of Representatives occupies the centre of the South wing. The scaffolding has just been taken down, and the ceiling presents a rich and gorgeous appearance, surpassing in finish any in this country. The hall is rectangular, one hundred and thirty-nine feet long from east to west, ninety-three feet wide, and about thirty-six feet high. It will be lighted by sky-lights in the ceiling and a glass roof, and at night by large chandeliers suspended between the ceiling and the roof. The Speaker's chair will be situated on the south side of the Hall, and the members' seats, three hundred in number, arranged in a semi-circular form fronting it. There will be a continuous gallery on three sides of the hall—the north, east and west—capable of seating twelve hundred persons, and a separate gallery for reporters, behind the Speaker's chair. The walls of the hall, under the galleries, will contain panels for paintings, and, above, niches for statuary. The hall itself will be nearly surrounded by a corridor, affording convenient communication with the post-office, the retiring rooms, and the committee rooms. The public galleries will be entered from a corridor surrounding them in the second story, which will be reached by a splendid stairway. Workmen are now employed in preparing the floor for the seats of the members, in putting up the galleries, and in covering the walls with an ornamental finish of cast iron.

The new Senate chamber is situated in the centre of the north wing of the Capitol, and is constructed on a similar plan with that of the Hall of the House of Representatives, only smaller, being one hundred and twelve feet long by eighty-two wide. This leaves more room in the building for corridors and other apartments. The Senate retiring-room, situated in the north front of the wing, is to be a magnificent apartment. It will be thirty-eight feet in length by twenty-one and a half in height. The ceiling is to be of pure white Italian marble, and is to be supported by polished Corinthian columns and pilasters of the same material, with richly carved capitals. The walls are to be of the richest Tennessee marble, set with large plate-glass mirrors, and at each end of the room are to be niches filled with statuary. The other rooms of the north and east sides of this wing are designed for private reception-rooms for the Senators.

The completion of this improvement of the Capitol will be a source of pride to every American, illustrating as it does the advancement of our country in population, wealth, power, and all the elements which constitute a mighty nation.

Genius.—Intellect can't bear fashionable refinement, and dies under it in one or two generations. "If you would select a youth who is likely to make his mark in the world take one who is carting mud in a clam shell wagon, or building houses in the sand—and not the delicate boy who is fondling a china lap dog on the parlor carpet. Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log with an axe and auger; and Lewis Cass was rocked by his staid New Hampshire mother in a second hand sugar trough. The greatest architects for the manufacture of genius are Poverty and Democracy.

☞ At a festival which came off in Niagara county, a boy who did not get a fair chance at the eatables, said some of the voracious visitors had been starving themselves so long in anticipation of the feast, that they were hollow all the way down, and he could hear the first "mouthful they swallowed strike on the bottom of their boots!"

☞ Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, *but made it hot by striking.*

☞ If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

Long Speeches.

When written or extempore, are rarely either pleasant or profitable. It is daring for an orator to exceed 50 minutes, and yet many a public speaker, who would not like to be thought impudent, pushes on through an hour and a half with as much assurance as if he were Cicero himself. These egotistical fellows seem never to imagine that anybody can weary of their 'sweet voices,' and so terebate away, regardless of the fact that five hundred people are cheated out of their dinners, or their beds, or the eloquence of the next man in the programme of the day, who would have made a good speech, perhaps, if there had been time for any speech at all, after the everlasting prelective *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* by the Rev. Dr. Prosy or the Hon. Mr. Infinite.—Prolixity is the crying sin of American oratory; and diffuseness of style and paucity of ideas are simply matters of course, and evils necessarily incident to the cardinal vice. To sufferers from long speeches it is some consolation to know that the long-winded orator punishes himself as well as his audience; and turns the best success of forty minutes into a signal failure by the added twenty-five. Verdict: "Serves him right."

This is the very sensible opinion of the editor of the Boston Post upon a subject that has more or less interest for every person who attends public meetings of any kind. Our friend of the Post is probably a believer in the doctrine of the old Jersey farmer, who complimented Commodore Stockton, at the close of one of his most elaborate stump-speeches, in the campaign of 1852, by telling him that what *he* liked, was "*short* speeches and *long drinks.*"—As the Commodore's speech had been a very long one, he did not feel very highly flattered with the remark of the blunt old farmer; but he endeavored to repair his mistake by standing treat to the crowd.

An Extraordinary Family.

A traveller through Wetzel county, Va., observed that in almost every precinct there lived three or four families by the name of Morris, and having some anxiety to learn the extent of the family, made inquiry and was directed to the mother of the whole tribe for information, having been previously told that she lived, though upwards of ninety-four years of age. He interrogated the good old lady politely and gently, and succeeded in ascertaining that she was the mother of twenty-five children, 21 sons and 4 daughters. She has 121 grand children, 118 great grand children, and 1 great great grand child, all (with the exception of five dead, 2 girls and three boys) now living in the one neighborhood. One of her sons has 16 children, one 12, and another 11. One of the girls is the mother of twelve children, and another the mother of 13; all the rest of them produced between five and seven. One of the sons, who is now quite an old man, lives within seven miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but never saw a railroad truck until a few days ago.

The father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of this whole kingdom of Morrises, died at the age of 77, twenty-one years ago. The twenty-five sons and daughters all lived to be grown up men and women. We venture to assert that this universal family stands without a parallel, in point of fruitfulness.—The old lady was sorry to say that two of the girls were never married, and three of the boys were similarly unfortunate. They are represented to be quiet, inoffensive people, entirely free from the small vices which usually beset humanity; there are no drunkards in the family, and few of them make use of profane language. Their conduct and course of life is invariably characterized by honesty, uprightness and strict integrity. We challenge the world to produce another such family as the Morrises.—*Wheeling (Va.) paper.*

The Hang of It.—Old Judge S., a considerable farmer of F—— county, Vermont, bought a new scythe for his son Jim, and set him to work in the meadow, with the rest of the hay-makers. "It don't work right," said Jim to the honored "parient" after cutting a clip or two. "What is the matter with it?" inquired the Judge. "It don't hang right on the snath," said Jim, stopping to adjust the scythe anew. Scythes often plague the mowers in this way, at first; and Jim's scythe was particularly obstinate. So the old gentleman tinkered over and over again. "It don't hang any better," said Jim, plaintively. "Then hang it to suit yourself," said the Judge. "So I will," said Jim—and *hanging the scythe on a tree,* he lazily retired from the field. The "parient" was "slightually" astonished, but he "let him went."

Consolation.—A passenger on board a ship bound for California, who had been sea-sick all the way out to the line, one day went to the doctor, and in a sad, supplicating tone, accosted him with, "Doctor, can you tell me what I shall be good for when I get to San Francisco, if I keep on this way?"

"Tell you, to be sure I can. You're just the man to begin a grave yard with."

☞ It won't do for a man to bump his head against an iron pot, even with a brick in his hat, unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

☞ One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

☞ A project is on foot to tunnel the Hudson river at Albany.

A Good Dog Story.

Here is a good story: About ten o'clock on Thursday night, the attention of a family in our city, was attracted by the strange movements of their Newfoundland dog. He whined piteously, and several times caught hold of the leg of his owner's pantaloons and attempted to pull him out into the yard. The dog would then let go his hold, run out and then return again. This was done several times, and finally the owner went into the yard, when the dog, evidently delighted, commenced pawing the ground at the gateway, and made sundry other demonstrations that showed that something very extraordinary had happened. Presently the gateway was opened and a bundle was immediately picked up by the animal and carried in the house, and put at the feet of one the family. The dog, although he had fulfilled his mission, laid himself down and watched the movements and further developments yet to be made. On opening the bundle, it was found to contain a live male baby apparently a week old. Should not like to own that dog.

A Dead Nigger.

When the Cholera was at its worst in 1849 in New Orleans, an old negro who had weathered the yellow fever many times at length got frightened at the havoc which the new disease was making among all classes. His master one night heard him praying to the 'angel of the lord,' by the light of a tallow candle, "to spare him dis time den take him to glory." But he concluded his prayer by professing perfect submission to the will of "the angel of the lord," even should he be called for to go immediately on his long journey. Sambo's master determined to test the sincerity of this last profession. He knocked loudly and distinctly at his door.

"Who dar?" asked Sambo.

"The angel of the Lord," was answered.

"What you want?"

"I have called for Sambo."

The master heard the candle suddenly extinguished with a whoof, and Sambo energetically answered.

"He not here! dat nigger has been dead dis three weeks."

A Ship in Love.

"Talking of conundrums," said old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name. "Can any one tell me when a ship may be said to be in love."

"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be manned."

"Just missed it," quoth old Hurricane—"by a mile. Try again. Whose speaks first?"

"I do," secondly answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate."

"Not correct," replies Hurricane.—"The question is still open."

"When she's a ship of great size," (sighs,) modestly responded Smoothly.

"When she's *tender to a man of war,*" said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot.

"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.

"When's she's struck back by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight.

"Not as yet," said Hurricane.—"Come, hurry along."

"When she *makes much of a fast sailor,*" cried Smashpipes.

Here there was a great groan, and Smashpipes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored, old Hurricane "propelled" again.

"You might have said, 'when she hugs the wind,' or, 'when she runs down after a smack,' or, 'when she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is when she attached to a *buoy.*"

A Very Pretty Sentiment—(for which we expect no end of pretty presents.)—Between a Man's Love and a Woman's Love, there is all the difference between lending and giving. With woman, love is a gift—with man it is only a loan. The loan is for the moment, or for the particular premium, or, it may be for six months, or, perhaps, as long as six years; but with woman, the gift is one that lasts all her life.

Jenny Lind.—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, is at present in England, making arrangements for the removal thither of his family, which is passing the summer at the village of Oberlessnitz, near Dresden, and has recently been increased by the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Lind Goldschmidt's voice, it is said, has neither lost in quantity nor in quality, and she would not refuse the offer of another musical tour through the United States.

☞ A newly arrived John Chinaman in Chasta, California, purchased some ice recently, and finding it very wet laid it out to *dry in the sun.* On going to look for it again he found that it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood of larceny. A general row was the consequence.

An Irish Will.—I leave and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget, the whole of my property, real, personal and mixed. One half of the remainder to my oldest son Patrick, the balance to my youngest son Dennis, the blackguard; and should there be anything left, it goes to Terrance McCarty.

☞ Willis calls the nether limbs of ladies "suppositions." Yes, they are *supposed* to be "there or thereabouts."

☞ Dead—Eugene Sue.

A Crushing Exposure.

A speechmaker, in the western part of Virginia, during a Presidential canvass, has given us the following anecdote. He was holding forth upon the merits of Gen. Harrison, and especially upon his courage, tact, and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, guant man—who was probably a school-master in those parts—arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly, "Mister! Mister! I want to ax you a question." To this the orator assented, and the man went on as follows: "Wearo told, fellow-citizens, that Gineral Harrison is a mighty great gineral; but I say he's one of the very meanest sort of gineralls. We are told here to-night, that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs, but I tell you that, on that occasion, he was guilty of the *Small Tail Movement,* and I challenge the orator here present to deny it!" The speaker declared his utter ignorance of what the intruder meant by "Small Tail Movement." "I'll tell you," said the man; "I've got it here in black and white. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States," holding up the book, "and I'll read what it says:—'At this critical moment, Gen. Harrison executed a *novel* movement!' Does the gentleman deny that?" "No, go on."—"Well, he executed a *novel* movement. Now, here's Johnson's Dictionary," taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up, "and here it says;—'Novel—*a small tale!*' And this was the kind of movement Gen. Harrison was guilty of. Now, I'm no soger, and don't know much of milentary tictacks—but this I do say, a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a *Small Tail Movement,* is not fit to be President of the United States, and he shin't get my vote!" The relator of the anecdote says that it was quite impossible for him to overcome the effect of this speach, and we are left to conclude that the vote of that vicinity was given to Van Buren.—*Recollections of a Lifetime. By S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley.)*

It Runs in the Family.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* makes the following disclosures relative to the family of Mrs. Cunningham:

This attempt to impose a spurious child upon the public, and thus obtain possession of the estate of Burdell, although very clumsily performed, is characteristic of the family to which Mrs. Cunningham belongs. Her oldest sister, now deceased, practiced a trick of the same description and for a similar purpose, about thirty years ago. I speak of a matter touching which I was fully informed at the time, and the circumstances being of a nature calculated to make a deep impression on the mind, are yet fresh in my recollection. It was in the year 1827, I think, that Sarah Hompstead, of Brooklyn, entrapped an unlucky Bermudian, then a resident of Middletown, Connecticut, into matrimony. She was a showy, dashing girl, of a tidy figure, fair manners, and an invincible propensity of intrigue—just the person to bamboozle the simple-minded islander, who had been bred to the sea, and had only a sailor's knowledge of the sex. He carried her to Middletown, whither she was accompanied by a younger sister, called Anne, the same exemplary female, I presume, who testified with such simplicity and candor in the recent Cunningham case, under the name of Ann Barns. Those women were kindly received by the friends of Sarah's husband, who were respectable and influential people, and through their means found their way into a social circle, distinguished for its cultivation and refinement. But I must reserve for another letter a narrative of the manner in which Sarah freed herself from her husband, and swindled his lawful heirs of his property. Meanwhile I will inform you that the trick undertaken by Mrs. Cunningham was successfully performed by her sister, and that another sister aided and assisted in the fraud, her own illegitimate offspring being represented as Sarah's child by her deceased husband.

☞ Brown is a married man. A few days since he thought of taking a trip to Paris. One of his friends meeting him in the street inquired:

"Well, Brown, my boy, when are you off?"

"To-morrow."

"Don't take your wife with you?"

"Not it is a my age of pleasure."

☞ "If a man steals my umbrella," says Hunker, "it's no use makin' a fuss, it only shows *that umbrella equilibrium has been broken.* Now, if I take one from some one else, *that restores the equipoise,*—there is really no umbrella *lost;* an umbrella is only *lost* when it is *used up.*"

☞ A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after, the names of such of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, as will pay twenty-five cents extra, or, add both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra. Cheap enough for a luxury.

Thunder and Sunshine.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* states that a terrific clap of thunder, at about half-past five on Sunday afternoon, startled the city out of its propriety. The sun was shining brightly at the time, and not a cloud marred the clear azure of the sky. Its lengthened rumbling roll was like the growling under-working of an earthquake.

☞ Never accuse others to excuse yourself.

Drilling vs. Broadcasting.

Having noticed a number of different opinions in regard to drilling and broadcasting, I am willing to give my experience on this subject. I purchased in company with a neighbor, a drill, (J. P. Ross' patent.) In the spring of 1855, the first sowing was a piece of spring wheat. Not knowing anything about the drilling system, I sowed part with the drill and part broadcast in the same field and on the same day. That put in with a drill was more than a quarter better than that sown broadcast, both in straw and grain. I tried my oats in the same manner; they were also better where they were drilled. I have sowed all my grain since with the drill, being satisfied that it is the only proper method of puting grain into the ground.—My neighbor, in sowing his buckwheat, had part sown with the drill and part broadcast, and when harvested the drilled was about half better; it was all well filled, while the broadcast was hardly filled—both put in the same day and in the same field.

I think it is better on other accounts than broadcasting. It saves a quarter of the seed; besides it cultivates the land, and leaves it in good condition for the crops, better than can be done with the harrow. The grain is all put in at an even depth in the soil, and I am satisfied that it is a paying machine.

I also have a thresher and winter; and I think they are good machines; but my drill pays me the most of any. It takes less time and seed and betters the crop, and in dry seasons they are indispensable. Knowing what I do about the drill, I think farmers cannot afford to sow broadcast if they can obtain a drill. I would like to have others give their experience on the same subject.

SARATOGA FARMER.

☞ "Do you think you are fit to die?" asked a mother of her neglected child.

"I dont know," said the little girl, taking hold of her dirty dress with her dirty fingers and inspecting it—"I guess so, if I didn't too dirty!"

The Duty of the Democratic Party.

It is in the power of the Democratic party to give lasting permanence and efficacy to her great triumph of last November, and it is her solemn and imperative duty to do so. When the pure, able and sagacious statesman, James Buchanan, was elected over the sectional adventurer, John C. Fremont, it was a glorious triumph of the Union and the Constitution over a sectional fanaticism, whose success would have been the death-knell to both, and would have buried their hopes beneath their own ruins forever. When that fearful struggle was over, and it was known that the national party—the Democracy—had triumphed, a sense of relief and gratitude was felt in every Democratic breast throughout the Union. All felt that the great crisis was past, and that our confederated existence was again secure for a time. All seemed to realize the mighty consequences that were involved in the contest through which they had just passed, and we presume that every Democrat in the nation vowed in his own heart that he would never again grow cold or indifferent in regard to the importance of preserving the Union and the Constitution, or become lax in the full discharge of every duty to that great party to which he individually, and the whole country, owed so much. This vow, too, we have no doubt, was made in good faith, and with a full determination that it should never be violated. How is it with us to-day? Do we feel the same ardor—the same sleepless anxiety for the party's success—the same willingness to forget and forgive personal and private differences—the same determination to vote the whole Democratic ticket, regardless of our likes and dislikes—all for the sake of the public good, and the protection of our State and nation from the hands of those who would sacrifice their stability, to sectionalism, or barter their interests to mammoth corporations, we may feel confident that we are still laboring in the good cause, and that another triumph, equally signal, if less important to that of 1856, awaits us in October next.

Every Democrat ought to feel and act as if the whole success of the party depended upon his own vote—that unless he voted for the whole ticket it would be defeated, and therefore the *principles* of the party sacrificed to the opposition. No Democrat should excuse himself from voting for this or that candidate on the plea that there will be plenty of votes without his to elect him. If there should be a candidate on the ticket that you do not personally like, do not throw him aside on the ground that your vote would only count one, and therefore it is of no consequence. Reflect that you are not voting for men, but for *principles*—you are not deciding whether you prefer Mr. A. or Mr. B. for this or that office, but you are saying simply that you want to see the Democratic party triumphant, because you believe its principles are right, and its success necessary to promote the public [illegible] Waynesboro Herald.