

# THE COMPILER

## A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

40<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, NOV. 16, 1857.

NO. 8.

### TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

The Republican Compiler is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$3.00 per annum in advance. No subscription is received unless the terms of the publisher are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

### Assignee's Sale.

**VALUABLE IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY AND REAL ESTATE.**  
On Tuesday, the 17th day of November next, the subscriber, Assignee under a Deed of Voluntary Assignment for benefit of Creditors, by THOMAS WEAVER and wife, will sell at Public Sale, at the Court-house, in Gettysburg, the following valuable Property, to wit:

No. 1. TWO LOTS OF GROUND, fronting on Railroad street, on which is erected a valuable Iron and Brass Foundry, known as the "GETTYSBURG FOUNDRY," with all the necessary apparatus, Steam Engine, Blanks, Patterns, Tools, &c. The Foundry is now in running order, and doing a first-rate business.

The Gettysburg Railroad passes immediately in front of the lots on which the Foundry is located.

No. 2. HALF LOT OF GROUND, on East Middle street, adjoining properties of Kuhnman Hanaway and George Swann, on which is erected a valuable Two-story FRAME DWELLING, back-building, well of water, &c.

Sale will commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by SAMUEL WEAVER, Assignee.

Oct. 25, 1857.

### Huntertown Classical Institute.

THE Winter Session of this Institution will open on Wednesday, the 11th day of November, and continue five months.

Instruction will be given in all the branches usually taught in Classical Schools.

Boarding can be had in private families at moderate rates.

Tuition per session from \$9 to \$13.

For further particulars address J. K. McILHENNY, Principal.

Nov. 2, 1857.

### Railroad Notice—Pay Up!

NOTICE is hereby given to the Stockholders in the Gettysburg Railroad Company, that they will be required to pay the EIGHTH and last installment on their Stock subscription of the 12th day of November inst.

Nov. 2. DAVID WILLS, Sec'y.

N. B.—All who are in arrears on and after that time will be required to pay at the rate of one per cent. per month on the balance due the Company.

### McREAR'S

**Celebrated Liquid Glue.**

THE GREAT ADVISORY.—Most useful article ever invented, for house, store and office, for binding in utility every other glue, gum, linseed, paste or cement ever known.

Always ready for Application. Adhesive on Paper, Cloth, Leather, Furniture, Porcelain, China, Marble or Glass. For manufacturing Fancy Articles, Toys, &c. It has no superior, not only possessing greater strength than any other known article, but adheres more quickly, leaving no stain where the parts are joined.

N. B.—The last three years upwards of 200,000 bottles of this celebrated LIQUID GLUE have been sold, and the great quantities which it has proved in every case, has deservedly secured for it a demand which the manufacturer has found it, at times, difficult to meet; acknowledged by all who have used it, that its merits are far above any similar article or imitation ever offered to the public.

This GLUE is extensively counterfeited. Beware of the label. McREAR'S Celebrated Liquid Glue, the Great Advisory.

Manufactured and Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by WM. C. McREAR, Stationer.

No. 947, Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Be liberal in your purchases to persons desirous of selling the above article.

Sept. 28, 1857.

### Stamper & Harley.

Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 148 (Old No. 96) North Second street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 15 carat cases, \$25.00; Gold Levers, 12 carat cases, \$20.00; Silver Levers, full jeweled, \$12.00; Silver Levers, 12 carat cases, \$8.00; Superior Quarters, \$7.00; Gold Spectacles, \$5.00; Silver Spectacles, \$4.00; Gold Bracelets, \$3.00; Ladies Gold Pencils, \$1.00; Silver Tea Spoons, set, \$3.00; Gold Pens, with pen and silver holder, \$1.00; Gold Finger Rings, 3 1/2 carats to \$80; Watch Glasses, plain, 12 carats; patent 18; Watch 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

STAMPER & HARLEY.

On hand, some gold and silver Levers and Levers, still lower than the above prices.

Oct. 12, 1857.

### REMOVAL.

ALAN Fraser, Watch and Clock-maker, has removed his shop to Carlisle street, below 14th street, where he will always be happy to attend to the calls of customers. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to please to merit and receive the patronage of the public.

Gettysburg, May 18, 1857.

### New Millinery.

MISS LOUISA KATE LITTLE wishes to inform the Ladies of town and country, that she is now prepared to execute Millinery in all its branches. Her store is located in a fine store below Mr. George Little's store. Work done cheaper than elsewhere in town. Please call and see.

### The Muse.

The following new song ought to be, and will be, as popular as the old tune, in the gallant measure of which it so suggestively abounds. There is great simple force in it; the concluding stanzas are especially eloquent and vigorous.

#### YANKEE DOODLE.

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY THOMAS E. DOUGLAS.

Yankee Doodle! long ago  
They played it to deride us,  
But now we march to victory,  
And that's the tune to guide us!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
How we made the Red Coats run  
At Yankee Doodle Dandy!  
To fight is not a pleasant game,  
But if we must we'll do it!  
When "Yankee Doodle" once begins  
The Yankee boys go through it!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Go ahead! our captain cry,  
At Yankee Doodle Dandy!  
And let her come upon the sea,  
The insolent invader,  
There our Yankee boys will be  
Prepared to smother her!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Yankee guns will sing the bass  
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!  
Yankee Doodle! How it brings  
The good old days before us!  
Two or three begin the song—  
Millions join the chorus!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Rolling round the continent  
Is Yankee Doodle Dandy!  
Yankee Doodle! Not alone  
The continent will hear it,  
But every land shall catch the tone,  
And every tyrant fear it!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!  
Freedom's voice is in the song  
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!

### Miscellaneous.

#### Our Country.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the waters accumulate from the great upper lakes, forming a river three quarters of a mile in width, are suddenly contracted and plunge over the rocks in two columns to the depth of one hundred and sixty feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave in Kentucky, where one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river and catch fish without nets.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles in length. Its name is derived from an Indian word, meaning the "father of waters."

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most prolific regions of the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, four hundred and thirty miles long.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is that over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm of eighty feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which a creek flows.

The greatest solid mass of iron in the world is the iron mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

The longest Railroad in the world is the Central Railroad of Illinois, which is seven hundred and thirty one miles long—cost fifteen millions of dollars.

The greatest number of miles of railroad in proportion to its surface, of any country of the world, is in Massachusetts, which has over one mile to every ten square miles of its area.

The greatest number of clocks manufactured in the world, is turned out by the small State of Connecticut.

The largest number of whale ships in the world are sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct in New York. It is forty and a half miles long, and cost twelve and a half millions of dollars.

Suggestive and beautiful were the dying words of Goethe:—"Open the shutters and let in more light." But not more touching than those of the schoolmaster, who had grown old and gray, and with whom the term-time of life was just closing. His eyes grew dim as the shadows of death gathered around him, and his thoughts returned for a moment to the scene of his labor and love, and he fancied it a winter's afternoon, and the night closing early in, and so, dying he murmured, "It's growing dark—the school may be dismissed," and in an instant, the holiday with him was begun.

An Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied: "that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned."

On a ship, a passenger, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied: "that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned."

### Bread upon the Waters.

A Sketch from Life.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death; and ere long we must be inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and when fortune smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a helping hand to a fellow creature in distress; but now misfortune was his.

His four boys, not one was left. Sickness and failing strength forced him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Insh, Susan, you forget what you say.—To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done.—If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O, of all kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in life, that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but alas! there is a present upon which we must look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food, or starve."

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg?" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"O, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"To-day."

"Then, God have mercy upon us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. It was the porter of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal.—There was a goldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him, that went like an iceberg to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back into his seat.

"Come, be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man, who entered the carriage. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the workhouse?" he inquired, turning towards the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes; I am the man you made. You found me a poor, old man from the hand of poverty and had example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in my early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted in my bosom, has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I know that the children of your flesh are all gone. But I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father, and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God held us in his hands."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."

The Treacherous Hosts.

Many years since, a seafaring man called at the village on the coast of Norway, and asked for supper, and a bed; the landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor.—He entered into conversation with them—invited them to partake of his cheer—asked many questions about them and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to his room, and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till morning—pressed her affectionately to the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband and showed him the accursed gold; for its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning early, came two or three relations, and asked in joyful tones for the traveller who had arrived thoughtfully before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said that he had risen early and gone away. "It is your own son, who has lately returned from sea, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct to wayfaring mariners." Language would be incompetent to describe the horrors of the murderers when they found they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long lost child. They confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence by being broken alive on the wheel.

Corn.

Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, describes a "Mediterranean grain," on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad. He has seen some fine day, with silken plumes and tassels, uniformed in green as we could see. For these nine miles have been flying along the lengthened line, and to the wind if not to us, ten thousand glittering blades were waved in grand salute. Most glorious guard for Ceres' golden court is Indian Corn; most beautiful in the tender blade, and graceful in the full and ripened ear. What would old Joel Barlow, who sang the sweets of Hasty Pudding, say to such a scene as we behold just now! Here indeed it is that.

—Like a column of Corinthian mold, The stalks stand upward and the leaves unfold; The heavy branches all the ridges fill; Entrance their arms, and kill from hill to hill.

Like armies deploying on a plain, the corn-fields seem as we dash swiftly by, now closing up as the word of some "sovereign we cannot hear," and now wheeling by sections and marching swiftly and silently away. We meet detachments a hundred thousand strong, hastening to the rendezvous, we see them afar off moving by companies along the sky line, paralleled with the rushing train; they approach us by platoons; they open upon us by platoons. Well officered are they all, for the field is full of kernels. They rise upon us as if from ambush as we come; they shorten like morning shadows, as we go. They are the Standing Armies of "Egypt," let them conquer forever.

"Julius, can you tell me how Adam got out of Eden?" "Well, I suppose he climbed over the fence." "No, that ain't it." "Well, den, he borrowed a wheelbarrow and walked out." "No." "I gube it up, den." "He got snaked out. Yah!"

Old Jeremy Taylor, speaking of marriage, says: "It is not written, that in the beginning God created man, rich and poor, philosopher and peasant, but male and female created he them." There is a pretty long sermon in a very few words.

Our deepest knowledge is our ability to know.

### The National Thanksgiving.

"Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is our strength."

—MATTHEW XXIII. 10.

Such was the order given to the people of Israel for the celebration of their National and Religious Festival, the "Feast of Weeks." We learn from this that a day of yearly rejoicing and giving of gifts was not only sanctioned but enjoined, by Divine authority, on God's chosen people. Such yearly festival is not positively enjoined on Christians; but that it is both expedient and beneficial may be safely urged, when we find that the practice was approved by our God and Father in Heaven. We have, for many past years, urged the advantages of having a day set apart by the civil authorities of each State, which every heart in our wide land may welcome as the time of joy and thankfulness for the American people.

Our Day of Thanksgiving represents, in many striking coincidences, the Jewish Feast of Weeks; only make our day longer, and we should then represent the union of joy that was the grand proof of the Divine blessing.

Such social rejoicings tend greatly to expand the generous feelings of our nature, and strengthen the bond of union that binds us brothers and sisters in that true sympathy of American patriotism which makes the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans mingle in our mind as waters that wash the shores of kindred homes, and mark from east to west, the boundaries of our dominions.

The Creator has so constituted the race of mankind that their minds need a moderate portion of amusement as imperatively as the body at times wants stimulating food. This recreative joyousness, this return, if you please, to the gayeties of childhood, is good for the soul. It sweetens the laborer, it brightens the hope, it increases our love for each other, and our faith in the goodness of God. There are individuals and nations who, from an unhappy state of things, vice in themselves or in other persons, from poverty, or political oppression, never "drink the sweet; nor eat the fat," but drag on a starved and miserable existence. These are not, physically, true specimens of the human being; want is written on the sunken cheek, and wasting despondency cripples the feeble limbs.

Even true mental starvation from all the sweets of social intercourse and innocent merry-making, has a wasting and deforming effect upon human character, similar to bad or insufficient diet on the bodily constitution. Good intentions, all our faculties, and neglect of the right way, be exercised, and neglect of such exercise changes us as to incomplete creatures. One has but a lame existence who has lost or neglected to cultivate "the store that nature to her votary yields." Our busy, wealth-seeking people require to have days of national festivity, when the fashion and the custom will call them to the feast of love and thanksgiving.

So we agree with the large majority of the governors of the different States, that the LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER should be the DAY OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING for the American people. Let this day, from this time forth, as long as our Banner of Stars floats on the breeze, be the grand THANKSGIVING Holiday of our nation, when the noise and tumult of worldliness may be exchanged for the laugh of happy children, the glad greetings of family reunion, and the humble gratitude of the Christian heart.

Consecrate the day to benevolence of action, by sending good gifts to the poor, and doing those deeds of charity that will, for one day, make every American home the place of plenty and of rejoicing. These seasons of refreshment are of inestimable advantage to the popular heart; and, if rightly managed, will greatly aid and strengthen public harmony of feeling. Let the people of the Territories set down together to the "feast of fat things," and drink, in the sweet draught of joy and gratitude to the Divine giver of all our blessings, the pledge of renewed love to the Union, and to each other; and of peace and good-will to all the world. Then the last day in November will soon become the day of AMERICAN THANKSGIVING throughout the world.—Lady's Book.

It is said that the foundations of the new custom house at New Orleans have already settled eighteen inches, and that the top of the building is now six inches out of level. It is contended by eminent engineers that the soil of New Orleans will not sustain a weight of more than ten pounds to the square inch, whereas the weight of this building is alone twenty pounds, to say nothing of the immense increase when it shall be stocked with merchandise. It is said to be the largest building of the kind in the world. The corner stone was laid by Henry Clay, in 1840. Its entire cost is estimated at \$3,225,000. It would be a great misfortune if so fine a building should prove a failure.

Organized Band of Female Horse Thieves.—The Cincinnati Gazette of the 8th of October that two women who stole a horse and buggy from a Mr. Cornwell, in Louisville, Ky., a few days ago, were arrested near Harrodsburg in that State, and brought back to Louisville on Wednesday night. It is supposed that they belong to the same gang that made their head quarters at Harrodsburg during the spring and summer.

### The Great Orator of Our Day and Time.

Hon. EDWARD EVERETT is, we think, fully entitled to this appellation. Residing in quiet and ease near Boston, surrounded with all the comforts of life, in opulent circumstances, he seems to have given himself up to the noble relaxation of aiding in good works. We know of no example more interesting than the spectacle of a statesman who has passed through most of the high stations within the gift of his fellow citizens, who is blessed by Providence with an abundance of earthly possessions, who is not only a thoroughly educated man, but a student of the world and of men, as well as of books, devoting the sunset of his life to the service of his country. Enduring as is the laurel that surrounds the monument of the Father of his Country, Mr. Everett has accomplished a task supposed to be beyond the effort of eulogy and of rhetoric, by adding freshness to the undying fame of Washington; intertwining with that fame his own name, and while deepening the popular affection for the illustrious dead, obtaining a full share of that affection for himself.

On the 9th of October Mr. Everett appeared before the New York State Agricultural Society at Buffalo, and in the presence of ex-President Fillmore, Governor King, and a large assembly, delivered another remarkable oration.

We regret we cannot but before our readers the whole of this beautiful and marvellous composition—beautiful in its structure, marvellous in its ideas, and as complete as one of those ancient statues or pictures which modern art toils in vain to imitate. Read the following extracts, and then tell us if this praise is too warm:

But, to speak in a more fitting and serious strain, I must confess that there has always seemed to me something approaching the sublime in this view of agriculture, which (such is the effect of familiarity) does not produce an impression on our minds in proportion to the grandeur of the idea. We seem, on the contrary, to take for granted that we live by a kind of mechanical necessity, and that our frames are like watches made, if such a thing were possible, to go without winding up, in virtue of some innate principle of substance independent of our wills; which is indeed in other respects true. But it is not less true, that our existence, as individuals or communities, must be kept up by a daily supply of food, directly or indirectly furnished by agriculture; and that, if this supply should wholly fail for ten days, all this multitudinous striving, ambitious humanity, these nations and kindred, and tribes of men, would perish from the face of the earth by the most ghastly form of dissolution. Strike out of existence at once ten days' supply of eight or ten acres, such as Indian corn, wheat, rye, potatoes, rice, millet, the date, the banana, and the bread fruit, with a half-dozen others, which serve as the forage of the domestic animals, and the human race would be extinct. The houses we inhabit, the monuments we erect, the trees we plant, stand in some cases for ages; but our own frames—the stout limbs, the skillful hands that build the houses and set up the monuments and plant the trees—have to be built up, recreated every day, and this must be done from the fruits of the earth gathered by agriculture. Everything else is luxury, convenience, comfort—food is indispensable.

Then consider the bewildering extent of this daily demand and supply, which you will allow me to place before you in a somewhat coarse mechanical illustration. The human race is usually estimated at about one thousand millions of individuals. If the sustenance of a portion of these multitudinous millions is derived from other sources than agriculture, this circumstance is balanced by the fact that there is a great deal of agricultural produce raised in excess of the total demand for food. Let then, the thoughtful husbandman who desires to form a just idea of the importance of his pursuit, reflect, when he gathers his little flock about him to partake of the morning's meal, that one thousand millions of fellow-men have awakened from sleep that morning, craving their daily bread with the same appetite which reigns at his family board; and that if, gathered at the same hour, for the same meal, they would fill both sides of five tables reaching all around the globe where it is broadest, seated side by side, and allowing eighteen inches to each individual; and that these tables are to be renewed twice or thrice every day. Then let him consider that, in addition to the food of the human race, that of all the humble partners of man's toil—the lower animals—is to be provided in like manner. These all wait upon agriculture, as the agent of that Providence which giveth them their meat in due season; and they probably consume in the aggregate an equal amount of produce; and finally let him add in imagination to this untold amount of daily food for man and beast the various articles which are furnished directly or indirectly from the soil, for building materials, furniture, clothing, and food.

But, without wandering so far for additions entirely novel which may be expected to our vegetable stores, I cannot but regard what may be called organic

husbandry as one of the richest departments of science, and one which is as yet almost wholly in its infancy. What wonders are revealed to us by the microscope in the structure and germination of the seed?—the instinct, so they say, of radicle and plumule, which bids one seek the ground, and the other shoot up toward the air; the circulation of the sap, which, examined under a high magnifying power, in a succulent plant—the Calla, for instance—reveals a flowing stream of liquid silver; a spectacle, in these days of "suspension," to make a man's mouth water; the curious confectionary, that secretes sugar, and gluten, and starch, and oil, and woody fibre and flower, and fruit, and leaf, and bark, from the same elements in earth and air, differing in each differing plant, though standing side by side in the same soil; in a word, the wonders and beauties of this annual recreation, for such it is—as a miracle as the by which sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and sea, and man, were first formed by the hand of Omnipotence.

A celebrated sceptical philosopher of the last century—the historian Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation, by the famous argument, "It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false." The last part of the proposition, especially in a free country, on the eve of a popular election, is happily, too well founded; but in what bookworm's dusty cell, tampered with the cobwebs of ages, where the light of real life and nature never forced its way—in what "pedantic school," where old years listen to dumb lips, and blind old lowers are led by blind guides, did he learn that it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true? Most certainly he never learned it from so sober or so sober, from dumb animal of the field, or from man connected with the soil. Poor Rod-Jacket of Barn of Blunder Creek, if he could have comprehended the terms of the proposition, would have treated it with scorn. Contrary to all experience, that phenomena should exist, which we cannot trace to cause, proper, (false to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought). It would be nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman's experience there are phenomena which can be rationally traced to anything but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and withering branches lay carven into the rugged jaws of Niagara, and shed their leafy armor in her glittering stream, and fill this teaming, teeming, and organized life are locked in cold and motionless structure; and, after work upon week, and month upon month have swept with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their bolts upon the door of nature's sepulchre, when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over the melting snow,—did he ever behold the long, hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth, and show the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to throb from purple buds, throughout the roving forest; and then themselves so open their fruitful bosom to every grain of seed dropped from the planter's hand, buried but to spring up again, clothed with a new verdure, and the life of more fervid sun influences the life, with softer showers distill from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls, and twigs and tendrils, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendant from stalk, and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each, after its kind, arrayed in myriad soft garments, instinct with circulating life, seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complications will shame the shrewdest cunning; the human hand; every planted seed, the grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compensating its "pious" usury, thirty, sixty, a hundred fold, and