THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

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

43RD YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, NOV. 12. 1860. NO. 6.

TERMS:

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JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

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

J. C. Neely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business intrusted to his care with promptness. Office in the S. E. corner of the Diamond, (formerly occupied by Wm. B. McClellan, Esq.)

Gettysburg, April 11, 1859. tf

Wm. B. McClellan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in West Middle street, one door west of the new Court House.

Gettysburg, Nov. 14, 1859.

A. J. Cover,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to Collections and all other business entrusted to him. Office between Fahnestocks' and Danner & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa. [Sept. 5, 1859.

Wm. A. Duncan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in the Northwest corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa. [Oct. 3, 1859. tf

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.

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Gettysburg, Oct. 1, 1860. tf

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Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

Dr. A. W. Dorsey,

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

REFERENCES.

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

Oct. 25, 1858. 6m

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

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

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

New Fall and Winter

CLOTHING, for Men and Boys, will every article of wearing apparel in that line, together with Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Sacks, Double Barrel Guns and Pistols, Revolvers, and a splendid article of the improved and celebrated Colt's Revolver, with all the necessary fixtures to it. Buffalo Robes and Over Shoes, India Rubber Over Coats and Leggings, Hosiery, &c., Guitars, Fiddles, Flutes, and Fifes, Jewelry and Watches, together with many other useful articles, all of which will sold VERY CHEAP. You ask where? Why, at SAMSON'S, where every one can buy good and cheap goods. *That's the spot.* The old County Building, N. E. Corner of the Diamond

Gettysburg, Oct. 15, 1860.

Lime Factory

IN GETTYSBURG!—ATTENTION, FARMERS!—The undersigned would most respectfully inform the public in general, and the farming community in particular, that they have erected two spacious LIME KILNS, at the corner of Stratton street and the Railroad, and are now burning, and will continue to burn, large quantities of the BEST LIME, which they will dispose of at the lowest living rates. Farmers and others are invited to give them a call. By supplying a good article, which they expect always to do, they cannot fail to give satisfaction.

McCURDY & CRASS.

Aug. 20, 1860. tf

Furs! Furs! Furs!

LADIES' FANCY FUR EMPORIUM—FAREIRA & THOMPSON, Old Stand, No. 818 Market Street, above Eighth, south side, Philadelphia. We beg leave to call the attention of the ladies, to our large and varied stock of LADIES' & CHILDREN'S FANCY FURS.

Having had great experience, and enjoying peculiar facilities in the selection of Furs, we confidently offer our new stock to the inspection of the ladies, feeling assured that they will decide with us, in its being unrivalled for beauty and variety, consisting as it does, of every description of American and European Furs, manufactured in the latest and most approved styles. Capes, Talmas, Victorines, Cloaks, Muffs, Cuffs—embracing Sable, Mink, Stone Martin, German Fitch, Siberian Squirrel, French Sable, French Squirrel, American Fitch, and Silver Martin.

☞ Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to us, we hope to merit a continuance of the same, by furnishing a good article at the lowest Cash prices.

FAREIRA & THOMPSON,
No. 818 Market street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—OLD FURS altered to fashionable styles. [Oct. 6, 1860. 3m

Merchants' Hotel,

46 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

C. M'KIBBIN & SON, Proprietors.

April 2, 1860. 1y

Second Arrival

THIS FALL.—*Larger Stock than Ever!*—JACOBS & BRO. have just received their second purchase of Fall and Winter Goods, which they offer cheaper than ever, having bought at the most favorable rates. They ask the public to call in and see their large assortment, convinced that every taste can be gratified. Their CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, Cheviots, Cords, Jeans, &c., cannot be excelled for variety, and then the low prices at which they are offered are really astonishing. Goods made up at the shortest notice, in the fashionable style, and at as reasonable rates as the lowest. Their establishment is in Chambersburg Street, a few doors below Buehler's Drug Store. [Oct. 18, 1860.

☞ Call at TYSON & BRO'S gallery of Photographs and examine their specimens of [illegible]

[illegible] TYSON & BRO.

POET'S CORNER.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since twenty years ago.
When gals wore woolen dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow—
When shoes were made of calf-skin,
And socks of homespun wool;
And children did a half day's work
Before the hour of school!

When girls took music lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning wheel;
And "practiced" late and early, Jim,
Upon the "doubling" reel;
The boys would ride bareback to mill,
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some twenty years ago.

Then people rode to meeting, Jim,
In sleds, instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As buggies now-a-days;
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast
Some twenty years ago.

Oh, well do I remember, Jim,
That "Wilson's patent stove,"
That father bought and paid for, Jim,
In cloth our gals had wove;
And how the neighbors wondered
When we got the thing to go,
And said 'twould bust and kill us all,
Some twenty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to was;
For men are always tampering, Jim,
With God's great natural laws—
And what on earth we're coming to—
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much
Since twenty years ago.

MISCELLANY.

A True Hero.

John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as an honest, intelligent man. He was pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up, with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire! on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?—Three-quarters of an hour, at present rate of speed." "Is there any danger?" "Danger *here*—see the smoke bursting out!—*go forward*, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out, through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "How does she head?" "Southeast-by-east, sir!" "Head *her southeast*, and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, and yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!"—"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John!" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, women and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

Good Advice.

Those wish to do good, but hesitate to do it, would do well to read the following. The reason may be suggested to them by the perusal:

Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever knew anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him? You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; flatter some to gratify their pride; indulge the selfish, submit to the tyrannical, be a tool for the ambitious, and be careful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbors. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you and talk against you, for your success; and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant to you, can do thus because they do not fear *your rivalry*—they may smile upon you outwardly, and yet entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do that which is right, be diligent, do the most you can, pay no regard to fault-finders, and you will find as many friends as any sensible man need desire.

☞ The London Court Journal says:—A divorce case, under peculiar circumstances, is likely to attract public attention. A lady, belonging to a distinguished family, long hesitated between two eligible suitors; she at length selected one of them and was married. But soon fancied she made a wrong selection, and eloped with her rejected suitor. Proceedings were instituted, and she was among the first to avail herself of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's process of "Freedom made Easy," by marrying her guilty partner; but she seems scarcely to know her own mind, for she has since re-eloped with her first husband. Cuiquis are puzzled as to which she may be disposed to like best.

☞ A Parisian genus has just invented a musical petticoat! By the aid of scientific mechanism, the crinoline is rid of all springs, hoops, bolts, pivots, &c., and is inflated like a life preserver, the air furnishing any amount of distention required, to give a circumference of say a quarter of a mile. The sublime feature of the invention is this: The elegant wearer need only touch a spring, arranged to communicate with the pocket of the dress, and the air in the skirt sets in motion a musical attachment, not unlike the bird organ, playing a variety of tunes, from the gems of the operas to a nursery lullaby. The inventor confidently declares that ball-room orchestras may be entirely dispensed with in future; the ladies wearing this "musical petticoat" can provide themselves with waltzes, quadrilles, and polkas to their hearts' content.

☞ By a strange vicissitude, General Canas, who was shot for invading Costa Rica, suffered his execution at the foot of the very monument erected to his honor, in the Plaza at Punta Arenas, for his many services to the country.

☞ Queen Victoria, the royal family and Lord John Russell came near being killed by a railroad accident near Koloedapek, in Germany, on the 24th ult.

Amusing Love Affair in London.

A Wealthy Banker Unconsciously Advising an Elopement With His Own Daughter.—A London correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* furnishes that paper with the following readable story:

A good sell is related of a wealthy banker here, who is very good natured, but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest and highly intellectual. For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good-will. He was as poor as—his salary, and had no connections to push his after fortunes, and so like most English clerks, he would rise to a hundred and twenty pounds a year; go on for eight years, at ten pounds a year rise, and marry when he got to two hundred pounds a year, thenceforth to vegetate, and find that the additional ten pounds a year rise only kept pace with the additional babe in his household. The banker, on Sundry afternoons when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his young family at his suburban villa, as the conversation of the young man was so correct and so clever it could not but be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake, evidently, but it was a good-natured error, and we can only wish, all of us, that there were many more committed. I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful young daughter of nineteen, but that may be always understood in any *English family that has known* wedded life long enough. But there were of course no attentions on the part of the young man, other than extremely delicate, reserved and proper. This will be always the case with English youth, as Americans well know. Don't them after this. The youth, in spite of two or three days' invitation to the banker's seat, to breathe the fresh air and clear his lungs of London smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

"I can not make out what is the matter with my young clerk," said the banker to a confrere who was in his back office with him, after the youth had just brought in some papers.

"Well, you are rather green, I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said banker number two. "Don't you know what's the matter? He's in love."

"In love! bah! He is modesty and propriety itself."

"I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter, who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would.

"Oh, the haughty old fool; my clerk is as good as his daughter, and be hanged to him. Thank you for the hint."

As soon as banker number two had disappeared, the clerk was called in.

"So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection—that's your secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before sir?"

The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you; but I'll give you a bit of advice. If the daughter is fair she's worth running a risk for. Look here: there are £500, and two months' leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah, don't look so stupid. I did the same before you, and it has not hurt me."

The clerk fell on his marrow bones, and was upon the point of making a clean breast of it, when the old man rose and left precipitately to avoid a scene. The young man considered and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no young daughter at the dinner table of the banker at the country house. The house was in consternation, and the search for her made in all directions. A note was, however, found on her dressing table, conveying the customary prayer of forgiveness, and one inclosed from the young clerk; stating that, believing the banker had meant to give him a hint in regard to his daughter and was not able to give his public consent owing to appearances, he had acted on his suggestion, and that ere "his father-in-law" had received the letter, he (the clerk) would be his son-in-law. The pill was a bitter one, and the joke a terrible one against him, and city men are very averse to a joke against them, so it was hushed up, and has only got to the ears of the purveyors of scandal and to your correspondent, who records it as a trait of London life.

Americans in Paris.—"Malakoff" writes in his last letter to the New York *Times*:—"At last Sunday's race at the Bois de Boulogne, a young American who was present on horseback, Mr. Mayo, of Richmond, Va., had the two bones of his leg broken and splintered by a fall of his horse. Mr. Mayo, who is the nephew of Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott, had taken passage with Mrs. Scott for the next trip of the Adriatic from Havre to New York, but this accident will of course prevent the voyage so far as regards Mr. Mayo. Mrs. Scott will go home under the protection of Colonel Lay, of the United States army, who has just finished a European tour. Mrs. Scott, whose health is better in the climate of France, has lived in Paris many years, and has not made a visit home since 1850. Mrs. Commodore Stewart has also resided permanently in Paris for a great many years."

☞ We recollect a story of an Indian who called upon a grocer, and stated that he had killed a deer at the big pond, and hung it upon a pear tree, near the pond, saying that if the grocer would give him a quart of whisky, half a pound of powder, and two pounds of lead, he might go and get the deer. The bargain was soon struck, the Indian receiving his demands; the grocer started for his purchase, and after a weary tramp returned without the game. Meeting the Indian, who was somewhat under the influence of the "red eye," he accused him of deception and falsehood. With all the gravity of his race, he answered thus: "Find pond?" Yes. "Find tree?" Yes. "Find deer?" No. "Two truth, one lie, very good for Indian."

☞ The husband of a buxom wife near Exeter, England, had long been dying, and, at length, one of the clergymen of the parish making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but could not die; at last," said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer, and took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and poor dear! *he went off like a lamb!*"

☞ There is a fashionable saloon on Bleecker street, New York, called "The Store." It was established for the special convenience of married men, and the advantage of the same consists in the fact that upon their returning home late at night, and their anxiously waiting and perhaps indignant spouses inquiring where they have been, they can say, "at the store," which, of course, averts the impending storm.

☞ The Ohio *Statesman* says that fourteen thousand negroes voted the Republican ticket in Ohio this fall.

A Polite Invitation Declined.

A contributor to the *Spirit of the Times*, thus describes a scene at the Anthony House, Ark.:

Late one bitter cold night, in December, some eight or nine years ago, L. came into the bar-room, as usual, to take his part in whatever was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, and but two or three of the townsfolks were there, together with a stranger, who had arrived a half-hour or longer before, and who, tired, wet and muddy, from a long Arkansas stage ride, his legs extended, and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap, opposite the centre of the blazing log fire. Any one who has traveled until 10 o'clock, in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the comfort of the position before *that* fire-place.

The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L., who took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation was reduced to the poker for amusement.—He poked the fire vigorously for a while, until it got red hot, and becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire, when he observed the great toe of the stranger's foot obtruding through a hole in one of his socks. Here was a relief to L. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them, inch by inch, the others, as they caught the joke began to open their eyes, and being wakened, mouths expanded into grins, and grins into suppressed giggles—and one incontinent fellow's into a broad laugh. Closer and closer the red hot poker neared toward the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper restlessly to move his hands. L. was just about to apply the poker, when a sound of *click! click!!* arrested his intention. He looked at the stranger—the latter with one eye open, had been watching his proceedings, and silently brought a pistol to bear upon L. In a voice just audible he muttered, in a tone of great determination,

"Jest burn it! *Burn it!* Jest burn it! and I'll be d—d if I don't stir *you* up with ten thousand hot jackers in two seconds!"

L. laid down the poker instanter and remarked:

"Stranger, let's *take a drink!*—in fact gentlemen, all of you."

L. afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

Nautical Phenomena.—A noise was heard on deck, the dogwatch sprung from his cabouse, seizing the gig-whip and laying over the dead-eyes of the bowsprit, catch hold of the sky scraper, which he used so freely on the occasion that he rubbed on the shoe of the anchor, which was caught by the cat-harpings, who commenced to spanker with the boom till she burst through two stays cutting the topsail ties, grabbed the monkey's tail, which knocked a Jew's eye out of the Turk's head, caught the ship round the waist with one hand, boxed the compass with the other, till the cook cried, and the captain applied the leaches of the forecastle to the inflamed eye of the astonished needle.

Couldn't Fool Him.—Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, in Marion county, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught in that way, and replied: "Oh, no, Mr. Telegraph, you can't fool me that way. I'm not so green as you think I am! That darn tickin' thing of yourn hasn't been out of this room; I watched it all the time!"

Origin of Almanacs.—Vestegan, alluding to our ancient Saxon ancestors, says—"They used to engrave upon certain squared sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moon of the whole year, whereby they could certainly tell when the new moons, the full moons, and the changes should happen, as also their festival days; and such a carved stick they called an *almond aght*; that is to say, 'al-mond-heed;' to wit, the regard or observation of all the moons; and hence is derived the name of almanac." After the invention of printing, almanacs became generally in use. The first recorded account in England of an almanac is in the Year Book of Henry the Seventh.

Singular Mania.—A citizen of Berlin, Prussia, a man in comfortable circumstances, is periodically attacked with a desire to knock off hats. He afterwards makes up the loss to the astonished victim of this strange fancy by the payment of three thalers. According to the calculation of his family, in the past year he has been obliged to make good the loss of 267 hats. At a recent musical festival, fifty-three hats were sacrificed to this curious freak, and for the evening's entertainment he paid one hundred and fifty-nine thalers.

What I Would Do.—If I possessed the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution:

I would give to the world truth and friendship, which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders and merchants.

I would give to physicians skill and learning.

I would give to printers their pay.

To gossiping women, good sense, large waists and natural complexions.

Take the Bull.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer reproved him, and told him always to take the butt-end. Dinner came, and with it a sugarloaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer the wink, and exclaimed:—"Always take the butt-end!"

A Stinging Fact.—Every whisper of infamy is industriously circulated, every hint of suspicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully published, by those whose interest it is that the eye and voice of the public should be employed on any other than on themselves.

Another Blondin Feat.—Mons. Blondin has finally determined to keep on doing wonderful feats until he breaks his neck. His last performance was walking on stilts over a rope stretched between two points elevated 200 feet above the ground, at Jones' Woods, New York. The distance traveled was about 1,200 feet, and the time occupied in making the journey was precisely 19 minutes.

☞ It must be fun to attend the charitable festivals out West. Young ladies there have adopted the delicious custom of forming a line, and for a price laid down, permitting the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot. Who would not be benevolent under such circumstances? The only thing we should object to would be the "running." We would want to linger over such a work of charity

Benefits of Draining.

In traveling over various portions of the country, it is gratifying to observe the progress that is making in draining lands. It is hardly ten years since not more than three or four farms in the United States had a drain tile on them; now we seldom visit a well managed farm of heavy soil, in any of the older States, that is not drained; and the manufacturers of tile in all places where the business has been started are now unable to supply the demand for them.

In an article on draining, the *Country Gentleman*, in speaking of some of its benefits, says: "One beneficial result claimed for thorough drainage is that it lengthens the season of labor and vegetation—an extension which the crops and the farmer need as often as the customer of banks and brokers. That the time required for the settling of the soil, after the winter frosts pass from it, depends to a great extent upon its porous or its retentive character, is everywhere known and conceded. The deep gravelly loam is seen to be very soon free from water, while the heavy clay requires a long time to become fit for cultivation. In one case the soil is fully drained, and in the other the water mostly passes off by the slow process of evaporation. Thorough drainage of the heavy soil renders both alike in this respect, and thus adds from ten to fifteen days to the time of preparation for seeding—giving the same increased time for the growth of the crops to which the land is devoted."

The Humbuggery of Premiums at Fairs.

Several of our Western cotemporaries are very severe on the humbuggery of giving premiums at fairs, in consequence of placing persons on the committee who are almost totally ignorant of the matter on which they are to decide. Some of the hits would suit very well the fairs which are given in this vicinity. We will permit the editor of the Wisconsin *Patriot* to ventilate himself for our benefit:

"Ten yards of home-made flannel, received an award of $1, and a few cut flowers gathered from our gardens, and not raised by the exhibitor, received several dollars—$60 were awarded to equestrian displays, while but $13 rewarded the most skillful plowing. Now, if horseback riding is of so much more interest than plowing, in an agricultural point of view, let farmers give up the latter, and educate their sons and daughters solely to the use of the saddle. These are but a few of the erroneous awards which have given rise to complaint. They are such as we should guard against in future fairs; and we deem it a good time now to talk over the matter, that the cause of complaint may not rise again."

Several years ago, aided by two or three others, we made experiments by changing the owners' names of articles on exhibition at a county fair, for the express purpose of ascertaining whether judges ever were biased in their decisions. The experiment was satisfactory—we entrapped two parties who were anxious to award premiums to their friends, regardless of the merits of the articles they had on exhibition. It is this part of the system which has the largest share in playing out county fairs.

Curing Hams.

The premium hams at the recent Newton Fair, were cured in the following manner:

1st Premium.—To 4 gallons of water, add 8 lbs. of saltpeter, ½ lb. sugar, a pint of molasses; let in the pickle 6 or 7 weeks; smoke with hickory wood.

2d Premium.—6 pounds of rock salt, ½ lb of saltpeter, 1 quart of molasses, 6 gallons of water, let them remain in the brine 6 weeks and then smoke with green hickory wood.

Taking Cold.

A "cold" is not necessarily, says the *Scientific American*, the result of low or high temperature. A person may go directly from a hot bath into a cold one, or into snow even, and not take cold. On the contrary, he may take cold by pouring a couple of table-pounful of water upon some part of his dress, or by standing in a door, or other opening; where one part of the body is colder than another. Let it be kept in mind that uniformity of temperature over the whole body is the first thing to be looked after. It is the unequal heat upon the different parts of the body that produces colds, by disturbing the uniform circulation of some part.

If you must keep a partially wet garment on, it would be as well perhaps to wet the whole of it uniformly. The feet are a great source of colds on account of the variable temperature they are subjected to. Keep these always dry and warm, and avoid draughts of air, hot or cold, wet spots on the garments, and other direct causes of unequal temperature, and keep the system braced up by plenty of sleep, and the eschewing of debilitating food and drinks, and you will be proof against a cold and its results.

Cancer.—More than twenty years ago, a man named Middleton Belk published in a southern paper a statement that he had cured himself of cancer by applying cranberries.—The statement had a wide circulation, and has frequently re-appeared. The following announcement from a Mobile paper gives the final result: "Died, in the city of Mobile, Sept. 27, 1860, Middleton Belk, aged 56.—Cancer twenty years standing."

Lice Frogs as Remedy for Consumption.—A writer in the Norwalk (O.) Reflector describes a visit which he paid last month to a lady at Toledo, Ohio, who takes six live frogs as a remedy for Consumption. She was recommended to do it by an Englishman, who said he was cured in that way. In six weeks this singular medicine has restored her from a state of weakness to strength. The visitor saw the lady take a live frog from a jar and swallow him whole, without chewing. Her daughter also did the same.

☞ The Apple crop throughout New England is an immense one, and has rarely if ever been excelled. The fruit, generally, is fair, of good quality, and so cheap in many localities, that it will not pay a profit even to steal the best varieties. The Worcester *Transcript* says the price of excellent Baldwins in that city is seventy-five cents per barrel. Some farmers in Worcester county have 500 barrels. In Middlesex county there are many persons whose orchards yield more than a thousand barrels of excellent apples. There is a market for them, at the South. At Mobile, a decent apple, it is reported, sells for half a dime.

What Shall We Do for Coffee?—It appears from statistics recently published that the consumption of coffee is increasing much more rapidly than the production. Last year the total consumption of Europe and the United States alone was 330,000 tuns, whilst the production of all countries was but 312,000 tuns. The probable consumption of the present year is estimated at 337,000 tuns, and the probable production at 274,000; and of next year the former at 344,000 tuns, the latter at 245,000.

A Poetical Genius.

A poetical genius, who is not a blood relative of Alexander Smith, having accidentally kissed somebody of the feminine gender, has "bubbled his soul" in a "fragment," which, under the closest seal of secrecy, he sent to Mr. Toddlejob, who remorselessly ventilates it:

——— She kissed me.
And the universe seemed to crumble
Into a dream of ecstacy, wild, delirious—
In which heaven seemed a sea of glory,
The clouds a gentle host of waves, the stars
Bits of foam from those whispering waves,
Tossed into vision to sparkle in the sunlight.
Again she kissed me,
And the bliss of a million lives, angel born,
Thrilled into my being. Now death, rather
Than the slow-paced life of before
Should come again, for its common pleasure
Would be a million fold the rack's agony.
Again the seal of love
Upon my cheek.
Again, and there throbbed to my heart
A delirium wherein all the past, the present of life
Faded into the radiant glory of her melting lip.
Oh, gods! how like ocean's heart
The glory of that kiss quivers in my memory!
As my lips parted from her blushing cheek,
Like ripples from the streamlet's pebble, which creates them.
Ah, me!

☞ Little and often fills the purse.

☞ What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widow?

☞ The idle man is the devil's hireling—whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

☞ Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally *green* turtles.

☞ A good sur[illegible] must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.

☞ It has been said of the home of the scolding wife, that "It's a bad house where the hen crows louder than the cock."

☞ If fair speech paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

☞ Sorrows come soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

☞ *Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee*; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a Princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

☞ Shingled roofs, whitewashed with lime last twice as long as roofs which receive no treatment to render them durable.

☞ Sectarianism is a miserable, short-sighted prejudice. It makes you hate your neighbor, because he eats his oysters roasted while you prefer them in the shell.

☞ A discontented husband says he always tries to regard his wife as an angel on earth, in the hope that she may speedily become one in Heaven.

☞ The majority in Pa. for Curtis (Repub.) for Governor, over Forsyth (Dem.) in twenty-seven counties, is 13,156.—*Wash. States.*

There's a man booked up for you!

☞ Many a man thinks it is a virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

☞ "Do you keep matches?" asked a young wag of a retailer. "Oh, yes, all kinds," was the reply. "Well, then, I'll take a trotting match." The retailer immediately handed him a box of Brandreth's pills.

Jones' Relief.—One Jones, who had been sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two, they fought each other.

☞ It is said that Ex-President Tyler, now seventy-five years old, and looking more robust, and younger than when he occupied the White House, has an infant daughter only two months old.

☞ In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone;" to which she replied, "No, not the brimstone—only the *spark!*"

An Oasis.—There is one green spot in the desert waste of Black Republicanism in Bradford. In Athens township Foster received 211 votes, or a majority of 40. Hozza for Atheus, the ancient seat of learning. She sustains her famous name.

The Best Man Wins.—When two caravans meet in the interior of Africa, the two head men approach each other and then go back a reasonable distance, lower their heads and butt. The one that goes down has to yield the right of way to the one who "downs" him.

A Little Extravagant.—An Albany lady wore a dress at the great ball, given to the Prince of Wales in New York, three flounces of which alone cost a thousand dollars each. The lace used upon the dress was "only two hundred and fifty dollars a yard."

Another Discovery.—The *Commercial Bulletin* says it is rumored that *whalebone-trees* have been discovered in the vicinity of the celebrated oil springs in Pennsylvania. A chap has gone out there to start an umbrella factory, and expects to make a *spread* while the excitement *reigns*.

☞ A living turtle was seen last week at Hunterdon, N. J., with inscriptions on his back as follows: "Tobias Nevins, 1737." and "Joseph Hagaman, 1777." He is said to have been seen a dozen times a year every year since the last date.

Advice Gratis.—Put on your flannels, and avoid the night air. Do not sleep directly in a draught of air, neither is it safe to leave a window open at all unless a draught is secured. Do not go out of the house in a profuse perspiration, or even sweat than ordinarily warm, into a chilly, damp atmosphere.

☞ Mr. Theopolis Popp, of Poppville, in Popp county, fancying to be very popular with his lady love, "popped the question" to her under the popular tree, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger pop, popped him out of the door, to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel."

Will Write for Nothing.—It is stated that Bonner, of the New York Ledger, when he invited Mr. Buchanan to become a contributor to his journal proposed to pay his excellency for his productions, and that a thousand dollar check was the offered receiving fee. Mr. Buchanan, however, promptly declined the generous offer.

An Auxiliary to Justice.—A Cincinnati policeman was having great difficulty one day last week, in getting a large, stout, drunken woman to the station house, and was almost on the point of giving up the job, when a billy-goat, which has the liberty of the streets came up behind and with a powerful butt, lifted her from her feet and drove her forward repeating the process till the station house was nearly reached.

Shocking Casualty.

A Father Kills his Daughter.—Mr. Jesse T. Ewell, a respectable citizen of Norfolk, returning home from his place of business, Wednesday evening, found his little son playing with a self-cocking pistol, which he had been dragging about the house and yard during the day, and taking the weapon from the child was proceeding to exhibit its works to him when it proved to be loaded and discharged, the contents of the barrel—two buckshot—entering the right breast and perforating the lung of his daughter Laura, a beautiful and interesting little girl of nine summers, who was seated on the steps getting her lesson.

The little girl, instantly jumping up, exclaimed, "Oh, pa, you have killed me!" and falling forward expired, the life blood gushed out of her mouth and nose. The unhappy father, almost bereft of reason by the heart-rending accident, sought in his frenzy to take his own life. He seized his knife and made a desperate effort to cut his own throat, but was prevented from steeping his family into still deeper grief, by some of his friends who happened to rush up in time.

An Improvement in Railroad Chairs.—An employee of the New York and Erie Railroad has recently invented an improvement in the arrangement of track chairs, which has been adopted by that road. Instead of spiking the chairs upon the ties, and resting the ends of the rails loosely in them, where they soon get loose enough to clatter and jar the wheels, and broom the ends of the rails, the chairs are placed between the ties, and fastened in their places by an effectual though simple arrangement of bolts and keys, so that there can be no possible variation in the level of the two ends of the rails, since both must rise and fall alike. The result is, that the cars appear to run upon a rail entirely smooth, making no jar whatever in passing off of one rail on to another.

Potatoes at the West.—The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says:

"If anybody wants to see potatoes by the cord—good measure—let them step down to the levee. There is not shipping enough at this time on the Upper Mississippi to move them away as fast as they accumulate. Farmers complain a little that the prices are too low; but they are the only party to blame; if they want higher prices they must not raise so many. The market price is from twelve to fifteen cents per bushel."

Dyspepsy and Its Supposed Remedies.—Dr. Tucker, of the *Medical Journal*, has no faith in bran bread, rye bread, &c., as remedies in dyspepsy. They are commonly supposed to exert a good feeling by keeping the bowels open by their mechanical effect of irritation; but it is an absurd idea to give indigestible bran to a stomach already irritated, and whose complaint is that it cannot digest.—Bran and other mechanical irritants though they may relieve the constipation, are not remedial, and only afford a palliative of one symptom, purchased at the risk of aggravating the real difficulty. Dr. Tucker believes that cold and stale wheat bread is the most digestible, and, therefore, [illegible]

A "Strong-Minded" Woman.—Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, of Orange county, N. Y., who insists that a woman should not be taxed unless she is allowed to vote, has thought to shame the collector out of his demand by offering to work out her road tax.—The doctress, having [illegible] passed the bloom of youth, made an impression upon the official, and, therefore, [illegible] working under protest, as some of [illegible] who went upon the road and drove a team.

☞ A man, near Alexandria, [illegible] an extraordinary [illegible] from [illegible] to the bottom of a well 100 feet [illegible] his head and shoulders in the [illegible] not much hurt.