The Compiler

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

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

43d Year. GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, SEPT. 9, 1861. No. 52.

TERMS.

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To Teachers & Directors.

YOU are hereby notified that I will visit the following places for the purpose of examining teachers, on the days mentioned:

Straban, at Hunterstown, Aug. 17, 10, a. m.
Oxford tp., at New Oxford, Aug. 24, 10, a. m.
Berwick Bor., at Abbottstown, Aug. 26, 1, p. m.
Berwick tp., at Elder's School-house, Aug. 27, 1, p. m.
Hamilton tp., East Berlin, Aug. 28, 10, a. m.
Reading tp., at Hampton, Aug. 29, 9, a. m.
Hampton, at Hampton, Aug. 29, 9, a. m.
Mountpleasant, at Brush Run School-house, Aug. 30, 9, a. m.
Conowago, at McSherrystown, Aug. 31, 10, a. m.
Union, at Schildt's School-house, Sept. 3, 10, a. m.
Germany, at Littlestown, Sept. 4, 10, a. m.
Mountjoy, at Two Taverns, Sept. 5, 10, a. m.
Freedom, at Moritz's School-house, Sept. 6, 10, a. m.
Cumberland, at Shriver's tavern, Sept. 7, 9, a. m.
Liberty, at School-house No. 1, Sept. 10, 9, a. m.
Hamiltonban, at Fairfield, Sept. 11, 9, a. m.
Franklin, at Hilltown School-house, Sept. 12, 9, a. m.
Butler, at Middletown, Sept. 13, 9, a. m.
Menallen, at Bendersville, Sept. 14, 9, a. m.
Huntington, at Petersburg, Sept. 17, 9, a. m.
Baltimore, at Wolford's School-house, Sept. 18, 9, a. m.
Tyrone, at Heidlersburg, Sept. 19, 9, a. m.

Moral character is the first qualification of the Teacher; and, in this particular, the issuing of the Certificate will not be based on the mere absence of open objection. Positive knowledge of propriety of conduct will be a pre-requisite. In the absence of satisfactory evidence on this point, the Certificate will be withheld till reliable information is procured; and in case of ascertained delinquency, it will be refused entirely, no matter what the other qualifications.

No private examinations will be granted during the period devoted to the public examinations, and at other times, private examinations will only take place at the written request of the President and Secretary of the Board desiring to employ the candidate, and with opportunity for the members of the Board to be present, if they desire it.

Teachers must apply for examination before the Directors of the township in which they desire to teach. Any teacher failing to obtain a School in the township wherein his or her examination was had, must submit to a re-examination before the Directors to whom application is next made, should said Directors so desire.

Directors will please not fail to be present at these examinations, as I have numerous and important documents to present and explain to them and the teachers.

JNO. C. ELLIS, *Co. Supt.*

New Oxford, July 22, 1861. td

Lancaster Book Bindery.

GEORGE WIANT,
BOOK BINDER,
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Plain and Ornamental Binding, of every description, executed in the most substantial and approved styles.

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T. D. Carson, Esq., Bank of Gettysburg.
Peter Martin, Esq., Prothy's of Lancaster co., Pa.
Geo. C. Hawthorn, Esq., Register " "
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April 15, 1861.

Merchant Tailoring!

GEORGE ARNOLD has just returned from the city with a large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmeretts, Drap de Ete, Cashmere, Cloth, and Vestings of all styles; and having secured the services of

W. T. KING,

as Foreman, we are prepared to put up the above goods in styles equal to the best city manufacturing establishments. Having turned out hundreds of jobs within the last six months, which have all proved satisfactory, and a very considerable increase in our trade, go to show, conclusively, that we do business in No. 1 manner. Our stock of goods cannot be surpassed in quality and style. Give us a call.—We are confident we can please you.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

April 15, 1861. tf

JUDSON'S

Mountain Herb Worm Tea.

HERBS, BARKS AND ROOTS
versus
POISONOUS MINERALS AND DRUGS.

MOTHERS, TAKE HEED!

Do you when observing the uneasy actions of your children, consider that it may be more than a mere Cholic that afflicts them? In nine cases out of ten, the cause of the little sufferer's anguish is WORMS, *and should be at once looked to.*

HEADS OF FAMILIES,

Do not let your children suffer, when we present you in

JUDSON'S WORM TEA.

A SAFE AND PLEASANT CURE FOR WORMS.

How much better and safer would it be to have it always in the house. A little delay when a child is taken ill may often be the cause of its death, while acting without delay, and by giving the MOUNTAIN HERB TEA immediately, you will not only save the child a long and tedious illness, and yourself much expense, but also feel happier in knowing that you have done your duty, and perchance saved its life.

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TO

YOUR CHILDREN.

Use this Simple, Safe, Vegetable Medicine. This Worm Tea was discovered in an unusual way among the Wilds of Northern Mexico—a full account of it you will find in our Almanacs. Ask for the "*Rescue of Pula Almanac*," of the Agent, and when you have read it, send it to your neighbors, that they may also know of and be cured by this GREAT REMEDY!

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KILLS WORMS,

NEVER HARMS—IS PLEASANT TO TAKE.

GET A PACKAGE—PRICE 25 CENTS.

OBSERVE.—Always find the Name and Signature of B. L. JUDSON & CO., and the portrait of *Tezuco*, on each package of this Worm Tea.

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☞ JUDSON'S WORM TEA is sold by one Agent in every Village, and by all Druggists.
H. G. CARR, Agent for Gettysburg.
July 22, 1861. 1yeow

MILLINERS and others will find a good assortment of Ribbons, Flowers, Plumes, Ruches, &c., at the cheap store of
A. SCOTT & SON.

The Muse.

FOR THE COMPILER.

Lines on the Death of Annie S. Wright.

Happy and bright,
In yon world of light,
Is my loved one, with angels singing;
In a choral band,
With a harp in her hand,
Which with music sweet is ringing.
And the angels rejoice,
With melodious voice,
That to her a crown is given,
And that, freed from sin,
She has entered in,
To partake of the bliss of Heaven.

Oh, sweet is her song,
Mid that holy throng,
As she chants her Redeemer's story,
Now she shouts and sings,
And the echo rings,
Hallelujah!—glory!—glory!
And she strikes her lyre,
With a seraph's fire,
And she casts her crown before Him;
With the angels bright,
And the saints in light,
That with ceaseless praise adore Him.

Oh, keen is the smart
To the stricken heart,
When its loved ones are from it riven,
But faith looks up,
With a longing hope,
For a joyful meeting in Heaven.
Then I'll cease to mourn,
Though she'll ne'er return,
To a world of sin and sorrow;
And I'll ever pray,
That the grief of to-day,
May lead to a blissful to-morrow.

Miscellaneous.

The Man who Knows Everything.

A mighty knowing man was Caleb Page, who kept the grocery at the fork of the road, near Woodchuck creek, Sprag Hollow, in the village of Hornville. No occurrence had taken place, of all the particulars of which Caleb did not possess a thorough knowledge in the minutest detail. All matters in the prospective were anticipated, discussed, arranged, and satisfactorily disposed of by Caleb, long before they took place. If a neighbor rushed into the store to communicate what he believed to be a very recent piece of news, he would have the conceit taken out of him by being told by Caleb that he "had heard of it a week ago." Events of the past, present, and future were all the same to him; his ubiquitous knowledge grasped and covered them all—to him they were all "stale news."

A small bet was made one evening between Si Stevens and Joe Stubbins. Si bet Joe couldn't nonplus Caleb with any piece of intelligence—real or imaginary. Joe took all such bets as that.

The following evening Si and Joe, accompanied by two or three more of the "boys" of the village, who were to "help the thing along," and "fill in," proceeded to Caleb's store. After being comfortably seated here and there, on barrels, boxes, etc., Si opened the evening's amusement by asking, in a manner that indicated he was continuing a conversation commenced before they entered the store:

"So you say, Joe, that they caught him at last?"

"Yes, sir, about seventeen minutes past eight."

"Well, Joe, how far up the creek was it?"

"On a careful consideration, I should say it was about three miles, or three miles and a quarter, or perhaps a half, up the creek."

Caleb, who had not lost a word of the conversation, dropped his sugar-scoop with astonishment, and opened his ears for the boys were talking about a matter in which he was not "posted up." The conversation continued:

"Well!" says Si, "that couldn't 'a been far from Deacon Hunt's."

"Jest so," answered Joe, "it was about eighty rods from Deacon Hunt's hog-pen, in a slanchwise direction."

"Did you hear, Joe," with a face as stolid as a gravestone "how much ile they got?"

"Yes, I did," replied Joe, with another face as solemn as two gravestones: "I heart that they got nigh about sixty barl's of ile."

The wags observed that Caleb was getting exceedingly uneasy, and "piled it on."

"Well, Joseph, how long was the reptile?"

"Well, Silas, the insect was about eighty-two feet long, and twenty-eight feet odd inches broad—thick in proportion."

"I thought, Joe, that there was two on 'em."

"That's a fact, there was a pair on 'em, but they only caught the he one."

At this point of the dialogue Caleb became so desperately excited that he could contain himself no longer, and snappishly wanted to know "what'n thunder they were talking about?"

"Why," said Joe, with well-feigned astonishment, "don't you know about their catching that are—"

"That are what?" peevishly snarled Caleb.

"Why, that are whale!" seriously answered Joe Stubbins.

"A whale!" exclaimed the bewildered Caleb, "have they caught that whale up the creek?"

"They haven't caught anything else," said the imperturbable Joe.

"And how much ile did they get?" inquired Caleb, as he recovered his wits.

"Ninety-two barl's," replied Joe, forgetting the amount he had previously mentioned.

"Well," said Caleb, with slow deliberation, and a look of relief, "I'm glad they caught that whale, for I heard they were arter him."

Artemus Ward's Courting Experience.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon, when all natur was hush & nary a Zeffer distributed the serene silence. I sot with the object of mi hart's affeckshuns on the fence of her daddy's pastur. I had experiunsed a hankerin arter her for sum time, but darsunt proclame mi pashun. Wall we sot thare on the fence a swinging our feet & frow and blushing as red as the Baldingsville skule howse when it was first painted, & lookin very cimpul. I make no dowt. Mi left arm was okupide in ballusin miself on the fence while mi rite arm was wound affeckshunitly round Suzanner's waste.

Sez I, "Suzanner, I thinks very much of you."

Sez she, "How yu du run on."

Sez I, "I wish there was a winder to mi sole, soz you cood see some of mi feelins," & I side deeply.

I pawsed here, but as she made no reply to it, I continued on in the following strane:

"An, cood yer know the sleeplis nights I pawse on yer account, how vittles has seast to be attractive to me & how mi limbs is shrunk up, ye woodent dowt me not by no means. Gaze on this wasted form and sunken izo," I cride, jumping up.

I should have continered sum time longer probly, but unfortunately I lost mi balance and fell over into the pastur ker smash, taring mi close, and severely damaging myself ginerally. Suzanner sprang to my assistance & dragged me 4th in duble quick time. Then drawin herself up to her full hite sed,

"I won't listen to your noncents any longer. Jest yu sa rite out what you are at. If yu mean to get hitched, I'm in."

☞ An Irishman who had been a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in a suburban town, being sent with a note, with the command to make all possible haste, found on his way a turtle, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket book. Determined to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, anticipating a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he had reached home the turtle had made its way nearly out of his pocket, and Patrick quietly re-consigned him to his pocket. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, he rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook, "Bessie, Bessie, *did ye ever see a toad with a kiver?*"

Hard on Chicago.—A good story is told in Chicago about rents. A party leased a fine house to a merchant in good business at $1,200 per year. The panic and war came on. Tenant informs landlord he cannot pay such a rent. "What can you afford to pay?" "Not over half that sum." "Very well; you shall have it for $606." Toward the end of the quarter tenant informs the landlord he cannot pay that. "What can you pay now?" "Nothing. I am doing no business." "Very well; I want my house taken care of, and you may stay without rent." A short time after, in passing by the house, he found the tenant moving his furniture, and asked him what that was for. "Why, you don't think I am such a fool as to stay in that house, when I have found a much better one for nothing!"

☞ Chubb, in his "West Indian Rambler," tells of a planter in one of the islands, who had a slave that had been on his grounds for thirty years. When on his deathbed he sent for this negro and said to him, "Tom, you've been a faithful servant; I have left you your freedom in my will, and ordered that when you die you shall be laid beside me in my own tomb." "Thank ye, massa," said Tom, "for de freedom, but for de tomb radder no." "Why so, Tom?" "Ye see de debil come, sir; all dark ye know,—he may make mistake, and take Tom instead o' massa."

☞ A Frenchman who wrote, several years ago, a book on "The Laws of Gastronomy," or the art of dining out, lays it down among his leading rules, that "A guest would be guilty of great injustice, should he speak ill of his friend within three hours after having dined with him. The gratitude should last as long as the digestion." A neat hit, that; and including a doctrine of unquestionable soundness.

☞ One of the volunteers in the Troy Regiment—private in Capt. Wilson's Company—writes home the following letter: "Dear Father—I am well.—Send me $6."—*Troy Times.*

Short and sweet, but scarcely equal to one of Capt. Tyler's company, who wrote to a relative thus: "Bear Brother—I have read my Bible through, send me another; also a fine comb and a cake of soap."—*Danville Republican.*

☞ A farmer, writing to a friend to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine, thus unbosomed himself: "Respected sir: I went yesterday to the fair at Maton; I found several of our species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there!"

☞ "Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "Cause I want to draw an elephant."

☞ Gen. Michael Doudel, one of the oldest citizens of York, Pa., died on Thursday week.

Aid and Comfort to the Enemy.

The abolition press of the North is engaged in the treasonable business of giving aid and comfort to the enemy in two ways.—First, by endeavoring to pervert this war for the Constitution and the Union into a crusade against slavery, and thereby destroying the remaining Union sentiment in the Southern States. Second, by wickedly and maliciously representing the Democrats of the North as secret sympathizers with rebellion, ready to revolt against the Government upon the first favorable opportunity, and thereby encouraging the Southern people to persevere in rebellion with the hope of ultimately obtaining assistance from the Northern Democracy.

No argument is necessary to demonstrate that the dissemination of such treasonable views throughout the South would be followed by disastrous consequences to the cause of the Union, and perhaps postpone indefinitely the prospect of reconstruction. So anxious was Congress that the object of the Government should be set before the Southern people in the proper light, that it adopted with singular unanimity the resolution of Mr. Crittenden, declaring that the war was prosecuted for the sole purpose of maintaining the Constitution and the Union—yet in the face of this official declaration such abolition organs as the *Telegraph*, published at this place, by an officer of the Government, insist that the war shall be prosecuted for *abolition* and *revenge*, and that the reconstruction of the Union is no longer the Nation's watchword.

In reply to the oft repeated charge that the Northern Democracy sympathize with the efforts of rebels to destroy the Union, we ask the question—Why should a Democrat be a traitor? The Democratic party has everything to lose and nothing to gain by the dissolution of the Union. Admit the fact that the strength of the Democratic party is in the Southern States, and so much stronger the reason why Democrats should desire and labor for the maintenance of the Union. Those who seek to affix the stigma of treason to the Democratic party because it has stood up for Southern rights in the Union, reason most illogically, when they conclude that this party must necessarily sympathize with the Southern States in their efforts to get out of the Union. Not only duty to the Government, but the highest interest of the Democratic party impels it to wish for and to work for the preservation of the Union.

Thus taking a purely selfish view of the case, it is evident that the Democracy as a party have an interest in the preservation of the Union beyond that of any other party organization. But the great mass of Northern Democrats who were ready to make every sacrifice for the Union when the Abolitionists talked of "letting it slide," and when the Republicans exclaimed "not an inch" of concession for the Union, were governed by higher, nobler, more patriotic impulses, when they filled up the ranks of the army and rushed to the defense of the Government. They are now as ever loyal to the Constitution and constitutional government, and as determinedly hostile to abolitionism in all its phases as they were during the last campaign, when they predicted the bitter fruits of sectional domination.

The Democratic party is loyal to the Constitution and the Union—and the only traitors at the North are those who seek to destroy the Constitution and to give such aid and comfort to the enemy as to render the reconstruction of the Union impossible.—*Patriot & Union.*

Patriotism and Partyism.

The Chambersburg *Spirit* says:—There are some persons who profess not to see how one can support the Government and not agree with the President's party politics; or, in other words, how one can sustain the *Government* of which Mr. Lincoln is the head, and not sustain the *party* of which he is the head. This is certainly a *new* idea in politics, and if the Republicans can only find enough Democrats to believe in it they will be enabled to build up a very powerful party on that basis! In times past when the Democrats were at the head of the Government they never thought of asking their political opponents to join their party in order to show their loyalty to the Government, nor did Democrats in those days think it necessary to hold Union Meetings with the Republicans, or any other party, as the only means of demonstrating their love for the Union. Men in those days were able to comprehend the difference between *patriotism* and *partyism*, and were liberal enough to allow that a man could love and fight for his country with equal devotion and equal bravery whether he belonged to the Whig party or the Democratic party. There seems to be a strange confusion of ideas on this subject, just now, but time that rights all things will right this too. The Washington *Examiner* draws the distinction between *government* and *party* in the following extract, in a sensible and forcible style:—

"Now, we can perceive a wide distinction between the government and the party.—We can see a perfect consistency in giving President Lincoln's government our best aid, and at the same time extending opposition to Abraham Lincoln's party. The Republican party may be corrupt, fanatical and ruinous to the country (and we firmly believe it is,) and it ought, therefore, to be opposed by every honest friend of the country, and if possible, defeated in all of its *merely party schemes*. The Union on the other hand, is a great and noble government, unsurpassed in excellence by any that ever existed in all earthly time, and it ought, therefore, to be devotedly cherished, bravely defended, and jealously vindicated, both against the parricides who have upraised the hand of rebellion and the party zealots who—innocently it may be—carry ruin in their train."

A Proscribed Newspaper.

The New York *Journal of Commerce*—one of the newspapers whose transmission through the mails has been recently prohibited by order of the Government—makes the following remarks in reference to this act: We copy them, in simple justice to that paper, both to show how readily it submits to the dictate of the lawful authorities, and with what dignity and truthfulness it repels the charge of hostility to the Government, which partisan malice has brought against it, for the very purpose, doubtless, of breaking it down:

The proceedings which the Government has seen fit to adopt will doubtless excite surprise in many quarters, and if it is to be carried, as there is reason to apprehend, to the extent of suppressing all papers which do not support the Administration, will extinguish the liberty of the press throughout the United States quite as effectually as it has been done under any of the Governments of the Old World. It is not our purpose, at this time, to enter upon a discussion of the propriety of the proceeding to which the Postmaster General's letter has reference. The Journal of Commerce yields a ready and willing obedience to law, under all circumstances, and has ever advocated the cause of law and order and the support of the constituted authorities, in all proceedings constitutional and legal in their nature. It has never, by word, act or deed, transcended the constitutional and legal rights of a public journal, nor has it incited others to trample upon any law, State or National. It has not, in the present unhappy condition of the country, approved secession as a rightful or proper proceeding, nor has it placed in the way of the Government the slighest obstacle to the maintenance of its authority, in all parts of the Union. It has presented facts and statistics touching the resources of the South, at the time disputed, but now acknowledged to be correct by the representatives of the Administration, and it has laboured, first to procure for the South and the North alike their just rights in the Union, and, failing in that, to make the war one of humanity and civilization, by recognizing the enemy as belligerents—a position now taken by most of the Administration papers—and finally to restore peace at the earliest period consistent with the honor of the country.

This is the extent to which the Journal of Commerce has offended—nothing more, nothing less—for this it appears to have fallen under the displeasure of the authorities at Washington. We do not suppose that those whose official action is put in requisition to exclude it from the mails, and possibly to suppress its publication, have any personal knowledge of its contents, or, any more than the Grand Jury who lately presented it as a disloyal sheet, have lately perused its columns. It has suited the purpose of partizan cotemporaries to charge it with hostility to the government, and has been a part of the duty of partisan leaders to initiate and procure the proceedings against it, through the Grand Jury and the direct interference of the authorities, the whole being nothing more nor less than a manifestation of professional jealousy and sectional malice, to which we regret the Administration has given its sanction without a correct understanding of the facts.

We would be proud to submit our record, side by side with that of any New York journal, to the President, for his candid examination, and willingly to abide his judgment; or that of any impartial or honorable man, in the business. To say this proceeding has not caused us deep regret would be to depart from our habit of speaking frankly and unreservedly on all questions of this character, but that regret is due far more to the unjust imputation of disloyalty to the Government than to any pecuniary losses we may sustain, in consequence of a partial or total suppression of our circulation. Having from first to last, during a service of more than a third of a century, as public journalists, rendered a firm and consistent support to the Government, although frequently differing from the views of those in power, respecting the policy to be pursued, it pains us now to be made the victim of arbitrary power, without judicial proceedings, without any of the forms of inquiry usual in such cases, and without, as we firmly believe, even the slightest knowledge, on the part of the Government, of the contents of our sheet, against which complaints have been uttered. We have but discharged our duty in the past, and, according to our custom and sense of propriety, we make no factious opposition to this or any other proceeding, having the semblance of law, but in complying thus promptly with the notice served upon us, we waive no legal rights, nor can we surrender, except under what seems a necessity, the high attributes of an American citizen.

☞ General Fremont has placed the whole State of Missouri under martial law. The property, real and personal, of all parties who take up arms against the United States is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if they have any, declared to be *free men*.

A Finality.—We notice in the Eastern papers that editorial opinion is divided in regard to the orthography of the name of the Brigadier who succeeds Gen. Lyon. Some spell it Siegal, others Seigel and still others Seigel. His name is Franz Sigel.—*St. Louis Repub.*

☞ "Dress up, there, dress up," shouted a drill sergeant to a squad of likely looking recruits in the Park. "Couldn't do it, sir," returned one of the boys; "our uniforms ain't furnished yet."

Woman's Religion.—"I don't miss my church so much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsey sit at the window as soon at the bells begin to chime, and she tells me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

THE WAR!

SUCCESS OF THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.

Capture of Two Forts and 630 Prisoners!

The naval and military expedition which left Old Point on Monday last has most successfully performed the duty upon which it was despatched, and achieved a victory of some importance. The steamer Adelaide, from the expedition, came up to Annapolis on Saturday night, bringing Major General Butler, who at once proceeded to Washington. From the official despatches and other accounts we learn that the expedition reached its destination off Cape Hatteras Inlet on Tuesday. On each side of the inlet the Confederates had a sand fort, called respectively Fort Clark and Fort Hatteras. The fleet commenced the bombardment of the forts on Wednesday, kept it up at intervals all day, and renewed it with increased effect on Thursday. A portion of the force on board the steamers Peabody and Adelaide were landed, and the reinforcements which the Confederates attempted to land were driven back. On Friday the forts capitulated and the forces within them unconditionally surrendered, with the proviso only that they should be treated as prisoners of war. The results of the expedition are summed up as follows: six hundred and thirty prisoners, eleven of whom are wounded and have been brought up to the hospital at Annapolis; thirty-one pieces of cannon, one thousand stand of arms, equipments and munitions; and three vessels, one loaded with cotton and prepared to run the blockade, a quantity of provisions, including a lot of coffee, and two light ships, which had been taken from their proper stations by the Confederates. The prisoners, with the exception of the wounded, were taken to New York in the flag-ship Minnesota. The remainder of the fleet and force remained at the scene of operations. The casualties on the part of the Confederates are stated at fifteen killed and thirty wounded—on the Federal side none. Verbal accounts by passengers from Old Point state that the gunboat Harriet Lane ran ashore, and that attempts to get her off, after throwing overboard three of her guns, were unsuccessful. The official accounts make no mention of any disaster to the fleet. Among the persons taken are Commodore Barron, formerly a Captain in the United States Navy, now "flag officer Confederate States Navy, commanding naval forces of Virginia and North Carolina," Colonel William F. Martin, of Seventh North Carolina Volunteers, and Major W. S. G. Andrews, commanding Forts Hatteras and Clark.—*Baltimore American, Sept. 2d.*

☞ The Easton Argus advises people to keep cool. It says the present is a time pre-eminently demanding coolness and self-possession on the part of all who desire the preservation of our free institutions. Passion and recrimination are the worst foes with which the country has now to contend. Indeed, it is passion that has plunged the country into the present war. Abolitionism on the one hand and Secession on the other, are but the expression of sentiments wrought up by passion and brought into collision, and they are now striving for the mastery, the one over the other. Reverse the relative locality of the contestants, and it is probable that the Abolitionists of the North would be Secessionists at the South, and Secessionists at the South abolitionists at the North. The real friends of the Union occupy the conservative ground between these two extremities. * * *

Why may not men differ in opinion as to our National policy now as heretofore?—Why should passion be allowed to take the place of argument now, more than at any former period? Are not truth and reason as potent as ever,—or must we be compelled to say—

"O, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason?"

We repeat, the present crisis demands calmness and prudence on the part of all.—While maintaining individual opinion with firmness, let denunciation give way to argument, and let reason and judgment be appealed to, and the sober second-thought of the people be invoked to preserve fraternal feeling among ourselves, and to rescue the country from the perils of anarchy and destruction.

☞ The Reading *Gazette* says: There are in every community, a few men of such bigoted minds and intolerant spirits, that they can endure no one who differs from them in opinion. These are the persons with whom the cry of "traitor" generally originates. Mostly ignorant, and always full of prejudice, they invariably misrepresent the views of those who presume to disagree with them. Thus, if any one should happen to express an idea as to the origin and cause of the war that does not strictly accord with their own notions, they straightway denounce him as a "secessionist," although he may have given an hundred proofs of his loyalty. And if another should speak of peace and compromise, these same individuals at once accuse him of sympathizing with the Southern traitors. Now, as the first, last and only object of the war, is the restoration of peace, it might be supposed that citizens whose whole lives have attested their fidelity to the Constitution and Union, could discuss the probability of accomplishing peace with a view to the maintenance and preservation of both, without exposing themselves to the grave accusation of hatching treason. Surely, when a proclamation bearing Abraham Lincoln's name is now in print, recommending the people of the United States to observe a day of fasting and prayer to Almighty God, "for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessing on their arms, and *a speedy restoration of peace*," the consideration of measures that may be instrumental to that end, can be no just ground of offence.

Good Seed—Early Wheat.

"What you sow, that you shall also reap," is as true in agriculture as in morals. It was once thought, and sustained by high authority, that imperfectly ripened wheat, if it would germinate, was as good as any for seed—and even recommended as better than good, plump kernels, as more seeds were contained in a bushel. Experience proves this notion fallacious. We may as well expect a full-sized Morgan horse from a Spanish jackass, as a good crop of wheat from imperfect seed. *To produce the best, we must propagate from the best.*

In England, the farmers take the sheaves and whip them gently over a stone, when the best and earliest ripened kernels will fall out, which they take for seed. A better method is to go through the field and select the earliest ripened heads for seed, which will soon produce an earlier variety than the original stock. Such seed will also produce a crop free from smut. Sowing poor, half-ripened, imperfect seed, is sowing smut and disappointment. It might seem that it would be an endless task to gather enough early heads for seed, but it requires but two or three years to change the variety, and have seed enough and to spare.

A wheat known in Scotland as the Hopetown wheat, and deemed an excellent and prolific variety, owes its origin to an accidental circumstance, an observing farmer having remarked a very superior ear, from which he picked out ninety-nine kernels, and from their product came this celebrated variety.

To show the rapidity with which such seed may multiply, we give an instance:—A farmer in Cambridgeshire, England, in 1840, gathered eighteen very fine ears, the proceeds of which filled a common wine glass. These seeds he planted the following autumn, and produced one peck. This was planted the following autumn, and produced seven bushels and one peck, and this produced one hundred and eight bushels and two pecks, which was planted in 1843, and produced one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight bushels. This was the increase of eighteen heads of wheat in four years.

Another planted thirty kernels in 1839, which produced fourteen and three-fourths ounces; this was sown, and produced one bushel and one peck; this produced forty-five bushels; and this, in 1841, produced five hundred and thirty-seven bushels.

It will thus be seen that the task of gathering the earliest ripened heads, and thus producing an early variety, is not great, and farmers will be well paid for the trouble. They will get a variety that can be sowed late enough to escape the fly, and that will ripen early enough to escape the rust. Try it and give us the result.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ The Carlisle *Volunteer* says:—The *Herald* reminds us that if we have any charges to make against the Republicans, we must do so "on evidence clear and unmistakable," or we "will be held to a fearful responsibility in the future." That evidence we will furnish, neighbor, to the satisfaction of fair men, if not to your satisfaction. It will not require much "evidence" to convince the people that the last Republican Legislature was corrupt to the core. Nor will it be necessary, we think, to call many witnesses to the stand to satisfy the people that the Republicans repealed the tonnage tax, by which act of villainy the people were robbed to an amount that would have paid off the State debt in a short time. The *Herald* last fall assured the people, on its *honor*, that Curtin and the Republican candidates for Assembly were opposed to a repeal of the tonnage-tax, but when, by bribery and corruption, the repeal of this tonnage-tax was effected, and the bill was signed by Gov. Curtin, our neighbor had not a word of condemnation to offer.—The people know these facts, and require no "evidence" on the subject. The army frauds, which the *Herald* would dare to cover up, we can furnish "evidence" to prove. Would our neighbor like to see a shoe with a wooden sole? If so, he will please call at our office, and we will show him one—taken from the foot of a soldier after two days' wear. We will, if it becomes necessary, furnish "evidence" enough for you, Mr. *Herald*; and as to the "responsibility," we are willing to assume as much as if necessary to convict the Republican party, and have it condemned by an insulted and outraged people.

The Taxes Must be Paid.—We have heard it intimated that the additional taxes of these hard times will be resisted, and we take this occasion to advise every tax payer to submit to the burden, with as much patience as possible. The collector is not to blame, and the claim is legal and must be paid. These taxes are the fruits of certain legislation, and must be endured until new men can be placed in office, and the taxes reduced by a more economical administration.—*Honolulu Herald.*

☞ The duty of a trumpeter in a regiment of cavalry is to blow the trumpet. A regiment of cavalry occupies so large a space that almost all commands are communicated by the trumpet. In action, the trumpeter rides near the colonel and blows whatever signal he directs.

☞ Senator WILMOT, of Pennsylvania, is reported to be dangerously ill with cancer in his stomach, and but small chance of recovery.

☞ As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give fourth the fragrance of the love of God.

☞ Envy not the eagle his wings. In one year's time the novelty of wings would be over with you, and would skim undelighted the edges of the clouds.

☞ A good many presiding officers at public meetings don't know how to put a question. Young ladies think it should be popped.

☞ Friendship which flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter.