

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37TH YEAR.

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TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

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Choice Poetry.

REMEDY.

I was drooping, I was grieving,
O'er life's ills, a hideous train;
All, I said, is but bereaving;
All is loss without a gain!

There is not one stable blessing
For our weak and sinful clay;
In the moment of possessing
Every joy is snatched away.

Suddenly there comes a splendor
Richly gushing from the skies;
As a maiden, bright yet tender,
Streamed upon my wondering eyes.

"Cease," she said, "thy strain of sorrow!
Mortal, turn thy looks on me!
I am daughter of To-morrow,
And my name is Remedy."

"Nothing is, that is without me;
I was present at the birth
Of the Universe about me;
Mine is heaven; mine is earth!"

"Sphere," I cried, "sublime of action!
Yet a doubt suspends my breath:
For disgrace, despair, distraction,
What thy cure?" She answered, "Death!"

"That," I cried, with bitter feeling,
"Is from woe to woe to flee—
Say, for death itself what healing!"
She replied—"Eternity!"

[Household Words.]

Select Miscellany.

Selling Dry Goods.
People generally think that it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods; but a week's experience in that business would convince the cleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of salesman embodies, in its duties, necessity for the shrewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesmen who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of the gentlemen who is in a store in Chatham street, not long since, was called to show a very fastidious and fashionable lady, who "dropped in while going to Stewart's," some rich silk clothing. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly was stigmatized as trash—everything was common and not fit for a lady. She guessed she would go to Stewart's. The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam," said he in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law, but it would be useless to show it to you; it is the only piece in the city."

"Oh, allow me to see it," she asked, in an anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or of disparaging the merits of your wares."

The salesman, who was watched in breathless silence by his fellow clerks, proceeded, as if with much reluctance, and with expression of fear that it would be injured by getting trampled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store for five years, and had been considered unsalable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods that was worthy to be won. How much was it a yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh! that very is high."

"There," exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that."

"Stay! stay! don't be in so great a hurry!" she cried. "I'll give you twenty shillings."

"Madam, you insult me again."

"Cut me off—yards, and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimmings," almost entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman, after much persuasion, sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard, at the price above indicated. The profits of the sale on vesting and velvet amounted to thirty-three dollars! out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oysters. The best of this brief tale of dry goods is to be told. The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the vesting at the same price.

There is a moral to this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of our lady readers who occasionally go a shopping.

—*Nash's Messenger.*

Anecdote of General Putnam.

Among the worthies who flourished during the era of the American revolution, perhaps there was none possessing more originality of character than that of Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the north, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisp, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

At this time a strong hold called Horseneck, some miles from New York, was in the hands of the British. Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots was lurking in the vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient, and impudently the general with questions as to when they were going to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind:

"Fellows, you have been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going to Bush's at Horseneck, in an hour, with an ox team and a load of corn. If I come back I will let you know the particulars, if I should not, let them have it, by hoky!"

He shortly afterwards mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankees, and was soon at Bush's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton as they thought, they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize the corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they.

"For mercy sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clodhopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing, and if that won't dew, I'll give you my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word; leave the team and provender with us, and we won't require bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished; he then returned to his men and told them of the foe, and his plans of attack.

The morning came and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to Putnam, the clodhopper, he sarcastically remarked:

"Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."

Race for a Husband.

There lived in Gloucester county, New Jersey, an old widower, named Peter, who was an odd compound of whim and caprice—his circumstances were not affluent nor yet indigent, but was considered "comfortable." At no great distance from his farm, resided a buxom widow, about four feet in height, and it was said that her altitude was near the true gauge of the circumference of her waist. In the same direction, though further from the residence of Peter, lived another widow, named Amey. These ladies were competitors for the favorable regard of the widower. Peter's mind was long undecided which of the two widows should have the preference; Amey was beyond doubt the most beautiful, but then Christina was corpulent, and of course there was "more of her." He at last hit upon an expedient to bring the affair to a conclusion—he wrote a billet to each, purporting that he had also sent for her competitor, and was resolved to marry the one who should first arrive at his house: a lad was despatched with the pair of billets, and first delivered the one addressed to Amey, whose residence was most remote from that of the love-sick swain. She immediately ordered her fleetest horse to be saddled, while she arrayed herself in her best attire. By lucky chance a horse stood saddled at the gate of Christina, who was ready dressed to pay a visit to a neighbor when the messenger delivered Peter's billet; she quickly mounted her courser but no sooner had she got into the road that led to Peter's house, and cast her eyes in a direction towards Amey's residence, than she saw her rival rushing after her with the swiftness of the wind; and away went Christina and Amey, whipping for dear life with their bonnets gracefully hanging on their backs. Both ladies being equally well mounted, Christina preserved the lead, and after a race of a quarter, she bounced into Peter's door, exclaiming—"Well, here I am, Peter—I got here first!" The old gentleman expressed his happiness by a plegmatic "alas a day!"

"Do you drink hale in America?" asked an English cockney.

"No, we drink thunder and lightning," said the Yankee.

"Often wanted, rarely found."—Next to a policeman, there is nothing so absent as presence of mind.

"It is rumored that one of the Smith family is about to get married. We don't want to appear inquisitive, but we would like to know which Smith it is."

Great Yields, &c.

M. W. Baldwin, Esq., of Oxford township, 23d ward of Philadelphia, raised off of a measured acre of ground, this season, one hundred and four bushels and two quarts of shell-corn. A selected acre in the field, he believes would have yielded 120 bushels. It was Gourd and Oregon variety mixed. This, remarks the Germantown Telegraph, will do for 1854, when the cry of half a crop is sounding in our ears.

D. J. Fisher, Esq., raised 1609 bushels of corn on a sixteen acre lot, near Battle Swamp, in Lancaster county, which two years ago was a sedge field. The lot has had guano applied to it three times in that period; the first application was 200 lbs., the second 100, and the third 400 lbs. to the acre; making in all 700 pounds.

The Californians boast largely of their 1/2 turnips and potatoes. Two turnips are mentioned, weighing 29 and 36 lbs. each, and a sweet potato weighing 9 pounds.

The editors of the Blackburn Sentinel had recently handed to them an ear of oats, grown by Mr. Cronshaw, of Belthorn, which contained two hundred grains!

There has been gathered from a single apple tree, upon the farm of Mr. Nehemiah Perkins, in Topsfield, Mass., the extraordinary quantity of one hundred bushels (forty barrels) of apples. The tree has always been a great bearer, frequently producing from fifty to sixty bushels. The tree is about fifty years old.

The Hereford Times mentions a farmer who took up a fence after it had been standing fourteen years, and found some of the posts nearly sound, and others rotted off at the bottom. Looking for the cause, he discovered that the posts which had been inverted from the way they grew were solid, and those which had been set as they grew were rotted off. This is certainly an incident worthy of being noted by our farmers.

A Virginian has beaten the Yankees at their own weapons. John J. Kellow, of Fredericksburg, Va., has invented a machine which will husk and shell corn at one operation. The car with husk is thrown in its mouth, and in the twinkling of an eye the corn falls at one point, the clean cob coming out at the other. Its capacity is about four hundred barrels per day. We should like to have a glimpse of this machine, as seeing would be believing—one way or the other—There is no humbug greater than that in farm machinery, says the Germantown Telegraph.

The Maine Farmer felicitously says:—"When farmers see the crows pulling up and carrying off their corn, or the rats get in and destroy their grain or potatoes, they at once realize their loss, and immediately take measures to stop and prevent it. But many of them lose more corn, more grain and potatoes, by neglecting to protect and preserve their barnyard and compost heaps, than is annually destroyed by all the crows, and rats, and other vermin in the State."

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—In Louisville, Kentucky, a couple of foolish fellows having a lot of knotty saw-logs, butts of trees, &c., which they could not chop, saw, nor split apart, got them together in a pile, on Thursday evening last, at the corner of Twelfth and Main streets, bored a hole in the largest log, filled it with powder, and blew up the whole lot with an explosion which caused the splinters to fly in all directions. One chunk went through a wagon standing on Main street, killing two men who were standing on the sidewalk, one of whom was much bruised and his clothes nearly torn from him. The same splinter also knocked a hole in the door of a house, and another fragment demolished a window on each side of the house.

M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. Thereupon was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of that apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my dear fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what a risk you run, in the hope of finding money by night in a task where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders," at once.

Dobbs says he would have died of the cholera, in August, if it had not been for one thing—"the doctors gave him up." Two days afterwards he says he was a well man, indulging in succotash.

"Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay." "Yes, my son. Sixpenny or shilling bundle?" "Shilling." "Is it for your father?" "No, guess 'tain't—it's for the boss."

A fellow in jail wishes he had the small pox, so he could "break out." He has tried everything else.

The best defence of lying is Charles Lamb's remark, as related by Leigh Hunt, that "Truth is precious and not to be wasted on every body."

The great race between the night-mare and the clothes-horse (distance from pole to pole) came off yesterday, the two parties coming in neck and neck.

"Pollock's Course of Time"—About three years!

Something Good.

We take the following to be a recipe for making an excellent, first-quality, biscuit:—A quart of Indian meal: a pint of sifted wheat flour: a very small teaspoonful of salt: three pints of milk: four eggs.

Sift the Indian and wheat meal into a pan, and add the salt. Mix them well. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately. The yolks must be beaten until very thick and smooth: the whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone of itself. Then stir the yolks gradually, (a little at a time,) into the milk. Add by degrees the meal. Lastly, stir in the beaten white of egg, and give the whole a long and hard stirring. Butter a sufficient number of cups, or small deep tins—nearly fill them with batter. Set them immediately in a hot oven, and bake them fast. Turn them out of the cups. Send them warm to the table, pull them out, and eat them with butter.

They will pull up finely, if, at the last, you stir in a level tea-spoonful of soda, melted in a little warm water.

A WINTER CAKE.—Take half a cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and one of thick, sour cream, (instead of eggs,) get ready for the oven in the usual way, then sprinkle and stir in a tea-spoonful of soda—bake it slow.

RARE BIRTH DAYS.—Under this caption the Portsmouth Journal recently chronicled the death of an esteemed citizen of that place, who was born on the 29th of February, 1780, and consequently had but eighteen returns of his birthday in his long life. The publication of this fact has elicited many curious circumstances of a similar character. A venerable man is on "Change in this city every day who was born in 1770, and yet he had but nineteen returns of his birthday day. Two public officers of this city, whose duties are the same, were both born on the 29th of February. One of our friends, the President of an Insurance Company in State street, was born on the 29th of February, and his eldest grandchild was born on the same date. Why not call a meeting on the 29th of February, the next leap year, and invite the attendance of those whose birthdays are not an annual occurrence.—*Boston Transcript.*

Day begins in darkness, grows bright, strong and glorious, and in darkness closes; and so man begins life in weak childhood, attains to the meridian of manhood, and second childhood ends his day career.

The man who got into a train of thought was taken into custody at the first station for travelling without a ticket, and sentenced to three days imprisonment in a brown study.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

From the Indiana Miner's Register.

Know Nothingism—Letter from a Methodist Clergyman.

WILSON OF CHICAGO, (Iowa) Oct. 7, '54.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: Before I left Dubuque, yourself and several other gentlemen of various Christian churches, requested the publication of my sermon delivered on the 4th inst. A long habit of speaking extemporaneously has made me careless of the preservation of either sermons or speeches which I am called upon to make from time to time. Therefore, to give you my language or to transfer to paper my allusions to civil and religious liberty would be impossible. But with every possible desire to be brief, I shall give my opinions to yourself in regard to the right of every man worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and just as freely express my fears of and opposition to, every organization, either secret or open, which looks to the abridgment of this great principle which is essential to the very existence of republican government and the uncorrupted worship of the living God.

You, sir, are a Catholic; I am a Methodist. Your faith I believe to be the result of a deliberate judgment formed after a careful investigation. Your convictions and devotions are conscientious. Just such are my faith and my devotions, and the faith and devotion of every true Christian everywhere. I suppose you could not forsake your religion and remain an honest man? I am equally clear that I could not abandon my principles and retain a moment my self respect and enjoy the approving smile of my Holy Maker and Judge, who kindly regards the intimacies of his creatures, and scrupulously abhors pretence or deceit. Then, my dear friend, what are we to do? On the details of our respective religious creeds we can never agree. Shall you, therefore, destroy me? or shall I, with a superior charity and enlightened faith, seek your annihilation, because we differ concerning a matter which none but the wise and eternal God can correctly determine? Is it an injury to either of us that the other, standing upon his responsibility to the Supreme Judge of the universe, chooses to consult him alone, and disregard the opinions of men, merely relating to things not of this world? It would insult your good sense to tamely answer these inquiries in the negative, for you have anticipated them all. There is only one answer which has been conclusive to every reasonable worshiper of God. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." The constitution of the law, wisely providing for the peaceful agreement of a dissatisfied religious

sentiment, has guaranteed to every man a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. And, for the very first time in the history of modern civilization, our national government has not only permitted, but has encouraged, by her liberal legislation, the growth of every sincerely devoted body of Christians, irrespective of their name or formulas. It is with regret that I see an attempt made in various portions of the country to create midnight consociations and star chambers, for the avowed object of disfranchising the Catholic population of the country, and waging a warfare of all others the most fearful and vindictive—a warfare against religion. In the whole history of the world there never has been a time when such secret organizations as the Know-Nothings were left with so shallow a pretence for their combination as at the present; never a time when so little has been threatened by any organized form of Christianity as now.

In the first place, there is not a majority in the United States in communion with any church. There is a very clear majority who are not members of any religious body, and this majority would resist to the death the least attempt at an encroachment upon their right of opinion. In the second place, the government does not, directly or indirectly, support by gifts or fees any one denomination of Christians, and of course can have no preference in her choice among them. Moreover, the numerical strength of the communicants of the several denominations is very nearly the same, and kept in awe by mutual watchfulness. A mutual forbearance, continued since the organization of our government, has created a Christian fraternity of feelings among conflicting opinions unknown before in the history of Christianity.

The population of the United States was in 1850, 23,191,918, and is now about 26,000,000, of this number about 1,600,000 are Methodists of every order, 1,200,000 are Baptists.

Who, then, that is not afflicted with a superstitious monomania, can offer a reasonable pretence for a formidable organization of religious power in the United States? Indeed, sir, if there ever has been a time when intolerance and contempt for all religion had an ascendancy, that time is now.

But, should a time ever come when a religious intolerance threatens the existence of free institutions, and resistance to ecclesiastical power becomes necessary, even then Know-Nothingism, or any other secret political organization, ought not to receive the countenance of any lover of free government. Secrecy and hypocrisy are the favorite instruments of kings and despots. No country can long remain free after its great principles are abandoned, and the government itself becomes the spoils of the tricky, skulking politician. I conceive the Know-Nothing organization of this character, or why the organization at all in a country like ours, where every man has a voice in the legislation of the land? Where no privileged order is established or countenanced by law, I cannot conceive of a single thing affecting those gentlemen as citizens which does not in the same sense affect every other man in the country. If their designs are just and patriotic, they are surely sustained by reason; and I think the same reasons which have convinced them will also convince us of the same things; and there can be no necessity for secrecy in the prosecution of honorable purposes.

But there are evils resulting from such associations which ought not to be overlooked. In a republican government the basis of our security is public confidence. Whatever strikes at public confidence, strikes at republicanism. When the Whig party beats the Democratic party upon an issue made public, the defeated party gives up the contest as honorably settled. In turn he openly gains for his own party an equal triumph, and the opposition as quietly acquiesces in their overthrow. It was done openly; they saw how it was done and were satisfied.

But in the success of secret political societies public confidence is undermined; it gives way; a reign of terror commences; another secret organization of Know-Nothings, are organized; and they, too, may triumph, and the dismayed Know-Nothings may not so tamely submit. They, in revenge, apply the munitions of secret warfare. Long before the charter of midnight was deemed an auspicious time for secret depredations, and no more powerful means than the spark of fire, or the simpler modern invention called Lucifer matches, would be needed to assist in secret resistance to the superior trick of the victorious party.

No less sacred a citadel than the temple of worship and family altar will be lighted up and illumined the earth with their fires. Aye, sir, already has this infernal work begun, under the auspices of this modern institution of reform—already have Catholic churches been burned to the ground or battered down by the hands of the lawless, irresponsible mob, patronized by those graceless demagogues who would reform the world and maintain the super-excellent character of Christian gentlemen, whilst they use for most enormous crimes, missions loaded by mad fanaticism, the worst and basest of the whole family of man.

Where is the church burning to end, under the auspices of such an extended and powerful

ful, and sly, and heartless band? All of your churches may lie in ruins upon the earth. Then may your monasteries share the same fate. By this time church-burning may become fashionable, and the hard long trained to incendiarism may with the same facility try his experiment upon the Methodist churches; which, like Catholic churches, may be devoured by flames. But the dwellings of priests and the houses of Methodist preachers may endure a similar fate, as they become subject to the overruling mandates of King Mob. Indeed, the forebodings to one accustomed to melancholy feelings are truly frightful. To the sober-minded the fearful results of such organizations promise no less than the overthrow of free government. It was their secret political reformation which preceded the French Revolution, and contributed to the trophies of Marat and Robespierre.

The results are plain and natural, and it requires far more of fortitude than wisdom to foresee a nation of Christian republicans giving way to vandalism until she is overcome with a pure barbarism, and seeks protection and pleas for quarters beneath the hospitable throne of an absolute despotism. It surely requires no vast stretch of imagination to travel back to the reign of our Catholic and Protestant English Kings and Queens, who have left nothing to posterity but a loathsome memory of their persecutions inflicted upon conscientious men for no other crime than the voluntary worship of the living God. Indeed, sir, the memory of the illustrious Calvin has been soiled by the reflection of persecutions inflicted upon his dissenting contemporary, Servetus. New England, both the cradle and the grave of true liberty, destroyed the portrait of her Plymouth landing by interposing the frightful spectacle of hanging Quakers and Baptists for their opinions; and who that has had absolute power has not thus appropriated it? and with a generous forgetfulness these our mutual wrongs and mutual sufferings are consigned to oblivion.

What high-minded, intelligent Catholic or Protestant would see these scenes re-enacted upon the continent of America, though they were regulated by law? Who, in the name of liberty, would seek their introduction by mob violence, under the sacred garb of religion, wearing the sacerdotal robes of the temple of God? There may be wrongs in every ecclesiastical organization. If they conflict with the rights of citizens, the law under our constitution is abundantly able to correct the evil; if they do not conflict with those rights, it remains a question with man and his Maker without an intervening power.

There may be a wrong in our laws which is not sufficiently scrutinizing, and severe in the prohibition of the emigration of foreign paupers and foreign criminals—if that be so, let those laws be amended, and every honorable foreigner will rejoice in the distinction which is made between virtue and vice. That would be a leveling blow, indeed, which at one fell stroke struck down the good with the evil, the wise with the foolish, indiscriminately. But such is Know-Nothingism in its inception. God only knows the end, and may He in mercy foretell us the worst!

I am, my very dear sir, your sincere friend and fellow-citizen, bound by the fraternal feelings of a holy and liberal Christianity.

HENRY CLAY DEAN.

A. P. Gregoire, Esq.

Fallen Greatness.

We have no disposition to exult over a fallen enemy, nor stir the embers of a supposed fire for the poor purpose of burning an edifice already half-consumed. The Democratic party in the State was defeated at the late election, but we have no sympathy with those who now find themselves in an unpleasant predicament, from having contributed to produce that result. All men of mature age are responsible for their acts, and it is no excuse that traitors plead provocation for their treachery. No true party man will allow his feelings to control his actions in the support of candidates selected in accordance with usage. And there is another rule which must be applied to partisans. The higher a man ascends in the confidence of his party, and the more honors he is made to bear, to a stricter accountability should he be held. It sometimes happens that those who receive the most favors fall the easiest into temptation, and apparently sink from their high estate without a struggle. Every man of this class is false at heart, and might have betrayed his party in any moment of peril. We have several such in our mind's eye, and while we pity their weakness, we have little compassion for the braggarts who profess to love the party, and yet strike down its candidates to gratify either their malice, jealousy or ambition. The practical knave is never at a loss to explain his actions. While he is liable to change sides every day, both in regard to men and measures, he declares with the sanctimony of a saint that his political opinions never alter. The late election afforded gentry of this sort a fair opportunity to "play off their tricks;" and now, when the game is ended, their friends go about winning and winning because public opinion places them where they properly belong. A politician who is silly enough to quarrel with his party in consequence of his dislike of men, may be corrupt enough to quarrel with the objects of his hatred in order to betray his party.