THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

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

41ST YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, NOV. 1, 1858. NO. 5.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

THE COMPILER is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1,75 per annum if paid strictly 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 with neatness and dispatch, and at moderate prices.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Keppler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House—"COMPILER" on the sign.

Collectors, Take Notice!

THE Collectors of Taxes for 1857 and previous years, in the different townships of Adams county, are hereby notified that they will be required to settle up their Duplicates, *on or before the 15th day of November next*, on which day the Commissioners will meet at their office to give the necessary exonerations, &c. If the Duplicates are not settled up in full by the above date the Collectors will be dealt with according to law, without regard to persons.

The Collectors of the present year will be required to pay over to the Treasurer all monies that may be collected by the November Court.

☞ After the first Monday in December no exonerations can be granted on Military Taxes.

HENRY A. PICKING,
JOSIAH BENNER,
JACOB RAFFENSPERGER,
Commissioners.

Attest—J. M. WALTER, *Clerk.*
October 11, 1858.

Notice.

THE subscriber, having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Committee of the person and estate of ABRAHAM MYERS, a lunatic, of Huntington township, Adams county, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims or demands against said Myers, to present the same to the subscriber, residing in Butler township, for settlement, and all persons indebted to make immediate payment.

JOHN HANES, Committee.
Sept. 27, 1858. 6t

Chas. R. Doran, M. D.

OFFICE on Baltimore street, one door south of the Presbyterian Church, and opposite David McCreary's saddling establishment, Gettysburg. [Oct. 4, 1858. 6m

Shoe-Making.

THE subscriber would most respectfully inform the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity, that he has commenced the BOOT & SHOE MAKING business, in Breckinridge street, Gettysburg, in the house lately occupied by Mr. Henry Rhine, where he will be happy to do all work in his line, in a tasteful and substantial manner, and at moderate prices. He solicits a share of public patronage, feeling convinced that his work will please.

ADAM MERZ.
Oct. 18, 1858. 3t.

New Boot and Shoe

ESTABLISHMENT.—The undersigned would announce to the public that he has commenced, in connection with his Tannery, a BOOT & SHOE Manufactory, *in New Chester, Adams county*, and is prepared to make up Boots and Shoes of all kinds, for Gentlemen, Ladies, and Children. He will endeavor to have the best of workmen, so that the public need be under no apprehension but that every reasonable effort will be made to give satisfaction to all who will favor him with their patronage.

GEO. EHREHART.
Sept. 20, 1858. 3m

Great Improvement

IN COOKING STOVES.—*Consumption of Smoke and Gas, and Saving of Fuel.*—The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has added to his former variety of Stoves, a new *Patented Gas-burning* COOKING STOVE.

It is well known that all inflammable matter requires a certain amount of air to support combustion, and if the supply is insufficient, it is impossible to produce a flame.—The heat of the fire, in ordinary cooking stoves, decomposes the fuel, and as all the fresh air is admitted under the grate, its oxygen is exhausted before it has passed through the fire-chamber. The close flues at the top of the stove, then act as an extinguisher, tending to put out the fire, instead of assisting the combustion. A large portion of the fuel, therefore, passes off in the shape of smoke, clogging up the flues of the stove so as to impede the draft and interfere with the baking, or of invisible gas which combines with the lime and so destroys the mortar of the chimneys, loosening the bricks, and exposing the dwellings to the danger of fire.

The introduction of an additional supply of cold air, would cool the gas below the igniting temperature, but by the proper application above the fire, of air previously heated to a temperature of several hundred degrees (which is one of the prominent features of the patent), the gases are inflamed in numerous jets, and their combustion is sufficient to heat the oven, even if the draft through the fire-chamber is entirely closed.

In addition to the ordinary direct draft under the grate and through the fire-chamber, the gas-burner has an additional draft through the top plates, which is of itself sufficient to maintain combustion. The upper draft not only consumes the gases, but it helps to strengthen and preserve the centre pieces, which are most exposed to the direct action of the fire, and which are made double instead of the usual single plates. By means of this draft alone, all the operations of cooking can be carried on when the fuel is but partially ignited, and the fuel consequently burns more slowly and more economically.

A sufficient evidence of the effect of the gases in heating the oven, is found in the fact that the oven will be ready for baking, even before the fire is thoroughly kindled, and much sooner than in any other stove.

As Gas-burning Stoves are the order of the day, the Gas-burning Cooking Stove will not only be the leading stove of the present season, but it will undoubtedly supercede all others. Purchasers will, therefore, consult their own interest, by seeing and examining it before giving any orders elsewhere. The operation is so perfect, and its advantages are so easily to be seen and understood, that it readily commands, at retail, an advance of five or six dollars over the retail price of any stove of the same size.

Also, on hand a variety of PARLOR COAL STOVES—cheap.

ANDREW POLLEY,
York St., Gettysburg.
Sept. 6, 1858. 4m

John W. Tipton.

"HIAWATHIAN."

Go to Tipton's—go to Tipton's—
Go to Tipton's in the corner—
In the corner in the Diamond—
In the Diamond near McClellan's,
If you want your hair dressed finely—
If you want your face shaved smoothly.
Backfists who never knew it—
Tip's the fellow that can do it—
Do it in the latest fashion—
Do it quick and do it neatly,
And in twenty-five looks greatly,
Make you look so young and sprightly,
Make you feel more young and brightly,
Make you feel like going nightly
To call upon some pretty damsel
Who before would not look at you,
At you as you passed her daily,
Daily on the public street.
And young men who wear moustaches,
Who want some one to sew patches—
Patches where your breeches tear—
Tip's the lad to make up matches—
Matches with some lady fair.
Then repair to Tipton's shop,
Dandy Tip's—Fire and Pop.
Jan. 11, 1858.

Valuable Real Estate,

AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscribers, Executors of ABRAHAM SNYDER, deceased, offer at Private Sale, that

DESIRABLE FARM,

on which decedent resided upwards of twenty years, situate in Tyrone township, Adams county, adjoining lands of George Meckley, Heirs of Jacob Wolf, Anthony Dear dorff, Samuel Deardorff, and David Hoover containing 202 ACRES, more or less with good proportions of Timber and Meadow The improvements consist of a two-story Weatherboarded Dwelling HOUSE, Bank Barn, Wagon Shed and Corn Crib attached, Cooper Shop, and other out-buildings; 2 never-failing wells of water, one at the house, the other at the barn; and an excellent Apple ORCHARD, with a variety of other choice fruit. Conowago Creek runs through the Farm, and there are also two springs on the property. The fences, mostly of chestnut rails, are good, and the land is in a good state of cultivation, two-thirds of it having been limed. The property will be shown by Samuel Bollinger, residing thereon.

Also, A TRACT OF MOUNTAIN LAND, containing 7 acres, more or less, situate in Menallen township, Adams county, adjoining lands of George Meckley, Jacob Gulden, and others.

JOHN SNYDER,
FREDERICK HOLTZ,
Executors.

Sept. 6, 1858.

☞ The sale notes given for personal property of said deceased are now due, and immediate payment is required. The notes are in the hands of F. Holtz.

Town Property,

AT PRIVATE SALE.—The valuable Property on the corner of West Middle and Washington streets, now occupied by Mr. Joseph Little, is offered at private sale by the heirs of the late Charles Ziegler, deceased. The improvements are a large Two-story Brick Dwelling HOUSE, with a weatherboarded Back Building, and the Shop on the corner of the alley. For information apply to D. Ziegler, Jr.

THE HEIRS.
Sept. 6, 1858. 2m

For Sale,

CHEAP—Two Small Dwelling HOUSES and Lots, situate in Chambersburg street. Possession 1st of April next.

GEO. ARNOLD.
Gettysburg, Oct. 11, 1858. tf

Take Notice!

PAY UP!—The undersigned, having a large amount of money standing out, would earnestly urge those indebted to make payment without delay. Accounts running six months and upwards, if not paid on or before the last day of October next, will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

JACOBS & BRO.
Sept. 20, 1858.

Auditor's Notice.

THE Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Adams county, to report distribution of the balance in the hands of THOMAS C. MILLER, Administrator of the estate of JOHN PARR, deceased, to and among the parties legally entitled thereto, will meet all persons interested, for the purposes of his appointment, at the office of M. & W. McClean, in Gettysburg, on Monday, the 8th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

WM. McCLEAN, *Auditor.*
Oct. 18, 1858. 3t

Administrator's Notice.

VALENTINE WATT'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Valentine Watts, (colored,) late of Cumberland twp., Adams co., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSEPH SHERFY, *Adm'r.*
Oct. 18, 1858. 6t

This Way!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—J. C. GUINN & BROTHER have just returned from the East with a large and well selected stock of Goods ever offered in this market, all of which will be sold cheap, such as Delaines, Delaine Robes, Cashmeres, Coburg Cloths, Alapacas, Debaizes, Ginghams, square and long Shawls, Blankets and Domestic Goods of all prices.—Men's Wear in great variety, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Jeans, blue, black, brown, and green Cloths; a large assortment of Vestings. Also, Groceries and Spices of every description, which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest. Give us a call. All we ask is to show the goods and we will be satisfied with the result. No trouble to show goods.

J. C. GUINN & BRO.
Oct. 11, 1858.

Cheap! Cheap!

MORE NEW GOODS!—JACOBS & BRO. have just returned from the city, with a very large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Winter Goods, and everything else in the men's wear line. They also offer plain and fancy Shirts, Collars, silk and cotton Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, &c. Having bought unusually low, for the cash, they are enabled to sell CHEAPER THAN EVER—an excellent full cloth suit, made up, for $13, for instance. Give them a call, at their new establishment, in Chambersburg street, a few doors west of the Court-house, before purchasing elsewhere. [Oct. 11.

R. F. McIlhenny,

(*Successor to Paxton & McIlhenny,*)

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, AND STRAW GOODS.

Also, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, Canes, Tobacco and Segars, at the South East corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa.
Oct. 11, 1858.

Buffalo Robes.

BY the bale or robe at GEORGE F. WOMRATH'S, Nos. 415 & 417 ARCH St. PHILAD'A.

N.B. Also a large assortment of LADIES FANCY FURS of own manufacture.
Oct. 4, 1858. 3m.

To the Ladies.

GEORGE ARNOLD has again replenished his stock of Ladies' Dress and Fancy Goods; he has now on hand the largest and prettiest stock of Dress Goods in town. The styles are very handsome and prices low, among which is a beautiful selection of Ladies' Cloth Cloaks, Capes, Mantillas, and Shawls, (a beautiful article,) in great variety, Children's Dress Goods, very handsome. In a word we have from a needle to an anchor, topping off with a little of the crinoline.—Call and see us.

Oct. 4, 1858.

The Poet's Corner.

A Song of Life.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased in heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory at its place—
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary man might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink,—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But thought that all might drink;
He passed again—and *lo!* the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! the light became
A lamp of light—a beacon ray—
A monitory flame;
The thought was small, its issue great—
A watch-fire on the hill—
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the earth,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Select Miscellany.

BUB'S NEW PANTS.

"O, it snows, it snows—how glad I am!" shouted little Harry Lee, in a gleesome tone, as, emerging from the warm blankets, beneath which, for twelve hours, he had been enjoying that calm sweet sleep which the frame knoweth only in its springtime, he beheld the pure white drift lodged on the window-sill. Very fleetly did his little bare feet carry him across the room and mount him into a chair, and sweeter grew the smile that dimpled his cherry red lips, and brighter the light that gleamed in his clear blue eye, as he marked the snow-flakes still falling thick and fast, and saw how high they piled against the fences, and how lovingly they had encircled each twig and bough with a wreath of beauty.

"Get up, quick, Nelly and Sallie, quick, quick! Winter's come back!—O, I am glad, I am glad," and hurriedly dressing himself, he ran down stairs, and bounded into the kitchen with the same gleesome shout with which he had greeted the storm, "It snows, it snows!"

"Aint you glad, mother?" asked he, seizing her dress, as she was about entering the buttery, "ain't you glad? father will take his dinner, you know, and then"—but here his little throat was so full of fun and joy that there was not a bit of room for another word to pass, and laughing all over his face and away down to the ends of his toes, he ran out to measure the drifts, and lay out a railroad with the points of his little boots.

When breakfast was over, and father had taken his dinner as he always did when the day was stormy, nicely packed up in a basket, and covered by one of the whitest of napkins, and gone to his day's work, and mother had washed the dishes, and swept, and made the beds, and done the hundred and one little things that crowd into a housekeeper's morning duties, and finally sat down in her low rocker to rest a few minutes, little Harry stole softly to her side, and pressing a very sweet kiss upon her cheek, whispered, "I am so glad it snows, cos, you know, mother, what you promised, don't you?" and he bent his eyes eagerly upon her.

"I don't remember, Harry; what did I promise?"

The exultant smile half faded from the beautiful face, but then beamed again, as he said earnestly, "why don't you remember, mother, you said the very next time it snowed you would make me them new pair of pants Uncle Charley gave me. You know you said so once before, and then you didn't, cos you wanted a new cap, and took that day to make it; but you said then, the *very next* time it snowed you would make my pants; and I do want them so bad, mother, cos, don't you see, these are all so patched up, you can't hardly tell what they ever was made of; and to-morrow, when all the boys are coasting, I want to go too, with my new sled; and I don't want to, either, with these old pants, cos, you see, they'll call me 'Patch-upon-patch-patch-patch,' and that always makes me feel like doubling up my fists, and when I feel so I don't feel a bit good. You will make them to-day, say yes, that's a good mother, wont you?"

"If I promised you Harry, 'certain sure,' as you say, why, I'll do them, though I was going to do something else to-day. I need a new dress about as badly as you need new pants, and I was glad when I saw the snow because I thought I should have a good time to finish that one Aunt Lizzie sent me, and which has lain now cut and basted, these three weeks."

The little son did not answer right off, and the mother felt a gush of great warm tear-drops on her face, she was about to speak and say, if he felt so very bad, she would yield her case to him; for nothing would touch a true-hearted mother quicker than the wet eyes and suppressed sobs of her children; when mastering his emotion with what was to him a mighty effort, Harry said, half sadly, half cheerily, "well, mother, I won't be stingy; I'll give up again, but you did promise;" and he walked off quickly, lest she should see the great flood of tears that rolled down his cheeks.

Left alone, the mother sat for some time irresolute. The case stood thus. She was the wife of a worthy man, but of one whose pecuniary means did not allow her to employ much help, and having four children, all too young to be of much assistance, she found it pretty difficult to perform all her duties as housekeeper and seamstress to a family of six. Stormy days were a blessing to her, because then, her husband, being of rather a delicate constitution, always carried his dinner, and a cold lunch sufficing for herself and children, she had promised Harry she would make his new pants the next snowy day, and she certainly meant at the time to fulfil her promise, both because of the joy it would give the boy, and because he really stood in need of them. But last evening Squire Mason's wife had called and invited her to a party which was to come off the following Thursday, and the very little bit of pride she had left made her desire to appear at the time in her new dress.—It was not all pride either, she argued to herself, as she sat there alone in the kitchen, her cheeks yet damp with the tears of her disappointed boy, for it was almost spring, and her merino, after two winters' wear, did look rather shabby; in fact, the velvet trimming was quite threadbare in several places; it was not fit to wear to Mrs. Mason's, no indeed: and then her new delaine, sent from Boston, was "such a love of a pattern," and of such a becoming color, she must make it up, and wear it then! Hadn't she sat up till midnight, the evening before, after Mrs. Mason left the invitation, to make the skirt? And wouldn't it be silly now, just because she had promised Harry his pants, to stop and make them, and go to the party in her old merino, all the rest of the guests would be clad most likely in silks? Yes it would so, and so she resolved to make the dress that day, and on Friday, after the party was over, to make Harry his pants, storm or no storm.

Forthwith the sewing-basket came into requisition, and the bundle with the waists and sleeves was unrolled, and presently her fingers were diligently plying her needle and thread. But somehow she did not feel as happy as she expected. Do what she could to fix her thoughts upon the party, they could not stay there, but would wander off after that little sorrowful face that had looked into hers and said "I won't be stingy." And musing on that little face, somehow, she could not tell how if she had tried, but somehow, an old, long slumbering memory was awakened, and she saw a little girl mat her long curls over her wet eyes, and steal off with smothered sobs to a dark room, and hide herself in its shadows, and there weep silently, and yet as though her heart would break. And why? O, her *mother* had promised her on that Saturday evening, when she went out to do her errands, that she would buy her a pair of bright red shoes, and she would wear them to church the next day, but had come home without them, not because her purse had failed, but because she had forgotten them. And she remembered too, that the little girl had said, the next Monday morning, when the shoes were tossed into her lap, "I'm glad to get them now, but I aint *half so glad* as I should have been, had I *got* them when you promised them. If ever I get to be a woman, and have a little boy or girl, and make them a promise, I'll keep it just when I said I would, cause there's no use in promising if you don't!"

Memory is a beautiful monitor sometimes. It was now. The echoes of her own sobs, of her own voice, came pealing back to Mrs. Lee through the long dim aisles of the past, and as they swept the chords of the heart, they woke such low sweet music tones, that the good angel who lay there half sleeping, half waking, bestirred itself right cheerily, and with its sunny wings troubled the deep fountain till the healing wave rose with a pure white crest.

A while sat Mrs. Lee with her pretty dress upon her lap, her needle idle in her hand; but it was only a little.—With a sweeter look upon her face than it had worn for many a day, she rolled up the bundle, and laying it carefully away, unfolded another, and the one too that contained her boy's longed-for pants, and was soon stitching away at them, as though she were working for wages.

About two hours after, little Harry came back, his feet and hands stiff with the cold play he had been engaged in, but his cheeks rosy with leaping pulses. What a bright flash quivered in his eyes as they fell upon his mother's work!—He forgot that he was tired and almost frozen, but with one bound, sprang to her side, and clasping her waist, neck, arms, and showering her face with kisses, cried out joyfully, "I know you would, I knew you would—such a good mother as you never would say a thing and not do it. O, I am so glad—I shan't be a 'pitch-patch' no longer. O, good, good, I'm going to have some new pants."

Didn't the mother's fingers fly merrily after that! I guess if you had seen them, you would have thought so. And I guess when in the latter part of the afternoon, Harry stepped proudly about in his new pants, it would have been pretty hard to say, which was the happier, son or mother, albeit, the shabby merino dress was all the one she had to wear the next day at Mrs. Mason's party.

"O dear, I've got the best mother in the whole world," shouted he to his father as he came in to tea; "just the *very best*, and no mistake either. Don't you think, father, she wanted ever so much to sew her own dress, to wear to the party, and wouldn't and didn't though, just cos you see, she'd promised to make my new pants the next time it snowed. I'll pay her though, when I get to be a man; I'll do something for her that'll make her glad, see if I don't."

"I wouldn't be so proud of my pants, if they were new," said Sallie, as after the table was cleared, little Harry marched up and down the room, trying to keep time to the tune his father was whistling.

"I guess you would, Miss Sis, then, if you was me, and had wanted a pair as long as I had. I have got a right to be proud of them;" and thrusting a hand in each pocket, he drew up his little form to its utmost height, and resumed his march.

"Well, but my Sunday school teacher," said little Nell, "told us we must never be proud of our clothes."

"Well, I guess if she'd worn patched trousers, as long as I have, she would be proud when she first got on a new pair, cos she couldn't help it. I ain't really proud, either," said the little fellow, after a moment's thoughtfulness, "but I'm *dreadful glad*, though I've got them. And I'll just tell you, Miss Nell, I *am* very proud of the mother that made them, cos I know she didn't want to do them a bit; but she did do them, cos she'd promised, and was so good she wouldn't tell a story."

"Bub's new pants seem to have made him perfectly happy," said the husband to his wife, when little Harry had again crept under his sheltering blankets.—"It is strange what a trifle will satisfy the heart of a child."

"A trifle will satisfy, and a trifle will almost break it," responded the wife solemnly. "If we parents would only remember oftener than we do, the joys and sorrows of our childhood, our children would oftener than they do, rise up and call us blessed!"

A Railroad Dry Goods Store.—The New York papers say a railroad dry goods store recently made its appearance in Thirty-second street, from the New Haven road. It is a car sixty feet in length by eight in height, and of ordinary car width, with outside windows; it has skylights and windows at its ends; the skylights can be removed and their openings covered for safety. One side of the car is fitted up with shelving, and a counter extends its whole length. Its most novel feature is its side extension, which will give a width of nineteen feet for the store. It is provided with an India-rubber cover, which is rolled up like the boot of a coach when the car is to be moved. It is to perambulate the country for the purpose of selling dry goods, and seems to be in town for the purpose of filling up.

Steam on Plank Roads.—The States say it is authentically informed that a transfer was effected on Friday of the Washington and Baltimore turnpike from the old stockholders to a company of heavy capitalists, who propose to make immediate preparations to lay a plank track from one point to the other, and put in operation the system of steam wagon travel which is now becoming of general use in England, and has lately been experimentally introduced in the crowded thoroughfares of New York with success.—It is asserted that passengers can be taken up at their residences in either city and dropped at any point in the other at one dollar each, and also that the running time over the road will be about two hours only. Before putting on steam wagons it is proposed to run stage coaches, not to occupy more than three and a half hours in the transit.

☞ Gribbing is a neat fellow. He says he can't spare the time to take a bath, besides, it takes money for soap and towles. We asked him how he managed to keep clean?

"Oh!" said he, with a highly incentive smirk, "I sand-paper myself every Christmas."

☞ One of our readers, fond of profound investigation, took pains on the last hot day to study the census reports of agricultural productions, and to calculate therefrom the value to the country of each warm growing day, between seed-time and harvest. He found it above $18,000,000—and this is a low estimate.—*Lowell News.*

☞ The celebrated racer, Fashion, was exhibited at the Ohio State Fair a few days since. She had with her a blooded colt. She is now over twenty-one years old, and has won for her owners, at different times, $65,000.

☞ An exchange speaks of a chap with feet so large that when it rains or when he wants to get in the shade, he lies down on his back and holds up one foot. It fully answers the purpose of an umbrella.

☞ The reports from Trinity Bay, with reference to the telegraph cable, are extremely gloomy. The previously arranged preconcerted signals have entirely failed.

☞ A Western jury brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—about a groggery!"

☞ Antoine Le Claire, a half-breed, living at Davenport, Iowa, is said to be the richest man in that State.

I'll Vote for the Other Man.

The following story is told of a revolutionary soldier who was running for Congress:

It appears that he was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the wont of "Revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he endured.

Says he:

"Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped whip the British and Indians. I have slept upon the fields of battle with no other covering but the canopy of heaven I walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood."

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns" who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the British and the Injines?"

"Yes," responded Revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground while serving your country without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.

"Well, then," said the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be blamed if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man!"

A Sharp Bargain.

It was hard to catch "Old Jack Jones" in a place too tight for him to get out. The following occurred recently at Cedartown Court. There had been a hard frost the night before, and some of the knowing ones prophesied an entire failure of the wheat crop.

"I've got one hundred acres," says old Jack, "that I'll take one hundred dollars for."

"Jack, I'll give it, and hand you the money in an hour," said Mitchel.

Before the expiration of the hour, a negro from the plantation reported the wheat uninjured, and Mitchel advanced, money in hand.

"Thank you," says Jones. "When will you take your wheat away?"

"Take it away? Why, as soon as it's ripe."

"No; you don't. You must cut it this week. I want to plough up that field and put it in corn."

Lines on the Oshun Telligraf.

Mitey Oshun! Your konkered.
You may heave, rip and tear round like all mad,
But your kabled;
We're got a streak of Aleck-tricity, running
Rite through your bottom.
Be keerful, Mr. Oshun,
That you don't get shocked, orful.
You'd better keep shy o' that ere wire,
And not get too curius.
You mite tell the fishes, what live in yer,
That this line warn't sot
To catch gudgeons, no sir'ee.
If John Bull, Esq., gets too rantankerous,
We'll jist holt him over, down
To Main and "h-annex-im," we will;
Gosh all Jerusium, ain't this
Ere universal Yankee nation punkins.
A heap? It be and are some to bute.
That ere Mr. Field, he's a regular buster,
He orter have a free pass
Over every taligraf in the hull
Country I be had.
Three cheers for Mister Field!
Our pheelinks biles over
In contemplatin the grander
Of this 'ere undertakin.

☞ Ex-President Fillmore, in his letter to the Committee of Invitation to the Kentucky State Fair, says he has withdrawn entirely from all political strife.

☞ The Freestone (Texas) Pioneer says that a large lion was recently killed on Noland's river, in Johnson county, in that State, which had killed nine horses in that vicinity.

☞ A railroad is now approaching completion through Missouri, which will enable passengers to go from Boston to Kansas in three days.

☞ The salary of John B. Gough, of the English Temperance League, is $10,000 per annum. He is now lecturing with even greater success than ever before.

☞ Mr. Carey Jones, the literary legatee of the late Mr. Benton, of Missouri, is now engaged in writing that distinguished statesman's biography.

☞ Those who turn up their noses at the world might do well to reflect that it is as good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are ever likely to get into again.

☞ Charles II., when dining off a loin of beef, asked the name of it; and being told it was the loin, he said, "For its excellence I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called *Sir-loin.*"

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."—A lazy fellow out West, William Hole, Esq., signs his name and addresses Andrew Jackson, Tennessee, as follows: "&ru Jaxn, 10 a c." Then writes Bill and sticks his pen through the paper for Hole.

☞ The latest achievement of chemistry is the conversion of coal into bread, equal to that made of the best wheat.(?)

☞ Foote expressed a belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his eye if he knew he could sell it for timber.

☞ In Mexico, everybody is supposed to be an ex-president who wears a clean shirt and keeps his hands washed.

The Vinegar Plant.

"It is claimed by many that this curious production belongs to the vegetable kingdom. Whether this is true or not, we hardly know where to place it. Like the mushroom, it belongs to the lowest order of organization, and may, we think, be regarded as a kind of fungus. It possesses the power of re-production to a limited extent, governed in some degree by the temperature, but always requiring a degree of heat above 65.

The vinegar plant is somewhat soft and flexible, with a firm springy consistency resembling the substance known to accumulate in a vessel containing good vinegar, as "mother," but of a more compact and regularly defined formation. When separated from its parent, this plant is about six inches in diameter and half an inch thick. This is usually placed in an open earthen jar of two or three gallons capacity, with about a gallon and half of water, sweetened with about one pint of pure molasses. It is important that the molasses be good and unchanged by age.—After standing four or five weeks in warm weather this liquid will become vinegar of an excellent quality—not only possessing all the *body*, but all the acid pungency belonging to the best quality of cider vinegar. The plant, in this position, gradually expands horizontally to the full dimensions of the jar which contains it, while it increases in thickness by a succession of layers of similar dimensions. These layers are about half an inch in thickness, and are united to the parent plant by tender filaments, which admit of easy separation, by simply passing the hand between them.

To what extent this plant would expand if placed in a larger vessel, we have never seen determined; but by a multiplication of the plants placed in more capacious vessels, vinegar of the best quality can no doubt be made in large quantities. The old plants, after being used a few months, should be thrown out and new ones substituted.

We are now daily partaking of vinegar made as above described, and we have never tasted better. To suit some tastes it requires to be weakened by adding water when used, and it is no doubt more healthy than when used in full strength.—*Valley Farmer.*

Curing Hams.

As the time is at hand for preparing these useful stores of rich and savory food, a few words will not be out of place in regard to them. The legs of hogs short in the hock, are the best for hams, and should be chosen in preference to lanky legs. They may be salted by immersion in a clean pickle, containing a little sugar and saltpetre dissolved, or they may be salted by rubbing ground solar evaborated salt over them, turning them every day, and giving them a good rubbing. A little sugar and ground black pepper added to the salt will much improve the flavor of the meat. It requires about a month to salt hams by the wet process and three weeks by the dry system.—At the end of this period, they should be hung up for a few days to drip, and then they are ready for smoking.—Much depends on the kind of material used for smoking them, so as to secure a sweet flavor. Whatever fuel is used for this purpose, one condition should never be overlooked; it should be perfectly dry, or else it will be liable to impart a bitter taste to the meat. Dry corn cobs, and some dry sweet hay are superior to all other agents that we have seen employed for smoking beef and hams.

Mutton hams may be prepared in the same manner as those of pork, and they are exceedingly palatable when the meat is good, and care exercised to smoke them slowly.

☞ In one of the "Fashion" tables, which are such pleasant reading, it is stated that in Europe the gigantic skirts are extensively used by ladies for smuggling purposes. Scarcely a day passes without some amusing details in the journals of the arrest of elegantly dressed females, whose uncommonly voluminous skirts had excited the suspicion of *douaniers*, and whose fine trappings were found to cover not only laces and embroideries, but bottles of wine and brandy, ingeniously hung around the person. The large cloak, styled Malakoff, covers also a multitude of sins, under the form of cashmere shawls, laces and embroideries.

The Cost of War.—The cost of a thirteen inch shell, as it flies through the air, is from $10 to $12. The estimated cost of firing a thirty-six inch bomb is nearly $150. These figures afford some idea of the "shelling out" to which warring governments must submit.

New Style of Advertising.—Those Western folks are famous hands for new ideas; for instance, the columns of the St. Louis *Republican* contain the following:

"*Engaged.*—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, city marshal, both of Leavenworth, K. T."

Why not adopt the fashion here? How popular a newspaper would be among the young misses if it contained a column or so daily of like announcements! There is nothing near as fascinating in births, marriages, or deaths.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

Shocking, if True.—An exchange says: Eighty per cent of the women in North Carolina are "snuff dippers."—The process of snuff dipping consists of rubbing the teeth and gums with snuff, thereby causing a sensation like intoxication. The nerves are excited, and the head becomes a little giddy.

☞ Two pairs of shoes were lately made by a shoe manufacturer in Lynn, to fill an order for a southern plantation. They are intended for a slave, who is also a negro driver and overseer, and measured *nineteen and a half inches in length*, with a corresponding width. We presume these shoes were made at so much a foot.

Imprisonment for Debt in England.—During the year 1856 upwards of eleven thousand males and six hundred females were imprisoned for debt in England. A few weeks since, two men, who had been occupants of debtors' prisons for eleven and six years respectively, were discharged from custody. The former was 84 years of age.

☞ A man is [illegible] morning than at night, to the extent of half an inch, owing to the [illegible] of the cartilages.