

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

Br H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

42ND YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, MAY 7, 1860.

NO. 48.

TERMS:
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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done with neatness and dispatch.
Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment—Compiler on the sign.

D. McConaughy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buchler's drug and book store, Chamberburg street.) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PARTISAN AND PATENT, County Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England. Lead 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, 1859.

J. C. Neely,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business entrusted to his care with promptness. Office in the S. E. corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by Wm. B. McClellan, Esq. 1859. Apply to him personally or by letter.
Gettysburg, April 11, 1859.

Wm. B. McClellan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in West Middle street, one door west of the new Court House.
Gettysburg, Nov. 14, 1859.

Wm. A. Duncan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in the North-west corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa. [Oct. 3, 1859.]

A. J. Cover,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to Collections and all other business entrusted to him. Office between Fabnestocks' and Danzer & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa. [Sept. 5, 1859.]

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 Danzer & 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.
Prof. Athan R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Dr. Augustus Webster, D. D., Baltimore Md.
Dr. J. L. Wardell, Westminster, Md.
Dr. W. A. Mathias, " "
Jacob Rees, 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 Pickings' store, where those desiring 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. Stever.
Gettysburg, April 11, '59.

Just in Season!
GIVE US A CALL!—The undersigned have just received from the cities an immense stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CASSINETS, VESTS, and all varieties, suitable for the season, which they offer to the public at unprecedentedly low rates.
"They ask a call."
To convince all,
of the truth of this assertion. No trouble to show goods and give prices. A large lot of READY-MADE CLOTHING also selling cheaper than ever.
Garments made up for men and boys, as usual, in the very best manner, and according to style desired. The undersigned have their own establishment, they are always enabled to warrant it. Remember, their place of business is the large and commodious room adjoining Coburn & Culp's on Chambersburg street.
JACOBS & BROS.,
Sept. 19, 1859. Merchant Tailors.

New Periodical Store.
READING FOR EVERYBODY, AND ALL KINDS OF READING.—The undersigned public that he has opened a new Periodical Store and News Depot in the room recently occupied for that purpose by Messrs. Anthonbaugh & Son, in Centre street, a few doors above the Washington Hotel, where he is prepared to meet the wants and suit the tastes of the literary world.
The City Dailies will be received and delivered promptly. All the leading Magazines, Periodicals, Literary Journals, Victorias, Ballads, Music, and in fact any and everything in the News and Periodical line will be found at the new establishment of
JOSEPH BROADHEAD,
Subscriptions to papers, magazines, &c., received at all times. Give us a call. J. B. April 2, 1860. 3m

Military Removed.
MISS MARIA KENNETH has removed her Military establishment to the east side of Baltimore street, directly opposite the old stand. She has Bonnet Trimmings on hand, and will also have ready-made Bonnets. The latest fashions for Bonnets according to the work done in the best manner, and according to the newest styles.
Gettysburg, April 9, 1860.*

Another Arrival.
H. G. CARR has just received another large stock of GROCERIES, GLASS and HOUSEWARE, CHESS, &c., to which he invites the attention of the public. He only asks a call, convinced that he can satisfy every customer. Remember, the place "Fork street, nearly opposite the Globe Inn."
April 2, 1860.

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!!
We have just received from the city of New York a large assortment of Wall Paper of the newest patterns and designs. Gilded, Marble and Oak, velvet and plain border, decoration, fire board prints and window shades. Wall Paper from 8 cts. per piece and upwards.
March 26, 1860.

Shawls! Shawls!
AT SCHICK'S.
Broche, (long and square),
Printed Cashmere Shawls,
Stella, Thibet, and De Laine do.
April 16, 1860.

HOUSEKEEPERS, TAKE NOTICE!—Persons about going to Housekeeping call for a general assortment of everything they need, at low prices at FARNESTOCK'S.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!—Ladies, call and see these. From \$1 25 to \$10, at
J. C. GULIN & BROS.

OUR stock of GROCERIES has been replenished, and which will be sold low, at
A. SCOTT & SON'S,
April 16.

Carpeting!—Good carpeting at 25 cents per yard, at the cheap store of
J. C. GULIN & BROS.

HOUSEWARE!—Persons wishing this article call and what they want at
J. C. GULIN & BROS.

Picture!—Persons wishing to purchase a picture at the cheap store of
J. C. GULIN & BROS.

PORTS CORNER.

BY T. RICHARD UNDERWOOD.

In hours of joy and wistful ease,
What hosts of friends surround me!
Admirers all, and keen to please,
How bright those hours have found me!
My words were couched as wisdom then,
And lovely women, and noble men,
Paid homage to the scribbler's pen.

In hours of pain and rustling blight,
When want is wed to sorrow—
Where are the friends I knew at night,
On that hospitable morrow?
The birds of peace their bright wings fold,
For the only bird with flight so bold,
Is the eagle—stamped upon solid gold!

Those, whom I lifted up to fame,
In many a State and County—
Those humble friends, of lesser name,
With whom I shared my bounty—
All distant now! A boundless sea
Forever rolls 'twixt them and me—
That ocean's name is Poverty!

The fair and bright—well, let them go;
The present need is real!
Old Age, at least, the truth will know,
From Youth's severe ordeal!
Ah! Fancy may rest on her dusty shelf;
The soul of the Bard must be for self!
The soul of the Bard must be for self!

MISCELLANY.

LUTHER LAPEL; OR, THE WANT OF PUNCTUALITY.

Luther Lapel was apprenticed to a tailor, and, after seven years of faithful attention to his master's service, set up a shop for himself. He commenced business under very favorable auspices, and everybody thought that he would do well in the world. He was a good workman, had some money, considerable credit, and a great many friends.

But there was one trait in Luther's character, which had not previously developed itself, and which was to prove the ruin of his hopes, and to disappoint the expectations of his friends—And here let us observe, that no mechanic or tradesman, no person who depends on the good opinion of the public for a livelihood, can expect to thrive without the necessary virtue of punctuality.

Luther Lapel began to exhibit his unfortunate trait—first, in disappointing his customers of work he had promised; secondly, in disappointing those with whom he had pecuniary dealings; and generally, in not being exact in the fulfillment of his promises in the ordinary concerns of life. This was detrimental in every way. By disappointing his customers of their promised work, he lost business; by disappointing his creditors in the payment of money, he lost credit; and by failing to fulfill his promises in the miscellaneous concerns of life, he forfeited the general confidence. Thus he lost business, friends, and credit. But this was not all. His want of punctuality not infrequently subjected him to the immediate loss of money, of time and of labor.

For example, having promised a suit of clothes to an alderman, who was to dine on a certain public occasion, Luther was half an hour too late; the tartle alderman went to dine in his old clothes. The new suit was sent home as soon as finished, and the garments were all well made; but the die was cast—the alderman was vexed, as well he might be, and the clothes were returned upon the tailor's hands. What was to be done? The alderman being a man of some twenty score weight, and of a very peculiar configuration, the clothes would fit no other person, and therefore the tailor was obliged to keep them.—The cloth was of the finest quality, which, taken together with the uncommon quantity contained in the garments, rendered the loss a severe one. Luther endeavored, by coaxing, and by promises of greater punctuality in future, to prevail upon the alderman to take the clothes; but the official dignitary was a mountain not to be moved. From coaxing and promises Luther proceeded to threats; but the mountain stood fast. Legal measures were resorted to, and a suit at law was brought to recover payment for the suit of clothes. But it was very justly argued by the defendant's counsel, that half an hour "padding time" was not to be lost; and that, inasmuch as his client was obliged to dine in his old clothes or lose his dinner, it was but just and fair that the plaintiff should lose his suit. The jury were of the same opinion. The tailor appealed, and the decision was confirmed. Thus, in consequence of being half an hour too late, Mr. Lapel not only lost the suit of clothes, but much time and money into the bargain. He of course lost the custom of the alderman; and several other gentlemen withdrew their patronage through the alderman's influence.

But this misfortune did not cure him of tardiness in the fulfillment of his promises. A fond lover was obliged to defer his happiness for the space of twenty-four hours—an age to him—in consequence of not receiving his wedding suit in season; and though he did not finally refuse the clothes, the recollection of the last twenty-four hours, the putting of his mistress, and the laugh of his friends, so chagrined him that he repudiated Luther forever thereafter.

Another man lost his election to an important office in consequence of attending a public meeting in a threadbare coat, for the want of a new one which Luther had promised. He was expected to address the people on the occasion, and, indeed, he did mount the rostrum—but his eloquence was sadly marred by the consciousness of his shabby appearance. Any more than speak in an old coat, any more than a lawyer in England can without his wig. The stump was pronounced to be a

total failure; and the result was, that in the coming election his rival carried the day. Hereupon the enraged politician brought his action against the tailor for the value of the office which he had lost. The action was just, and by one of those chances of law, whereby justice is badly scandalized, a verdict was rendered for the defendant. Nevertheless, the expense of defending the suit left him minus, at least one hundred dollars. But it would be useless to enumerate the cases in which Luther's want of punctuality to his customers proved injurious to his interests.

In the payment of debts he was equally negligent. If he had the money in his possession, he generally contrived to put off the payment, until his notes were protested, or his bills lodged with a constable; so that, along with the debt, he was almost certain to pay cost.

Luther had a wealthy uncle residing in Baltimore, who wrote to him, that if he would be at his house by a certain day, he would make him a present of a thousand dollars. Luther determined to go; but in consequence of being half an hour too late in getting to the depot, the cars went on and left him.—"Hang it!" said he, as he turned upon his heel, "what's the difference of one day? I'll take care to be in season tomorrow." He did so—reached Baltimore without any accident—but, alas! the old gentleman, who was in excellent health the day previous, had gone off in his apoplexy, a full hour before the tailor arrived.

In almost every thing Luther Lapel was too late. He was a regular attendant at church; but as he seldom arrived until the middle of the discourse, he could make nothing of it; nor could he find a seat, though he took pains to rent a pew at considerable expense.—He was always too late at meals, and was thus obliged to take up with the refuse of the table. The meat, if any remained, was cold; the coffee was ditty, or run aground; the toast had disappeared; the butter was congealed—in short, to alternative remained to Luther but to make the best he could of the scanty fragments that remained. The tailor had a sort of military turn, and few men looked better in regimentals than he; but he was generally on the parade ground so late as to incur a fine. "Alas!" said he, "a stitch in time saves nine, but I am always too late in threading my needle."

Luther Lapel was a very personable fellow to look at, and became quite a favorite with the fair sex. He was also a fellow of some spirit, and laid a siege to the heart of a belle valued at ten thousand dollars. His success was almost beyond his hopes; for he took his measures so well, that in a short time the lady engaged to marry him. The day was fixed, the wedding-cake was made, the lady was arrayed in her best, the bridesmaids were present, the groomsmen were in waiting, the guests had assembled, and nothing but punctuality was wanting to make Mr. Lapel the happiest man alive. But he was so late in coming, that the loved one got out of all patience; and before he arrived, she had struck up a bargain, and was married to one of the groomsmen.

But, as we said just now, Luther was a man of spirit, and, though he was a tailor, he called his rival to the field to take an exchange of cold lead. The groomsmen was at first considerably frightened; but presently recollecting the unfortunate trait of the tailor, he mustered courage and accepted the challenge. He was punctual to the minute; but the discarded lover was an hour too late, so he lost the pleasure of shooting his rival.

Anecdote of Old Ironsides.

The following anecdote is no doubt familiar to many of our readers; but is so well calculated to make the rising generation proud of the noble spirits who shed so much lustre on their country's name during the ever memorable war of 1812, with the then proud mistress of the seas, that it will bear a republication at least once a year, as long as patriots are able to subdue conspirators.

The most brilliant naval action of the last war was undoubtedly that of the old American frigate Constitution, (44) commanded by Commodore Stewart, when she captured the two British corvettes, Cyane and Levant, of greatly superior force, each of them being equal to the old-fashioned thirty-three gun frigates. The handling of the American frigate was throughout scientific and unexceptional.

In no manœuvring could either of the British vessels obtain a position to rake the Constitution. Shift their ground as they would, Old Ironsides was between them, blowing away upon both vessels at the same time. During the whole action, Stewart, instead of mounting the horse-block, sat in a more exposed situation astride of the hammock nettings, the better to observe the manœuvring of his antagonists. And Cyane was the first to strike to Brother Jonathan—not an unusual thing with British vessels during that war. The first lieutenant came in haste to the Commodore to announce the fact.

"The starboard ship has struck, sir," said the officer.

"I know it, sir," replied the Commodore. "The battle is just half won."
"Shall I order the band to strike up 'Yankee Doodle,' sir?" inquired the lieutenant.

Here the Commodore took a high pinch of snuff, and then answered quickly:—
"Had we not better whip the other first, sir?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the lieutenant, taking the hint, and went to his quarters.

In a short time afterward the Levant lowered the cross of Old England to the stars and stripes, and the battle was ended. The lieutenant being somewhat rebuked at his premature exultation upon the surrender of the first vessel, was rather shy of approaching his commander again; but Stewart, beckoning to him, said with a smile:—
"Don't you think the band had better strike up Yankee Doodle now, sir?"

In an instant that spirit-stirring strain was floating in the breeze, played as no other than a Yankee band could play it, and the gallant crew shouted forth their cheers of victory as no other than a Yankee crew can shout.

A Very Neat Self.—A friend of ours, who prides himself upon his knowledge of coins, was very badly sold by an acquaintance a day or two since. The latter exhibited an American coin resembling the new quarter dollar, and asked him if he could "distinguish anything peculiar about it?"

"I cannot," he replied, "but why do you ask?"

"Because," replied the other, "they can be had anywhere about town for twelve and thirteen cents."

"Is it possible?" remarked the judge of coins; "I thought it felt soft!"

"For twelve and thirteen cents," replied the other.

"Oh!" exclaimed the victim, as the "sell" dawned upon him—"twelve and thirteen make twenty-five."

Fun at Home.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpet, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to rain your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep, in the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and degradation.

Some amusing scenes occurred at the banquet given to the Japanese at San Francisco. One California official, in his anxiety to gain some insight into the Japanese vernacular, passed some ice-cream to his left-hand neighbor, with the words: "Snow, ice." "Hey! What's-call you in Japanese?" To which the gentleman from Jodo, not understanding this very intelligible melody, replied: "Belly good," and continued to discuss the luscious compound.

An Alabama paper contains a long story about a negro, a pilot on one of the Chattahoochee river steamboats, whose skin, it is stated, is changing from a jet black to the fairest white.—His neck and arms, as far as the fingers, are of a smooth, soft, delicate whiteness, that would rival that of the tenderest, purest Cypriote; while "his lips, are of a soft, ruddy hue, and his face and body are beginning to show the same radical change." Barnum should get him.

An old lady in Ohio, while in the woods, was bitten on the end of the nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered but the snake died. Coroner's verdict—"Poisoned by snuff."

Scene in the House.

Punning Extraordinary.—While the Pryor-Potter controversy was going on in Washington, a vote of the House was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter's name was called, an old Dutch member from Pennsylvania, who never takes up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place and excused Mr. Potter thus:—
"Misther Speaker, I will shunt say ash how Misther Potter has a Pryor-Engagement," both sides of the House and galleries united in an uproarious explosion of mirth at the Hon. member's sally of wit, and it was only checked, so redoubled, when after the name of Mr. Pryor was called, the same old Hans arose and said:—
"Vel, Misther Speaker, Misther Pryor has gone to peash clay in te hands of te Potior." For some moments the scene in the House was indescribable, and, for once, five pounds bowie knives and rifles were at a discount.

Pockets.—What about a boy's dress is he more proud of than his pockets?—Does his mother forget to insert a pocket in his apron. She is quickly reminded of it and obtains no peace until the omission is supplied. What mother ever finished her boy's first pantaloons without a pocket on either side. And with his legs encased in the little cloth tubes, where are his hands? Has his mother lost her thimble, where can she find it? Is anything ever suffered to go into his pocket? And at a later stage of life, when the world's goods begin to attract his attention, and when a decidedly human nature commences stealing over him, and his pockets are larger, and he has more of them are they less used? Let the following exposition answer:—

A mother, in a neighboring village, says she emptied her hopeful son's pocket the other day, and the following articles were brought to light: Sixteen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of brick, one doughnut, a piece of a curry comb, one paint brush, three wax ends, a handful of corn, a chisel, two broken knives, a skates strap, three buckles, one ball, two primers, five hen's eggs, and a birds nest.

The negro man, who was shipped (in a box) in charge of Adams' Express Company from Nashville to Cincinnati, has expressed his desire to return to his master. He says the kind-hearted individual, who concocted the programme for his journey, received from him seventy dollars in cash and a double cased silver watch. The unfortunate darkey is despairing in his denunciation of the "poor white trash" who go to the South to make money from the Darkies under pretense of getting them out of slavery.

Eruption of Norwemen.—It is stated that 20,000 Swedes and Norwegians are preparing to embark early in the coming summer for the United States.—They will bring much wealth with them; but what is better, being a sober, moral and industrious race, they will bring with them habits of industry and morality, which will render them most valuable citizens.

Old.—The Elmira Press says that there is an elderly lady residing in that place, who has in her possession the remains of a piece of her own wedding cake, which she has preserved for forty years! It is wrapped up in the same piece of paper that was put around it to "dream by" on the night of her wedding. Who knows but that the old lady may be preserving it for her wedding No. 2.

It was done when it was begun.—It was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done, when it was finished. Now, what was it? Of course, you can't guess. Will this do? Timothy Johnson courted Susan Dunn. It was Dunn when it was begun; it was Dunn when it was half done; and it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnson.

A woman is either worth a great deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one; but is a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

A Marrying Woman.—New Orleans boasts of a beardless (because female) Bluebeard. This interesting lady was married on the 8th instant to her eighth husband. She has married every year since 1852; each year one husband dies, but the widow loses no time in filling his place.

England has some regard for her dead soldiers and those of other nationalities. A cargo of 237 tons of human bones from Sevastopol has just arrived. They are to be used for manure! "This sweet to die for one's country, and a pleasant thought to elevate her honor abroad, and then her clod at home!"

Early Cherries.—It is believed that the magistrate who officiated on the occasion reported below made the usual deduction of "children half price":—
Married, in Campbellton, Fla., in the store of William Daniel, Jr., on the 21st of March, by James Hall, Esq., Master Robert Cherry (aged 16 years), to Miss Josephine Cherry (aged 13 years).

Why has a clock a bashful appearance? Answer—Because it always keeps its hands before its face.

There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation.

How to Clean the Teeth.

The following sensible remarks on dentifrices and the manner of using them, we find in the December number of the *Dental Cosmos*, from the pen of S. S. Blodgett, D. D. S., of Ogdensburg, New York. We commend them to the consideration of our readers: "There is, in my opinion, no dentifrice used so beneficial in its effect as charcoal. I doubt if there is a dentist, with a fair practice of ten years, but has seen worse effects from its use than from the use of acids. I have had in my own practice to insert three entire sets of teeth, where the gums were destroyed, and the teeth dropped out from the use of charcoal. In two of these cases the gums are permanently diseased, so there can be no mistake of its agency."

"The effect of charcoal is purely mechanical; it is as sharp as diamond dust, and the finer, the worse in its effects. Being perfectly insoluble in the fluids of the mouth, it insinuates itself between the neck of the tooth and the gum, producing ulceration, recession, and final loss of the tooth itself. Next to charcoal, in their bad effects upon the teeth, are the various kinds of bolus and carbis, under different high-sounding names, and popular as tooth powders."

"I would have my patients use no kind of powder upon the teeth often than two or three times a month; then I would not have them use the brush but take some finely prepared chalk, and a stick of red cedar, orange or hickory, (we should say soft white pine,) and about three inches long wedge shape, and from one-eighth to one-quarter inch wide; with this polish the enamel, being careful not to irritate or injure the gums."

"The great dentifrice that should be used at all times, and under all circumstances, is soap. Its alkaline properties serve to neutralize the acids contained in the fluids of the mouth, and its cleansing properties will correct the breath, and remove offensive odor sooner than any article I have ever seen tried. I have seen the best effects from its use in tenderness and inflammation of the gums, denoting acid secretions, and I have never known it to fail in its results."

Restoring Damaged Velvet.—The *Monitor de Salud* publishes the following method of restoring velvet to its original condition: It is well known that when velvet has been worn, not only its appearance is spoiled, but it becomes hard and knotty. To restore its original softness, it must be thoroughly dampened on the wrong side, and then held over a very hot iron, care being taken not to let it touch the latter. In a short time the velvet becomes, as it were, new again. The theory of this is very simple. The heat of the iron evaporates through the tissue, and forces the vapor out at the upper side; this vapor passes through the different fibres, separates those which adhered together in hard bunches. If the velvet were ironed after dampening, an exactly opposite result would be obtained; it is, therefore, necessary that the substance should not come in contact with the heated iron.

Important to Letter Writers.—Thousands of letters misdirected or never called for, annually find their way to the dead letter office, at Washington. The recently enacted law provides a method for the return of all such letters by authorizing the writer to request the postmaster of the office to which the letter is addressed, to return it unless called for within thirty days; it then becomes the duty of the postmaster to return it without expense to the writer. The request can be printed or written on the flap of the envelope, and should read as follows:—
Please return to the undersigned unless called for within thirty days.
(Signed.)

Anecdote of Mr. Dallas.—During the four years that Mr. Dallas (as Vice President) was Speaker of the Senate, it happened that the two Senators from Arkansas habitually pronounced the name of that State in a different manner. The Speaker, observing this, never failed to adopt the pronunciation employed by the one whose name he had occasion to call in the Senate, and said, "The Senator from Arkansas," or "The Senator from Arkansas," as the case might require. There was a delicacy of politeness in this which none but a gentleman could have conceived, and which every well-bred man will appreciate.

There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language which occasions so much misconception as the two letters, I and J, as many persons inadvertently write them. The rule for writing them properly, and which should be universally adopted, to extend the J below the line, while I should be written above the line.

"Why," asked a little girl, "if Fred like a man that has fallen off a tree and is determined to go up?" "Because he is going to try another climb!" Not bad for an eight-year old.

Never answer a calumniator. If you will only give a rattlesnake time enough, he will sting himself and die of his own venom.

Nothing so much prevents a person from being natural and easy, as an extreme anxiety to appear so; the self-possessed only are graceful.

To be deprived of the person we love is happiness in comparison of living with the one we hate.

A Biography—or what purports to be one—of Andrew G. CURTIS, the Know Nothing Republican candidate for Governor.

Nothing Republican candidate for Governor, has been going the rounds of the Republican press. According to the papers which originated the card, he is descended from "genuine Pennsylvania stock." This happens not to be true. We learn from the Boston *Pilot* that Andrew G. Curtis is the son of an Irishman—of "Howland Curtis—born and reared up to mature manhood in the Parish of Dysart, county of Clare, Ireland. He has more sacerdotal blood in him than perhaps any man in the United States: not long ago there were twelve Priests of his blood and name living at the same time, in the same Diocese, in the great Catholic county just named. His direct uncle, Hugh Curtis, one of the best horsemen in Ireland, is yet living in the old family establishment, and many of his cousins—all Catholics to be sure—are dispersed throughout this Republic." So much, then, for the Pennsylvania origin.

But this is not all. Curtis was a rank, intolerant bigot in politics and religion long before the inauguration of Know Nothingism. The gonial Irish spirit of his ancestry seems never to have had any existence in his breast. No man living has divested himself more completely of the natural feelings of race, in all its good features, than Andrew G. Curtis. When the "Dark Lantern Party" sprung into being, this man was foremost in the ranks. He was at the top and bottom of it. It was chiefly through him (says the same paper from which we quote above) that Pollock, the Know Nothing, was put in the chair occupied by William Bigler, the Democrat—a piece of serried, which secured for himself, during the administration of that weak Executive, the Secretaryship of State; and it was also mainly through his supposed connivance with the Know Nothing School Directors of Philadelphia, that they dared to dismiss on morning, all the female Catholic teachers from the public schools of the city.

The *Pilot* concludes its article by saying:—"Such is Andrew G. Curtis, the Know Nothing candidate for the Governorship of the Keystone State of the Union, in origin and political principles. An Irishman's son, he does his best to destroy the political and religious rights of his father's countrymen; a Roman Catholic by birth, and having the blood of numerous Catholic clergymen in his veins, he is the foremost man of a league that would repeat the atrocities of Cromwell; of certain and direct Irish parentage he has the meanness of allowing himself to be represented as the actor of another race—a degrading act of insult to the sacred principles of genealogy, and of great deception on his friends; and as an American citizen, he is animated by no public principles but those that are at once antagonistic and subversive of the Constitution of the country."

Curtis is now endeavoring to conciliate the foreign race of the State, and is essaying to throw dust in the eyes of Irish and Germans by representing himself as favorable to civil and religious liberty. But the record speaks louder than words, and his professions are worthless when contradicted with his practice. It is not denied that he was the very head and front of the Know Nothing party in 1854 and 1855, and there is not a scintilla of evidence that he has ever recanted from the dangerous and proscription doctrines he then advocated. Let our German and Irish friends be careful how they entrust power in such hands.—*Clinton Democrat.*

Corn Tarring.—It is one of the best preventives against crows, and worms and other pest of the farmer to "tar seed-corn when planting. Soak the seed in warm water till it is plump, and then the tar will not retard germination. Put then about a gill of tar to a gallon of hot water, and stir it till the tar is melted and thoroughly mixed with the water, and then pour it as much of the seed-corn as you can stir about freely. Then take out the seed, and coat it with plaster of Paris, or dried leached ashes, or fine dry loam, or dust. The proportion of tar to water should be such that it should coat the corn perfectly with a very thin coat.—No one who tars seed-corn will ever cure the crows.

The correspondent reminds us that *gout* is a little better than any other kind for this purpose. Half a gill is enough for a ten acre field. It should be well stirred in order that every grain may receive a portion, for if the birds fill one grain without any, they will pull up 100 more to find another one. They will not eat those that are tarred.

It's all over town.—One rainy day, lately, a wag met a very bashful young lady of his acquaintance, and, looking her steadily in the eyes, said, with a solemn tone of voice, "I am sorry for it, Miss —, but everybody is aware of it." "Aware of what?" asked the young lady, blushing a deep crimson. "Oh, it's all over town!" "What's all over town?" "Mad!" The young lady's eyes dropped, and she went on her way.

An Old Ploughing Match.—Recently, in Montgomery, Alabama, a crowd assembled to witness a camel ploughing match. To test the comparative strength of the camel and mule one of the latter was obtained, and the contest became quite spirited and exciting. The result was decidedly in favor of the camel.

Many persons give us dying words of great men, but none of them are so touching and beautiful as the last words of the old school master:—"It is growing dark—school may be dismissed. Down to the gates of an unsexed world he carried the love and regard of the children he had trained. It was his last dismissal."

Ms. Swishelmin says that the popularity of her paper in Minnesota is due to the fact that "people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to."

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy. We asked ours, the other day, what we should buy. But Eddy, most perversely, didn't answer "buy."

The paper money in the United States at the present time, amounts to \$152,000,000.

A neighbor's faults always stand out in bolder relief than our own.