

THE COMPILER

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

40th 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 \$3.75 per annum in advance. No subscription is discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages 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 Tanning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "COMPTON" on the sign.

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 WAZAR 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, Blasts, 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 Kibrain Hanaway and George Swann, on which is located a well equipped Foundry, FRAMES, DWELLING, LACK-HOLDING, wall 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

K. M. MILBURNY, 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 BALANCE due on their Stock subscriptions of the 12th day of November instant.

Nov. 2, 1857.

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.

McCREA'S

Celebrated Liquid Glee.

THE GREAT REMEDY for all kinds of Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all other affections of the Throat and Lungs. It is a most valuable and useful medicine, and is sold in every part of the world.

Manufactured and Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by

WM. C. McCREA, Stationer.

No. 907, Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sept. 28, 1857.

Stamper & Harley.

Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 148 (Oct. 26, '57) North Second street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat case, \$25 00; Gold Levers, 15 carat \$24 00; Silver Levers, full jeweled, \$12 00; Silver Levers, plain, \$9 00; Superior Quarters, \$7 00; Gold Spectacles, \$7 00; Fine Silver, \$1 50; Gold Bracelets, \$3 00; Ladies' Gold Pencils, \$1 50; Silver Tea Spoons, set, \$5 00; Gold Pens, with pencil and silver holder, \$1 00; Gold Finger Rings, 3 1/2 carats \$20; Watch Glasses, plain, 12 carats \$15; 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 Pencils, still lower than the above prices.

Oct. 12, 1857.

REMOVAL.

ALAN Frazer, Watch and Clock-maker, has removed his shop to Catharine street, below 11th, 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 TITTLE wishes to inform the Ladies of town and country, that she is now prepared to execute Millinery in all its branches. Her establishment is a few doors below Mr. George Little's store. Work done cheaper than elsewhere in town.

Work done cheaply and with dispatch.

April 21, 1856.

15,500 YARDS of Muslin just received from the East; having been purchased for OASH, we are enabled to sell any quantity of Muslin at lower rates than can be had elsewhere in the country.

Call on us, and we will show you our unusually large stock of Muslin, and our new and beautiful patterns. Remember we have nearly 15,000 yards.

FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS.

Corner of Second and Third streets, Gettysburg, Pa.

Oct. 12, 1857.

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 its concluding stanza especially eloquent and vigorous:

YANKEE DOODLE.

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY THOMAS S. DODD.

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 Dandy!

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 Dandy!

"Go ahead!" our captains cry,

At Yankee Doodle Dandy!

And let her come upon the sea,

The insolent invader,

There our Yankee boys will be

Prepared to serenade her!

Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!

Yankee Doodle Dandy!

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 Dandy!

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 Dandy!

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 eyes.

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, "I'm 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."

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 even been among the first to lend a helping hand and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his.

His four boys, not one was left. Sickness and falling 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."

"Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!

Yankee Doodle Dandy!

How we made the Red Coats run

At Yankee Doodle Dandy!

To fight is not a pleasant game,

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Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!

And placed on board one of your own vessels.

"And are you?"

"Yes—yes; I am the man you made. You found me a round stone 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 boat 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 the village on the coast of Normandy, 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 quoted 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 by 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 on the coast.

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

"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?"

"Not 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. He 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 from 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?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house, while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting from his chair and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams—that little boy whom thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction—that poor boy whom you kindly took from the hands of the law,

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 VIII. 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 festivity 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, argued 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 longer all our faculties 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 these mental starvation from all the sweets of social intercourse and innocent jerry-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 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.

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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 refreshing 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 Bands of Female Horse Thieves.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 8th of October that two women who stole a horse and buggy from a Mr. Cornwall, 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