

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.
The Compiler is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$2 00 per annum if paid strictly in advance—\$2 50 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOE PATRICK done with neatness and dispatch.
Offices in South Baltimore street, nearly opposite Wampiers' Printing Establishment—'Compiler Printing Office' on the sign.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
J. C. Neely,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Particular attention paid to collection of Penalties, County, and Back-pay. Office in the S. E. corner of the Court House.
Gettysburg, April 6, 1863. 1f

D. McCaughy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street), ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate and Bonded Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England, Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices for Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. Apply to him personally or by letter.
Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

Edward B. Buehler,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language.—Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.
Gettysburg, March 20.

Law Partnership.
W. A. DUNCAN & J. H. WHITE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to them, including the procuring of Penalties, County Back Pay, and all other claims against the United States and State Governments.
Office in North West Corner of Diamond, Gettysburg, Penn.
April 3, 1863. 1f

Doctor C. W. Benson.
OFFICE at the Railroad House, (front room, formerly occupied by Dr. Kitzinger).
LITTLETON, PA.
June 19, 1863. 1f

Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal's
OFFICE at the Railroad House, (front room, formerly occupied by Dr. Kitzinger).
LITTLETON, PA.
June 19, 1863. 1f

Dr. J. A. Armstrong,
HAVING removed from New Salem, York county, and having located at Middle-town, Adams county, offers his professional services to the public.
July 21, '63. 6m

Dr. D. S. Peffer,
BROTSTOWN, Adams county, continues the practice of his profession in all its branches, and would respectfully invite all persons afflicted with any old standing disease to call and consult him.
Oct. 3, 1864. 1f

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.
HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Pickler's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. Respects Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Kratz, D. R. H. Baughner, D. V. C. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stover.
Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

Removals.
THE undersigned, being the authorized person to make removals into River Green Cemetery, hopes that such as contemplate the removal of the remains of deceased relatives or friends will avail themselves of this season of the year to have it done. Removals made with promptness—terms low, and no effort spared to please.
PETER THOMAS, Keeper of the Cemetery.
March 12, '60.

Hardware and Groceries.
THE undersigned have just returned from the cities with an immense supply of HARDWARE & GROCERIES, which they are offering at their old stand in Baltimore street, at prices to suit the times. Our stock consists of:
BUILDING MATERIALS,
CARPENTERS TOOLS,
BLACKSMITHS TOOLS,
COACH FINDINGS,
SHOE FINDINGS,
CABINET MAKERS TOOLS,
HOUSEKEEPERS FURNITURE,
ALL KINDS OF IRON, &c.
GOLD, SILVER, &c.
The undersigned have also a large stock of the best of BUILDING MATERIALS, and all the articles mentioned above but what can be had at this Store.—Every class of Mechanics can be accommodated here with tools and findings, and how-keepers can find every article in their line.—Give us a call, as we are prepared to sell as low for cash as any house out of the city.
JOHN B. DANNER, DAVID ZIEGLER.
Gettysburg, May 16, 1864.

Grain and Produce.
HAVING taken the large and commodious Warehouse recently occupied by Frank Hark, Esq.,
IN NEW OXFORD,
we are prepared to pay the highest prices for all kinds of FLOUR, GRAIN, and other articles, and to receive in return the best of LUMBER, COAL and GROCERIES, of every description.
A. P. MYERS & WIERMAN.
New Oxford, Aug. 10, 1863. 1f

The Great Discovery
OF THE AGE—Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism can be cured by using H. H. MILLER'S CELEBRATED RHEUMATIC MIXTURE. Many prominent citizens of this, and the adjoining counties, have testified to its great utility. Its success in Rheumatism has been heretofore unparalleled by any specific, introduced to the public. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists and storekeepers. Prepared only by H. H. MILLER, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, East Berlin, Adams county, Pa., dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, Oils, Varnish, Spirits, Paints, Dye-stuffs, Botanical Dishes, Essences and Tinctures, Window Glass, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.
H. H. MILLER'S Agent in Gettysburg is Geo. Arnold, 111 N. Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa.
June 3, 1861. 1f

Still at Work.
THE undersigned continues the CARRIAGE-MAKING BUSINESS, and all his branches, at his old stand, in East Middle street, Gettysburg.
NEW WORK made to order, and REPAIRING done promptly and at lowest prices.
Two first-rate SPRING WAGONS and a SLEIGH for sale. JACOB TROXEL.
Dec. 7, '63.

Wanted.
A FARM in Adams county, for which I will exchange choice Western Lands, at a fair price. GEO. ARNOLD.
Aug. 7, 1865.

Do You Wish
TO preserve a good likeness of yourself, your children, or your friends? go at once to HUNTER'S New and Best way in the country to secure first class pictures.

Two Choice Farms. in the immediate neighborhood of Gettysburg—Buildings and Land good.
GEO. ARNOLD.
Gettysburg, Aug. 14, 1865.

The Compiler

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.
By H. J. STAHL.
"TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL."
TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.
48th Year.
GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOV. 13, 1865.
No. 7.

Public Sale
OF A SPLENDID FARM AND SEVERAL SMALLER TRACTS OF LAND.—On SATURDAY, the 18th day of NOVEMBER next, the subscriber, desiring to relinquish claims and settle, will offer, on the premises, the following valuable real estate, viz:
No. 1. A SPLENDID FARM, (formerly Daniel Polley's), situated in Cumberland township, Adams county, about 3 miles from Gettysburg, with a fine creek on the north side, and a large tract of land on the south side, containing 175 ACRES, more or less—about 20 acres in timber, with plenty of meadow. The land is granite and slate in excellent condition, and very productive—the fencing good. The improvements are a two-story Weather-boarded HOUSE, with Back-building, Wash House, Spring House, a new Bank Barn, a good Shed, Corn Crib, Carriage House, Hog Pen, and other out-buildings; a well of water at the house, and a spring in one of the fields; an Apple Orchard, with all other kinds of fruit, on the premises. Half of the farm has been tilled.
No. 2. A TRACT OF LAND, adjoining the Farm, and Louis Hoop's, on Weigle's mill road, within a few rods of the Turnpike, containing 35 Acres, more or less, about 15 acres being in timber. The clear part has been tilled, and is in first rate condition.
No. 3. A TRACT OF LAND, on the new mill road, adjoining Cornelius Daugherty and Jno. W. Weigle, containing 10 Acres, more or less, about 3 acres being timber. The cleared land is excellent, having been farmed only a few years.
No. 4. A TRACT OF TIMBERLAND, also on the new mill road, adjoining Heirs Dutt and Abraham Plank, containing 10 Acres, more or less, well covered with Hickory and White Oak.
The attention of those wishing to purchase is invited to these properties, because they are unusually desirable. Should any one wish to purchase all together, the opportunity will be given. All those wishing to view them are requested to call on the subscriber, residing on the Farm. The terms will be easy.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.
EMANUEL D. KELLER.
Nov. 6, 1865.

Valuable Farms
FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell, at Private Sale, TWO FARMS, situated on Big Conowingo creek, near East Berlin, Adams county, Pa.:
No. 1. THE MANSION FARM, containing 100 Acres of well improved land. The improvements are of the best and substantial. It has a Dwelling HOUSE, Bank Barn, 40 by 80 feet, Corn Crib, Wagon Shed, Carriage House, Ice House, and other out-buildings.
No. 2. A DESIRABLE FARM, adjoining No. 1, containing 135 Acres. The improvements thereon are a new Brick Dwelling HOUSE, Barn 45 by 80 feet, Corn Crib, and other out-buildings.
There is a good proportion of Timberland to both the above farms, and the farms in the highest state of cultivation. There are Orchards of choice fruit on both places, and the fences are good. A stone wall along the creek, and the farms are nearly enclosed with a good Orange Hedge, which will very soon remove other fences. Further description is deemed useless, as any one wishing to purchase will find the places recommend themselves. They will be sold separately or together, to suit the purchaser, and on terms to be named.
If the above Farms are not sold before SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1865, they will be offered at Public Sale, on said day, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Apply to the subscriber, residing on the Mansion Farm.
JOSEPH J. KUHN.
Nov. 6, 1865. 1f [P. Kehler, Auct.]

Public Sale
OF A FARM.—On MONDAY, the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, the subscriber will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, THE FARM long owned by Andrew Brough, Sr., now deceased, situated in Reading township, Adams county, one mile north of Hampton, adjoining Andrew Brough, Jr., Jacob Millers, and John H. Weigle, containing 110 Acres, more or less—25 acres of it being in a good proportion of meadow. The improvements are a Two-story Rough-hewn Dwelling House, with Back-building, a Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Hog Pen, &c., and a well of excellent water near the door, and running water in nearly all the fields; an Apple Orchard and a variety of other fruit on the premises.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by
Nov. 6, 1865. PETER BROUGH.

A Good Farm
AT PUBLIC SALE.—On FRIDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, the subscriber, as Agent for the Widow and Heirs of Jacob Fidler, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, the following Real Estate of said deceased, viz:
A FARM, situated in York township, Adams county, about one mile from Heidersburg, two miles from New Market, and three miles from Reading, containing 100 Acres, more or less, with a good proportion of meadow, and a well of water near the door, and running water in nearly all the fields; an Apple Orchard and a variety of other fruit on the premises.
Persons wishing to view the property are requested to call on the undersigned, residing thereon.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by
Oct. 30, 1865. PETER FIDLER, Agent for the Widow and Heirs.

A Desirable Farm
AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber offers at Private Sale, THE FARM now occupied by John F. Felix, situated in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, adjoining lands of David Decker, Andrew Little, and others, containing 80 Acres, with sufficient meadow and woodland. The improvements are a one and a half story Log HOUSE, Log Barn, and other buildings; a well of good water at the door, with an Apple Orchard, and other fruit.
Persons wishing to view the Farm are requested to call on John F. Felix, residing thereon, or on the undersigned, residing in Germany township.
JOHN FELIX.
Oct. 20, 1865. 3f

Public Sale
THE subscriber, Assignee of Jacob I. Smith and Wife, will sell at Public Sale, at the residence of said Assignors, in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, on THURSDAY, 16th of NOV. next, the following property, viz: ONE HORSE, a Cow, (fresh in a few weeks), One Saddle, one Harness, one Pair of Horse Gears, Collars and Bridles, Ploughs, Hammers, Corn Forks, Shovel Ploughs, Wheelbarrow, Grindstone, Axes, Forks, Chairs, Tubs and Barrels, with many other articles, not enumerated.
THE REAL ESTATE of said Assignors will also be sold.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by
Nov. 6, 1865. D. C. SMITH, Assignee.

Collectors.
TAKE NOTICE.—The Collectors of Taxes for 1865 and previous years, in the different townships of Adams county, are hereby notified that they will be required to settle up their duplicates on or before the 15th day of NOVEMBER next, on which day the Commissioners will meet at their office, to give the necessary examinations.
The Collectors of the present year will be required to pay over to the County Treasurer all monies which may be collected by the November Court.
JACOB EPPELMAN, SAMUEL MARCH, ABRAHAM KRUSE, Commissioners of Adams county.
Attent. J. M. Walter, Clerk.
Oct. 23, 1865. 1f

Reeves' Ambrosia
FOR THE HAIR.—The Original and Genuine Ambrosia is prepared by J. ALLEN REEVES, and is the best hair dressing and preservative now in use. It stops the hair falling out, causes it to grow thick and prevents it from turning prematurely grey. It eradicates dandruff, cleanses, beautifies and renders the hair soft, glossy and curly. Buy it, try it and be convinced. Don't be put off with a spurious article. Ask for Reeves' Ambrosia and take care to obtain it as well as to read the benefits advertised. This is the whole secret.—He had advertised far and wide; advertised by the column; by his own or borrowed brains he made his advertisements so readable that often they were the most literary productions in the paper. He kept his name before the people, the people have bought his goods, and he is now a wealthy man. Let our business men do likewise!
Reeves' Ambrosia is for what you set before your friends. If it is bad taste for a host to praise the dinner on his table, it is still more inconsistent and ridiculous for him to make excuses for it. It is taken for granted, as a matter of course, that you give the very best at your command and wish it your means.

Selected Poetry.
Who is the author? has been repeatedly asked, of late, by various newspapers in the country, in reference to the authorship of the following lines. We can answer. They were composed by Mr. Samuel D. Moses, of Tennessee, by the Gallatin (Tenn.) Courier, in the spring of 1860. The Courier was edited by the writer of these lines:
Somebody's Son.
Somebody's son was out last night,
Brushing about the town;
And, if I mistake not, he was wrong—
In not wearing a top hat.
I know he's occupied a most youth,
After midnight—
No reason to tell the truth,
He had a "brick in his hat."
Daylight morally open takes
Strange fancies into his head,
And "plays the cat" or "dumps up make,"
In front of my office door.
"My son can't dance," somebody said,
"For never a lesson took he."
But he danced last night when you were in bed,
And Twilight was there to see.
You may call it dancing, or not, as you feel,
Though for half an hour or so,
He got so dizzy, he "single-footed" me,
In front of my office door.
"My son can't sing," somebody says,
"But he sang last night, I know,
As rough a song as a demon dare
To sing in the regions below."
"My son don't imitate," somebody thinks,
"Well, may be do it"—but then,
That he acts very much like one who drinks,
You have heard, and seen him do.
Yet something was tight—yes, tight—last night,
So drunk it could hardly crawl—
Perhaps 'twas the brain of a crow's nest,
That I found by my garden wall.
So, for fear I am wrong and somebody's right,
My hasty words I recall,
And say that the thing I saw last night
Was somebody's son—that's all!

Choice Miscellany.
A Mouse Story.
An English journal has the following story, of which the reader may believe as much as he pleases:
A gentleman, who had trained a mouse for the purpose of catching other mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin yarn. The work is done on the treadmill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to make attainment to society for past offences, by twisting and rowing from one hundred to one hundred and twenty threads per day. To complete this the little pedestrian has to run ten and a half miles. An ordinary mouse weighs only half an ounce. A half penny's worth of oatmeal, as one stilling and three-penny's worth of every kind of those treating culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes one hundred and ten threads per day, being an average of three thousand eight hundred and fifty threads of fifty-five inches, which is nearly ninety lengths of the reel. A penny is paid to the mouse for every cut of those treating. At this rate a mouse earns ninepence every five weeks, which is one farthing per day, or seven shillings and sixpence per annum. Takes sixpence for bread and one shilling for machinery, there will arise six shillings clear profit from every mouse yearly.
Persons wishing to purchase the machinery for the purpose of catching other mice, or the dimensions of which are one hundred feet by fifty feet and fifty feet in height, which, at a moderate calculation, will hold ten thousand mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of mice, may be had of the inventor, at the late of \$200 for the machinery, and \$500 for the interest, there will be left a balance of \$2,300 per annum.

How Paddy Won His Potters.
Paddy Mallone belonged to Capt. M.'s company in a certain Rhode Island regiment. Capt. M. liked an occasional dram himself, and therefore could not consistently deny his men that in which he himself indulged.
One day, when Paddy was on guard, he felt "thirsty," and seeing his captain approaching, accompanied by a lady, he resolved to present arms, a salute which he had no right to offer to any one but the officer of the day, or a field officer.
Accordingly, when Capt. M. reached Paddy's post, he saluted him in getting down on one knee, and instantly halting, the officer angrily exclaimed—
"Why do you present arms to me, sir?—You know that I am not the officer of the day."
"I beg yer pardon, sir," returned Paddy, obsequiously, "it is not to yourself, but to the lady that is with you, and she is the officer of the day."
Paddy got his whiskey as soon as relieved.

Against the Current.
A wagfish chap, whose wizen wife by drowning lost her precious life, called out to his neighbors all round him, and said, "My spouse was drowned, and in spite of search, could not be found. He knew, he said, the very nook where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more."
"Above the place?" the people cried; "why what d'ye mean?"
"The man replied—
"Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below? I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashions to 'ble well; alive or dead, she'd go, I saw, against the current anyhow!"

The Irish Sailor and the Captain's Copper Kettle.
Different people attach different meanings to the same word. An Irish sailor, who had just returned from a voyage, slipped from his hand into the sea; but being a witty fellow, and knowing the captain to be a good humored man, said, addressing him, "Would you say a thing was lost, sir, if you knew where it was?"
"Of course not," was the captain's reply. "Well, sir, your copper kettle is at the bottom of the sea."
"That's a good 'un,"—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle.
"Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that; for once I found a venerable old fellow in a turning, and he was old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: "Paradise, year 1, Adam."
"Good Reason for Moving.—An honest Hibernian reasoning along a handcart containing all his valuables, was accosted with:
"Well, Patrick, you are moving again, is it?"
"Faith I am," he replied, "for the times are so hard, it's a daisy cheaper hiring hand-carts than paying rents!"

Old History.
All Americans are familiar with this souvenir of General Andrew Jackson; yet very few know how it was earned by the old hero. I happen to be able to inform your readers.
In 1836 I was intimately acquainted with Col. John Allen, United States agent of the Chickasaw Indians, residing in Pontotoc; and with his brother, Capt. Wm. Allen, then a merchant in that town. I learned from Capt. Wm. Allen that his father was a near neighbor and devoted friend of General Jackson, and that he and his brother John were as soldiers in his escort, in all his campaigns, and camped at the same fire, and messed with him during the Creek war. They were certainly great favorites with him; and he rewarded them for their friendship by giving them lucrative appointments in the Chickasaw nation while he was President. In conversation with Capt. Allen about General Jackson, on one occasion, I asked him how he acquired the name of "Old Hickory?" I give his reply, as well as I can remember, in his own words:
"During the campaign which included the battle of Emucklav Creek, the army was moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and we were without tents. In the month of March, a cold equinoctial rain fell on us, mingled with sleet, which lasted several days. The General was exposed to the weather, and was suffering severely with a cold and sore throat. At night he bivouacked a floor of bark and laid down, pouring down rain, which froze as it fell. My brother John and I, finding that he was very unwell, became uneasy about him, although he did not complain, and laid down upon his blanket, by the camp-fire with his rifle. Seeing him wet to the skin, stretched in the mud and water in his suffering condition, we determined to try and make him more comfortable.
We cut down a stout hickory tree, in which the sap was rising, and peeled the bark from it in flakes; cut two forks and a pole, laid down a floor of bark and laid down leaves, and roofed it, and closed one side, or rather one end of the structure, against the wind, with bark, and left the other end open. We then dried our blankets, and made him a pallet in the tent we had constructed. We woke up the old General, and he, with some difficulty persuaded him to crawl in. With his saddle for a pillow, wrapped in our dry blankets, and his feet to the fire, he slept snugly and soundly all night, well cured in hickory bark.
The next morning an old man from the neighborhood came into camp with a jug of new hickory bark, and after talking freely himself, he gave us all a treat as far as the liquor would go. It seemed to be a kind-hearted, jovial and patriotic old fellow; a sort of "priviled character" in his country. While lingering about among the hickories, he happened to see my brother John, who immediately arrested his attention. After eyeing it for a moment, he exclaimed, "This sort of an outlandish Indian fixin' is what I want, and I give it a kick which tumbled down the queer looking structure, and completely buried the old man under it. As he staggered out of the ruins, and looking fiercely around for the author of the mischief, the old toper recognized him, and exclaimed, 'Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and join us in a drink.'
There was something so ludicrous in the way the man came out, that we all laughed, and rank could not restrain our merriment. He very good humoredly joined us laughing at the mishap. As he rose up, and shook the bark from him, he looked so tough and stern we all gave him a viva 'Hurrah for old Hickory!' This was the first time he ever heard the name which was afterwards shouted by the millions of his countrymen whenever he appeared among them."

How Paddy Won His Potters.
Paddy Mallone belonged to Capt. M.'s company in a certain Rhode Island regiment. Capt. M. liked an occasional dram himself, and therefore could not consistently deny his men that in which he himself indulged.
One day, when Paddy was on guard, he felt "thirsty," and seeing his captain approaching, accompanied by a lady, he resolved to present arms, a salute which he had no right to offer to any one but the officer of the day, or a field officer.
Accordingly, when Capt. M. reached Paddy's post, he saluted him in getting down on one knee, and instantly halting, the officer angrily exclaimed—
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Against the Current.
A wagfish chap, whose wizen wife by drowning lost her precious life, called out to his neighbors all round him, and said, "My spouse was drowned, and in spite of search, could not be found. He knew, he said, the very nook where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more."
"Above the place?" the people cried; "why what d'ye mean?"
"The man replied—
"Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below? I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashions to 'ble well; alive or dead, she'd go, I saw, against the current anyhow!"

The Irish Sailor and the Captain's Copper Kettle.
Different people attach different meanings to the same word. An Irish sailor, who had just returned from a voyage, slipped from his hand into the sea; but being a witty fellow, and knowing the captain to be a good humored man, said, addressing him, "Would you say a thing was lost, sir, if you knew where it was?"
"Of course not," was the captain's reply. "Well, sir, your copper kettle is at the bottom of the sea."
"That's a good 'un,"—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle.
"Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that; for once I found a venerable old fellow in a turning, and he was old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: "Paradise, year 1, Adam."
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"Well, Patrick, you are moving again, is it?"
"Faith I am," he replied, "for the times are so hard, it's a daisy cheaper hiring hand-carts than paying rents!"

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A wagfish chap, whose wizen wife by drowning lost her precious life, called out to his neighbors all round him, and said, "My spouse was drowned, and in spite of search, could not be found. He knew, he said, the very nook where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more."
"Above the place?" the people cried; "why what d'ye mean?"
"The man replied—
"Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below? I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashions to 'ble well; alive or dead, she'd go, I saw, against the current anyhow!"

Old History.
All Americans are familiar with this souvenir of General Andrew Jackson; yet very few know how it was earned by the old hero. I happen to be able to inform your readers.
In 1836 I was intimately acquainted with Col. John Allen, United States agent of the Chickasaw Indians, residing in Pontotoc; and with his brother, Capt. Wm. Allen, then a merchant in that town. I learned from Capt. Wm. Allen that his father was a near neighbor and devoted friend of General Jackson, and that he and his brother John were as soldiers in his escort, in all his campaigns, and camped at the same fire, and messed with him during the Creek war. They were certainly great favorites with him; and he rewarded them for their friendship by giving them lucrative appointments in the Chickasaw nation while he was President. In conversation with Capt. Allen about General Jackson, on one occasion, I asked him how he acquired the name of "Old Hickory?" I give his reply, as well as I can remember, in his own words:
"During the campaign which included the battle of Emucklav Creek, the army was moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and we were without tents. In the month of March, a cold equinoctial rain fell on us, mingled with sleet, which lasted several days. The General was exposed to the weather, and was suffering severely with a cold and sore throat. At night he bivouacked a floor of bark and laid down, pouring down rain, which froze as it fell. My brother John and I, finding that he was very unwell, became uneasy about him, although he did not complain, and laid down upon his blanket, by the camp-fire with his rifle. Seeing him wet to the skin, stretched in the mud and water in his suffering condition, we determined to try and make him more comfortable.
We cut down a stout hickory tree, in which the sap was rising, and peeled the bark from it in flakes; cut two forks and a pole, laid down a floor of bark and laid down leaves, and roofed it, and closed one side, or rather one end of the structure, against the wind, with bark, and left the other end open. We then dried our blankets, and made him a pallet in the tent we had constructed. We woke up the old General, and he, with some difficulty persuaded him to crawl in. With his saddle for a pillow, wrapped in our dry blankets, and his feet to the fire, he slept snugly and soundly all night, well cured in hickory bark.
The next morning an old man from the neighborhood came into camp with a jug of new hickory bark, and after talking freely himself, he gave us all a treat as far as the liquor would go. It seemed to be a kind-hearted, jovial and patriotic old fellow; a sort of "priviled character" in his country. While lingering about among the hickories, he happened to see my brother John, who immediately arrested his attention. After eyeing it for a moment, he exclaimed, "This sort of an outlandish Indian fixin' is what I want, and I give it a kick which tumbled down the queer looking structure, and completely buried the old man under it. As he staggered out of the ruins, and looking fiercely around for the author of the mischief, the old toper recognized him, and exclaimed, 'Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and join us in a drink.'
There was something so ludicrous in the way the man came out, that we all laughed, and rank could not restrain our merriment. He very good humoredly joined us laughing at the mishap. As he rose up, and shook the bark from him, he looked so tough and stern we all gave him a viva 'Hurrah for old Hickory!' This was the first time he ever heard the name which was afterwards shouted by the millions of his countrymen whenever he appeared among them."

How Paddy Won His Potters.
Paddy Mallone belonged to Capt. M.'s company in a certain Rhode Island regiment. Capt. M. liked an occasional dram himself, and therefore could not consistently deny his men that in which he himself indulged.
One day, when Paddy was on guard, he felt "thirsty," and seeing his captain approaching, accompanied by a lady, he resolved to present arms, a salute which he had no right to offer to any one but the officer of the day, or a field officer.
Accordingly, when Capt. M. reached Paddy's post, he saluted him in getting down on one knee, and instantly halting, the officer angrily exclaimed—
"Why do you present arms to me, sir?—You know that I am not the officer of the day."
"I beg yer pardon, sir," returned Paddy, obsequiously, "it is not to yourself, but to the lady that is with you, and she is the officer of the day."
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The Irish Sailor and the Captain's Copper Kettle.
Different people attach different meanings to the same word. An Irish sailor, who had just returned from a voyage, slipped from his hand into the sea; but being a witty fellow, and knowing the captain to be a good humored man, said, addressing him, "Would you say a thing was lost, sir, if you knew where it was?"
"Of course not," was the captain's reply. "Well, sir, your copper kettle is at the bottom of the sea."
"That's a good 'un,"—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle.
"Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that; for once I found a venerable old fellow in a turning, and he was old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: "Paradise, year 1, Adam."
"Good Reason for Moving.—An honest Hibernian reasoning along a handcart containing all his valuables, was accosted with:
"Well, Patrick, you are moving again, is it?"
"Faith I am," he replied, "for the times are so hard, it's a daisy cheaper hiring hand-carts than paying rents!"

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