

The Republican Compiler

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

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

38TH YEAR.

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TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

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Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House,

Choice Poetry.

From the Keokuk Post.

Dissolve the Union?

If there's a man beneath the sun,
Who thinks his brain has now begun,
Or heeds to the brink will run,
To dissolve the Union?

What's cut in two our glorious land,
And down her sons in twin to stand,
While other nations fix the brand
Of a dissolved Union?

Half Mississippi's waters roll
From North to South, and not behold
The brave, the free, the fair, the bold,
All bound in Union?

Far be from us the darkened day,
That shall to every freeman say:
Our land and nation now must lay
A shattered Union!

Oh! God of Nations! God of Men!
Reach forth, and with thy mighty pen
Write "Freedom!"—Our Country!"—then
A never-ending Union!

The Little Maiden's Prayer.

There is a touching sweetness in the following lines, which were originally published in the Churchman, from the pen of an anonymous contributor:

She knelt her down as meekly,
Believing none was nigh,
Clasped her little hands so sweetly,
And, then, with upturned eye—

Said: "Father! please to bless me,
Through all the long, long day,
And keep me all so safely,
Till I come again to pray."

She simply asked forgiveness
For evil she had done.

Then said: "Now I'm forgiven,
Through Christ, God's own dear Son."

She prayed for loved ones near her,

For friends, both far and wide;

Said, "I want thee, God, to bless them,

And all the world beside!"

Select Miscellany.

Petition for a Divorce—Truly a Romance in Real Life.

A week or two since, a petition from Mrs. Mary L. Pell, asking a divorce from her husband, was presented to the State Senate, by Mr. Spencer. Mr. Spencer stated that the petitioner, a daughter of one of our most wealthy and respectable merchants, was married to a young gentleman in every particular suited to be her companion through this checkered life. They entered the married life with the best wishes of their friends, and with prospects of a life all happy before them. But, alas! a few short years of anxious mercantile life are found to affect the health of the young husband. He is struck down in a fit, and insatiable soon follows. All attempts to restore his health prove fruitless, and at the end of two and a half years the fond wife is forced to see her cherished partner the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Thus separated from his young wife and his two children, (now become of age,) the fruits of this marriage, the husband has remained a confirmed lunatic for a score of years.

The petitioner, for more than twenty years, has been living a life of retirement, hoping against hope, that the partner of her early life might be returned to her. His case is now indeed hopeless; and with the true affection of woman and a wife, she has generously set apart for him, from the income bequeathed her by her father, for his maintenance, the liberal sum of \$10,000. From her income she has also saved a small fund, which she desires to invest in real estate; but being advised it could not be sold, should such disposition of it ever be desirable, without the consent of her husband, and that being impossible forever to obtain, she has reluctantly consented to follow the advice of her friends, and hence she petitions the legislature for a divorce. This is a very sad case, and much as we are opposed to the granting of divorces by the legislative body, we hope if this statement be correct, that Mrs. Pell will gain the relief she asks for. She has certainly manifested a noble spirit in deferring her application for so long a period.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Tribune.*

Evil Speaking.

The following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. Y. Gurney, by one who, as a child, was often of his family circle:

One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that great talkers run off the strain line of truth. I was talking very fast about some female relative who did not stand high in my esteem, and was about to speak further of her failure of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely, "Doest thou not know any good things to tell us of her?"

I did not answer, and the question was more seriously asked: "Think, is there nothing good that canst tell of her?"

"Oh yes; I know some good things, certainly; but—"

"Would it not have been better, then, to relate these good things, than to have told us that which must lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, thou knowest."

The N. Y. *Dutchman* says that whenever wishes to get along in this world has only to take a few lessons of a hen chasing a grasshopper. With a long neck and sharp eye, take a few hurried steps, stop short, peep over, peer under, now to the left, now to the right, one flutter and a rush, and then you have him. That's the way its done.

Another Grace Darling.

The Buffalo *Commercial* contains a detailed account of the exploits of Mrs. Becker, who resides on the Canada shore of Lake Erie, in saving the lives of eight seamen who were wrecked near her residence:

On the morning of the 20th November, 1855, the schooner Conductor left the port of Amherstburg, bound for Toronto, with a cargo of ten thousand bushels of corn.—The wind blew fresh from the southwest all day, a heavy sea running meantime. About five o'clock, P. M., the wind increased to a perfect hurricane, and all the canvas was reefed snug down. Towards midnight a severe storm arose. The topsail sheets were carried away, the boat was washed from the davits, the deck swept clean of everything, and the vessel would not obey her helm, and seemed to settle in the trough of the sea.

About four o'clock in the morning of the 21st the crew of the schooner made what they supposed to be Long Point light, but it was really the light at Long Point Cut. The thickly drifting snow instantly obscured this light, and in about half an hour after the vessel struck bottom. Although the vessel was not more than two hundred yards from the shore, it was impossible to form an accurate opinion as to the locality, because of the thickly drifting snow. The sea made a clear breach over the vessel, and forced the crew into the rigging, where they remained from 5 o'clock in the morning, until 2 in the afternoon. Ice was making fast all the time. The crew then described a woman and two little boys approaching along the beach.

The woman and children built a fire on the shore, and made signs to the sailors to swim ashore. The sea was so great that they were afraid to venture, until the captain, thinking the risk of drowning better than almost certain death by cold and exposure, struck out from the wreck, and by extraordinary efforts nearly reached the shore; but his strength failed, and being caught by the undertow, he would have been carried out had not the woman come to his assistance. She seeing his critical situation, came to him as speedily as the deep water would admit, and having walked in up to her neck, fortunately reached him, he being utterly exhausted. The woman supported the man and drew him ashore, having been herself several times beaten down by the force of the waves.—With the assistance of the boys she drew him to the fire and resuscitated him.

The mate of the schooner next struck out, but in like manner failed to reach the shore, and sank. The captain, supposing himself sufficiently restored, went to the assistance of the mate, but again himself gave way, and the woman again went into the angry waters, out to the utmost depth at which she could stand, and brought the two men ashore. The mate seemed to be lifeless, but was at length restored. In addition to these efforts, five several times did the woman go out to the receding surge, and at each time bring an exhausted drowning seaman ashore, until seven persons—the master, mate, and five of the crew—were saved. It was evening now, and one man who could not swim still clung to the rigging. During the whole night the woman paced back and forth along the shore, renewing the fire, encouraging the rescued men, giving them food and warm tea, and administering to their comfort. From time to time she would pause, and wistfully regarding the stranded vessel, thus give utterance to her humanity:

"Oh, if I could save that poor man I should be happy." When morning at last came, on the 22d, the storm having abated, the sea was less violent. The master and crew were now invigorated and strengthened by the food and care, whose resolute spirit, though fast giving away, was still sufficient to enable him to retain his position in the rigging. Thus he too, was saved, though badly frozen. The crew remained at the cabin of Mr. S. Becker nearly a week before they were able to depart.

On the week following this occurrence, two American vessels were lost in the same point, whose crews were greatly comforted by Mrs. Becker, whose husband was still engaged in trapping. The crews of these vessels were sheltered in her cabin, and were the recipients of her hospitable and humane attention and care.

Mrs. Becker has received a purse of \$690, raised by private subscription in Canada; she expressed the desire that the money should be appropriated toward the education of her children—a noble purpose.—When Captain Paxton made the gift, she said "she knew how to save the lives of eight perishing sailors, in six feet water." Mrs. Becker is a large, masculine woman, about six feet high, weighs 200 pounds, was born in Canada, and is 30 years old.—She lives on the island of Long Point with her husband, and they gain their subsistence by fishing.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN VIRGINIA.—On the 20th ult., a band of laborers on the Central Railroad, in Allegheny county, Va., on Cady's section, penetrated into a cave, the mouth of which was about 305 feet from Jackson's river. Some of the workmen entered it, and continuing on their course, passed under the river and came out on the other side of it. In the cave was found the dead body of a hunter, with all the equipments lying near him. About \$9000 in bonds payable to Mrs. A. Cross, and dated in 1823, were found on the body, which he was in a wonderful state of preservation.—The bonds are signed by many of the oldest citizens of Allegheny and Bath counties.

It is hard for the judgment to keep up with the heart where our sympathies are challenged. How often do we pass with difficulty the outstretched hand of the street beggar, how often fear we have done wrong in not giving, and how often fear we have given unwisely. No rule will seem to fairly apply to the matter, and it is difficult for one to know how to act. We have just met with an article in the London Examiner which has set us to thinking upon this subject. "A person who gives alms at random," says the editor, "may be compared to one who fires at random among a crowd.—There is a seed of social mischief in every ill bestowed bounty, though the eye does not see what the heart rues. How many a criminal has to curse the careless hand that first encourages him in a life of idleness, imposture and vagrancy."

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went well, especially the audience.

There are now 58 post offices in Kansas.

Mr. Crane Walks Out.

We give below one of the most amusing of the Bedott papers. The widow had an affair with Tim Crane, an elderly widower, for whom she had "set her cap," and who was extremely polite to her because he had a secret fancy for her daughter Melissa. Mr. C. asks a private interview with the widow, when the following scene ensues:

"Oh, no, Mr. Crane, by no manner of means; 'taint a minute tew soon for you to begin to talk about gittin' married again. I am amazed how long's Mrs. Crane been dead? Six months!—Land o' Goshen! why I've know'd a number of individuals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennett's widder, I was talkin' about just now—she's was Louisy Perez—her husband hadn't been dead but three months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a woman to be in such a hurry, but for a man it is a different thing—circumstances alter cases, you know.—And then, sittin' as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a terrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic cohairs and ten' to the children—so say nothing o' yourself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion and no mistake. Six months! Good gracious! Why Squire Titus didn't wait but six months after he buried his first wife, afore he married his second. I thought ther warn't no particular need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt out tew 'twas very unsuitable, but every man to his taste. I hain't no disposition to meddle with nobody's consarns. There's old Farmer Dawson, tew, his pardner hain't been dead but ten months.

"To be sure, he ain't married yet—but he would a been long enough ago, if somebody I know'd gin him any incurridgement. But 'taint for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter, and as rich as a jew—but lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father. And there's Mr. Smith—Jubiter Smith—yo' know him, Mr. Crane, his wife (she twas Aurora Pike) she died last summer; and he's been squintin' around among the women ever since, and he may squat for all the good it'll dew him as far as Fairconcerned—though Mr. Smith's a respectable man—quite young and hain't no family—very well off tew, and quite intellecible—but I tel' yer what, I'm purty particklar. O, Mr. Crane! it's ten years come Jinnywane, since I witnessed the expiration of my beloved companion! an uncommon long time to wait, to be sure—but 'taint easy to find anybody to fill the place o' Hezekiel Bettott. I think you're the most like husband of airy individual I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months, murderin' curus you should be feared I'd think 'twas tew soon—why I've known'd—"

Mr. Crane—"Well, wilder, I've been thinkin' about takin' another companion, and I thought I'd ask you."

"Widow—O, Mr. Crane, excuse my comotion, it's so unexpected. Just hand me that a bottle o' camfire off the mantiepie shelf. I'm rather faint—dew put a little mite on my handkerchief and hold it to my nuz. There, that'll dew, I'm a bleeged tew ye; now I'm rather more composed, you may proceed, Mr. Crane."

Mr. C.—"Well, widder, I was goin' to ask you whether—whether—"

Widow—"Continner, Mr. Crane, dew: I know it's terrible embarrassin'. I remember when my deceased husband made his supplications to me, he stammered and stammered, and was so awfully flustered it did not seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I thought it's generally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're generally uncertain about what kind of an answer they're agivin' to git and it kind o' makes 'em nervous. But when an individual has reason to suppose his attachment's reciprocated, I don't see what need there is o' his been illustrated, tho' I must say it's quite embarrassin' to me—pray-con-

tinuer, Mr. Crane."

"Well, then, John, he cun to me to make me to the preacher-man, for to be married. Fool! I never did feel so mad—and then—Oh, shaw, gals, I can't tell any more."

"Oh, yes, go on, Becky."

"Well, then, the preacher-man, he ax'd me, if I would have John to be my lawful husband. Hem! fool, better have him his self. I reckon. And then—shaw, gals, I won't tell any more."

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