

The Republican Compiler.

BY HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, The Markets, Local and General Intelligence, Politics, Advertising, &c.

39th YEAR.

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Choice Poetry.

AN OLD STORY.

Open upon a time a maiden
Sat lone by a hawthorn tree,
And her face close to the tree,
Murmured words of fondness,
Finger, sweetest than the blossom
Hanging over her was she,
And her heart within her bosom
Throbbed and glowed triumphantly,
Both were young, and fond and foolish,
Neither rich, the story goes,
Ma was proud and Pa was nullish,
Great their love and great their woes,
So they kissed, and wept, and parted,
Swearing ever to be true—
Died the maiden broken hearted?
Was the lover fatal too?
Phew! she wed a worthy hanker,
(Broom whistled she was sold),
And no city, dandy, dink, he,
With his pocket full of gold;
Becoming, both of every part,
Dressed with face and jewels rare,
Looking fresh and very hearty,
Moves the victim of despair.
He—confound the little fellow—
Took a widow twice his years,
Fat and burly, ripe and mellow,
With a brace of little deers,
Big plantation, pomp and piety,
Spectralious, pomp and piety,
On the high road to twenty—
That invariable disease.
Least from him—ye distant lovers—
Faint agonizing groans,
Anything of greater value,
Than the promise you make,
Breasts were made to put in cotton,
Blood that the wise would cut;
Pleasure, profit and promotion,
Graduate at Cupid's school.

Select Miscellany.

The "Fuel Famine" at the West.

There continues to be great suffering in many of the western cities on account of the scarcity of fuel. The Louisville Journal says that the last bushel of coal has disappeared from that market. There is a little in the pockets of the citizens, but none in the yards of the dealers. At Cincinnati coal has gone up to \$2.00 cents per bushel. A town meeting has been held at a fuel company organized; a locomotive purchased and placed on the Zanesville Railroad for the exclusive transportation of coal to the city. The Cincinnati Gazette relates several distressing cases of suffering for the want of fuel. We quote: "One night last week one of our city officials saw a man come out of an alley with a load of coal on his shoulders. He went up to him and addressed him with sterning it. The reply was—'I have stolen it. My children are freezing with cold. I have no wood and no money. The man from whom I have taken this has plenty of wood. When better times come I will go and tell him what I have done, and I will pay him. If you wish to put me in jail, I will go to the station-house with you without a word; but, sir, for God's sake, let me take this coal home first.' Another instance was of a family near the intersection of George and M-nd streets, who from Friday last until Sunday were without fuel and without food. The consequence of their privation was that on awaking on Sunday morning they found their little infant five months old lying stretched out dead from privation and cold." Council Chambers, in the course of some conversation at a meeting held in Cincinnati a few days ago to devise means of relief, said that he had visited the council chamber in the morning, where he witnessed the most successful scenes. There he found five hundred men, women and children, not beggars, but applicants with money in their hands, seeking an opportunity to purchase fuel. He had talked with them, and heard that tables, beds, and other furniture had been consumed to prevent children from perishing. One woman who had been waiting for hours for an order for wood said she could wait no longer. Her children would perish, and she was compelled to go to their protection. He urged the importance of immediate and efficient action.

A Worm in a Tooth.

A medical gentleman of Baltimore, Ireland, was employed recently to extract a patient's tooth. It was a grinder, of large size, apparently sound, and so firmly seated that it broke in the effort of its removal. On examining that portion of the tooth which came off with the instrument, a very extraordinary worm-shaped living animal was found adhering to the centre of it. On being carefully removed, without injury, it proved to be five-eighths of an inch long, lively as an eel, and of blood-red color, and about the thickness of a woman's hair. On viewing it through a microscope of limited power, it appeared to be rigid and jointed in its formation. No legs were visible, and it moved by erecting its body, archlike, in the centre, and projecting either end at pleasure—for it appeared to have a head at each extremity. One of the heads was large, flat, and broad in proportion to the creature's size, with a spacious mouth, and two black eyes, set very widely apart, and projecting from the upper part of the head. The other head was smaller, with a lengthened snout, and a mouth opening from underneath.

A letter being sent to the Editor of the Compiler, containing the following account of a man who had been in the hospital for some time, and who had been cured of his disease by the use of the Compiler.

Moral Suasion.

There is nothing like "moral suasion." It has grown to be a great and controlling institution. The best example of the same occurred in the city of San Francisco recently. You will know—if not, I can inform you thereon—that the chief city of California is frequently, if not often, infested by Chinamen. An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman, in a firm whose business it was to sell fish-hooks, end lines, rope's ends, and other odds and ends. One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering around for a few seconds, exclaimed: "Cotton seine twine—got him?" "Yes!" was the answer. "How much take?" "One dollar a pound!" "Get out!" said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail, and his countrymen. The train passed and repassed the door several times, and at length re-entered. John, looking around as though he had never been there before, again inquired: "Cotton seine twine—got him?" "Yes!" "How much take?" "One dollar a pound!" "Get out!" said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail, and his countrymen. The train passed and repassed the door several times, and at length re-entered. John, looking around as though he had never been there before, again inquired: "Cotton seine twine—got him?" "Yes!" "How much take?" "One dollar a pound!" "Get out!" said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail, and his countrymen.

The Darkey and the Deer.

The good steamer "In" was coming down the beautiful St. Clair, when a noble buck was seen swimming across ahead of her. To lower away a boat and give chase was only the work of a moment, and with a stout line he was taken by the auditors and safely brought upon the steamer's deck. A good deal of admiration was excited by his fine proportions, and among his admirers was the cook, a goodly specimen of "Africa's clime," who imagined that, from the docile appearance of the animal, he was quite as a sheep. He therefore undertook to caress him, and to lay his hand upon his hunch, when he was astonished by a vigorous kick, that laid him sprawling on the deck. Nothing daunted, however, Cuffey thought he might succeed better by the head, but the deer, liking this no better, made a butt that laid the poor darkey out again, and opened an ugly gash on his woolly head. This was too much of a good thing; so Cuffey, when he recovered himself, stood at a respectable distance, and, eyeing the old buck, said, "Now, look here, Mister Doe, I do no wrongs to you, or who you belong to; but if you do the aragin, dar'll be wenzon board this boat, sure's you live!" *Patet's Spirit.*

Ignorance of General Washington.

The following facts in relation to Washington, are not stated by either Marshall, Irving, Sparks, or Mrs. Kirkland. They leaked out in a Fourth of July oration delivered by John Phoenix. Though new facts, they may be relied upon as being correct: "Although for the time in which he lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorance of Washington in some things is perfectly incredible. He never traveled on a steamboat, never saw a railroad, or locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the principle of the magnetic telegraph, never had a daguerotype, type, Col's pistol, Sharpe's rifle, or used a friction match. He cut his meals with an iron fork, never used a postage stamp on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination. Such a man as this could hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although it must be confessed, we occasionally have candidates who prove not much better informed about matters in general."

A Dandy Wild Cat.

One night the past week, Mons. Jules Frank, of this county, was aroused from his slumbers by the agonizing cry of chickens in distress. He immediately seized his gun and rushed to the rescue; upon his arrival at the Hotel de Salomon, he, to his great consternation, discovered the mutilated remains of two of his favorite birds, as the immortal poet Villikens says, "lying dead on the ground." His anger was great and drew both upon the English and French languages for a properly intense expression of itself. But while the said Frenchman was lamenting the untimely fate of the innocent and tender pullets, whose voluptuous breasts were only hid from view by the downy pin-feathers of budding henhood, he saw the identical fellow author of all this bloodshed, and ornithological misery, pass before him and vanish down into the darkness of his own cellar. It was a moment of awful emotions and as Monsieur Von Soffence has since elegantly remarked, "a time that he was thinking could split a veller mit scare." But revenge was the predominant passion, and so, nothing daunted, the valiant Frenchman, gun in hand, descended into the cellar prepared for mortal combat. In order to prevent escape, the door was closed and fastened behind the door. And now all was silence about a minute, when the full heavy report of a gun came up from the cellar. And then the door opened and a ghastly looking Dutchman "mid a lantern" escaped into the open air, and then a cloud of smoke "a sweet scented cloud," lifted itself out of the cellar, and revealed the features of a most ghastly Frenchman. There he stood, his gun in one hand and the feline robber's corpse in the other. At last he caught his breath and said: "Oh non Dieu, et horrible cats. I think from ze picture he be one good dandy wild ze Wild Cats."

And then the recovered Dutchman came up and said he had a belief that it was a skink cat, and in the phlegmatically profound opinion we concur.

When we left the aromatic shades of the collar-way, the Frenchman who could not talk Dutch, and the Dutchman who couldn't talk French, and neither of whom could speak comprehensible English, were discussing the origin, habits and utility of skunks in general—a subject in natural history of which neither of them had ever heard before.

And the last of the matter was, that the Frenchman felt insulted because the Dutchman incontinently remarked that he "believed skink cats can live all der life on der onions," which allusion to that great Parisian delicacy threw the Frenchman into spasms, and unceremoniously closed the discussion: It is, however, our opinion, that neither of them will ever hunt skunks in a tight collar again.

Parson Bronson and his Jonesboro' Customers.

The last Knoxville Whig contains a characteristic and pathetic appeal from its editor to his former Customers at Jonesboro', where the Whig was originally published. He offers to take bills on the bank of East Tennessee, which are worth 20 cents to the dollar, in full payment, and adds: "Persons wishing to square up with us can now do so. If, however, they wish to get off at a cheaper rate, they can withhold even these bills, and we promise during the coming year to receipt them in full through the paper, forever, and file our claims against them in the High Chancery of Heaven, and let them settle with their God in the world to come!" "And to leave all without excuse we further agree to take Shanghai chickens, hoop-skirts, boot-jacks, broom corn, baby jumpers, fishing tackle, pate-a-medecines, smoking pipes, frozen cabbage, old clothes, colts' revolvers, second-hand tin-bushes, gong'ers, patches of iron, circus tickets, or any other article found in a country post office."

If I fully believe that the Compiler is doing good in every issue, I will subscribe to it.

Match-Making.

Marriage is, at Genoa, a matter of calculation, perhaps more so than any where else; it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to the intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure or manners, he may break the match, on condition of defraying the expenses incurred. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in Genoa marriage brokers, who have pocket-books filled with the names of marriageable girls of different classes, with brief descriptive of their figures and their fortunes. These people endeavor to arrange connexions; if they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. The contents of their memorandaums are often very curious.

A Legislative Scene.

A scene occurred in the Illinois House of Representatives, on the 5th inst., which was more remarkable for its singularity than its decency. The House before organization elected a speaker pro tem, Mr. Bridges, the clerk of the former House, claimed the chair until a speaker was regularly elected. Bridges continually interrupted the speaker, until the latter ordered the sergeant-at-arms to remove the disorderly clerk. As soon as the sergeant-at-arms took hold of him they clinched, while many of the members made up to the scene of action to assist the sergeant in the discharge of his duties. After some considerable wrestling, knocking over chairs, desks, inkstands, men and things generally, Mr. Bridges was got out with his coat shockingly torn. Five or six assistant sergeants-at-arms were then appointed to keep order, and the House proceeded to business.

Wonders will never cease.

It is now gravely proposed not to descend but to fill up the Harlem River, at New York, so as to extend the city when necessary, in that direction. Sixty years ago there was sixty feet depth of water on the present site of the Tombs, and it is not so long since Canal street and its vicinity were a running stream. Harlem river, therefore, might be converted into building lots, and its obliteration from the map would certainly render the neighborhood more healthy.

A Frog Supper.

A day or two since a frog supper was given at Boston, by a distinguished man, to a few friends. The game was of his own procuring, he having a pond near the city, and he had a fine lot of frogs, as many as 1,000 fat green-hiders being procured in a day by good sportsmen.

The Paralyzing Power.

A comic paper perpetrates the following upon the ex-Governor of New York, who pardoned 14 notorious convicts just before his term of office expired: Gov. Clark was being shaved the other day when the barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little too hard. "Pardon me," said he, very naturally. "Put your hand in my coat pocket and pull a blank one out," said the kind-hearted Governor. "I'll fill it up for you when you're done."

Cure for Felons on the Fingers.

The Scientific American says: The past year we have known the spinal marrow of an ox or cow, applied by three different persons, with the most satisfactory results, in relieving pain and securing cures of their felons. The spinal marrow should be applied fresh every four hours for two days.

Deafness from a Bad Habit.

Mr. Curtis, the author of a treatise on deafness, declared that many people are deaf from such negligence. Giving themselves up to abstractions, they answer you with—"Did you speak?" "What?" "eh?" &c., and in time, from the force of habit, they become really deaf.

An Earnest Joke.

Ex-Sheriff Crocker, of Utica, New York, had his pocket picked of \$50 in the cars a few days ago. The next week he received a letter enclosing the money and papers stolen, with the following note: "Mr. Crocker: They say you are a clever fellow, and if so I wish to return you your package that you lost last week, but keep your eyes skinned."

Getting off Easy.

One of the acts passed in Paris, that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, a man was brought up for inflicting a muzzle. In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing where the muzzle should be placed, and, as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put it on his tail!"

A man was recently arrested in Kansas for stealing a cow and a hog.

The jury, to facilitate matters, put both charges in one indictment, and convicted him only of stealing the cow. He took an appeal. The justice, in making up his docket, made out the following report of the case: The defendant in the case is found guilty—he beat us on the leg-gum, but we catch him on the cow.

Letter of Mr. Robert Tyler—Battle of New Orleans.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers the following admirable letter of Mr. Robert Tyler, in reply to an invitation to unite with a Democratic Association in celebrating the Battle of New Orleans, at Cincinnati. The sentiments are worthy of the writer, whose lofty patriotism and statesman-like views have won for him the esteem of every man who knows how to appreciate our free institutions. In the *Citizen* of the 20th December, we copied and endorsed an article from the *Richmond Enquirer*, doing justice to Mr. Tyler's merits. We may now add that during the late Presidential campaign, he labored in season and out of season, with the zeal of an apostle, and we have no doubt that the triumph of the Democratic cause in the State elections in Pennsylvania, which so influenced the result in the Presidential struggle, not only in that State, but throughout the land, was owing in no small degree to his vigorous exertions. Nor were his efforts confined to his own State. He was every where preaching the doctrines of Democracy and vindicating the principles of the Constitution, transmitted to him from his Revolutionary ancestors in the Old Dominion. His native State, Virginia, may well feel proud of her son, and the Keystone State has equal reason to rejoice in him as her son by adoption.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 27, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—The Young Men's National Democratic Association of Cincinnati have determined to celebrate the Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans by a special entertainment at their Hall in this city, on the evening of Thursday, January the 8th, 1857.

The undersigned, a Committee appointed on behalf of the Association to invite a portion of our more distinguished National Democrats to participate with us in the festivities of the occasion, have great pleasure in tendering to you a cordial and hearty invitation to be present as one of our most honored and welcome guests.

Hoping to hear from you in response, as we sincerely desire, we are very respectfully and truly yours,
ALEXANDER LONG,
C. J. SMITH,
THOS. F. ECKERT.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 5, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honor and pleasure to receive your courteous invitation tendered to me in behalf of the Young Men's National Democratic Association of Cincinnati, to participate with them in their proposed festivities on the evening of the approaching eighth day of January, in celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. I sincerely regret it is entirely out of my power to be present on the occasion.

Important events in the history of a nation, like the victory at New Orleans, which specially serving to adorn the memories of great patriots and noble captains, constitute the national glory of a great people. The fame of the victory at New Orleans is the property of the general Republic. The battle was fought and won by the immortal Jackson, not for the North or South, for the East or West, for any State or section, but for the honor, renown and independence of the whole confederacy; and the truly American spirit of devotion to the interests and rights of the entire country—such and every part of it—that presided over the triumph at New Orleans is strikingly typical of those feelings and sentiments which united and sustained the Democracy of the Union during the recent political contest, so momentous in its issue, while pulsing, but so happily closed at last by the successful efforts of our contending party. We, too, have conquered in the terrible conflict through which we have just passed—out for the North or South, the East or West, for any State or section, but for, and in the name of the Union of the States and the Constitution of the United States.

But it is, at the same time, I think, obvious to all that a just appreciation and an inexorable execution of the plain provisions of the Constitution, respecting the equality of the States in the Union, and the equality of all citizens in each and every State, without regard to sectional egotism and prejudices, or to the caprices and passions of individuals or classes, are the first, last, and only guarantees of the public tranquility. Whenever a majority of the People shall deliberately make the attempt to disfranchise a minority, because of some extraordinary objection to their birth-place or religion, by social appliances and the mere weight of political numbers in the face of the laws and Constitution of the land, the peace of the country will be broken by disturbances, that may finally assume an expression of great anxiety and danger.

It is for the Democratic party—the only national party—the only Constitutional party—the only party that can rightfully claim to occupy strictly legal and patriotic grounds, in the basis of its organization—it is, I trust, the appointed office of our noble party, governed by reason and the principles of a true humanity, to defend the laws from violation or contempt, to maintain the rights of the American people, and to preserve the peace of the country and the union of the States.

Very respectfully,
Your friend and servant,
ROBERT TYLER.

Marrying a Mother-in-Law.

The Presbyterian General Assemblies have been disputing for a long time concerning the propriety of a man marrying his deceased wife's sister. The legality of a nearer and more delicate relationship being established by marriage has just been decided by the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. It is altogether proper, so says the learned tribunal, the highest authority in the State, for a man to marry his mother-in-law—that marries within the Levitical degree are not void though voidable.

Call it.

A man having published another as a bar, a scoundrel, and a poltroon, the latter complains that he does not smell "pol-troon" correctly.

He that has no bread must not keep a

dog.

From the Citizen.

Mr. Editor:—As was anticipated, when we set out on our voyage, we have at length arrived at the head waters of that saline stream, familiarly known by the name of "Salt River." The scenes and circumstances connected with this famous "watering place," are at this particular time, novel and truly enchanting. You were informed in a former short and imperfect sketch of ours, of the departure of our crew from the coast of New Oxford, &c., for this place, and that we promised you a further notice of our voyage. We have at length arrived, and in a stupendous crowd of rather promiscuous appearance, we find ourselves this evening seated. Casting a searching glance around us, and taking a general survey of the innumerable sea of upturned faces that greeted our solemn vision, we were led to inquire, "From what climes came ye, and what is the purpose of your mission?" Now, Mr. Editor, don't laugh, for we are going to tell you the truth. At the instant of this inquiry, a number of unknown personages placed their watery eyes upon us, when for a moment all was silence, until the stillness was disturbed by a well-timed remark or two, from a "vocate early" gentleman, supposed to have resided at some period of his life in the great town of Gettysburg. Said he, "Gentlemen, you will doubtless remember that the town of Gettysburg, or rather the county of Adams, was for years, in 1846, the well-deserved name of the young guard of Whiggery. In almost every contest which has occurred since that period, she has sustained herself gallantly, and come out at every point with her colors flying, and her millions rallying at the Captain's bidding. But her best feeble effort was superlatively able, and he could only admonish those who still cling to their dark faith, to 'vote, vote, vote' in 1860." (Cheers.)

This brought back some pleasant recollections to our mind. We kindled ourselves seated in an easy chair, listening to the sound of the "spirit stirring drum and the bag piper's piping," followed by a strain of bagpipes and a stream of hard cider with the title of "of some old coin," for the ensign of the host who rallied around the standard of Harrison and Tyler.

But when we took a sober second thought, all our joys were drowned by the sad remembrance, that our own proscriptive and intemperance have brought a change of results, and finally came to the wise conclusion that it was no use for a Know Nothing, a Black Republican, to even dream or think of a job-casting. We therefore resolved to content ourselves with a Salt River mission.

We encountered other prominent characters at the above well-known place of resort, but a delicacy for the feelings of these gentlemen, forbids our mentioning their names. Suffice it to say for the present, that some of our crew are in tolerable spirits, and are hoping that they intend to give the Democracy "particular thunder" next time—but such has been their host for the last two years, and in the end amounted to nothing but a—*blast!*

Yours,
Fritz.

For the Compiler.

"Simon says UP!"—Simon says DOWN!—Simon says wiggle-waggle!—Star.

Mr. Horton:—Having been, previous to the late campaign, an admirer and follower of the old-line Whig party, I can assure you that at the nomination of Gen. Winfield Scott, I said UP!—after the election, I said DOWN! and at the infatuated rise of the Know Nothing faction, I said wiggle-waggle!—and it has waggled.

After the untimely production of Know Nothingism, I said UP!—before the grave, where now repose the ashes of Washington, at the Wise election, in Virginia, I said DOWN!—and at the November election in Pennsylvania, I said wiggle-waggle!—and it waggled.

Upon the nomination of Mariposa Fremont, for President, and his wife Jessie, as a *redeemer*, the Black Republican faction said UP!—after the November election, I said DOWN!—and now the supporters of this *major* phalanx say wiggle-waggle! and are waggling.

What a prophecy has the Star yielded the public, upon the disgraceful election of that renegade Democrat and corrupt demagogue, Simon Cameron, who in his election has said UP! whilst his future course in the Senate inevitably awaits his DOWN! and his wiggle-waggle!

We would also add: Middletown money says UP! Middletown money says DOWN! Middletown money says wiggle-waggle.

My regards to Messrs. LEMBO, WAGON-SPELLER and MANEAR, whose patriotism and honor deserve a place with that of BENEDETTI ARNOLO.

Yours, respectfully,
BOB SCOWS.

One Convicted at Last.

The financial history of the country is filled with instances of rascality perpetrated by bogus bankers and rotten banks, but rarely do we hear that the laws have ever punished such swindling. Last week an Arkansas jury reversed the usual rule, and convicted the chief operator of the Little Rock Manufacturing Company, which assumed banking power and issued notes for circulation, and which failed a few months ago, swindling stockholders and others of a large amount. They did this under the common law, for, unfortunately, they found that there was no statutory provisions in that State to meet such cases. The Judge, under the same law, sentenced the party to four years' imprisonment, giving him time to pursue his investigations into the benefits of the unlimited credit system at his leisure.

The New State House.

The new capital building at Columbus, Ohio, is the largest of any State in the Union. The appropriations already made amount to \$1,194,700. The architect estimates the additional cost of completing the building at \$369,580 64, and of enclosing, grading and ornamenting the grounds at \$150,000 more, making the grand total of the whole cost of the new State house to be \$1,622,280 64.