

THE GETTYSBURG COMPILER,
A Democratic Family Journal,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY MORNING,
BY HENRY J. STAHL.
"Truth is Mighty, and Will Prevail."
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until all arrearages are paid.
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and dispatch.
OFFICE in South Baltimore street, between
Middle and High, near the Post Office—Compiler
Printing Office on the sign.

Gettysburg Compiler.

BY H. J. STAHL

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1866.

48TH YEAR—NO. 38.

Professional Cards.
Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal's
OFFICE and Dwelling, N. E. corner of Bal-
timore and High streets, near Presby-
terian Church, Gettysburg, Pa.
Nov. 30, 1865. 17

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 31, '65. 17]

Doctor C. W. Benson.
OFFICE at the Railroad House, (front room,
formerly occupied by Dr. Kutzer),
LITTLESTOWN, PA.
June 19, 1865. 17

Dr. D. S. Peffer.
ABBOTTSTOWN, Adams county, continues
the practice of his profession in all its
branches, and would respectfully invite all
persons afflicted with any old standing dis-
eases to call and consult him.
Oct. 3, 1864. 17

Dr. F. C. Wolf.
LOCATED at EAST BRELIN, Adams
county, hopes that by strict attention to
his professional duties he may merit a share of
the public patronage. [Apr. 7, '66. 17]

Dr. C. E. Goldsborough.
HAMPTON, Adams county, Pa., repairs
his offer of professional services to the
public, and those requiring medical and sur-
gical aid will find it to their advantage to con-
sult him. [May 21, 1866. 17]

J. C. Neely.
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Particular atten-
tion paid to collection of Pen-
sions, and Back-pay. Office in the S. E.
corner of the Diamond.
Gettysburg, April 6, 1863. 17

H. McComb.
ATTORNEY AT LAW—(one door west
of Bachler's drug and book store, Cham-
berburg street.) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR
PATENTS AND PATENTORS. Bounny Land War-
rants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all
other claims against the Government at Wash-
ington, D. C. American Claims in Eng-
land. Land Warrants located and sold, or
bought, at the highest prices given. Agents en-
gaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois
and other western States. Apply to him
personally, or by letter. [Nov. 21, '63.]

Law Partnership.
W. A. DUNCAN & J. H. WHITE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, will
promptly attend to all business
entrusted to them, including the procuring of
Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, and all other
claims against the United States and State
Governments.
Office in North West Corner of Diamond,
Gettysburg, Pa.
April 13, 1865. 17

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 Panzer & Ziegler's store.
Gettysburg, March 20.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.,
his office on
the corner of
Chamberburg street,
and opposite Dr. C.
Horne's office, where those wishing to have
any dental operation performed are re-
spectfully invited to call. References: Dr. Hor-
ner, Rev. O. P. Krauch, D. D., Rev. H. B.
Hatch, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, D. D.,
Prof. M. L. Sizer.
Gettysburg, April 11, '63.

Globe Inn.
NEAR THE DIAMOND,
GETTYSBURG, PA.—The undersigned
would most respectfully inform the pub-
lic generally, that he has purchased that long
established and well known Hotel, the "Globe
Inn," in York street, Gettysburg, and will spare no effort
to conduct it in a manner that will not detract
from its former high reputation. His table
will have the best market can afford—his
chambers are spacious and comfortable—and
he has laid in for his bar a full stock of wines
and liquors. There is large stable attached
to the Hotel, which will be attended by atten-
tive hostlers. He will be his constant endeavor
to render the fullest satisfaction to his guests,
making his house as near a home to them as
possible. He asks a share of the public's pa-
tronage, determined as he is to deserve a large
part of it. Remember the Globe Inn, 10 York
street, near the Diamond, or Public
Square.
SAMUEL WOLF.
April 4, 1864. 17

Railroad House,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
HANOVER, YORK CO., PA.
The undersigned would respectfully inform
his numerous friends and the public generally,
that he has leased the Hotel in Hanover, near
the Depot, formerly kept by Mr. Jeremiah
Kohler, and will spare no effort to conduct it
in a manner that will give general satisfaction.
His table will have the best market can
afford—his chambers are spacious and com-
fortable—and he has laid in for his bar a full
stock of choice wines and liquors. There is
stable for horses attached to the Hotel. It
will be his constant endeavor to render the
fullest satisfaction to his guests, making his
house as near a home to them as possible.
He asks a share of the public's patronage,
determined as he is to deserve a large part of
it. Remember the Railroad House, near the De-
pot, Hanover, Pa. A. P. BAUGHER.
Oct. 2, 1865. 17

Washington Hotel,
NEW OXFORD, ADAMS COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned respectfully informs his
friends and the public generally, that he has
purchased the above Hotel, and will strive to
keep it as a No. 1 House.
His table will be abundantly supplied with
all the delicacies of the season, and his bar
with the choicest liquors and wines. The stab-
ling is large and commodious. He hopes by
strict attention to merit a portion of the public's
patronage. ISAAC B. HOUSER.
April 19, 1866. 3m

ALL kinds of PICTURES, large and small,
cleanly and correctly copied at the Excel-
lent prices. I. G. TYSON.

**Dr. R. HORNER'S Tonic and Altera-
tive Powders,** for HORSES and CATTLE
Prepared and sold only at his Drug Store.
January 25, 1864.

**SUPERIOR quality of the best London
DRUG HAMS,** with or without fasten-
ings, for sale by D. McCREARY & SON.

DR. R. HORNER'S BITTERS, or Old
Homestead Tonic, at Dr. R. HORNER'S
Drug Store.

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS in the
TRAVELLERS INSURANCE COMPANY
OF HARTFORD. It has issued over forty
thousand policies, and paid over twelve hundred
thousand dollars.

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS in the
TRAVELLERS INSURANCE COMPANY
OF HARTFORD. It has issued over forty
thousand policies, and paid over twelve hundred
thousand dollars.

Cabinet Furniture.
THE subscribers hereby inform their cus-
tomers and the public generally, that
they have now on hand, and continue to man-
ufacture, a large assortment of
CABINET FURNITURE,
which, for style and durability, finish and
price, will compete with any in the county.—
Our present stock consists of every variety of
French and English styles of all kinds of
Furniture Ware Room, Fashionable, ornamental
or plain Furniture manufactured in the most
substantial manner, by most experienced
workmen, and at the lowest cash prices.
U N D E R T A K I N G
Having new styles, particular attention
will be given to this branch of their business.
They are prepared to make and furnish Coffins
of any desired quality, and attend Funerals
at the shortest notice—and on such terms as
cannot fail to please all.
P. PETZ & BROS.,
The subscribers return their thanks to the
public for the liberal patronage extended to
them in the past, and hope to merit and receive
a continuance of public patronage.
Shop and Ware Room third building east
of the Square.
LITTLESTOWN, April 16, 1866. 17

Pianos! Pianos!
PIANOS!—The undersigned would respect-
fully inform the public that he can furnish
PIANOS of the following manufacturers, or
of other make, if desired, at the lowest
possible prices:
CHICKERING & SONS,
DECKER BROS.,
HAZLETON BROS.,
HAINES BROS.,
GEO. STECK,
A. H. GABLE & CO.,
STEINWAG & SONS.
Particular attention is given to the se-
lection of Pianos; and when selected, in ad-
dition to the manufacturers' guarantee, the Pianos
are guaranteed by me.
MASON & HAMLIN
"CABINET ORGANS AND MELODIANS."
The prices of these instruments are
such as to fully warrant saying they
are FAR SUPERIOR to any other make. One
of the best evidences of their merit is, that
their improvements are limited by other
makers. The following stop organs, have a
Sub-Bass and Octave Couplet, making it an
instrument especially adapted to Church and
Sabbath School purposes.
DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS
Will be sent by mail to persons desiring them.
Pianos tuned regularly. Pianos taken in ex-
change. PETER BENZ,
No. 30 East Market St., York, Pa.
June 12, 1865. 17

Fresh Arrival.
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.
COBMAN & CO.
have just received and opened another splendid
assortment of HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and
SHOES, for Summer wear, which they are
selling at very low prices, considering the
times. The latest styles of Summer Hats and
Caps, of every description and price.
Boots and Shoes, of superior make, and
warranted to fit, always on hand. Work
made to order and repaired done with short-
notice, by experienced workmen. Also,
HARRNESS MAKING,
carried on in all its branches. Persons want-
ing anything in this line would do well to call.
Don't forget the old stand in Chambers-
burg street, if you want Bargains. [May 21, 1866.]
COBMAN & CRAWFORD.

Hanover B. Railroad.
TIMETABLE.—On and after Friday, Nov.
24th, 1865, passenger trains on the Han-
over Branch Railroad will leave as follows:
FIRST TRAIN, (which makes connection
with three trains on the Northern Central
Railway at the Junction) will leave Hanover
at 9 O'Clock A. M. for York, Baltimore, Harris-
burg, and intermediate stations.
This train returns to Hanover at 12 M.
and arrives at the Junction at 3 P. M.
SECOND TRAIN leaves Hanover at 2.30 P. M.
and arrives at the Junction at 3 P. M. E. M.
connecting with the Mail Train South, which
arrives at Baltimore at 5 P. M. Passengers for
this Train for York let order at the Junction
at 6.12 P. M.
Passengers leaving Baltimore for Hanover,
York, and Littlestown, will take either the
Mail Train at 9 A. M., or the Fast Line at
12.10 P. M. JOSEPH LEBIG, Agent.
Dec. 18, 1865.

Cumberland Coal!
LARGE supply of superior
BLACKSMITH COAL,
now on hand at reduced price. This Coal is
superior to all other Coal in the United States
for welding and other blacksmith purposes.
For sale by H. H. PEFER,
City Coal Yard, Frederick city, Md.
Jan. 19, 1865. 17

Estey's Cottage Organs
ARE not only unexcelled, but they are ab-
solutely unequalled, by any other Reed
Instrument in the world. They are especially
fitted for Churches and Schools, they are found
to be equally well adapted to the parlor and
drawing room. For sale only by
E. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh St., Philadelphia.
M. BRAUBERT'S PIANOS, and a
complete assortment of the PERFECT ME-
LODIANS. [Oct. 2, 1865. 17]

Lawrence D. Dietz & Co.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FANCY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY and
VARIETIES,
No. 308 West Baltimore Street,
Between Howard & Liberty Streets,
May 7, 1866. Baltimore, Md.

Fresh Supply.
NEW GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES!—
A. SCOTT & SONS have just received
another fine assortment of NEW GOODS,
consisting in part of Cloths, Cassimeres, Cas-
simeres, Kentucky Jeans, and Tweeds, for Gen-
tlemen's wear. Also, the assortment of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
Our stock has been selected with great care,
and we are prepared to sell as cheap as any
other establishment in the country. We ask
the public to give us a call and judge for
themselves. Be duly obedient, both as to
quality and price. A. SCOTT & SONS,
April 3, 1866.

Howard Association.
PHILADELPHIA. Diseases of the
Primary and Secondary Systems—new and
reliable treatment. Also the BRIDAL CHAM-
BER, an Essay of Warning and Instruction,
sent in sealed envelopes, free of charge. Ad-
dress Dr. J. SKILLIE Houghton, Howard
Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Phila-
delphia, Pa. [Oct. 2, 1865. 17]

The Far Famed
UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.
Besides the great saving of Labor, the
saving in the wear and tear of clothing in a
single year, more than amounts to the price of
this Wringer. It is strange that any family
should be willing to do without it. For sale
at FARNESTOCK BROS., and at C. H. BUEH-
LER'S. [Feb. 18.]

Selected Poetry.
THE RAVEN.
BY EDGAR A. POE.
Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgot-
ten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door.
'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
chamber door."
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak De-
cember,
And some separate dying ember wrought its ghostly
effect upon
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had tried
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for
the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nunciate here forevermore.

And the silken and uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart,
I stood repeating
'Tis some visiting—'tis some visiting
Some late visitor—straying entrance at my cham-
ber door—
'Tis he, and nothing more."
Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
no longer,
'Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened
wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
to dream before;
But the silence unbroken, and the dark
gave no token,
And the only word that spoken was the whisper
of the door—"Lenore!"
This I whispering, and an echo murmured back
the word—"Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within
in burning,
Sooth I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder
than before,
'Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;
Let me, let me see what that rare and
mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."
Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
dift and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly
days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiles,
By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," it
said, "is sure no raven.
Ghastly grim and ancient-looking, wandering from
the Nightly shore—
Tell me, what story thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little revelan-
cy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door—
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour,
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather
did he stir or flutter,
Till I scarcely more than muttered—"Other friends
have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Started at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
'Doubtless," said I, "what utters he is only
sorrow."
Caught from some unhappy master whom unceremo-
nious disaster
Followed fast and followed faster—so, when Hope
had faded, and
Stern despair had risen, the Soul from the Sweet Hope
he dashed adrift—
That sad answer, "Nevermore."
But the raven still beguiling all my soul into
smiles,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird, and bade it, do or die,
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore,
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

'Twas I engaged in dreaming, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom; or
This and that dull dream, with my head at
ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gleamed on,
But whose velvet-velvet lining that the lamp-light
gleamed on,
Shine shal't press, ah, nevermore!"
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint-falls tinkled on
the tinfed floor.
'Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels he hath sent thee—
Respite—respite and Reprieve from thy memo-
ries of Lenore!"
Quoth, "Oh, quoth this kind Nephthys and forget
this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

'Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still,
if bird or devil!
Whether temperance or whether tempest tossed
thou here hast come,
Desecrating this, and that, and this, and that,
enchanment—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—
Is there—'tis true!—in this ill-fated tale—tell
me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

'Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still,
if bird or devil!
Whether temperance or whether tempest tossed
thou here hast come,
Desecrating this, and that, and this, and that,
enchanment—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—
Is there—'tis true!—in this ill-fated tale—tell
me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Tell this soul with sorrow laden it, within the
distant
Aidenn.
It shall no more be named maiden whom the angels
name Lenore:

Class a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore.
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."
'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the temper and the Night's
Plutonian shore—
Leave no black plume as a token that thou hast
sooth said! Speak! I
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust
above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from out my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."
And the Raven never sitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon
that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Agriculture & Domestic.
For the Gettysburg Compiler.

FARMER'S BOYS.
MR. EDITOR:—By your permission I
wish to say a few words to farmers' boys
on a subject of much importance to them.
One of the crying evils of the day is the
dissatisfaction of farmers' boys with their
lot in life. This evil is rapidly on the in-
crease. Almost every day we see new
proofs of it.

Many young men in the country, with
false ideas of life and the world, look down
with disdain and contempt on the calling of
their fathers. The most ancient and
honorable of callings is mean and degrading
in their sight. They have obtained some
imperfect conceptions of the value of
wealth; of the supposed exemption in the
pursuits of literature and the learned
professions; and of the special advan-
tages of living in the town or city.

Hence, they naturally and impulsively
feel desirous of some course of life where
the road is less rugged, and where the re-
wards of labor are more consonant with
their feelings than tilling the ground.
With the wonted ardor of youth they pic-
ture to themselves scenes of perpetual
pleasure in the possession of great riches—
of literary fame—of release from toil and
anxiety, and, above all, in the homage
supposed to be paid to all in the elevated
stations of society. This is all natural,
but it is, after all, rather a delusion than
a reality. All these scenes are presented
to their young and ardent imaginations
through the agency of the highest magnifying
power. Their vision has been engrossed
with the bright, and not at all with the
dark spots in the picture. They simply
glanced at the gilded trappings of wealth,
without stopping to consider the multi-
tudes constantly sinking in the agonies
of despair, before half reaching the object
of their aspirations. They simply heard
the shouts and hurrahs floating over their
heads, to the conquerors of fleets and ar-
mies, without inquiring how many thou-
sands and tens of thousands perished in
the conflicts, their names now forgotten,
and as little regarded as the dust under
their feet.

Now, my young friends, when brood-
ing with seeming discontent over the
monotonous destinies of rural life, and
aspiring after something more stirring—
more dazzling—more satisfying, let me
entreat you to look upon the hitherto
neglected portions of the picture you have
drawn.

Among the aspirants for political eleva-
tion, only a few reach the summit which
they desired; and, when reached, it was
so encumbered with the jealousy and en-
vy of disappointed rivals, it was barely
worth having, and certainly not worth
the cost paid for it.

Among the votaries of literary distinc-
tion, only a few become known, and are
recognized in the republic of letters; and
of these; not one, perhaps, in a thousand
will be remembered by posterity. And
also, among the adventurers for fortune,
where one obtains a permanent com-
pensation, a hundred sink in poverty; it may
be with broken spirits and ruined health;
and it may be said for a certainty, not
one in ten thousand becomes really rich.
Besides, a literary, professional, or mer-
cantile life is by no means a life of indol-
ence or ease. There is in it an increasing
application to study, a wasting of spirit
and physical energy far greater than in
the labor on a farm; and, in the search
after wealth, there is usually an anxiety,
and care, and vexation, and disappoint-
ment, far more incompatible with real
happiness than the fatigues and priva-
tions incident to agriculture.

I have no intention of making you dis-
gusted with the world; but to caution
you against its false appearances. Look
at the world as it is. Examine it in its
true aspect. Imagine not that to be gold
which is merely gilded brass. Imagine
not that to be rest and dignified leisure,
when corroding care and solitude, like a
canker, are eating up the soul; nor im-
agine that a bed of roses is spread within
your reach for your repose, when a few
hours of experience would teach you that
it consisted of thorns.

There are, it is true, situations in life
more desirable than that of a day-laborer
on a farm. But the difference between
them is not so great as is generally sup-
posed. And then, the chances for ob-
taining them are so small, the experi-
ment to be made is not unlike that of ob-
taining a fortune in a lottery, casting in
our money, though there be ten thousand
blanks to one prize.

Labor is the condition which God has
imposed on us in every station of life.—
There is nothing worth having that can
be had without it, from the bread which
the poor man wins with the sweat of his
brow, to the sports by which man gets
rid of his equal. The only difference be-
tween them is, that the poor man labors
to get his dinner—the rich man to get an
appetite for his.

Let me entreat you then, my young
friends, to be content with the station in
life and society in which God has placed
you. Take things as you find them, and

make the most of them. Strive to elevate
and ennoble your calling, and in this way
elevate and ennoble yourselves. The
husbandman is nature's nobleman.
Bear in mind that by industry and per-
severance, and by application to your
duties as farmers' boys, you will attain
positions of honor and usefulness which
you could not hope to reach in the bust-
ling crowded city.

You have minds—many of you have
good minds. Cultivate and improve
them. Endeavor to acquire a good prac-
tical education. The many modern im-
provements in husbandry and farming
implements and machinery afford you
much leisure. Employ it in reading and
study and self-improvement. Do not
waste or idle away your time. The world
is full of idlers and drones—not you of
the number. Bear in mind that learning,
coupled with common sense and a well
balanced judgment, will always command
respect and influence. Remember that
knowledge is power.
S.
Gettysburg, June 18, 1866.

Choice Miscellany.
For the Gettysburg Compiler.

WHERE I FIRST MET MY WIFE.
Now, my dear, romantic reader, do not
suppose that I met her at a ball, where
she was irresistibly fascinated by my won-
derous charms; my portly form, or my
beautiful whiskers. Oh no; it was under
no such circumstances, and if you will
only curb your patience, I will tell you
where I did meet her.

But first I will tell you who I am, which
is essential in every story. My name is
Frank Grey, the youngest of three chil-
dren, and of a roving disposition.
I spent my summers in the country, as I
deemed it healthier there than at my father's
mansion, in the city. While in the
country, I devoted most of my time to
hunting. One lovely morning in June,
I was in a beautiful woods, where I saw
the waving trees with their wreaths of
leaves, and the free, wild birds twittered
their songs over my head.

I was perfectly fascinated, when my
quick eye caught sight of a hawk on a
large oak tree. I took aim and shot; as I
heard the report of the gun, I also heard
the scream of a human being. I hastened
to the spot from whence it came, and
there before me lay a beautiful girl, who
had been sitting under the tree from
which I shot my prey. Oh, fatal omen,
had I shot this innocent girl, who came
here to pass a few hours by herself and to
commune with the beauties of nature?
But, she was only frightened; she soon
revived, and I assisted her to her father's
residence, which I learned was but a short
distance from the woods; I lingered
there until I saw the color return to her
cheeks; then left, promising to return
soon.

The acquaintance thus commenced soon
ripened into friendship and friendship
warmed into love.
Well, I do not mean to tell you all that
happened at her father's house for a few
weeks, for that only concerns Grace and
myself.

But to gratify your curiosity, I will tell
you I took home with me a bride who
was none else than our Gracie Allison.
I was sorry at the time I shot so near
to where she was, but now I am delighted
at the thought, for I fear I would never
have been so fortunate as to meet my own
dear Grace.
M.

Correspondence of the Gettysburg Compiler.

LETTER FROM WESTMORELAND.
NEAR IRWIN STATION,
June 8th, 1866.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir:— Hoping that
a few lines from this part of the world will
be not uninteresting to the readers of
your truly valuable paper, I have thought
fit to write a few lines to inform you of
matters of some interest here generally.
Irwin Station is a thriving town on the
Penna. Central Railroad. It has two
fine churches, one German Reformed and
the other Methodist. It has also four
very fine stores and some very pretty
private residences. I do not know the pop-
ulation, but the town is incorporated.—
There is an Odd Fellows' Society, and one
also of the "Good Templars."

I was informed that there are from
twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars
paid out here every month by the coal
companies. The miners make from three
to five dollars per day digging coal, and
some of them are getting rich at it. They
are principally foreigners. The coal un-
der the ground sells at from three to four
hundred dollars per acre, and the owner
retains and cultivates the surface as usual.
This is a very hilly country, and there is
plenty of coal under all the hills; indeed,
we might say it is inexhaustible.

The prospect for a wheat crop is not very
flattering. Several of the farmers have
plowed up their wheat fields and sown
them with oats. There have been several
heavy frosts, which have been injur-
ious to the corn, but the late rains have
improved it considerably. The prices of
produce are a little higher than they are
in old Adams, but wages are much
better here than there.

The salaries of teachers are better than
they are in our county. Teachers get
from forty to fifty dollars per month, and
the term is six months in a year.

There are some very fine school houses
in this township—indeed, all of them are.
They are built on rising ground, and are
surrounded by shade trees. It would be
well if some of the Directors in Adams
county would come out here and take
pattern before building.

I was very glad to see by the COMPILER
of your excellent Superintendent, Mr.
Sheely, has been re-elected to the office
which he has so admirably filled for the
last three years. It was a compliment
which he richly deserved.

I was also pleased to see the COMPILER
come out in its new dress, and hope it will
be patronized by the Democracy of Adams
as it deserves.

I will not longer intrude upon your
space, and therefore stop for the present
—hoping that Hester Clymer will be the
next Governor. ADAMS.

**Bill Arp is Called Before the Reconstruc-
tion Committee.—Suppressed Testi-
mony.**

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Record:
MR. EDITOR:—Murder will out, and so
will evidence. Having seen Dan Rice's
testimony before the Reconstruction Com-
mittee, I have felt sortorally made because
no mention is made of mine. I suppose
it has been suppressed, but I am not
to be hid out in obscurity. Our country
is the special jury, and by and by this
business will go up before it on appeal.
The record must go up fair and complete,
and therefore I'll take occasion to make
public what I swore to. I said a good
deal more than I can put down, Mr. Ed-
itor; and at times my language was ob-
scured, impudent, but they thought that
was all the better for their side; for it
illustrated the rebellious spirit—I heard
one of 'em say: "Let him go on—the
reconstruction string in death. He's good
State's evidence."
When I was put on the stand old Bout-
well swore me most fiercely and solemnly
to speak the truth, the whole truth, and
nothing but the truth. He said he expected
that he was then entertaining about a
quart of double rye, and it looked
like it had soured on his stomach. Old
Blow was set off on one side with a
memorandum book, guttin ready to note
down some "garbled extracts."
Old Iron works was chairman, and when
he nodded his Republican head, old
Boutwell says he: "Your name is
Arp, I believe, sir."
"Yes, sir," says I.
"You reside in the State of Georgia, do
you?"
"I can't say exactly," says I. "I live
in Rome, right in the fork of two Injun
rivers, but that's not some times he don't
understand himself. I don't think he
knew for a while whether his peace Pro-
clamation restored the writ of *habeas
corpus* or not. But do you go on and
punch him, and that will be my motto
to a focus. I'll bet you'd be in Fort Du-
laware in a week, and the southern mem-
bers be here in their seats, and they'll
look round at the political wreck, and
rue, and plunder, and see a Republican