

TERMS
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THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.
42ND YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1860. NO. 45.

POST'S CORNER.
"SOWING HIS WILD OATS."
"Sowing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep, in the heart of a mother to blossom in tears, and shadow with grief the decline of her years.
"Sowing his wild oats," to silt the head of the sire who watched his first pulse throbbing with joy.
"Sowing his wild oats," to spring upon and choke the flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.
"Sowing his wild oats," Aye! cheeks shall grow pale, and sorrow shall wither the heart of the wife, when manhood thus squanders the prime of his life.
"Sowing his wild oats," Death only shall With his sharpened scythe; the fruit will be found in the graveyard near by, death that grass-covered mound.

"Thin Shoes—Thin Shoes."
Yesterday at 3 o'clock a young lady of sixteen summers took final leave of her father, mother and all earthly friends, including a husband to whom she had been married less than half a year. A sad and lonely journey it has been to her and her husband, as well as the parents who doled over this, their only child, for even a year ago the alarming hectic which she had contracted elicited the whisper of possible consumption.
Like thousands of others in blooming youth, she heeded not sufficiently the kind caution against little violations of the laws of health, and admired little feet. Yesterday a very dear friend, about her age, who instinctively hovered about the dying bed of her youthful friend, was present when the interesting scene closed. During the leave taking, which occupied considerable time, on account of the shortness of breath, the dying bride looked earnestly at her young friend and said, "Mattie, come here," and then summoning her strength for an extra effort, added, "Thin Shoes, Thin Shoes."
At what a fearful cost was that lesson learned, and how few seem willing to learn it for loss. To-morrow, in her full wedding robes, Lizzie passes to the silent tomb, leaving with the thousand pleasant recollections of her sainted mother, the eloquent sermon pronounced in those expressive words—"Thin Shoes, Thin Shoes"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Affected Incident.
Baptism of a Dying Girl.—The Albany Express says:—"On Sunday morning several young folks were baptized at Rev. Dr. Magoon's church.—The first person baptized was a young girl, perhaps sixteen years old, in the last stage of consumption. She was literally arrayed in her grave clothes, in which she was baptized with the robe in which she was placed in her coffin.
She obtained her mother's permission to be baptized, and then acquainted the pastor with her desire. She was brought to the pool in the arms of her uncle, attended by her mother, and lifted into the arms of the pastor, who gently immersed her head, after repeating the usual words. The scene was very affecting, causing some of the spectators to sob with emotion.
She was so far gone that it was feared she might expire during the ceremony, yet after it was performed she expressed a wish to be brought to the church in the afternoon, partook of the Lord's Supper, which was granted.—After her supper, when in another room she sang the doxology, "Praise God," and when in her carriage, Dr. Magoon asked her how she felt, she whispered, 'I have fought a good fight.'"

Afflicted Dispensations.—The training of horses to walk fast is proposed as a matter of premium for the Agricultural Fair. The "Country Gentleman" thinks "horses trained to walk fast would think a greater benefit to farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk. I once knew a man in Massachusetts, who, before the railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait if kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained."

Fast Walking Horses.—The training of horses to walk fast is proposed as a matter of premium for the Agricultural Fair. The "Country Gentleman" thinks "horses trained to walk fast would think a greater benefit to farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk. I once knew a man in Massachusetts, who, before the railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait if kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained."

Perhaps Brother Jonathan does carry his hands in his pockets," said a drawing Yankee in dispute with an Englishman, "but the difference between him and John Bull is, that Brother Jonathan has his hands in his own pockets, while John Bull has his in somebody else's."
—He that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

Educating the Heart.
The following remarks from a late number of the London Quarterly Review, with reference to educating the heart before the head is too full, commend themselves to all who have the management of children:
It is in the vic of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head, and to forget that there is more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when he is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart, and a father will instill more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotyped aphorisms.
No physician doubts that precocious children in fifty cases to one are much worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundations for insanity are laid. When the studies of a former year are stuffed into the child's head, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man. The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted mainly to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles rather than to the acquirement of what is usually called knowledge.
Nature herself points out each a course; for the emotions are then the liveliest and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery. The actions of the immense majority are under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should think profoundly.

The Way to John Smith's.
Traveler—Good morning, sir. Will you direct me the way to John Smith's?
Squatter—Certainly, sir; if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's.
T—Glad to hear it. Please direct the way.
S.—That I will, sir. As I was saying, if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. John and me moved out from North Carolina together; and he has got the truest pulling yoke of oxen you ever saw in your born days. The way they pull—
T.—My dear sir, I am in a hurry to get on. Will you be so good as to direct me?
S.—Will I? Why that's what I am going to do. As I was saying, John and me moved out together. He settled over there just to 'other side of the maple swamp—but he don't live there now.
T.—In the name of wonder, where does he live then? Now do, my good sir, just inform me the way!
S.—I will that, for, as I was saying, if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. Why, John and me married sisters, and he's got a jam up wife, I tell you. She can spin her six cuts a day and attend to family duties in the bargain. And—
T.—I declare, sir, I shall get impatient presently. My business is with John Smith—not his wife, or her family affairs either.
S.—Exactly, sir, I understand that. But, as I was saying, John's nigger man, Bob, is, I do reckon, the valiantest nigger in all these diggins'. Why, he can pick out his 150 pounds of cotton a day, and then shell a turn of corn for mill at night. He's a clinker, now mind I tell you.
T.—Well, I would be glad to see so smart a negro as Mr. Bob; so do, I pray, direct me to his master's.
S.—Don't be in such a sweat, mister; I can tell you something more about John's family you'd like to know. He's got the smartest little gal that's in all Arkansas. She's only been to school two years, and she has got as far as amplification.
T.—Confound John Smith's daughter and you with her! I think you had better say so far as amplification, yourself.—For I asked you a simple question and you have been amplifying for half an hour on different subjects and I am no nearer getting an answer, it seems, than at first.—
S.—Look here, stranger; don't you confound John's daughter, for she's my niece, and a smart one she is too. Besides, it is not respectful to talk so about the child, seeing you know nothing about her.
T.—I beg your pardon, sir, I did speak too hastily. But come, tell me the way to John Smith's; for that is all I want to know just now. Which road shall I take?
S.—Tell you the way? Yes, that I will. Why my Bill knows the way to your uncle John's. Bill, didn't you go to your uncle John's the other afternoon, two years ago? And didn't you ride old Dick over to carry a bag of cotton to the gin for spinnin' truck? And didn't old Dick skirt and like to flung you? And—
T.—Good day, sir; and may old Nick take you, and John Smith's daughter, nigger Bob and the whole family!
S.—The same to you and your'n.—Well, such another man I never did see. Why, he's as techous as a half-skinned cat. Only to think, he kept axin' and axin', and I kept tellin' and tellin', and he wouldn't stay to hear the answer at last. Well, let him go ahead; but I loathe that road, he'll never get to John Smith's, that's sartin'.

A Child Kept in a Carpet Bag for Ten Weeks.—The Johnstown Echo relates the following strange story:—"A young woman named Ann Maria Riffo, of Somerset county, was unknown to any one, delivered of a child on the 7th day of January last, in Cambria City, which she placed in her carpet bag, and kept concealed until the 15th of the present month, when it was discovered by a gentleman with whom she was living, during her temporary absence. Information was immediately made, and the girl arrested by officer Gageby, when she at once acknowledged being the mother of the child, and having kept it in the carpet-bag from the time of its birth—a period of near ten weeks. Esquire Flatery held an inquisition on the body of the child, and a post mortem examination was made by Drs. Lowman and Ringell. No marks of violence were discovered, and the physicians and jury were satisfied that the child had not come to its death by violence. Another singular thing is the fact that there was not the least scent or unpleasant smell about the child. The mother appears to be an innocent, simple creature, and had evidently no disposition to destroy her child. She was released on bail for her appearance at Court.

Bugs Killed with Alum.—Make a solution of alum as strong as water will dissolve, and apply it hot to places infested with bugs of any sort, in bedsteads, closets, or trees and plants, taking care not to apply it so as to kill tender plants, and the bugs will take a stronger dislike to the locality. You may brush it in cracks and crevices in floors, ceilings, or walls of a room, or in holes and nesting places of these small vermin in plants and trees.

A Schoolmaster asked a fair pupil, "can you decline a kiss?" She replied, dropping a perplexed countenance, "yes, sir, I can, but I hate to playfully." Why is a sick Jew like a diamond? Because it's a Jew-ill.

An honest Dutchman, training his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him: "Who was that would not sleep with Botolph's wife?" "Thosoph!" "Dat is a goot boy. Vell, vot vos de reason he would not sleep mit her?" "Don't know—shose he vass't shleepy."

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A Sympathizing Woman.
If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs we should, without hesitation, call her a sympathizing woman.—Nobody was troubled with any malady she hadn't suffered.
"She knew all about it by experience and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart."
Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road toward the house, he should be called upon to entertain her, so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.
Hastily procuring a large blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself on a sofa near by.
"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.
"Oh, dreadfully," groaned the invalid.
"What's the matter?"
"Oh, a great many things. First and foremost I've got a congestion of the brain."
"That's dreadful," sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I came pretty near dying of it ten years ago come next spring. What do you?"
"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.
"There I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got over it all right," continued Bob.
"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuralgia. It's a awful complaint."
"There, again I'm very much distressed by inflammation of the bowels."
"If you've got that, I pity you," commented Mrs. Dobbs; "for three years steady I was afflicted with it, and I don't think I've fully recovered from it yet."
"Rheumatism," added Bob.
"Yes, that's pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me."
"Toothache," suggested Bob.
"There have been times, Mr. Turner, when I thought I should have gone driving with the toothache."
"Then," said Bob, who, having temporarily run out his stock of medical terms, resorted to a scientific name—"I'm very much afraid that I've got the tetelystaurus."
"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the ever ready Mrs. Dobbs; "I had it, when I was young."
Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued:
"I am suffering a great deal from a sprained ankle."
"Then you can sympathize with me, Mr. Turner. I sprained mine as I was coming along."
"But that isn't the worst of it."
"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.
"I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, but the fact is—here Bob groaned with me, and the doctor agrees with me that my reason is affected, in that I am short I'm a little crazy!"
Bob took breath and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.
"Oh, Mr. Turner, it is possible," exclaimed the lady. "It is horrible! I know it is.—I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself!"
Bob could stand it no longer; he burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for the precursor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

Free Homes—In the Senate.
The New York Tribune ought to try and conceal a little better its exultation over the prospect that the homestead bill will be defeated in the Senate.—That paper pretends to be in favor of the bill; but if any of its friends, who support it on principle, would like to know of what sort the Tribune's friendship is, we refer them to the following brief but expressive paragraph from an article in that journal, headed as above:
"And if it (the homestead bill) shall be again throttled, whether by President or Senate, we shall be consoled by the hope that this act will go far to insure the triumph of the friends of free homesteads in the approaching Presidential election."
Or, in terms only a very little plainer, we (the Tribune) hope the bill will be defeated in the Senate, or vetoed by the President, in order that we may get votes against the Democratic party on that issue.
Is there anything, human or divine, that the Tribune and its supporters would not willingly see sacrificed if the sacrifice would get votes for their party? We need no clearer avowal to show the hollow-heartedness of its and their friendship to the principle of the homestead bill; and we believe that the same hollow-hearted demagoguery characterizes the strictest of their profession of devotion to principle in every case. In the precise spirit of the above avowal would the Tribune wish that every Southern slaveowner might become a Legree in cruelty, in order that the "groans of the slave" might get

Connecticut.
The Republicans have carried Connecticut by a majority of about 540, one of the hottest campaigns ever known in that State. A few more such victories in New England, and the Republican party is undone. The vote of Connecticut shows the gradual decline of Republicanism in its stronghold. At the Presidential election of 1856, Fremont carried the State by a majority of 7,705 over Buchanan, and 5,000 over Buchanan and Fillmore combined.—Last year the Republican majority in the State was over 1,800, and this year, after the most strenuous exertions, and although the vote polled shows a large increase, the Republicans have only succeeded in saving the State by some 540 votes. If the reaction goes on at this rate, Connecticut is sure to cast her vote for the nominee of the Charleston Convention.

The New England States have heretofore been set down as sure for the Republican candidate for President, but this Connecticut election materially alters this calculation. The Republicans cannot rely securely upon all the Eastern States, and will not be free to direct their energies to Pennsylvania and New Jersey. They will have to fight the battle at home, in the heart of New England. In this view nothing has occurred since 1856 so damaging to the Republican party as this very Connecticut election.
It presents another problem not in the least encouraging to the Republican party. If it requires so much exertion and such a lavish expenditure of money to carry Connecticut by a majority of 540—a State which went for the Republicans in 1856 by more than 5,000 majority over all opposing parties—what possible chance have the Republicans of carrying the great conservative State of Pennsylvania? The same reactionary movement which has cut down the Republican majority in Connecticut, operates with tenfold power in Pennsylvania, and will sweep the Republican party from the field at the next election like straw before a whirlwind. Well may the New York Tribune exclaim in despondent tones, "Connecticut shows that the approaching Presidential contest is to be the severest ever known." It promises to be particularly severe to the Republican party—much more severe than the contest of 1856.

The Prospects.
The newspapers from all parts of the State come to us full of expressions of confidence in the result, next fall. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among our ranks throughout the entire State. The Democracy are wide awake and are making ready for the contest, with a determination that indicates victory.—The utmost harmony seems everywhere to exist, and the Opposition are already trembling in anticipation of defeat.—They know, full well, their doom, when a united Democracy is in the field.
We say it, without attempting the game of brag, but because it is our deliberate judgement, that Pennsylvania is certain for Foster, and certain for the nominee of the Charleston Convention.—*Carlisle Democrat.*

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votes for Dr. H. Republicanism. Each moral equality and political demagoguery excites the unmitigated disgust of every decent beholder.
The Public Printing—A \$50,000 Book
Ordered to be Printed!
Mr. Gurley, of Ohio, recently made a grand flourish in the House touching the "reforms" he intended to effect in the printing department of the Government; and, no doubt, some believed him to be sincere. But what will our readers think when we tell them that, within a few days past, at the instance and on the recommendation of Mr. Gurley, chairman of the Committee on Printing, ten thousand extra copies of Gov. Stevens' report (printed by order of the Senate at the close of the last session) were ordered to be printed by the House. The cost of this book will be upwards of fifty thousand dollars, and the Government will pay twice for the composition. This will materially help the Republicans to "take care of their wounded" to use an expression borrowed from Mr. Thos. Ford, the House Printer. The members generally could not have had an idea of the immense cost of this work at the time they voted to print it, or certainly they would not have been willing to re-print so costly a book at a time when they seem incapable of talking about anything but the enormities of the "printing plunder." We think the fact above stated will convince every honest and reflecting man that the professions of economy and reform so loudly made by the Republicans of the House is a mere scheme to cover the corruptions they intend to perpetrate before the close even of the present session.
That Gov. Stevens' Report is a valuable and interesting work we have no doubt; but having already been printed for the use of the Government, its republication is a piece of the most wasteful extravagance that has ever yet characterized the public printing; and, if this system is to be adopted, you may reduce the price of actual printing 90 per cent., and yet the expenditures in the printing department will run up to millions of dollars. The wrong is not in the printing law; it is not to be found in the prices paid for composition and press-work, but in the extravagant orders so frequently made by Congress.—*Washington Constitution.*

Our Country.
If ever a nation was dobnached by a man, the American nation has been dobnached by Washington. If ever a nation was dobnached by a man, the American nation has been dobnached by Washington. Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages. Let it serve to be a warning that no man may be an idol. Let the history of the federal government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people. Many of our readers may know where this language comes from, but if any one of us at this day were to meet with the above extract, without a knowledge of its source, could we believe that it was written and published in the United States?—Mr. Buchanan, in the spirited and well-deserved philippic launched at his transgressors in Congress the other day, who were too mean to make an open and direct attack upon him, alluded to Washington's just complaint that he had been treated more discourteously than a pickpocket. And it was so. And of the rest of our statesmen, the most patriotic and self-sacrificing of our public men, have incurred the most ungenerous abuse from a press which has lavished its praises upon the basest and most unworthy. It is a quotation with which this article opens is from a paper published in Philadelphia, of considerable standing and influence at the time, called the *Aurora*, and the language is that which with it treated the retirement of Gen. Washington from public life at the close of his most honorable and memorable career as a soldier and statesman. His "Farewell Address" was received in the same spirit by other newspapers of that day. But public confidence could not be alienated from such a man, and, with one or two exceptions, the Legislatures of the States exhibited the most affectionate regard for his paternal counsel and the profoundest respect for his name and fame.—*Balt. Sun.*

Topic of Abolitionists.—The Tribune, to make good its assertion that the burning of slaves is one of the punishments in vogue at the South, repeats in full the account of the burning of a negro in Missouri in July last. The negro was a murderer, and was burned by an excited mob. The republication of such a story, with its harrowing details, for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the South, is deserving of reprobation. It is by such appeals to the feelings and passions of Northern men that the spirit of discord is kept alive through the land. We might as well cite the destruction of the Quarantine buildings by a portion of the Staten Islanders as the result of Republican institutions in the State of New York, or the seizure of octopus power by the vigilance committees of San Francisco and New Orleans as the result of the union of States. *N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Hon. Howell Cobb has written a letter to his friends in Georgia, declining to be a candidate for the Presidency. He says:
"I must withdraw my name, unconditionally, from the canvass, and this letter is written for the purpose of announcing to all who feel an interest in the matter, but particularly to the delegates from Georgia to the Charleston Convention, that I have done so."
—The leading men in the oyster business in Baltimore assert that there are more oysters in Chesapeake Bay at present than there were twenty years ago, notwithstanding millions of bushels have been removed. They say that dredging for oysters in deep water softens the beds over a greater extent, and is the only way by which the quantity in the long term can be increased.—Taking up oysters with the tongs is more economical, in that it destroys fewer oysters, but it does not spread the supply, and ultimately exhausts the stock.

A rural divorcer was recently married and previous to starting on his wedding tour, promised his readers that he would give them a minute detail of "all that he saw and did." No doubt there will be a sad, but a very large extra edition of his paper.