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, AUG. 15, 1859. NO. 46.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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. Nathias, " "
Jacob Reese, Esq., " "
John K. Longwell, Esq., " "
Geo. E. Wampler, Esq., " "
Rev. Thomas Bowen, Gettysburg.

Oct. 22, 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: Revs. Kurtz, Kurtz, D. D., Rev. R. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. E. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stoever.

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

DENTIST.

New Livery

ESTABLISHMENT.—CHARLES M. TARR has opened a new Livery establishment, at the stables on Washington street, occupied in part by the "Eagle Hotel," and has made such arrangements as will enable him to accommodate the public at all times, on reasonable terms, with Horses, Buggies, Hacks, &c. His stock is good, for funeral occasions, &c., he will be able to supply a want which has been much needed.

☞Terms CASH. [May 21, '58.

Here We Are Again!

JUST from the city with the best and cheapest assortment of COFFEES and MOLASSES that we have yet offered, calculated to please all persons in quality and prices: SUGARS, a very large stock, low. COFFEES, TEAS, Chocolate, Rice, Cheese, Spices, Cedar Ware, Crackers and Tea Cakes, Vinegar, Pickles, Sugar-cured HAMS and SHOULDERS, Lard, Shad, Mackerel and Herrings, Salt, Fish-nets, Twine, Buckets, &c., Baskets, Flour Sieves, Brooms, Brushes, &c., all kinds of Cordage. Concentrated Lye, Extra and Superfine FLOUR, all kinds of Feed; Potatoes, Fresh Butter and Eggs constantly on hand; Fancy Goods, Confectionaries and Fruits. Give us a call. It affords us pleasure to show our large and inviting stock.

KORBECK & MARTIN.

Gettysburg, May 30, 1859.

Groceries,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—Molasses and Sugar by the barrel, Coffee by the sack, and all kinds of Groceries, either by the quantity or in small amounts, at prices that defy competition. Call at once at

April 4. FAHNESTOCK BROS'.

Wood-land

AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will sell at private sale 52 ACRES OF LAND, on the banks of Marsh creek, near Bream's Mill, 40 Acres of which is heavily timbered. *It 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.

Wall Paper.

R. F. McILHENNY respectfully invites the attention of the public to his large stock of Wall Paper, and announces to his friends and customers, that he has made arrangements to have on hand a full and complete line of samples from 8 cents up to 50 cents a roll—so that persons *failing to be suited with his large* stock on hand, can select from his sample book and be furnished with paper at any price and in any quantity on two or three days notice.

Jan. 24, '59.

Globe Inn,

MECHANICSTOWN, Frederick county, Md.—Having been renovated and re-furnished, the proprietor assures the public that a call is only needed, as he guarantees full satisfaction in every case. Charges moderate.

HENRY HERR, Proprietor.

Feb. 14, 1859. tf

Marble Yard Removed.

THE subscriber having removed his place of business to East York street, a short distance below St. James' Church, would announce to the public that he is still prepared to furnish all kinds of work in his line, such as Monuments, Headstones, &c., &c., of every variety of style and finish, with and without bases and sockets, to suit purchasers, and at prices to suit the times. Persons desiring anything in his line will find it a decided advantage to examine his stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. B. MEALS.

Gettysburg, March 21, 1859.

Lace Caps,

MANTILLAS, &C.—Another new arrival purchased at Auction at reduced prices, and which will be sold at rates that defy competition. Our stock of Caps and Mantillas is the largest ever kept in the county, and for styles, and cheapness, it only requires an examination to induce those wishing the article to purchase. A large and general assortment of all kinds of Ladies' Dress Goods always on hand, to which we are constantly making additions.

FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS,
June 13. Sign of the Red Front.

New Goods.

GEORGE ARNOLD has just received and is now opening the largest and most beautiful assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS that has been offered to the public at any time. Also, a lot of beautiful Fancy Bonnets, Bonnet Trimmings, Shawls, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c.—A large stock of Gentlemen's Dress Goods, READY-MADE CLOTHING, &c., all of which have been bought low for cash and will be sold cheap. All persons are invited to call—the ladies' attention is particularly invited to my stock of Dress Goods, which for beauty of style cannot be beat. [April 4, 1859.

A Word to the Wise!

DON'T FAIL to call and see SAMSON'S New Goods—a large and well selected 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 LADIES' BROAD 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.

Railroad Store.

J. C. GUINN & BRO. have just received and are opening at their new store on the North-west corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, a large and complete assortment of Spring and Summer Goods and Groceries. The ladies particularly are invited to call and examine our superior styles of Dress Goods and Fancy articles, embracing everything coming properly under this head at prices not heretofore equalled, and in quality surpassed by none. GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, of every description, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Coatings, Vestings, &c., which cannot be surpassed out of the city in quality and price.

Our stock of Groceries is also complete, while every other article generally found in a Dry Goods store can be had at the "Railroad Store" of J. C. Quinn & Bro. Believing that the public can suit themselves better here than elsewhere, we invite them to give us a call. For the proof of our assertion, call and examine our stock, even if you don't buy. [April 4, 1859.

Change of Hours

ON THE GETTYSBURG RAILROAD'—*Summer Arrangement.*—On and after Tuesday, 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 9.32, 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.

E. M'CURDY, President.

April 25, 1859.

Farmers' & Mechanics'

SAVINGS INSTITUTION OF ADAMS COUNTY.—*Wealth comes by Saving.*—Deposite your surplus funds in this Institution and receive interest at the rate of from two to four per cent. This institution offers a safe, convenient and profitable depository to all classes of people.

July 4, 1859.

Removal.

THE subscriber has removed his Plough and Machine Shop from the Foundry building to Railroad street, opposite Tate's Blacksmith shop, back of the Eagle Hotel, where he is better prepared than ever to attend to customers. Ploughs always on hand and made to order at the shortest notice, and Machines, Reapers, &c., repaired. Also he will attend to cleaning and repairing Clocks.

May 10. DAVID WARREN.

The Latest News!

THE Latest news, in which all are interested is the arrival of a very large and superior stock of HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, at the cheap and fashionable store of R. F. McILHENY, at the N. E. Corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg. His stock of Hats is very extensive, comprising all the various styles of Silk Hats, Gent's black and colored Soft Dress Hats, Men's Russia Hats, (Broad-rim,) and all kinds of Men's and Boy's Sleech Hats and Caps, of the most fashionable styles—all of which are unsurpassed for beauty of style and elegance of finish. BOOTS AND SHOES.—He has also received a very large assortment of Boots and Shoes, consisting of Men's French Calf Boots, Men's French Calf Congress Gaiters, Patent Leather Gaiters and Pumps, Oxford Ties and all kinds of Men's and Boy's Dress and Coarse Shoes, Ladies and Children's Shoes and Gaiters of every style. The public is very respectfully invited to call and examine these goods before purchasing elsewhere, as it will certainly be to their advantage. R. F. McILHENY.

April 18, 1859.

What Everybody Wants.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR: containing in plain language, free from medical terms, the CAUSES, SYMPTOMS and CURE of disease in every form, with important RULES FOR PRESERVING THE HEALTH, and Directions for the Sick Chamber, and the Proper Treatment of the Sick.—This book is written in a plain, easy and familiar style, adapted expressly to family and individual use. It advocates no particular theory of medicine, but draws alike from the Flowers of the Field, the Plants of the Garden, or the Minerals of Earth, for such Remedies as have proved the most simple, safe, and effectual, believing that wherever disease has found a foothold, there the Giver of all Good has, in some form, mercifully placed a Specific. Neither does it profess to supercede the physician, but only to avoid the necessity and expense of calling him in except in dangerous cases. It is in fact a physician itself, always at hand and ready to serve you, while its simple receipt may soon save you many times its cost.

It contains 308 pages, in a clear and open type, is illustrated by appropriate engravings, and will be forwarded to your address, postage paid and neatly bound, on receipts of the price $1 00. Everybody should have it.

Agents wanted everywhere, who will find it very popular, and with whom liberal arrangements will be made. Address,

JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,
No. 917 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

July 4, 1859. 6m

Willoughby's

CELEBRATED GUM SPRING GRAIN DRILL, manufactured and for sale in the counties of Cumberland, Adams, York and Perry, by F. GARDNER & CO., Carlisle, agents for the above counties. Orders for these Drills will be received at the Agricultural Warehouse of Messrs. Sheads, Buehler & Kurtz, Gettysburg, or they may be purchased of our Travelling Agents. Orders addressed to us, at Carlisle, will receive prompt attention. Farmers are invited to examine the Willoughby Drill, which took the First Premium at the various State Fairs last fall. Several of them may now be seen at the above Agricultural Warehouse. Price $70 cash, or $75 on six months' time.

☞The above Drills are also sold in Adams county by ROBERT S. PAXTON, (agent for Daniel Strock, who manufactures them,) at Gettysburg, Fairfield and other places in the county.

May 16, 1859. 3m

SHOVELS, FORKS & HOES.—A large lot just received at the new and cheap store of A. SCOTT & SON.

CEDAR WARE.—A large assortment at reduced prices at FAHNESTOCKS'.

Poet's Corner.

THE CLOUDS.

Fleecy clouds, ye are fleeting!
In the deep blue air—
Fleecy clouds, ye are fleeting!
Wanderers where?

Fleecy clouds, ye are fleeting!
Bright and gay,
Floating, onward floating,
Far away!

Ye were of the midnight storm,
Whose sable shroud
Swept o'er the created deep,
And thundered loud.

Yet ye crowned at early dawn,
(It broke so bright!)
The mountain summits bathed
In rosy light.

Curl, and waft, and wind,
So gaily on—
Till ye fold, as crimsom gleams
The setting sun.

So richly soft, so tinged
With glowing dyes—
Ye float in gorgeous wreaths,
O'er western skies.

Rove, then, ye beauteous! rove,
Where moonbeams pour
On clustering clouds the light
That gushes o'er!

Yet as the night-wind sighs,
High sweeping there—
Like phantoms at the blast,
Ye vanish! where?

Miscellaneous.

Pen-Droppings for The Compiler.

EVER GREEN CEMETERY—CONTINUED.

A brother of Fanny Fern, N. P. Willis, in his A l'Abri, or the Tent Pitched, speaks of Laurel Hill as certainly the most beautiful Cemetery in the world, after the Necropolis of Scutari—a broad claim, and probably well founded at the time he thus wrote. Were he, however, to visit Erer Green, even at this early stage of its existence, he would find occasion sufficient to include it in the exception he makes.

We accord all due praise to Laurel Hill. It certainly is very beautiful, and extremely well adapted by nature to the purposes of artistic decoration and rural interment; its sombre glades and dells are replete with soothing sweetness; many and costly ornaments of taste and genius have therein been erected, among which stand prominent Thom's free-stone statues of Old Mortality, his Pony and of Sir Walter Scott.

Many of your readers, I presume, have not read Waverly, and are consequently not familiar with the history of Old Mortality. Let us, therefore, have a word or two about him.

Principally in the districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries, Scotland, are the secluded graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment; but wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them, and deepen with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in Scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat, of coarse cloth called *hoddin*-gray, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and gramaches or leggings, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether or halter, and sunk, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle or saddle. A canvass pouch hung round the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Thus equipped, he was usually to be seen within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, as he busied himself in cleansing the moss from the gray stones, and renewing with his chisel the half defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which those simple monuments are usually adorned.

Such is the picture Scott has given us of this eccentric old man, whose real name nor the place of his birth are yet accurately known. We may well suppose, however, that it was from motives of sincere though fanciful devotion, which induced him to dedicate about thirty years of his life to those erratic pilgrimages through the mountains, moors, and solitary wilds of his country, to the tombs of the Covenanters, and acquiring, from his converse with the dead, the popular and significant appelation of Old Mortality.

Will Ever Green ever have its counterpart of Old Mortality? Will the time ever come in which some pious itinerant will engage himself in removing the dank grass and gray moss from the monuments, and renewing the defaced inscriptions on the otherwise forgotten repositories of her dead? I trust not. The artist Time, however, will labor as effectually here as elsewhere, and the dilapidation and decay which follow in his wake, can be *counteracted only* by unremitted labor, and devotion to the purposes of care and embellishment. Those graves, with their adornments and pleasing decorations, are the *last homes* of our departed, and we should never *forget* that therein may, possibly, lie the remains of many, very many, who after having learned life's fruitful, and sorrowful lesson—after having experienced its hopes, dreams, imaginings, had their hearts withered, blasted, broken, and rendered passionless, and and solitary, by the departure of all the joys of life, and found at last, in the tomb, God's best blessing—peace.

We can never too highly appreciate the sanctity and sacredness of the tomb, "for there is a divinity that speaks in the lessons from the grave, which cannot be misunderstood, and which find, a response in every soul not utterly callous and insensible to its noble destinies."

"I know," says the Rev. Mr. Archer, "it may be said, why think of the temple—why lavish ornament on it when the inhabitant has fled? When breath—feeling—thought—MAN has gone? The question is cold, freezingly, unnaturally cold—as an appeal to experience, to the heart, demonstrates. Why do we impatiently visit the scenes of infancy—where, nursed in the affection, we have listened to the counsels of age? Why, but because the past is hallowed—and nature, whose impulses are stronger than philosophy, irresistably guides us there? Nature, far more heart-stirring, impressive, and universal, in her eloquence, pleads for the sacredness of man's remains—for the sanctity of the tomb."

Common usage, which is the sensible definition of precedent, is weaving around those Cemetery enterprises, a chain of authority, lasting as adamant, and which, thanks to the force of an enlightened civilization, anarchy, bigotry, infidelity or the so miscalled spirit of improvement, *dare not* sunder. That the friends and patrons of this enterprise will move continuously forward in the work they have begun so nobly, there is no room to doubt, and the zeal which they have manifested, and are now manifesting in their care, embellishment and preservation of the Cemetery grounds and property, prompts the gratifying reflection, that visitors may, in after years, long hence to come, there repose, beneath the pensile, pliant, fibrous-like branches of the Salix Babalonica, drooping mournfully in close proximity to the delicate, fragile, and flickering Sorbus Americana, which affords a pleasing contrast to its more stately neighbor the Aesculus Ohioensis, with its saw-edged, broad, and rather coarse looking leaves, and contemplate the imposing air of grandeur imparted to the grounds by the many classical and tastefully arranged artistical ornaments, so highly finished, that, to some of them at least, the smallest addition or removal, would spoil the entire symmetry of their exact proportions.

Bravo Woman.

A Paris paper gives the following account of a brave vivandiere:

Madame Cros, a vivandiere of the fort Chasseurs, a pretty woman of twenty-two, and a wife of one of the chasseurs, requested permission of her husband, who was in the reserve, to follow the attack and assist the wounded at Solferino. Taking with her her keg of brandy, a canteen of water, and a package of linen and lint, she went forward into the thick of the fight, heedless of the bullets, and dressing the wounds of many of the men, and among them that of the Cent Garde, who was struck in the head when close to the Emperor. A short time after she saw one of the chasseurs lying on the ground, wounded in the side. She stooped down and gave him some water with a few drops of brandy in it. While the man was drinking, a ball broke her little finger, smashed the glass, and killed the man. Madame Cros then proceeded to the ambulance to have her wound dressed, and while on the way saw a soldier named Rose, both of whose legs had been perforated by a ball. Being wounded herself, she could not lift the man up, but she adopted another expedient. She stopped down, and telling him to clasp both his arms round her neck, in that manner she managed to drag him to the ambulance. On the following day Madame Cros was told by the surgeon that her finger must be amputated. "Well, then," said she, "do it at once," and the operation was effected without her uttering a word. Some rings on her middle finger which were broken by the ball were afterwards presented to the Emperor, to whom the courageous conduct of the *cantiniere* was related.

Curing Green Corn.

The following is the Indian method by which they treat green corn for making succotish, &c., during winter. When the green corn is fit for use, a pit is dug from two to three feet in diameter at the top, and gradually enlarging it at the bottom, say five feet down, from six to eight feet in diameter. A large fire is then built near by, on which stones are heated, and when red-hot the stones and live coals are shoveled into the bottom of the pit, and sprinkled over with fine loose dirt. The corn is then thrown in with the husks on, just as it is pulled from the stalk, until the pit is nearly full. Then comes a thin layer of loose dirt, then hot stones (enough to close the pit,) and the whole covered with earth to retain the heat. When the whole cools off (which takes several days) the pit is opened and the corn is found to be most delightfully cooked. When cool, the husks are stripped off and the corn dried in the sun; when thoroughly dried the corn is shelled off easily, and is then packed away in bags for use.

☞The San Francisco Fourth-of-July orator, Mr. John V. Watson, would up in the following "thrilling" style:

"But if the time shall unhappily come when this mighty fabric shall yield to the parricidal attacks of civil discord, I pray God that its fate may be oblivious, that no wreck or vestage of its existence may remain to attest its former greatness or incite the story of its fall. Let the Atlantic and the Pacific meet in a mournful embrace over its ruins, and their commingled wavessing its requiem."

☞Washington had a silver seal, which was lost on Braddock's field in 1755. In 1814 it was ploughed up, and picked up about 80 yards from the spot on which Braddock is supposed to have fallen. He also had a golden seal which was lost and ploughed up in a field after fourteen years. Two such events in the history of one man are very remarkable. These seals are now worn by Col. Washington, (not the possessor of Mount Vernon,) the nearest living representative of the General.

Case of Russian Justice.

Last December an officer in the elegant uniform of the Chevalier Guards galloped along one of the most crowded and fashionable streets in Petersburg. Passing a *magasin de modes*, he saw a charming young girl enter. He followed her, and was struck by her cheerful but modest grace, and the freshness and tenderness which distinguished her. On her retiring, he learnt that she was the daughter of a poor *chimoeich*, (civilian,) that the shop-people worked for her at a low rate, from admiration of her youth and character, and that she would return at six.

That officer, with two of his friends, indulged in a sumptuous dinner, inflaming his passions with costly champagne. But exactly at six, a large and gorgeous *trokia* (a double-seated sledge) stopped near the *magasin*, harnessed with three splendid horses. The poor Olga advanced, was instantly half-stifled in a fur cloak, lifted into the *trokia*, carried on to Czarsko Zelo, where a convenient and lonely house of entertainment awaited them, and was there brutally ravished, after indignantly rejecting every kind of bribe. But her resistance was so violent that she disfigured the faces of her assailants.

On her return her father appealed to the hated police, but in vain. The police-master assured him that the criminals could not be identified. On this her brother, an officer in a country regiment, was written to. He was indefatigable in his inquiries, discovering that three officers had suddenly announced themselves sick, to hide the scars in their faces, wrote a petition to the Emperor, and succeeded in awakening his sympathy. The police-master was summoned, and the Czar charged him instantly to procure a true report of what had passed. This was done.—The criminal was Prince Galitzio.

But mark the punishment. The Czar instantly compelled him to marry the sufferer, endowed her on the spot with half his worldly goods, making her at once very wealthy, and then immediately issued an ukase of divorce, leaving her entirely free. All three officers were transported to a country regiment, deep in the heart of Russia, and were refused any rise in military rank.

Never was practical justice more rapid and more complete. The sentence does honor to the Emperor, and almost makes us long, in certain cases, for an omnipotent despot.—But this is not the only instance in which Alexander II. has given proofs of a good heart and great vigor.

The circumstance has excited an immense sensation in the Russian capital, and will doubtless have good results.

One of the Mayors.

The worthy Mayor of a Western city, well known to a host of admiring and warm friends had "a case" before him: in the person of an individual taken up on suspicion in offering a counterfeited note of hand of a well known firm, for sale. He could not prove its genuineness, and was committed to jail until information could be had from the parties. When it came, it was entirely satisfactory; the note was good, and the young man's character was put beyond doubt. The Mayor had him brought to his office, and thus addressed him:

"Young man, it is my duty to congratulate you on being so fortunate, for had the note been a counterfeit, you certainly would have been sent to the Penitentiary; you may go, *and let it be a lesson to you.*"

The young man demurred to the sentence, it being proved that the note came directly into his hands from the makers of it, and he insisted that he had been badly treated by being put in prison several days, and his character aspersed.

"Not at all," says our worthy dignitary; "*you have had a fair investigation, and it is* very fortunate for you that the note proves to be a genuine one; for assuredly you would have been sent to the Penitentiary if it had proved a *counterfeit. Now, go, and sin no more.*"

He went—and our aforesaid Mayor cannot be made to see the transaction in any other light than as a fortunate thing for the young man that the note was genuine!

An Adventure.

A boy who had been brought up in a log house in Illinois, which, of course, was not much encumbered with useless furniture, was sent one day on an errand to a neighbor's house, where several articles of more fashionable contrivance had just been received from the "Eastward," and, among other things, a looking glass, which was suspended opposite the door. The boy had never before seen his own face; and when, on entering the house, the first object which presented itself to his view was a dirty looking phiz, surrounded by long, shaggy, yellow hair, he was so frightened that, without further ceremony, he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him, exclaiming, "*Daddy, daddy, I've seen the devil!*"

Self-Evidently Drunk.—Old P. who resides at Okolona, Miss., is well known as one who never pays a debt if it can be avoided.

Has plenty of money, however, and is a jolly, rollicking old chap. Gets pretty drunk occasionally, when, of course, some friend takes care of him. Not long ago he fell into the hands of a friend who held his note for a sum of money, and, as it was a last chance, the friend dived out old P's wallet and took out the amount of the note where the money had been. When he awoke to consciousness, as was his wont, he took his wallet out to count how much money he had out. Finding his purse almost empty, he thundered:

"How in the h—ll did I spend all my money?"

"You paid off that note I held," answered the friend.

"Well," muttered old P., quietly stowing away his wallet, "I must have been very drunk!"

☞Judge Von Iersmith, of Lancaster, who is serving out his term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced by Judge Cadwalader, is engaged at chair-making in the Eastern Penitentiary. The Philadelphia *Press* says, his health continues good, although, of course, he is much depressed in spirits. There is, however, no change in his general appearance. Strong efforts have been and will be made by many prominent and influential citizens of various States to obtain a full pardon for the unfortunate prisoner. At the time the sentence was imposed, its severity was everywhere commented upon, and tended greatly to produce sympathy in behalf of the Judge.

☞Justice Cole, of Albany, said a good thing the other day. A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before the Squire and had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice!" replied Cole, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you."

☞To spin and weave, to knit and sew, was once a girl's employment; but now to dress and catch a beau, is all she calls enjoyment.

☞An important question about to be decided—What becomes of the tail of the Mully-grub when it turns into a Bloodynoun?

The Postmasters and the National Washington Monument.

One of the plans adopted by the "National Washington Monument Society" to raise funds, is to request the postmasters throughout the country to give aid to the enterprise, by placing boxes within their respective offices for the reception of contributions and forwarding the returns to this place. However insignificant by themselves the amounts contributed may be, they will swell to an important aggregate if collected from all of the 30,000 postoffices throughout the United States. A few cents a month transmitted regularly by each, would suffice in a few years to raise the shaft to its intended height. The Postmaster General, in his letter, approving of this course, addressed to Lieutenant Ives, closes with the following forcible and patriotic remarks:

"The erection at the metropolis of the republic of a monument which shall express the nation's estimate of the grandeur of Washington's character, and the greatness of his services to the cause of human liberty, is an enterprise which addresses itself warmly to the patriotism of every American heart.

"It is the privilege of postmasters, and others associated with the postal service in common with all other citizens, to give to this enterprise such support. It is as citizens, and not as officers, that their influence will be invoked, and I doubt not that, in this laudable endeavor worthily to illustrate and perpetuate the fame of the Father of his Country, they will yield to none in the promptness and earnestness of their co-operation."

Origin of Various Plants.

Wheat, although considered by some as a native of Sicily, originally came from the central table land of Thibet, where it yet exists as a grass, with small mealy seeds. Rye exists wild in Siberia. Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya. Oats were brought from North America. Millet, one species, is a native of India; another, of Egypt and Abyssinia—Rice was brought from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America.—Peas are of an unknown origin. Vetches are natives of Germany. The garden bean is from East India. Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Turkey. Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples. The poppy was brought from the East. The sun-flower from Peru. Hops came to perfection as a wild flower from Germany. Saffron came from Egypt. Horse-raddish from South Europe. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. Tobago and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia.

What is Sqhantum?

"This is a great country" for new fangled terms. The latest is "squantum," defined as "a species of fun known to the Nantucket folks." Here's the description:

"A party of ladies and gentlemen go to one of the famous watering places of resort, where they fish, dig clams, talk, laugh, sing, dance, play, bathe, sail, eat, and have a general "good time." The food generally consists of chowder, baked clams, and fun. No one is invited to the sacred circle who will take offence at a joke, and every one is expected to do his or her part towards creating a general laugh. Any man who speaks of business affairs, except matrimony—is immediately reproved, and on a second offence, publicly chastised. Care is thrown to the wind, politics discarded, war ignored, pride humbled, stations levelled, wealth scorned, virtue exalted, and—this is squantum."

☞A waggish chap, whose vixen wife, by drowning, lost her precious life, called out his neighbors and told them that his spouse was drowned—and could not be found. He knew, he said, the very nook where she had tumbled in the brook; and he had dragged along the shore, above the place, a mile or more.—"Above the place?" the people cried. "Why, what d'ye mean?" The man replied. "Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below! I've known the woman quite a spell, and learned her whimsies passing well—alive or dead, she'd go, I vow, against the current, anyhow!"

Saving Time.—A clergyman, who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down, a few days ago, by his Irish plowman, who was sitting at his plow, in a tobacco field, resting his horse. The reverend gentleman, being a great economist, said with great seriousness—"John, would'nt it be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be hubbing a few hashes along the fence while the horse is resting." John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine wore himself replied: "Wouldn't it be well sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?" The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.

Egg Crops.—Here is a recipe which my wife sends you to make a very fine bread, especially for farmers' use:—Take one quart of corn meal—pour a sufficient quantity of boiling water over it to make a thick batter—then add a tablespoonful of lard, salt to suit the taste, and three eggs. Then stir up well and drop a tablespoonful in separate places on a griddle or spider previously warmed, and let them cook brown. You will find them excellent. Just try them yourselves.—*Country Gentleman.*

Fatal Accident.—We regret to learn that Mr. James M'Carthy, belonging to Carlisle, while attempting to get on the cars at Newville, fell and was run over by the train. He died before reaching Carlisle.

☞Col. Braxton Bragg, to whom Gen. Taylor, at the battle of Palo Alto, addressed the famous words, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," is reported to be the Democratic candidate for a local office at Lafourche, La.

☞A physician had a brother who was a jeweler, but the jeweler had no brother who was a physician; how was that? Ease the physician was a female.

☞A bachelor friend of ours has left a boarding-house, in which were a number of old maids, on account of the "miserable *fair* set before him at the table."

☞Who has the greatest power of endurance in these days? The ladies, of course, don't they *stand out* against all creation.

☞Why is a butcher's cart like his boots? Because he carries his calves there.

☞Why is one apple as good as two? Because one apple is as good as a *pear.*

☞A drinking friend says that champagne suppers would be glorious if there were no to-morrows.

☞Bill Snooks says, "if all the world's a stage, women wag the tongue and guide the vehicle."

Mock Turtle.—Calling a husband "my dear" in public, and "you brute" in private.

Black Republicanism and Abolitionism out.

The Black Republicans out of Ohio, have denied with indignation that the rejection of *Judge Swan, for Judge of the Supreme Court,* by the late Republican Convention at Columbus, was in consequence of his action in recognizing the Fugitive Slave Law; but now we have an explicit letter from Judge Spalding, of Cleveland, a prominent Black Republican, who has been permanently engaged as counsel for the Oberlin rescuers, which fully explains the action of the Convention, and gives a pretty clear insight into the designs of the Black Republican leaders for the future. The letter has the merit of both brevity and frankness. It is as follows:

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 28, 1859.

GEO. W. WESTON, Esq.—*Dear Sir:*—I beg leave to call your attention to an "editorial" in your paper (weekly) of the 25th instant, under the title or heading of "Judge Swan of Ohio," and in doing so, to say that the writer is deceived if he supposes that Judge Swan was left off the ticket on account of his residence in Columbus. He was dropped for the reason that he, as a Judicial officer, recognized the Fugitive Slave enactment of 1850 to be of binding force in Ohio; and the other two Judges, who were with him in opinion, will be dropped, in the same way, so soon as they are reached in the order of time. We do not recognize men to be Republicans, here, in Northern Ohio, who will for a moment sustain that miserable enactment.

They were not so recognized at Philadelphia in 1856.

I know there are politicians in our ranks, who aim to emasculate the Republican Organization with a view to their individual aggrandizement.

Let them beware; and let us beware of them.

Take from the Republican party its anti-slavery element, and you leave it a lifeless corpse.

If it were possible to accomplish a victory by any such "getting down stairs," I should greatly prefer a defeat, and thousands, who, like you and me, came from the line of the old Democratic party, would bow their heads with shame if they found they had aided in restoring the old Whig dynasty at the expense of freedom.

I pray you to publish this communication in your next paper. I am very sincerely, your friend, R. P. SPALDING.

That Two Year Amendment.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware that the Know-Nothing Republicans throughout the North and West, particularly, have been endeavoring to break the force of the condemnation which justly attached to their party, for the two year amendment of the Massachusetts Constitution, prohibiting foreigners from the right of suffrage until two years after their naturalization; and that as a set-off to this proscriptive action of theirs, they have been representing, through their presses, that a similar provision existed in what they are pleased to call "the Democratic State of South Carolina." Unfortunately for them, however, they are again detected in an effort to cover up their wrong doing by falsehood. It turns out that no such law as they have charged upon South Carolina, exists there, as is shown by the following letter from the Secretary of State, of that State, to a gentleman of Ohio:

OFFICE SECRETARY OF STATE,
COLUMBIA, S. C., June 11, '59.

In answer to your letter of the 4th of this month, I would state that a foreigner under the present law, as soon as he has taken the oath of allegiance, and received his certificate under the seal of Clerk of Court, is entitled to all the privileges of a native-born citizen. There was a law in this State, ratified on the 26th of March, 1784, which prevented the foreigner from voting until he had been two years in possession of his certificate of citizenship, but that law is repealed.

WILLIAM R. HUNT,
Deputy Secretary of State.

It thus appears (remarks the Pennsylvanian,) that Northern Know-Nothing Republicans have established in Massachusetts, and attempted to enact in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and other States, an odious and unjust policy towards naturalized foreigners, which South Carolina repudiated and repealed nearly seventy years ago; for by another letter from the Secretary of State, we are informed that the repeal took place in 1790!

Cure for Bronchitis.

One of our cleverest and most reliable friends inform us that common mullen leaves, smoked in a new pipe—one in which tobacco had never been used—is a sure and certain cure for Bronchitis. The remedy is simple and innocent, and within the reach of all. Recollect that this is not the remedy of a retired physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out, but is given to us by one who has tried it himself and seen it tried by others, and has never known it to fail in effecting a permanent cure. The remedy is simple, and we can certainly discover no harm likely to arise from a trial.—U. S. Journal.

Eight Children at a Birth.—On the 21 of August Mrs. Timothy Bradley gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls.—They are all living, and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. B.'s family is increasing fast.—He was married six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed 273 pounds on the day of their marriage. She has given birth to two pair of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. It seems strange, but nevertheless is true, Mrs. B was a twin of three, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pair of twins. So says a correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Trumbull co., Ohio.

☞A drunken wretch went to hear a Universalist preach. The preacher argued that, no