

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.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: MONDAY, FEB. 23, 1857.

NO. 22

Terms of the "Compiler."

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "COMPILE" on the sign.

Choice Poetry.

THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks her easy chair,
She's clad in her silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks,
And though she talks but little,
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.
Her father goes clad in his russet,
And fagged and seedy at that;
His coats are all out at the elbow—
He wears a most shocking bad hat,
He's hoarding and saving his shillings,
So carefully day by day,
While 'she on the bean and poodles,
Is throwing it all away.
She lies a-bed in the morning
Till nearly the hour of noon;
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she was called so soon.
Her hair is still in the papers,
Her cheeks still dabbled with paint—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.
She dotes upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair,"
She's eloquent over moustaches,
They give such a foreign air,
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon,
And though a mouse should meet her,
She sinks away in a swoon.
Her feet are so very little,
Her hands so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light.
Her color is made of cosmetics,
Though this she will never own:
Her body made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made mostly of stone!
She falls in love with a fellow,
Who struts with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money—
She marries him for his hair;
One of the very best matches—
Both are well mated in life!
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife!

Select Miscellany.

THE TELL-TALE VISION.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

'Tis the kind of a night for a ghostly and mysterious story, and if you will listen patiently, I will tell you one which took place well nigh thirty years ago, away up yonder on the bleak moors of Assynt, across the Sutherland hills. Barren moorlands, and gray stony beaches, with flinty sands; troops of forlorn pines along the hill sides, where the red deer keeps his wards; rents of blue sea sprinkled with green desolate islands—a "God-forgotten land," as Sidney Smith would say. Thirty years ago, however, the monotonous lives of the simple islanders were rudely disturbed by one of those startling crimes which seem to belong more peculiarly to an advanced and complicated civilization. The case still figures in the criminal records as the Assynt murder, and presents many features of curious and picturesque interest.

John McDonald, a well known itinerant pedlar, had, on a dreary winter evening about this time of the year, attended a rustic wedding and merry making at the "farm town" of Assynt, where, among the fair damsels assembled, he had contrived considerably to lighten his pack. No one had observed him leave, and for a month afterwards nothing was heard of his movements. His absence excited no surprise among the country people, as it was supposed that he had gone to visit his relations, who lived in Ross-shire. They, however, ignorant of his movements, and seeing him only at distant intervals, were, of course, not troubled at his customary absence, and the pedlar might have been away much longer before any suspicions could have been excited. But exactly four weeks after the festivities at Assynt, a farm servant, passing a deep and precipitous turn on the mountain road which lies between the farm-town and the Clachan of Assynt, observed, by the imperfect dawn-light, a bundle floating upon the water, then unusually low and clear. A rude raft was constructed, and with its aid the neighbors dragged the corrupted body of a human being to the shore. Though much decomposed, all who were present, immediately recognized the body of the missing pedlar. The clothes were the same which he had worn

when last seen, but the pockets had been carefully turned out and rifled, and nothing of any value was found on the corpse.

Notwithstanding these suspicious appearances, the simple people, among whom a murder had never been committed, concluded that the unfortunate man had fallen accidentally into the tarn. So confirmed were they in this opinion, that they at once buried the body, and John McDonald and the tragedy connected with him was in a fair way of being forgotten. The parish minister, however, had accidentally learned of the discovery, and he forthwith forwarded information to the proper authorities. The sheriff of the county and the public prosecutor immediately came down to the district, and commenced a searching investigation.

Under the guidance of John Cameron, the schoolmaster, who was recommended to them by the minister as a skillful and trusty person, on whom perfect reliance could be placed, and accompanied by the medical men of the island, the sheriff visited the spot where McDonald's body had been buried. It was discovered in his presence, and on examination, several deep wounds were discovered on the back of the head, any one of which, the doctors reported, would have been sufficient to cause his death. Coupled with the fact that the clothes had been plundered no reasonable doubt could remain that a murder had been committed. It was well known in the island that McDonald, who had made considerable money, carried his fortune on his back—banks and stock being unknown institutions to these primitive people. But for many days all the ingenuity of the law was baffled to obtain any trace of the murderer. No one had been seen with McDonald after he left Assynt; no article of any kind could be identified as his property. The search appeared fruitless. Several murders, however, had been recently committed in the northern counties; they had remained unpunished; it was, therefore, a matter of much public importance that in this case an example should be made. The sheriff established himself en permanence at a roadside hostel in the vicinity, and announced his determination to examine every resident in the island.

During these investigations the sheriff was invariably accompanied by Cameron, who, through his acquaintance with the Gaelic tongue, and his knowledge of the inhabitants, proved of great assistance as an interpreter. One morning, however, the sheriff went down to the district Post Office alone, Cameron being for the first time absent. During a desultory conversation, the post master incidentally stated that soon after the date of the murder he had given change for a £10 Bank of England note to a person who he did not think should have had so much money in his possession. Who was this? John Cameron, the schoolmaster. Cameron was sent for, was asked how he had come to have the money in question, and peremptorily denied any knowledge of the transaction. His statement, though made without apparent embarrassment, excited suspicion, and he was arrested, charged with the murder.

For some time, however, no facts appeared to confirm the suspicion. Cameron's house, which stood on a hill side by itself, was minutely searched, but none of the pedlar's property was found in it. His sister, who lived with him, was evidently perfectly ignorant and innocent. She was a young and pretty girl, and, for her station in life, intelligent and cultivated. When told of the charge, she indignantly refused to believe that her brother was guilty, and in deep distress followed him to prison. One or two casual incidents, however, to which she alluded, proved of unhappy importance on the trial. Even then, however, though well aware of the fatal effect of her answers, she spoke fearlessly and truthfully—with Spartan-like honesty meeting out her brother's doom. A fearful dilemma, indeed—one where even falsehood cannot be rigorously judged, but where stern and rigid truth cannot be too highly esteemed. A noble Highland heroine, with her bloodless lips and white, tearless face—all honor to the gentle womanhood that is yet too noble in its maiden honesty for a lie!

Cameron, though unable to account satisfactorily for the money, was on the point of being liberated, when a singular incident occurred. A workman, McLeod by name, had on three successive occasions, dreamed that he had seen Cameron follow McDonald to the water-side, strike him a number of heavy blows with a hammer, rifle his pack, cast the body into the tarn, and conceal the articles he had taken in a cairn near his own house. The story was soon bruited about, and the dreamer was brought before the sheriff. So strong and vivid, he said, was his recollection of the incidents of the dream, that he could undertake to point out to the criminal officer the exact stones under which the property was concealed. They went together, and ultimately discovered the articles in question concealed under several large stones, which McLeod declared exactly resembled those impressed on his memory. Here was an important fact to begin with—the property of the murdered man found in the immediate proximity of Cameron's own house. Next day another link was obtained. A week or two previous

to his apprehension, Cameron walked one rainy morning to the other side of the island, got wet, and at a country inn obtained from the landlady a pair of stockings, leaving his own behind to be dried. These were now produced, and after some hesitation, a cotta's wife declared that, from a peculiarity in the work, she could depose that they were of her own making; and added, that the day before his disappearance, the pedlar had bought two pairs from her for her own use. That now produced was one of them; the other was discovered in Cameron's house. A variety of similar circumstances gradually came out; and after considerable delay, occasioned by the difficulties of the case, Cameron was brought to trial.

The trial took place at Inverness. It lasted from ten o'clock on the first morning of the assize, till the same hour next day—twenty-four consecutive hours, during which time judge, jury, and spectators, sat uninterruptedly. The prime interest to the superstitious Highlanders lay in the mysterious fact of the vision, and the seer was an object of special interest when he appeared in the witness-box. He suffered a severe cross examination from the prisoner's counsel, without the substantial value of his evidence being affected. No one who heard his examination could doubt that he was stating what was actually true; no one could believe (and this, of course, was the object of the cross examination) that he himself was the criminal, or in any way implicated. It was a protracted and difficult case of circumstantial evidence. The candles (gas was not in those days) which had lighted them in their vigil through the long autumn night were extinguished, and the sun was high in heaven when the jury returned into court, finding the prisoner guilty, as libelled. The verdict had been recorded, and sentence of death pronounced, when Cameron (who preserved throughout the trial the most profound composure) rose, and with the utmost solemnity and calmness, called God to witness that he was a murdered man.

The sheriff—to whose exertions the success of the prosecution was mainly to be attributed—was making his way to his hotel through the excited crowd, when a message came to him from Cameron, requesting to see him. When he reached the cell, Cameron, who still manifested the same complete composure, at once said, "I am now going to tell you what I have never breathed to mortal man; the verdict was quite right—I did the deed!" He then made a full and detailed confession, relating the whole story with perfect frankness—a demeanor he preserved till his execution. The murder, he said, was committed on the night of the Assynt wedding. He had seen McDonald leave; had followed him unobserved; had made up to him, and walked along with him to the tarn; then, with a heavy hammer which he was carrying home, he had struck him several blows from behind, and, after rifling the corpse, had thrown it into the water. For some weeks it had remained at the bottom—at least, he could see nothing of it, and he had gone once or twice every week to look for it. The evidence of McLeod surprised and startled him. The property had been hidden the same night—a dark, wet, misty night—immediately on his return home; and it was impossible, he thought, that McLeod, with whom he was merely acquainted, could have come by his information in any natural way. The fact is curious, and may furnish a problem for those who are curious in psychological mysteries. The murder had, of course, been the main topic of interest in the island for many weeks—it had no doubt, become strongly impressed on McLeod's imagination; some slight link of fact, a word or gesture, probably existed; and out of those inchoate materials the story might gradually shape itself into a form not unlike the actual, because a natural and logical arrangement of the whole facts known or surmised at the time. And, going on with the story to its close, the dream would accompany the murderer after the commission of the crime, depict his horror and contrition, his frantic desire to put away from him any evidence of the accursed deed which lay heavy on his soul. The place where he concealed the property was one that he would naturally select—out of his own house, indeed, but not so distant from it but that the articles might be easily recovered after the first dread had been subdued. People who have disenchanted the unseen, and who consider a man's muscle the best part of him, will probably explain the mystery in some such way. "The light of common day" has become too strong for the supernatural.

The Minister's Reply.—In olden times a custom prevailed in New England to elect at town meeting, the man last married, as hog constable. In a certain town, an aged minister became a widower, and found it convenient to marry again. Shortly after he was waited on by a committee, who informed him that he had been appointed an officer of the town, and they had taken the opportunity to inform him thus early of his new office. He replied: "Gentlemen, it is no new office at all; for, though I have been called the Shepherd of this flock, I perceive I have been nothing but a hog constable these forty years."

Anecdote of President Pierce.

"Helen Beverly," one of the Boston Transcript's corps of entertaining correspondents, tells the following incident, as of recent occurrence at Washington:

The President has a pet saddle horse, very spirited and vivacious, to which he has often given the spur by way of control. One afternoon in last October, after dining almost wholly upon a favorite dish of oysters, murego his repeated attacks of illness from the indulgence of shell-fish dinners, he mounted his prancing steed and rode out from the capitol some six or seven miles, "solitary and alone," which repetition the devotees of the Pathfinder would perhaps deem peculiarly applicable just now, and after the lapse of half an hour or so he began the experience of a dizzy head, with nausea and falling eyesight. Sliding down from his saddle he crept to the roadside, with his sinking strength, where he lay blind, helpless and deathly cold. His horse trotted away masterless towards the city, and our President felt that he was left there to die. A cold numbness seemed to creep over all his limbs, and with but the sense to hear left him he recognized the steps of his faithful animal returning close to his side, but unattended, and of course a voluntary watcher of the fallen rider.

The affectionate creature placed himself in various positions, as if trying the convenience of his master for remaining, and finding all in vain, took his station directly above the prostrate form, transversely, as it would seem thus to protect and shed down warmth upon the incapable being beneath. With an effort for life the President raised his stiffened fingers and placed them under the shoulders or forelegs of the horse, where warmth was found, which slowly diffused itself over his frame, and gradually he felt himself able to move; the now docile animal, turning around and around, so as best to afford means for an ascent to the saddle, which, with much difficulty, was at last effected, and riding carefully back to the Capitol, he said to his horse, calling him by name, "Never shall a spur goad your side again."

In a small country town, located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river, there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, "ran completely down." It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually "giving out." One evening on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual, the deacon leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested Brother — to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing.—The deacon very compositely pitched to another tune, and it was again performed, with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished and taken the book to give out the second hymn, when he was interrupted by deacon — gravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:—"Will Mr. — please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that."—*Kaiserbocker.*

Mrs. Dr. Harriet K. Hunt says:—That beautiful, graceful accomplishment of dancing, so perverted by late hours and the indecency of fashionable attire, has outraged many sensible people, and led them to deprive the young of one of the most simple and healthful enjoyments, because it has been abused. For myself, I can testify not only to its healthful, but to its recuperative power. The fortieth, say the fiftieth year of my age found me enjoying this life cheering exercise. It should be one of the best and earliest amusements.

Dancing is a healthful, beautiful, graceful recreation, and is not responsible for the abuses luxury has thrown around it. The vulgarism and excitements of the ball-room have no more to do with the simple enjoyment of the dance, than the rich wines and sumptuous banquets of the gourmand in whom they induce diseases, have to do with the temperate repasts that satisfy the natural wants of the body.

Nobody seems to have heard of that chap at Aberdeen, Miss., who just came home from a year's absence in Nicaragua. On his way up from the landing he met quite a number of ladies. After kissing his sister, &c., "Pray," said he, "are all the girls in Aberdeen married? I met Miss A. —" "Why, brother, Miss A. — isn't married." "Not married! Nor Miss B. —? nor Miss C. —? nor Miss D. —" "Oh, pshaw! brother," said Miss B., just beginning to catch the idea, "that's nothing but hoops."

In 1801, New England, through her Representatives, voted thirty-five consecutive times for a traitor to his country—Aaron Burr—against that old patriarch of Democracy and true Government, Thomas Jefferson. The same New England, in 1856, under the lead of some of the same men, and governed by the same sectional views, voted for John C. Fremont and against James Buchanan.

An Elephant Summoning his Worshipers to Prayers.

The Paris *Moniteur* gives the following account of the religious practices of the Siamese:—"The dominant religion of the inhabitants is Buddhism, accompanied by various practices. They worship white elephants which are found in large numbers in the forests of the South. One of these animals which is considered the representative of Buddha on earth, possesses a very handsome temple and palace at Bangkok. The French sailors in the vessels that accompanied M. de Montigny were admitted as a special favor to visit this mysterious dwelling, and were accompanied by the chief of the priests. The animal always appears to understand the sacred character which has been conferred on him by the ignorance of the population, as he is of extraordinary gravity and dignity. Above his knees are large golden rings encrusted with precious stones, and his head is ornamented with a magnificent diadem of pearls and diamonds of great price. Every morning, at daybreak, he appears at the threshold of his temple, and gives the signs of prayer by raising to the sky his trunk, which is covered with gilding. So true is his instinct that he never misses the ceremony."

Reverence of a Chinaman.—A shopkeeper in the California diggings employed a John Chinaman, whom he had once ill-treated, to paint him a sign in Chinese characters, in order to get custom from the "long-tails." But when the sign was put up for the expected customers, although many approached the placard and read it, all without exception passed by with broad grins on their faces.—Suspecting that all was not right, he took down the mysterious sign, and endeavored to obtain a translation! This he found a difficulty in getting, every Chinaman to whom he showed it refusing to satisfy him, and merely answering with a grin. At length by the offer of a bribe, he arrived at the secret. The enticing advertisement, on being rendered into English, was, as nearly as possible, as follows:—"Buy nothing here, shopkeeper d—m rogue!"

"Only Me."—A lady had two children—both girls. The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet.—Her whole love was centered in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet" (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that love could bestow. One day after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite. "Is that you, Sweet?" she inquired. "No, mamma," was the sad and touching reply, "it isn't Sweet; it's only me." The mother's heart smote her, and from that hour "only me," was restored to an equal place in her affections.

A couple of gentlemen who were noted for their boldness in "elongating veracity," were one day taking a stroll together and insensibly entered upon a contest of exaggeration. As a clincher, one of them pointed to a distant steeple, and commenced descending upon the color of a fly which he said he could "plainly see crawling up the spire!" The other shaded his eyes and gazed sharply towards the spot indicated, for a few moments, and then said: "Ah, I can't see the insect, but I know it is there, for I can hear it step!"

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.—We are told by a gentleman just from Schuykill county, that the wife of one of the Democratic traitors, who voted for Cameron, said "she would rather have seen her husband brought home a corpse than to have heard of his base conduct." The indignation was so great, that his children were compelled to leave school on account of the jeers of their schoolmates. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.

Delicate and Witty.—Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis Villa de Medina, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier? "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

A pert lawyer in the South, lately insulted the Judge, who fined him \$50. He repeated the insult, and the Judge doubled the fine; he tried it again, and he trebled it. Finally, he asked permission to go home. "What for?" asked the Judge. "To buy your honor's paper at ten per cent., to pay my fine."

The mother of the Rothschilds lived at Frankfurt, and was taken sick at 98 years of age. She said she was sure to live to 100, as nothing belonging to the house of Rothschild must go below par.—She did, however, for she died at 99.

A White Deer.—The *Cleveland Ledger* says, that a perfectly white deer was shot in the northern part of that State, a few days ago.

Query.—What is that if you take the whole away, there will be some left? Wholesome.

Parallel Columns.

BEFORE ELECTION.—"That Kansas is to be doomed to Slavery, become a Free State, if the Buchanan Democrats be the general-morocracy are triumphant throughout the continent, is sure as there the Free States."—*New York Tribune.*

AFTER ELECTION.—"That Kansas is to be doomed to Slavery, become a Free State, if the Buchanan Democrats be the general-morocracy are triumphant throughout the continent, is sure as there the Free States."—*New York Tribune.*

Another Border Ruffian Outrage.—The following appears in the *Kansas City Enterprise*:

During the past fortnight, at the American Hotel in Kansas City, (Mo.) the greatest outrage ever committed upon the 'friends of freedom' was perpetrated, and we call upon the whole fraternity of shriekers to assist us in giving expression to our 'burning indignation.' In Missouri, in a hotel kept by a border ruffian, Gov. Chas. Robinson and Gen. Samuel C. Pomeroy, the free state leaders, Col. H. T. Titus, and Maj. Jeff. Buford, of the 'bloody ruffians,' sat down at the same table, ate together in peace, and pledged each other's health in the choicest Heideick. Whether this result is to be attributed to the presidential election, the pacific efforts of Gov. Geary, or the murderous propensities of the people of Missouri, we leave for Greely or some other philosopher to determine. We simply record the fact.

How to Wash Flannel.—Some washerwomen possess quite a knack in washing flannel, so as to prevent it falling. It is not the soap-suds, nor rinsing water that thicken up flannel in washing, but the rubbing of it. Cloth is filled by being "pounded and jounced," in the stocks of the fulling mill with soap-suds. The action of rubbing flannel on the wash-board is just the same as that of the fulling mill. Flannel, therefore, should always be washed in very strong soap-suds, which will remove the dirt and grease, by squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in weak soap-suds. It should also be rinsed out of the soap in warm water, and never in cold, as the fibres of the wool do not shrink up as much in warm water after coming out of the warm soap-suds. Great care should be taken to rinse the soap completely out of the flannel. This advice will apply to the washing of blankets, the same as it does to the washing of flannel.—*Scientific American.*

Concentrated Tea.—A paragraph has been travelling the rounds till it has become an antiquity, that a dentist, Dr. John Burdell, of New York, boiled down a pound of Young Hyson, from a quart to a pint, when ten drops killed a rabbit. Boiled to a gill, when ten drops killed a cat in a few minutes. So would catnip, sage, mint, and half a dozen other harmless articles, prepared in the same way. The experiment is no more proof of the poisonous properties of tea, than that peaches are destructive of life because they contain prussic acid, which, concentrated, is one of the most deadly of poisons, but the most harmless and agreeable of flavors as diluted by nature in the delicious fruit.—*Medical World.*

"Will you have a *Daily Sun*?" said a news-boy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will I have a daily son? Why, you little scapgrace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home? No, indeed, I guess I won't have a daily son!—My poor dead man used to complain most awfully when I presented him a yearly son! A daily son, indeed! Boggle, you little upstart imp!" And the old woman called for the turkey-tail fan to keep her from swooning.

The head clerk of a large mercantile house was bragging rather largely of the amount of business done by his "firm." "You may judge of its extent," said he, "when I tell you that the quills of our correspondence only cost two thousand dollars a year!" "Pooh!" said the clerk of another house who was sitting by:—"What is that to our correspondence, when I say four thousand dollars a year in ink, from merely omitting to dot the 'i's'."

An elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. Paddy, in explanation of his temerity, said it was impossible to resist a nose you could pull with both hands.

Crooked.—From Knoxville, Tennessee, to Canton is 25 miles by land, and 125 miles by the Tennessee river.

An Early Toper.—"Bill, is your father an early riser?" "Guess you'd think so. He is drunk every morning before six o'clock—if I'm not mistaken, that takes down your old man."

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action at law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain the longest under water.

The cost of imported cigars entered at the Custom House in one day, recently, was \$44,496. Brandy stood next on the list, the amount being \$25,509. Guns came next—\$12,109.

Can you say "boots without spurs" three times in succession?—Boots, boots, boots.