

THE COMPILER.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

39TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, JULY 27, 1857.

NO. 44.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

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REGISTER & RECORDER.

To the Voters of Adams County.—Fellow Citizens: Being encouraged by numerous friends, I offer myself for consideration as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder at the next election. (Subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.) And should I be elected, my duties shall be discharged to the satisfaction of your confidence, and I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.

REGISTER & RECORDER.

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.—Fellow Citizens:—The undersigned offers himself for your consideration as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder of Adams County, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention,) and respectfully solicits your support and suffrages. Should I be nominated and elected, my duties shall be discharged to the satisfaction of your confidence, and I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.

REGISTER & RECORDER.

To the Voters of Adams County.—At the request of numerous friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of Register & Recorder, at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office to the best of my ability.

REGISTER & RECORDER.

To the Voters of Adams County.—Encouraged by numerous friends, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder, at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity.

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of Adams County.—Encouraged by numerous friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) I should be happy to be nominated and elected, and I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with sobriety and fidelity.

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PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. J. B. GARDNER, of Hantsburg, will be a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) I should be happy to be nominated and elected, and I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with sobriety and fidelity.

CLERK OF THE COURTS.

To the Voters of Adams County.—Encouraged by numerous friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts, at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) I should be happy to be nominated and elected, and I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with sobriety and fidelity.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The undersigned has just purchased a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes, and invites the attention of the public to his assortment of Gentlemen's, Ladies', and Children's BOOTS AND SHOES. These Goods have been selected with a view to meet the various wants and necessities of customers. Also, a splendid assortment of Plaid and Fancy GAITERS & SLIPPERS, of all sizes and descriptions, made of the best materials, which he is prepared to sell on his favorable terms as they can be had at any place in the County. Having been engaged in the Shoe business for 30 years, he flatters himself that he has selected such Goods as will give entire satisfaction to all who may wish to purchase. Call and examine for yourselves.

BOOTS, SHOES, &c., made to order as heretofore.

WILLIAM BOYER.
May 11, 1857. 2m

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The Muse.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

In the bustle of life, when the truth of the world is tried by selfish control; When, where, there is a refuge to shield and impart True light to a heaven-born soul? O, cease not to ask what the wisest would do, Their wisdom ne'er found such a gem: "All things that ye would men should do unto Do ye even so unto them." If thou add thy brother have sought to decide, And fall at the last to agree, Ne'er bring to another thy cause to be tried, As erring and selfish as he. No—judge for thyself, by this rule, ever true, Ere thou dost a brother condemn: "All things that ye would men should do unto Do ye even so unto them." If a dark wave of trouble has swept o'er a soul, And a cry has gone forth for relief, Ne'er pause or give, nor thy charity dote, Lest thou add a new pang to the grief. Still follow the rule that is changeless and true, And ne'er will thy conscience condemn: "All things that ye would men should do unto Do ye even so unto them."

Story Book.

The Outpost.

A TALK OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of Huron and Iroquois Indians, had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia, Ohio and the northwest portions of the State of New York.—The French, by their encroachment on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays, and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of the "regulars" and the colonial militia, were dispatched to the several points assailed, and among the rest Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles of the north fork of the Allegheny river.

Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old post to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and this being done, and order once more restored, sentries were placed at all the advanced points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and by night.

Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly, fine looking young fellow, who from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman, had received the somewhat awe inspiring nom de guerre of "Death." But with whatever justice this name had been applied to him for his skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the very life of the company.

His rich fund of mother-wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature, rendering him a general favorite with the men, while the never failing stock of game his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many little "short comings" of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which, otherwise, perhaps, he might not have got over so easily.

The company had not been stationed at the fort much more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm house, some three miles or so distant from the fort, there lived a certain Miss Foster Stanhope, whose beauty and amiable qualities he had never soon before. And to render himself still more certain of the fact, he called the day following, under cover of the pretence of having left his powder flask.

Death was invited to come again, by Farmer Stanhope, who happened to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and as often, as circumstances would permit, complied with.

The second week after this occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the fort, were of widely different degrees of importance.

The first was, that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers'arder had been found sadly wanting in the flocks of woodcocks, blackcocks, partridges, &c., for the week past—and the second, and most important of the two events, was, that in regular succession, four sentries had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

This last circumstance struck such dread into the breasts of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take that post—well knowing that it would be only like signing their own death warrant to

do so, and Col. Innes, not wishing to sacrifice the lives of his men by compelling them to do so, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal post unoccupied for a night or two.

Two or three reconnoitering parties, had been dispatched off round the neighborhood, in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery, or obtaining some intelligence of the enemy, but they had each of them returned as they started, with no reward for their trouble save weary bones.

It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the fort, after paying a visit to Stanhope Farm. The moon was up, but her light was nearly obscured by the dense masses of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now all in full leaf, cracked and groaned, and beat their feet furiously to and fro, as the heavy gusts ran whistling in among their branches.

Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open square in which the fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces.

Having remained in this position for several minutes, he again retreated in the manner he had adopted, and plunging into the forest again, emerged at a point considerably lower than where he had intended to leave it before.

Col. Innes sat reading alone in his private apartment, when an orderly entered and informed him that one of the men wished to see him.

"Send him in," said the Colonel, and at the next minute our friend, Death, had entered and made his best bow to his commanding officer.

"Well, what errand have you been getting into now?" said the Colonel, when he saw who the visitor was.

"None, Colonel," replied Death, "but I have come to ask a favor."

"Let us hear it," said the colonel; "and we will then see what we can do."

"Well, Colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the 'riders' under my orders, to-night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the disappearance of the four sentries, but make the post tenable for the future."

"But how?" said the colonel, in intense surprise.

"I guess, Colonel," answered Death, "you had better let me have the men, and order us off, and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise you that not one shall receive even a scratch; that is, if they will follow my directions implicitly."

"You are a strange man," said the colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?"

"In about an hour's time," answered Death.

"Very well, I will give you the necessary orders, so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you perform all that you have promised, and don't cause me to repent having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place."

Hector Campbell was a brave but very head strong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of lieutenant at the fort. In a sudden frank of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the spot from which three sentinels had already so mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.

"Now, my lads," said Death, as in about an hour after his conversation with Colonel Innes he approached the deserted post, at the head of the dozen riflemen, who had been temporarily placed under his orders; "I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and short of the affair is simply this, it's a gang of them cussed, thieving Iroquois, that have circumvented and carried off our four men—shooting them with their arrows, and then decamping with their bodies."

"To-night as I was returning to the fort, I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices, and creeping on my hands and knees towards the spot, got high enough to see and hear that about a dozen Iroquois were there, and then arranging their plans to surround in upon it by the point which their cussed divilry had rendered so easy of access. I only stopped long enough to learn this, when I hurried off to the colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had heard, being determined that if possible the 'riders' should have all the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?"

Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative, and with quickened pulses, and sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long, narrow space, bounded on each side by a rocky, shaly bank; while its extreme end was closed in by the dark impenetrable looking forest. The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and among these Death now carefully concealed his men; taking care to arrange them so that their fire would cross each other, and bidding them not to fire until he had given the signal, and after they had fired, not to stop to re-load, but, clutching their rifles, to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him; and in another minute the spot presented the same

lone, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.

The little company had begun to grow impatient, and Death, himself, to fear that the Indians had either rused of making the attempt, or else changed their plan of attack, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of one of his crafty foes issue in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up the pass.

"Three—six—nine—twelve—thirteen," counted Death, as one after another they emerged in single file from the wood, and with quick eat like stealthiness of movement, advanced up the pass; their rifles in trail, and their faces rendered still more hideous and ferocious looking by the grotesque by the dense masses of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now all in full leaf, cracked and groaned, and beat their feet furiously to and fro, as the heavy gusts ran whistling in among their branches.

The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf-teeth collar, and eagle tuft, at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was directly opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness suddenly intimated the cry of a night owl and discharged his rifle.

Eight of the Indians fell by the volley which the remaining riflemen now poured in upon them, for strange to say, one of the five who did not fall, was the chief whom Death had slain at this time. This unusual event was owing to the following cause: the branch of the bush on which he had stood his arm in firing, had suddenly yielded the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise moving aim.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and one bound he reached the side of the Iroquois chief. They grappled and at both fell heavily to the ground, clasped in a fearful embrace, and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.

"Keep off!" shouted Death, as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stooping to assist him, "keep off! and if he masters me, let him go."

Over and over they rolled, writhing and straining, but seemingly neither obtaining any advantage over the other. At last the head of the Iroquois suddenly came in contact with the point of a rock that protruded from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice grip of Death's throat; and the latter thus released, springing to his feet, finished his career by bringing the heavy breach of his rifle with sledge hammer force down upon his head.

The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom received any wound worth mentioning) now sent up such a shout of triumph for their victory, that the echoes of the old wood rung with it for minutes after.

As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and that uncomplaining veteran, Gen. Morgan, of Revolutionary notoriety, were one and the same individual.

About a fortnight after this eventful night, Stanhope Farm became the scene of as much mirth, good eating, and dancing, as could possibly be disposed of during that twenty-four hours, and though we think it will be almost superfluous to do so, we will add, that the cause of this "merry-making" was the marriage of the beautiful Hester Stanhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

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Miscellaneous.

Thoughts while Visiting, or Things we Love to See.—We love to hear a great stir and noise in the dining room, as soon as one comes into the house. It convinces you that the family are putting themselves out to give you something to eat.

We like to have the lady of the house jump up and go to the kitchen, then come in and out a dozen times before tea. It makes one feel she knows you care more for her cooking than for her company.

We like to hear apologies for the house not being neat and clean. If we hear "the children were in here," don't we know better than that children make tables dusty, strew ashes over hearths, forget to put towels in the wash, or empty wash basins. We think we know when children put things out of place, or when mothers or girls don't put them in order.

We like to hear apologies at table for the poor cooking and baking. It adds greatly to one's comfort to know the hostess is not pleased with her entertainment, besides being a fine exercise of one's politeness to know what to answer. We wish some American Chamberlains would tell us what to answer to "My biscuit is not light," "My cake is not good to-night," &c. We confess being sadly puzzled, to know what to answer sometimes.

We like to hear parents give lessons in deportment before visitors. It is highly entertaining to visitors, and shows plainly that it is neglected when they are alone. We are always afraid the "little innocents" will speak out and say, "we don't have to do so when we haven't company."—Ohio Cultivator.

It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight; so much for the horse. To open a man's eyes you must bleed him at the pocket.

Fifty Cents on a Dollar.

A gentleman in Twelfth street, who is in the habit of sending his boots out to be blacked, could not find his polished underlings one day last week. He sent his little son to the darkey's cellar, but he returned, saying it was shut up. The gentleman went himself in his slippers, and after rapping some time he heard a noise inside. Presently a window opened and "Cuffy's head poked through."

"I want my boots," said the gentleman.

"Sorry to inform you, massa, dat you can't hab um," replied Cuff. "Fac' is, 'e give out, bursted, failed, broke, cleaned out, jammed up, split, 'is."

"But, Cuff," said the gentleman, "I can't help that. I must have my boots."

Cuff finding his customer rather riled up, poked one of the boots out of the window and said: "Massa, 'isn't 'e tellin' no lie, 'is clean bust and no mistake. 'I mistaken 'e bentry of my 'eefees, and as 'I 'e've on the honor of a gentleman, dat 'I shall be able to pay fifty cents on a dollar, 'is willin' to gib you your boots. Dar it am. Take de boot."

So saying he slammed the window, leaving our friend to go home in his slippers, with one boot in his hand—his fifty cents on a dollar.—Dollar Newspaper.

Good Backers.

An Incident of Spiritualism.—A long bearded customer recently entered a spiritualist bookstore in New York city, and took a large quantity of books to his part of the country, "away out west," where he represented that he could soon sell them, as he was assured by the "invisible." The enterprising bookseller was of course delighted with this prospect of a sale; but his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when the long bearded gentleman remarked that he had no money, and wanted the books entirely on credit. "Are you responsible?" was the natural inquiry of the merchant.

"Perfectly."

"What evidence of your reliability can you furnish?"

"I have the best of backers—men whose names you know well."

The merchant's countenance brightened. "Very well," said he, "let us see your papers!"

Thereupon the customer presented the following document:—

"To whom it may concern:—We the undersigned, having been acquainted spiritually with Mr. _____ of _____ Wisconsin, for many years, recommend him as perfectly reliable, and would not be afraid to trust him in any amount."

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THOMAS JEFFERSON, HENRY CLAY, THOMAS PAINE, JOHN MILTON, and others.

Through Jane E. _____ medium."

The bookseller remarked that the backers were good if the medium was reliable; but he thought, on the whole, he would prefer to keep the books.—The customer thereupon denounced the bookseller as an impostor, telling him that he did not believe his own doctrines, and that the spirit would expose his duplicity to the world. Of this he felt assured by the spirit of prophecy within him. The bookseller was not convinced.

Original Anecdote of Burns.—As Lord Crawford and Lord Boyd were one day walking over the lands in Ayrshire, they saw Burns plowing in a field hard by. Lord Crawford said to Lord Boyd, "Do you see that rough looking fellow across there with the plow? I'll lay you a wager you cannot say anything to him that he will not make a rhyme of."

"Done," said the other, and immediately going up to the helge Lord Boyd cried out "Bugh."

Burns stopped at once, leaned against the plow, and surveying the assistant from head to foot, he quickly answered:—

"It's not Lord Crawford, but Lord Boyd, 'O' grace and manners he is toid— Just like a bull among the rye, Cries 'bugh' 'at folks as they go by." The wager was of course won.

The finances of the editor of a Kentucky paper being in rather a questionable condition, he thus applies to his exhibitors a small part of a lengthened scroll—a sort of pig's tails in full tension, twice told, couldn't cover it.

"Friends, we are almost penniless—Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury.—To-day, if the price of salt was two cents a bushel, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a jay bird!"

If that don't bring the ingrate delinquents up to the scratch, nothing will. "Pay the printer, we have said a thousand times, and we say it again.—The crime ought to be considered felony! Thou shalt not muzzle the ox"—duff ced.

Light.—Oh of all kinds of tight, (says an old chap who "has been there") the worst tight is the money-tight—the squeeze is so painfully crushing. A whiskey-tight may be slept off in a few hours, a tight gaiter can be re-placed by slippers, a tight corset (the ladies understand) can be loosened at pleasure, all manner of tightes can be overcome but that detestable of all tightes, the tightness of money. Oh, for a sight to remove the blight caused by purse tight, that men may calmly sleep in the night, in the morning awake all right and find money less tight.

"What's the best to prevent old maids from despairing?"

"Pairing."

Sharp Practice.

A few days since a person, genteelly dressed, was observed standing at a window of a respectable jeweller of Broadway, New York, as if admiring the rich work for sale inside. He had an umbrella placed carelessly under one arm, and while he was gazing another individual who was passing, apparently prompted by a love of mischief, contrived adroitly to thrust the umbrella through the glass, and escaped, while the unfortunate man stood on the spot stupefied with astonishment. A clerk rushed out and demanded why he had broken the window; he denied that he had done it, but appearances were against him, and he was obliged to enter the store to settle the affair. The proprietor of the establishment demanded payment for the damage done, and when the other talked of his complete innocence, threatened to send for the police. The pane of glass was strong plate, and cost \$10.

"It's enormous," said the unfortunate.

"I paid it, and you must," replied the jeweller.

"Here is a dollar," said the stranger.

"Send for the constable!" indignantly ejaculated the man of metal. He was inexorable, and the other at length submitted, complaining bitterly, but observing justly that a gentleman couldn't go to a police office for a trifle. He took out a roll of bank notes, some hundred and some fifty dollar ones, gave one of the latter to the puffed jeweller, a friend stepped into the store shortly after—the occurrence was mentioned, and the note shown as corroborating proof; it was counterfeited. The jeweller has not told the story since.

No Doubt of It.—A late number of the Stark county, Ohio Democrat, says: "John Harris, Esq., an old and highly respected citizen of this city and a bitter opponent of the Democracy, returned from Kansas a few days ago, and says the Republicans there are making every effort to have Kansas a slave State, while the Southern men generally are in favor of it being free."

The object of this is apparent, remarks the Pittsburg Post. If Kansas is made a slave State, the Republicans will continue their "shrieking," but if she becomes a free State, then the last plank is knocked out of the Republican platform.

The value of brains is rarely over-estimated by those who do not possess them. At the recent Commencement of Antioch College, the President, HORACE MANN, stated that he had received a letter from a young man in Indiana, who had been invited to deliver a Fourth of July oration, asking him to write his speech for him, closing his application by offering two dollars for the production.

The Portland Argus says, the man, who planted early peas which, in less than ten days, were two feet higher than his head, was in an erect position when the measure was taken, and stands over 5 feet 6 inches in his shoes. Then he has pulled the peas up by the roots and hung them up on the rafters.

A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed: "There is one thing thou canst not do: thou canst not tell the truth."

Visitors at Niagara Falls will remember a staircase on the west side of Goat Island, called the "Biddle Staircase." Some one asked a friend of ours why it was called by that name. "Because it wound up the bank," was the answer.