# 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, JUNE 20, 1859. NO. 38.



### TERMS OF THE PAPER.

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JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment—"COMPILER" on the sign.



**J. C. Neely,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business intrusted to his care with promptness. Office nearly opposite Fahnestock's Store, Baltimore street.
Gettysburg, April 11, 1859. tf

**A. H. Dill,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly to collections and all business entrusted to him.
Office between Fahnestocks' and Danner & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore st., Gettysburg, Pa.
May 9, 1859. 6m

**Wm. B. McClellan,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on the south side of the public square, 2 doors west of the Sentinel office.
Gettysburg, August 22, '53.

**D. McConaughy,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street.) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PENSIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. ☞Apply to him personally or by letter.
Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

**Edward B. Buehler,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language.—Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.
Gettysburg, March 20.

**Dr. A. W. Dorsey,**

FORMERLY of Carroll county, Md., having permanently located in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country in the practice of the various branches of his profession. Office and residence, Baltimore street, next door to The Compiler office, where he may be found at all times when not *professionally* engaged.

REFERENCES.

Prof. Nathan R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., Baltimore Md.
Dr. J. L. Warfield, Westminster, Md.
Dr. W. A. Mathias, " "
Jacob Reese, Esq., " "
John K. Longwell, Esq., " "
Geo. E. Wampler, Esq., " "
Rev. Thomas Bowen, Gettysburg.
Oct. 25, 1858. 6m

**J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.**

HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. REFERENCES: Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stover.
Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

**Wood-land**

AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will sell at private sale 52 ACRES OF LAND, on the banks of Marsh creek, near Breaux's Mill, 40 Acres of which is heavily timbered. If not sold prior to the first day of July it will then be laid out in lots to suit purchasers and sold at public sale.
May 16, 1859. GEO. ARNOLD.

**"The Gem."**

NEW RESTAURANT.—The undersigned has opened a first-class Restaurant, on the lower floor of McConaughy's Hall building, in Carlisle street, Gettysburg, and solicits a share of the public's patronage. The rooms have just been fitted up in the most approved style, and will compare favorably with many of the best in the cities. His Oysters, Ale, &c., will always be found of superior quality, and his charges moderate.

The proprietor is thankful for the fine run of custom he is already receiving, and is resolved to make "THE GEM" even more popular, if possible.
Feb. 14, 1859. A. B. PRYOR.

**A Word to the Wise!**

DON'T FAIL to call and see SAMSON'S New Goods—a large and splendid assortment of MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING and Furnishing Goods—an extensive lot of all kinds of HATS, BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS—an unrivalled assortment of TRUNKS and CARPET SACKS, some very handsome and new styles—Also, a large and splendid variety of Setts, Breast Pins and Ear Rings; WATCHES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c. &c. A very handsome and new style RAILROAD TRAVELLING BAG. In short, everything in his line.

After all said and done, SAMSON'S IS THE SPOT to buy your goods at the right prices. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Those who wish to buy to sell again will do well by calling, as I can and will sell them goods cheaper than they can buy them in the city.
April 18, 1859.

**Change of Hours**

ON THE GETTYSBURG RAILROAD!—*Summer Arrangement.*—On and after Thursday, April 21st, the MORNING TRAIN will leave Gettysburg at 6.30 o'clock A. M., connecting at Hanover Junction with Express train *to* Baltimore at 9.32, and Mail train *from* Baltimore at 9.34, returning to Gettysburg at 12.30 noon, with passengers from Baltimore, York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and the North and West.

*The AFTERNOON TRAIN* will leave Gettysburg at 1 o'clock, P. M., connecting at Hanover Junction with Mail train *to* Baltimore at 3.37, *returning to Gettysburg* about 6.30 P. M., with passengers from York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and the North and West.

☞By the above arrangement passengers can go either North or South on the Northern Central Railway both morning and afternoon.
B. M'CURDY, President.
April 25, 1859.

**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,
Bachelors 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 improve your fine 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 boy to make up matches—
Matches with some lady fair.
Then repair to Tipton's shop,
Dandy, Fogy, Flirt and Fop.
Jan. 11, 1858.

TO get "the worth of your money and the right change back," make your purchases at the new cheap store of A. SCOTT & SON,
May 16. Opposite the Eagle Hotel.

FANCY BONNETS and trimmings, very handsome—call and see them at the store of GEO. ARNOLD.

BONNETS, Ribbons, Flowers, and Ruches for sale at the new cheap store of
May 16. A. SCOTT & SON.


## Poet's Corner.

From the London Times, May 11.

### THE WAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

*There is a sound of thunder afar,*
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
*Storm of battle and thunder of war,*
Well, *if it do not roll our way.*
Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
*How should a despot set men free?*
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
*Look* to your butts and take good aims,
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But *only* the Devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

### THE TRUTH DOTH NEVER DIE.

Though Kingdoms, States, and Empires fall,
And dynasties decay;
Though cities crumble into dust,
And *nations* die away;
Though gorgeous towers and palaces
In heaps of ruin lie,
Which once were proudest of the proud,
The Truth doth never die!

We'll mourn not *o'er* the silent past;
Its glories are not fled,
Although its men of high renown
Be numbered with the dead.
We'll grieve not o'er what earth has lost,
*It cannot* claim a sigh;
For the wrong alone hath perished,
The Truth doth never die!

All of the Past is living still—
*All that is good and true;*
The rest hath perished, and it did
Deserve to perish, too!
*The world rolls ever round and round,*
And time rolls ever by;
And the *wrong* is ever rooted up,
*But the Truth doth never die!*

## Miscellaneous.

### A TRIP TO EUROPE.

VISIT TO POMPEII—SCENES ON THE ROUTE—EXTRANCE TO THE CITY—EXAMINATION OF THE RUINS—THE STREETS, HOUSES, TEMPLES, SHOPS, AND THEATRES—SINGULAR INCIDENTS, &C.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

NAPLES, May 11, 1859.

According to promise, I will now proceed to narrate our visit to Pompeii, which, like Mount Vesuvius, far exceeded our anticipations in all its characteristics. Fresh from the ruins of ancient Rome, we expected to meet with nothing in Pompeii that would astonish or particularly interest us; but it soon became evident that in grandeur and magnificence the buried city rivalled that which was cotemporaneously destroyed by the violence of man.

We took an early breakfast, and our party, comprising six, started at 8 o'clock, in a large carriage, which we had engaged for three and a half pinsters for the entire day, it being the standing rule of all travelers to offer just half the price charged, though sometimes it is prudent to persist on paying only about one-fourth of the original demand. We proceeded at a brisk pace around the head of the bay, passing through the suburbs of Naples, the towns of Pasagno, Portici, Resina, Favorita, Torre del Greco, Rossi, and Torre del Annunziata to the gates of Pompeii, in the rear of Vesuvius, a distance of fourteen miles, which was accomplished in about two hours.

The whole of this route through these towns, most of them being situated on the base and sides of Vesuvius, was like passing through a continuous street of Naples, paved all the way, and all connecting with each other so closely that, without a previous study of the locality, the change of coporate limits could not be discerned. The road coasts the eastern shore of the bay to the right, with Vesuvius to the left; but it is so completely shut out from the sea by the dead walls of the numerous villas, overgrown palaces, and large unornamented houses, which stretch in an almost unbroken line as far as Torre del Annunziata, that it has more the character of a long, uninteresting, dusty street, than of a high post road. The crowds of villagers were, however, interesting to look upon, with the wine shops, macaroni establishments, and other quaint spectacles to the eye of a stranger.

ENTRANCE TO POMPEII.

We were met at the gate near the Temple of Neptune, by one of the guides appointed by the Government, and entered at once into the excavated streets of the ancient city of Pompeii, which was completely buried and destroyed, with a portion of its inhabitants, in the year 79, nearly 1800 years ago, by a continued shower of hot ashes from Vesuvius, which is five miles off. It was so completely buried that its locality was not known until the year 1784, when the ruins were accidentally discovered. About one-fourth of the city has since been excavated, with the discovery of many rich treasures of art, and with circumstances that led to the conviction that a tone of morality prevailed within its walls that must have rendered it deserving the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Pliny the younger, who was a resident of Pompeii at the time of its destruction, gives an interesting account in his well-known letters to Tacitus, describing the death of his uncle, the older Pliny, distinguished as a naturalist. He speaks of a cloud of vapor as having been seen over Vesuvius on the afternoon of the 24th of August, in the year 79, which he likens to a great pine tree, ascending to a great height, and spreading out its branches. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which were not unusual, but they were so particularly violent that night they not only shook everything, but seemed to threaten total destruction. In the morning the light was exceedingly faint and languid, the buildings all tottered, and the people resolved to quit the town. Having got to a considerable distance, they stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that they could not be kept steady even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth, leaving several sea animals on the shore. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger.—Soon after the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean. Immediately after darkness overspread them, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are extinct. Nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents and others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods, but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come which was to destroy the gods and the world together. At length a glimmering light appeared, which they imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, as in truth it was, than the return of day. The fire, however, fell at a distance, and they were again immersed in thick darkness, with a heavy shower of ashes raining upon them, which they were obliged to shake off, otherwise they would have been crushed and buried in the heap. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though as under a partial eclipse. Every object which presented itself to their weakened eyes was covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. The mountain afterwards threw out deluges of heated water, charged with the dry light ashes which were suspended in the air. This water as it reached the soil, carried with it in its course the cinders which had fallen, and thus defaced Pompeii with a soft pasty volcanic mud or alluvium, which penetrated into places where neither scoria nor ashes could have reached; and thus completed the work of destruction.

This is the substance of the description given by an eye witness, and is valuable as affording an evidence of the character of the eruption. This eruption also overwhelmed Herculaneum with lava, some of the ruins of which have been discovered about a mile distant. On account of the difficulty of excavating the lava, but one subterranean excavation has been made exhibiting the interior of two or three houses and temples.

Having entered the area of the excavated ruins, we were greatly surprised to find them in so excellent a state of preservation. We found ourselves walking through long paved streets, just as they were when thronged with inhabitants, 1800 years ago, with rows of houses on both sides, closely built up in every direction. The streets are extremely narrow and it is clear that not more than one vehicle could pass at a time in any but the principal throughfares. They are paved with irregular blocks of lava, closely fitted together, and bordered by a narrow pavement and curbstone, elevated a foot or more above the carriage way. The streets are about as wide as McClellan's alley, Baltimore, and even the principal throughfares are not more than two-thirds as wide as the narrow part of Holliday street. Stepping stones, like those in Baltimore, are frequently seen in the middle of the streets for the convenience of foot passengers in time of rain. Stones for mounting horses are also found at the side of the pavements, and holes are found in the curbs opposite the principal houses and shops, for fastening the halter. Of the streets that have been excavated, five may be considered as the principal throughfares of the city.—The sidewalks are of bricks, and occasionally stuccoed.

The private houses are generally small and low, and deficient in all that would be considered comfort at the present day, though it is evident that the whole space within the walls, which are two miles in circumference, was closely occupied by buildings. The ground floors of the larger houses were generally occupied as shops. The walls and roof were often decorated with great splendor, and the pavement was always of marble or mosaics. In the centre of the space occupied by the smallest houses, there was nearly always a sort of court yard for garden and flowers. The rooms generally would be considered as closets at the present day, the walls of which are covered with rich frescoes and painting, most of them in excellent state of preservation, and all evincing a state of immorality beyond any thing that can be conceived in the present age No houses have however, yet been discovered, which can be regarded as having been the dwellings of the poor, and it remains to be proved by further excavations, whether the lower orders were located in a separate quarter of the city, or whether Pompeii was really free from any pauper population.

The shops were very small, and when first excavated, many of them had the names of their owners written over them, mostly in red paint; others had signs, to denote the trade that was carried on in them. Thus, a goat indicated a milk shop or dairy; two men carrying a large jug, indicated a wine shop; two men fighting, indicated a gladiatorial school; a man whipping a boy hoisted on another's back, indicated a school master, and checkers denoted the door-post of the publican. The houses of bad repute were evidently marked by the authorities with an indelicate carved figure at the curbstone.

The wine shops are very numerous, and the marble counters, in which were built up large earthenware jars, each capable of holding nearly as much as a barrel, are still standing in good condition. These counters, with openings through their tops, through which to dip up the wine, are generally square, with a space in the centre, in which the vender stood to supply his customers.—There are two undoubted restaurants or cook-shops, where articles were cooked and sold across the counter. There is also a barber's shop, with a stone block in the centre, on which the Pompeians sat to be shaved.

The theatres and amphitheatres are on a most extensive scale, and are in an excellent state of preservation, though none of them are equal to the Colliseum at Rome. The interior of the great amphitheatre was capable of seating 10,000 persons. The part now excavated is about one-fourth of the city, and contains two forums, nine temples, two basilics, three piazze, an amphitheatre, two theatres, a prison, double baths, nearly 100 houses and shops, several villas, a considerable portion of the walls, seven gates, and about a dozen tombs. The tombs are outside of the walls, and are on a scale of great magnificence, the vaults under them having receptacles for urns to hold the ashes of the dead, the mode of burial among the Pompeians having been to burn the bodies and deposit the ashes in funeral urns.

The walls of the city are built of large blocks of Lava, and of fine workmanship.—The upper courses, however, have been frequently broken and rudely repaired, showing the effect of breaches from the battering-rams of an enemy. The towers were square, and apparently have been of great height, having doubtless been overthrown by the earthquakes that preceded the destruction and burial of that city.

The villa of Diomedes, immediately outside of the walls, judging from the ruins left, must have been a splendid establishment, decorated in the highest style of art, and embellished with statuary, paintings, fountain, bathing room and garden. Beneath the portico, and below the level of the gardens, was the wine cellar, a long archway, not less than 100 feet in length, in as perfect a state as when last occupied by its owner. A long row of wine jars, each about four feet high, now stands in this vault, incrustated in lava against the wall. On the night of the eruption the owner of this splendid mansion appears to have lost the love of kindred in the love of life, for his skeleton was found, with that of an attendant near the garden gate, the one still holding in his bony grasp the key of the villa, the other carrying a purse containing 100 gold and silver coins and some silver vases.—While he was thus endeavoring to escape to the sea shore, the members of his family, whom he had abandoned to their fate, took refuge in the wine cellars, where seventeen of their skeletons were found near the door, as if they had endeavored to retrace their steps after finding that the place afforded no shelter from the fiery tempest. From the gold bracelets on the necks and arms of nearly all these skeletons, it would appear that they were mostly females. Two were the skeletons of children, whose skulls still retained some portions of beautiful blonde hair. After they had perished probably from suffocation, the floor of the cellar was inundated with a fine alluvium, which hardened upon the bodies and took casts, not only of their forms, but even of the most delicate texture of the linen they wore, and of the jewels which adorned their persons. One cast of a young girl, part of which I saw in the museum to-day, with her skull, possessed exceeding elegance of form; the neck and breast especially were perfect models of female beauty.

"How sadly echoing to the stranger's tread,
These walls respond, like voices from the dead."

We also examined the spot were the skeletons of a mother and three children were found, all closely folded in each others arms, and covered with gold ornaments, elaborately worked and enriched with pendant pearls of great value.

The ruins of a tavern are quite interesting. It has numerous apartments in the rear, which served probably as drinking rooms, as one of the walls contained announcements of the public festivals of the day. The shop itself contained a furnace, steps for arranging the glasses and a marble counter which still exhibits the stains of the liquor and the marks of the glasses. The figure of Mercury was painted on various parts of the house, and some of the walls are covered with proper names scratched by the customers upon the plastering which covered other names of previous scribblers.

The House of the Surgeon was found well supplied with surgical instruments, of forty different varieties. The public bake house was also examined with great interest. It has four stone mills in it, something after the style of "The Little Giant," of Messrs. Ribb & Co. The oven stands in a perfect condition still, and is precisely after the fashion of the bake ovens of the present day. It had wood and kindling in it, apparently just ready for lighting.

The House of Sallust is one of the most magnificent of private residences within the walls, and had attached to it a real prototype of the Oriental Harem, every part of it most elaborately decorated. In the adjoining lane was found the skeleton of a young female, supposed to be that of the fair being who was enshrined in this sanctum with so much privacy and magnificence. She had four rings on one of her fingers, set with engraved stones; fine gold bracelets, two ear-rings, and thirty-two pieces of money were lying near her.—Close at hand were found the skeletons of three other females, supposed to have been her slaves.

The public baths are very fine and in an excellent state of preservation. One has a vaulted ceiling, richly painted red and blue, with a cold water basin of white marble in the centre, 12 feet 10 inches in diameter and 2 feet 9 inches deep. The warm bath is entered from the disrobing room, and nearly corresponds with it in size. There is also a vapor bath, the walls and chambers being constructed hollow, so as to allow the steam to circulate freely from the furnaces. The women's baths are at the other side of the furnaces, and are arranged and decorated in the same manner as those for the men. No less than 500 stone lamps were found in one corridor of this establishment.

The forum is a spacious and imposing spot surrounded by the Temple of Jupiter, Temple of Venus, and the Senate Chamber. It was ornamented on three sides by a broad colonade of Grecian Doric architecture. The Senate Chamber, or Bassalica, was 200 feet long and 80 feet broad, and in a vault under its stairway, used for prisoners during the progress of a trial, were found two skeletons with their ancles manacled. The Pantheon had also evidently been a most elegant structure, it having been used as a residence for the Augustols as well as for religious purposes.

The ruins of the House of Venus and Mars are distinguished for a famous well of pure water, said to possess great mineral qualities, 120 feet deep, not at all affected by the change it has undergone.

That which attracted most attention was the famous temple of Isis. The court presents all the arrangements for the Isis worship. In one end is the sacred well of lustral purification, to which there was a descent by steps. Near it is the altar, on which were found the burnt bones of human victims who had just been sacrificed. In a niche of the wall was a figure of Harpocrates, with his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence upon the worshippers in regard to the mysteries they might witness. In another part was the figure of Isis in purple drapery, partly gilt, holding a bronze sistrum and a key. In one of the rooms a skeleton was found holding a sacrificial axe with which he had cut through two walls in the vain attempt to escape from the eruption, but perished before he could reach the third. The subterranean passage and secret stairs by which the priest could obtain access to the interior of the altar, and deliver the oracles as if they proceeded from the statue of Isis herself, we examined with great interest.

The barracks near the gate was undoubtedly the great headquarters of the Pompeian troops. In the guard room were found four skeletons with their legs fastened in iron stocks; in the sleeping apartments numerous helmets of bronze and iron, with bolts, lances, swords, strigils, leather belts, &c. In the rooms of the officers above were found helmets of various kinds, some of the most exquisite workmanship, with swords and various articles of female dress and ornaments, of the richest kind, proving that the families of the officers lived in the Barracks with them. Among the personal ornaments found were two necklaces of massive gold, one of which was set with twelve emeralds, several gold rings, ear-rings, and bracelets containing precious stones, gilt pins for the hair, and chests of fine linen and cloths of gold. One of these upper rooms contained eighteen skeletons of men, women and children. The most number of skeletons found in the barracks was sixty-three, a remarkable proof of the discipline of the Roman soldier, who knew that it was his duty to die at his post, and whose death in this instance was shared by those who were dearer to him than life itself.

But I have not time to carry the reader further through these interesting ruins, which abound everywhere in evidence of the highest interest in architecture, art, sculpture and painting, thousands of the first specimens of which are to be found in the Museum Barbonico in Naples, contained in about 100 rooms, which occupied a day in giving to them only a cursory examination. The marble and bronze statuary exhibit a very high state of art, whilst statues of the Heathen Goddesses are remarkable for their historical interest. In short this museum has always been regarded as the most interesting in the world, as remarked by an English writer, in a work on the subject, for here we find the furniture, the ornaments, the Gods, the busts, the utensils, the paintings of a great people, whose city was overthrown and buried under thick ashes almost 2,000 years ago; their books, their musical instruments, even their bread and their baked fruits in its pristine form, only blackened by the action of fire, are to be seen. In contemplating these, we retrace with a sort of fascination all their habits and customs, looking with double interest on such as assimilate with those of our own day, thus in idea connecting ourselves with them; and we dwell upon the varied objects presented to our view, all of which are curious and many beautiful, with sensations so lively, so real, that we feel as if the people still lived, still were among us. Yours, &c.,

C. E. F.

### General Garibaldi.

The dashing enterprise of Gen. Garibaldi, so successfully accomplished by his throwing his volunteers upon the right of the Austrian army, has not only given him a footing in Lombardy, but has probably made him master of Como, which commands the Lake. We use the word *probably*—all that is certainly known is that Garibaldi had taken Varese, without having artillery. If he maintain himself in his position for a few days, no doubt he will be strongly reinforced. His continued occupation of Austro-Lombardian ground would greatly help the Allies.

That the game of War is a game of Chess, upon a large scale, was said by the Great Napoleon. It is quite true that strategy avails as much as force, in a campaign. The head to plan is required as well as the hands to execute. An English paper says that Sir William Napier, the eminent Historian of the Peninsular War, who is now dangerously ill, and in an advanced period of life, had predicted, some time ago, from a consideration of the condition of Italy and the comparative position of the combatants, that the attack upon the Austrian right, by which Garibaldi established himself in Lombardy, and has cut off his opponents from using the Splugen Pass, was the particular move, in the great game of war, which should be made, exactly at the very time.

It may be worth while here to give a brief sketch of the antecedents of Joseph Garibaldi.

He was born at Nice, fifty-two years ago, and entered the Sardinian navy at an early age. In 1834 he was compelled to fly from Genoa, because of his complicity in a liberal conspiracy. After two years' residence in Marseilles, he went to offer his services to the Bey of Tunis, but received such insufficient encouragement, that he soon left Africa and went to South America, where he commanded, for the Republic of Uruguay, the squadron destined to act against Buenos Ayres. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, Garibaldi, with the remains of the Italian legion who had fought under him in South America, fought on the side of Italian independence.—In Piedmont, in the Tyrol, and in Rome, (which he gallantly defended against the French troops,) his value was distinguished. His, indeed, is

A spirit that can dare
The deadliest form that death can take,
And dare it—for the daring's sake.

After Rome was taken, Garibaldi disbanded his little company of adherents and went to New York, where he entered into business.—Thence he returned to South America, and commanded the Peruvian navy for some time. He has lived, with his children, in an island near Sardinia for the last five years. His wife, a woman of undaunted courage, died, by his side, from an Austrian ball in Italy. At the sound of the war trumpet, Garibaldi returned to his native land, was recognised and encouraged, and the volunteers hastened to enrol themselves under his command. Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel have great reliance in his ability and bravery, and he seems destined to play a leading part in the events of the fast-coming time.

Of lofty stature, strong frame, brave heart, and generous spirit, Garibaldi is said to be the best guerilla leader now in Europe. The value of his services and example, in Lombardy and Piedmont, at this crisis, is incalculable.

☞A new wonder has been discovered in New York, in the person of a man named Karl Saul, who it is asserted, has *four eyes!* He has one pair in the usual place, and another in the back of his head. A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who enjoys the acquaintance of the individual, says that "both sets of eyes are perfect, and he sees backwards and forwards at the same time, with equal ease, comprehending at a glance every thing within the range of his vision either way.—The objects which he simultaneously beholds, he will describe with wonderful accuracy.—Indeed, he is remarkable for his descriptive powers. Mr. Saul is a man of extreme diffidence, and the peculiarity of his visual construction has been carefully concealed, and has heretofore been known only to some of his most intimate friends. The back of the head is quite flat; but he has long hair, which effectually conceals the large eyes, which are generally protected by a bandage." As if the above is not wonderful enough, the correspondent of the *Post* makes the following wonderful statement: "He is highly intelligent, and social in his habits, and owns considerable property, which he has accumulated by honest industry."

☞The largest mirror ever imported into this country has just been received from Paris, for the Fifth Avenue Hotel now in progress of completion. Its dimensions are 96 by 188 inches, and its cost, exclusive of frame, about $1,500. No ship was large enough to admit it between decks, and so it was brought as part of a deck load. This glass is to be placed in the dining room, opposite the entrance from the main corridor, where it can be displayed to the best advantage. The contract for looking glass plates for this large hotel amounts to about $16,000, the cost of silvering and frames will increase the amount to near $30,000.

☞A newly married individual, just enjoying the first blisses of the honeymoon, advertises in one of the eastern papers "for a small second hand locomotive," that he may loose as little time as possible in going home from his business.

### Smelling a Snapper.

Not a little amusing excitement prevailed about noon of yesterday, at the fish stand at Second and Pine streets, owing to the enactment of a funny, though painful scene, that occurred there, between a stupid kind of a Dutchman and a Delaware snapper. The man, whose name is Fritz, after making a tour of the market house, finally arrived at the stand aforesaid, and halted. He had heard of snappers, snapper soup, and other kind of "snaps," but he had never seen more than the shell of an original inhabitant of the marshy fens of the silvery Delaware.

"Ish dem are tings vat you calls schnappers?" said Fritz to the jolly dispenser of such singular looking amphibious creatures.

"Yes," replied the seller; "would you like to have one?"

"Yaw, if they ish goot vons, and you sells him sheep for soup for mine schildren."

"Oh, they are good," replied the dealer, at the same time picking up a clever sized one by his stumpy tail—"fresh this morning—excellent order, and the cheapest kind of food. They'll make you fatter than lager beer, and far more wholesome."

Fritz. "Well, dat ish goot, lager beer is goot, un it makes me feel so guot—if der schnappers is better, vy I takes von. Eh, vat you ask for him." Here Fritz extended his right hand and held up the unpretending specimen of shell bound, animated nature.—"I schmells him," at the same time putting it to the nasal protuberance of his countenance.

The dealer said nothing—the bystanders observing the passing events, congregated around, and stood in silent admiration of Mynheer smelling a snapping turtle. He applied his nose to the shell, then the soft parts, and then elevating the candidate for soup, brought his nose in close proximity to the head thereof. In a moment the snapper exhibited his natural propensities, and poor Fritz's nose was firmly clenched within its strong and willing jaws. The horny and sharp beak of a snapping turtle is the only thing it has for purposes of defence, and in this instance, as might well be expected, it held on like death to the carcass of a deceased son of Ethiopia.

Fritz danced around and performed sundry gyrations, that would have made first class waltzers hide their heads, exclaiming "Got for tam—de diffe—takes him away—takes him off—my nose ish bit mit de diffe—I doshont vants dor soup."

Butchers, huckaters, dealers, truckers, and people generally, congregated around the terrified Dutchman. Some laughed, others roared, some shook all over with merriment. A jolly "pot gutted" dealer in pork and hams, overcome with emotions of fun and delight, fairly rolled on the pavement; even an ancient Quaker lady smiled. Finally, a stout Hibernian, who couldn't help enjoying a hearty laugh, came to the rescue of the pain stricken, terrified Teuton.

"Be jabers, men, the baste must come from the fellow's nose; give me yer knife, and I'll cut the blaguard's head off."

"No, you don't," said the dealer; "pry his jaws open—take your fingers."

"It's not the likes av me as will put my fingers nary once to the creatur's mouth."

"Off ter tiffe—ter tiffe—he ish bite harter un harter—takes von stchick and rhams it in his mouth."

Things now became very serious, and it was a matter of some doubt whether the unfortunate man would not lose a portion of his proboscis. The dealer, however, came to the rescue, and by well directed efforts, eased the snapper inspector of his nasal appendage to the entire satisfaction of Mynheer.

The crowd soon separated, and it may be needless to say that the Dutchman had become so entirely satisfied with "snapper," that he did not think it necessary at all to test the quality of snapper soup. He, with one hand over his wounded nose, and the other holding his basket, made a bee line for his home not far distant, to ruminate over his unexpected and painful adventure in smelling a snapper.

### Yankee all Over!

The *Newport News* tells the following story:

"Duncan Pell, Esq., has just commenced the erection of a new fence in front of his mansion, on Mary street, in this city. On one of the posts is the following, in manuscript:

"'The proposed fence is to be 60 feet long, 3½ feet rails and coping; to be finished this week. Mr. Eaton is the carpenter, and Mr. Fludder the mason. The work is to be done by the day.

"'Terms cash.

"'Messrs. Fish & Engs furnish the lumber.

"'I hope this will be satisfactory to the public.

"'April 25, 1859. DUNCAN PELL.'"

To this *The National Intelligencer* thus narrates the seqeel:

"It was on the first night of the to-be-dry month of May, 1859—the month of flowers and balmy zephyrs, passional attraction, green peas, and other affinities—that Duncan Pell lay buried in the arms of slumber. A loud and terrible rapping aroused him. It was continued. Rap, rap, rap! Starting from sleep, Duncan looked forth into the moonlight. A dark form was pounding away at the door. As Pell looked from the window, the form cried aloud:

"'Say, you, Mister Pell, be you agoin' to have this 'ere fence white or yaller washed?'"

*Pike's Peak Items.*—It seems to be a prevailing fashion among the Pike's Peakers to inscribe some motto on their wagon cover, emblematic, we suppose, of the proprietor's sentiments. The other day we noticed the following inscription on a wagon, bound for the Peak:—"For Pike's Peak, or bust!" In a few days we again saw the same wagon, returning, and the inscription read, "Busted by G—d!" So goes the world.

We learn from persons just returned from Pike's Peak, that Gen. Larimer attempted to climb to the top of the peak, and when within about six feet of the top, the point broke off in the General's arms, and the General and the peak rolled down to the bottom of the peak together. The General was badly bruised, but the peak was not seriously injured.

☞"Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot—"Sally, before we go into this 'ere museum to see the Enchanted Horse, I want to ask you somethin'." "Well, Ichabod, what is it?" "Why, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter of a dollar apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nuthin'.—Now, ef you'll say you'll have me, darned ef I don't pay the bull on't myself—I will!"—Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole on't.

☞The old woman who opens the pews at our church says, she used to have only to open the doors, but now she has to push the dresses in, too.

☞The Pittsburg *Dispatch* thus moralizes over the distressing results of the recent frosts:

While listening on Monday and Tuesday, with real sympathy, to the desponding reports of the farmers of our county in regard to the effects of the frost on their crops, we could not help feeling with a peculiar force the truth of the Scriptural teachings as to the utter helplessness of man, the futility of his calculations, and the insecurity of his hopes, save as founded in absolute faith in God's wisdom and goodness. It is, indeed, hard to bow in genuine submission to that Providence at such a moment of distress, and the heart will murmur and rebel, but of what avail is it? On Saturday, at sundown, there were doubts and fears of mischief, perhaps, but who dreamed of the desolation which Sunday morning's sun revealed? of the wishered fruits, and the blighted, blasted vegetation which had succeeded the grand promise of a few hours before? "What is man," says the good Book, and what indeed is he? He may plant and water, but what is secured to him of all his labor? A little frost comes, in the calm, still night, while we sleep undisturbed, and the apparently trifling agent cuts down more hopes and fortunes than a conflagation or a war of long duration. The Destroying Angel has passed by, and though we heard no rustling of wings, the work of warning or of chastening has been done no less surely. Perhaps we had, too, nearly forgotten the distresses of 1857, and the demonstrations of crowded morning prayer meetings and Sabbath day gatherings in acknowledgment that there was a God, and that we were his dependent creatures.

*Apache Whiskey.*—Our correspondent at Apache Pass, says the *Arizonian*, gives us the following account of the manner in which the Indians of this region manufacture their "disquin," or "tisween," an intoxicating liquor of extraordinary ferocity. He says: The corn is first soaked for twenty-four hours, a hole is then dug in the ground, generally in a wigwam, and some dry grass laid on the bottom; on this grass the corn is placed, and a layer of water is sprinkled over the corn, and at night the family sleep on it, to increase the warmth, and make the corn sprout quick. At the end of four or five days the corn is all sprouted; it is then dried and pounded fine, put in a kettle and boiled for five hours; when cooled, it is mixed with sugar and flour, and left to ferment for twelve hours, when it is ready for drinking. Although not rank to the taste, and fiery, its intoxicating power is very great, and when an Indian has a quart or two on board, he don't care a copper who is President of the United States.

☞It's a pity that laws cannot be made to punish *all* kinds of scoundrelism. A young lady in Cincinnati was to be led to the altar on Monday evening last, by one to whom she had given her heart's affections. Friends and acquaintances had been invited to the marriage ceremony, and a large number had convened. The hour arrived, yet the bridegroom came not. The bride and guests were in waiting, and the hour passed by, and still the bridegroom delayed making his appearance. At length the postman called at the house with a letter for the intended bride. It was from her betrothed, and contained the cards of himself and bride—he having been married the night previous to another. What punishment does the dastard deserve who could be guilty of an act like this?

☞We never thought the French were very sound on any question, but a French editor gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement which seems to us pretty sound. The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys. People who don't believe in advertising should ponder upon this.

☞The following, from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is really too bad. But the editor of that paper was once a member of Congress, and has a right to know the moral stamina of that unfortunate class of men:

"Three convicts of the Penitentiary at Washington were baptized in the Potomac River, on Sunday last, by a minister of the Baptist faith. Who shall say that members of Congress are beyond all hope?"

☞Ladies, whose husbands have a habit of snoring, will be gratified to learn that a man in Springfield has invented an apparatus, upon which he has the caveat, which is designed as a certain remedy. It fastens upon the mouth a gutta percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, and if he be a sensible man or woman—quite.