

The COMPILER is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLER, at \$1.75 per annum if paid strictly in advance...

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHLER.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1858.

NO. 39.

The Poet's Corner.

Onward. FROM THE GERMAN. Cease this dreaming! Cease this trembling! Still unwearyed struggle on!

Dare not Larry, though the Present Scatter roses in thy way! Thought to thee from out the ocean, Sycens sing their luring lay!

Onward! Onward! without tiring! 'Gainst the world's sharp griefs contend, Till upon thy cheeks hot burning, Golden rays from Heaven descend.

The Story Book. The Mother's Lesson. "O, no, I will, though."

"O, no, Laura, you must not speak in that manner." "And why not? Why, mother, to hear you talk, one would suppose that I were about to enter a nunnery instead of being married."

Ready-made Clothing. GEORGE ARNOLD has now on hand the largest stock of Ready-made Clothing in town, comprising every variety of size, all of his own manufacture.

Auctioneering. ANDREW W. FLEMING, residing in Breckinridge street, near James Pierce's, Gettysburg, offers his services to the public as a Sale Officer and Auctioneer.

Chall Robes. THE best arrival of Robes by express—The best styles yet offered to the ladies, and from which they cannot fail to select their tastes.

Spring Millinery. MISS McCREARY has just returned from the city, and is now opening a beautiful assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods.

Clear the Way FOR THE NEW FIRM—No. 1, 2 and 3 Riding and Wagon Saddles, Trotting, Buggy and Carriage Harness, Buggy, Carriage, Male, Hair, Ticking and common Collars.

Clothing. THE best assortment, and the cheapest, in town. Call and see them at the Clothing Emporium of GEO. ARNOLD.

White Goods. AND EMBROIDERIES—J. L. SCHICK would invite the ladies to examine his large variety of new style Brillantes, Cambrics, Jaconets, Plain Cambrics, Linen, Collars, Handkerchiefs, &c.

To Get THE full worth of your money, make your purchases of Ready-made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Clocks, Violins, and everything else in the variety line, at SAMSON'S.

Men's Wear. J. L. SCHICK would invite the attention of buyers to his large stock of Fine Black Cloth, Fine Colored, Fine Black Cassimeres, Fancy Cassimeres, Side Striped do., Vestings, Cravats, Hosiery, Gloves, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, &c., &c.

Millinery. MISS LOUISA KATZ LITTLE wishes to return to the ladies of this country, that she is now prepared to create Millinery in all its branches.

Groceries. If you want a good assortment of Groceries, such as Syrups, Molasses, Sugar and Coffee, you will do well by examining the assortment at H. S. & E. H. MINNINGS.

"Then let him wait till he is my husband, and even then I'll teach him that he shan't rule me!" Mrs. Burke gazed a moment into the handsome features of her daughter, and then a tear came into her eye.

"Mother, dear mother," exclaimed Laura, springing to the side of her kind parent, and throwing her arms about her neck, "what makes you weep? Forgive me for what I have said, if I can affect you thus."

"Laura, sit down by my side, and I will tell you something that I have hitherto kept from you. I will open to you a page in my life book that I meant to have kept forever close within my own heart."

The fair girl sat down by her mother's side, and looked wonderfully up. "It is of your father that I would speak."

"He died before I can remember." The tears gathered more thickly in the mother's eyes, and it was some time ere she could speak, but at length she commanded her feelings, and laying her hand gently upon her daughter's brow, she commenced:

"Laura, listen to me now, for I can hold up a mirror within which you may see what may be your own fit lot."

"I was scarcely eighteen when I gave my hand to James Burke. He was a man of kind feelings and a warm heart, and I knew that he loved me truly and faithfully; yet his feelings were impulsive, his sense of right and wrong was keen and unmistakable, and in every emotion he was sensitive to the extreme."

"When I married my husband, I knew his disposition and feelings; I loved him, and yet I resolved upon no pains to meet his wishes, and make his home happy. I forgot that love has its imperative duties—that the mere marriage relation may be made the most miserable on earth, instead of being the most happy."

"Of course, the first few months of our married life were happy, but there were clouds across our way that should never have gathered there. At length I came to allow myself to forget some of my duties. In the presence of my husband I was sometimes morose and gloomy. He gently chided me, but I was governed by a false, wild pride, and would not own that I was wrong, and I often accused him of being unfeeling toward me."

"Laura, Laura, be serious now, and listen to me, for I can see the rock upon which your bark of happiness may be wrecked." Mrs. Burke spoke with a serious air, and the shade that passed over her countenance showed that she felt deeply what she said.

"But tell me, mother, would you have me the slave of a husband? Am I going to be married just for the sake of having a man to rule me? By no means, I know my rights better. He may be assured that I shall maintain all the privileges that belong to me. But in sober earnest, my mother dear, I cannot see what there is that should frighten you. Let me tell you that William Withington is not the man to look for a mere drudge in his wife."

"My child, you misunderstand me. You know that your husband becomes responsible for your support."

"Certainly, and he does it because he hopes he shall be happy in your society. A good husband looks for all that is kind and gentle in his wife. His home is his refuge from the cares and business of life, and there he looks for the sweet peace and content which no other spot on earth can afford; and if he find it not there, where shall he look? O, Laura, I tremble because I greatly fear you will forget all this!"

"Now, mother," uttered the half-thoughtless girl, "you will really provoke me. What is the use of making such a mountain out of nothing?"

"Hush, Laura. Only look for yourself upon what occurred on last Sabbath evening. Then you betrayed a temper that made William very unhappy."

wrong, and bade him leave me as soon as he pleased. "Laura, I cannot tell you all that followed; how I taunted that noble hearted man, how I trifled with his feelings, and how I blindly, recklessly unriveted the strong links that bound his heart to me. I saw that a change had come over his countenance; it was deeply pale; and that his lips quivered. He went to the cradle where you were lying, and took you up in his arms. He pressed you to his bosom, and kissed you. I saw a tear fall from his eye, and I saw his lips move as if in prayer. Then he laid you back in the cradle and left the room. He came not back to me that night. The next day I received a letter from him, in which he informed me he had placed ten thousand dollars in the hands of a trustworthy person, and that I could draw the interest semi-annually for my support. I was almost frantic with grief; my heart was almost broken; my head whirled in agony, but I could gain no intelligence further. From that moment, Laura, I—I never saw my husband again!"

As Mrs. Burke ceased speaking, her head sank upon the bosom of her daughter, and she wept aloud. "And you saw him not when he died," murmured Laura, winding her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbing with grief.

"I know not that he is dead, my child," returned Mrs. Burke, and as she spoke she sank upon her knees and prayed that her daughter might be saved.

With her whole soul in the word, Laura uttered, "Amen!"

Laura Burke stood by the side of William Withington, and her right hand rested within that of the young man. It was evening, and she stood there to be married. There was deep happiness, calm and serene. Thought reigned over her countenance, and even the bridegroom gazed half wonderingly upon her as she appeared so deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

The clergyman who had come to perform the ceremony, was a stranger in the place, having come from a distant part of the country, and at the present time had assumed the duties of the pulpit for one Sabbath, while the regular clergyman was absent from the town.

The magic words that made William and Laura man and wife were spoken, and the couple awaited the parting adieu and counsel of the minister. He spoke of the important duties they had taken upon themselves—of the responsibility they had voluntarily assumed. Then he fixed his eyes upon the fair bride, and while his lips trembled and his eyes gathered moisture, he said:

"To you, my fair child, I would fain give a word more of counsel. You must remember that the HOME-ALTAR is under your ministration; and Oh! fail not to see that the purest of your affections are kept burning there, so that they shall ever light with a joyous brilliancy the life you have chosen. Oh! could you but know what earthly bliss hangs upon your course, you would never—never—"

The clergyman stopped. His eyes had filled with tears, and his utterance choked. At that moment a low cry broke from the lips of Mrs. Burke. The minister turned and caught her eye. All present wondered at the strange scene, but when in a moment more, the mother tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of the clergyman, they were lost in astonishment.

"Amantha!" whispered the man, as he bowed his head. "Amantha!" "My husband! Oh, my husband! Have you come to forgive me?" "Yes, yes, my wife. Is there not happiness for us yet on earth?"

The mother would have frantically to her husband, and bless him that he had come back to her. None were there but who wept at the scene; and Laura left the side of her new-made husband to seek the embrace of her father.

At length the mystery was explained to those who had witnessed the novel scene. But to his wife and child alone did James Burke tell all he had suffered—how he had wandered from place to place, and how he at length became a preacher of the gospel. He told how his heart had yearned to see his wife, and how he had forgiven her all she had done, and also that he had determined to see her once more, and for that purpose he had come back.

Years passed away since that evening, and James Burke and his wife still live, but their old age is happy—happier far than their days of youth. And Laura, she is indeed a noble, true-hearted wife. Her "Mother's Lesson" was her salvation. It sank deep into her heart, burying forever all of evil that lurked there, and sending forth into active life all those charms and graces of the female character that do most adorn the true and virtuous wife.

A political paper, speaking of an opponent, says: "Our quarrel reminds us of the voracious chap in the war of 1812, who mistook a heavy wind for the approach of the British, as he lay in bed one night. Shaking with the fear of imaginary danger, he woke his wife, and exclaimed, 'Sambo, go to my back, Betsy! let's meet the enemy manfully!'"

"Sambo, you black thief, Sambo, why you betray that secret I told you of odor day?" "I betray the secret? I scarce do putation. I found I couldn't keep am, so I told um to somebody that could!"

Select Miscellany.

The Wife of Benedict Arnold. We have been accustomed to sympathize with the wife of Arnold, in the distress which Hamilton's account represents her as having suffered when apprized of her husband's treason and fight, but if the following is true, our sympathies have been wasted. According to Parton's Life of Burr:

He was sitting one evening with Mrs. Prevost, when the approach of a party of horse was heard, and soon after a lady, veiled and attired in a riding habit, burst into the room, and hurrying towards Mrs. Prevost, was on the point of addressing her. Seeing a gentleman present whom she did not recognize, she paused, and asked, in an anxious tone: "Am I safe? Is this gentleman a friend?"

"Oh, yes," was Mrs. Prevost's reply, "he is my most particular friend, Col. Burr."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Arnold—for she it was—"I've been playing the hypocrite, and I'm tired of it." She then gave an account of the way she had deceived Washington, Hamilton and the other American officers who, she said, believed her innocent of treason, and had given her an escort of horse from West Point. She made no scruple of confessing the part she had borne in the negotiation with the British General, and declared it was she who induced her husband to do what he had done. She passed the night at Parham, taking care to resume her acting of the outraged and frantic woman whenever strangers were present. Col. Burr's relations with the Shippen family, of which Mrs. Arnold was a member, had been of the most intimate character from childhood. They had been his father's friends, and the orphan boy had been taken from his mother's grave to their home in Philadelphia. He stood toward this fascinating, false-hearted woman almost in the light of a younger brother, and he kept her secret until she was past being harmed by the telling of it.

Jerome Bonaparte. This individual, a brother of the Emperor Napoleon, came to the United States and married, in 1803, Miss Paterson, a young lady of Baltimore, by whom he had a son in 1805, who is now in Paris. On the 7th of March, 1805, the frigate Dilon, with another French vessel of war, then lying in the port of New York, not sail from the city and escaped through Hell Gate, eluding a British squadron who had been on the watch for these vessels a long time off Sandy Hook. Jerome was on board the Dilon. The object of this look-out was no doubt to capture these vessels, England and France being at the time at war. Jerome was born on the 12th of November, 1782, being fifteen years younger than his brother the Emperor. Napoleon sent him for him, and annulled the marriage with Miss Paterson sans ceremony, and on the 22d of August, 1807, Jerome married Frederica Catharine Sophia Dorothea, princess of Wurtemberg. Napoleon created Jerome King of Westphalia. The son alluded to above must now be about 55 years old. By the extract from a London paper, if true, published in Wednesday's Evening Post, the son of Jerome, called "Mr. Bonaparte," is not, it appears, in very high favor with his cousin, the present Emperor of France, as "he dines daily at the English tavern of Mr. Hill, Boulevard de Capucines," at the reasonable charge of twenty-five cents!

Although on the Emperor's Staff, his claims to the French throne are legitimately valid as those of the present Emperor. He, however, happens to be, as we saw in sporting parlance, "a horse of quite another color."

The Drummer Boy of Lundy's Lane. Major General Winfield Scott, while on the frontier during the border difficulties, at the time of the Canadian rebellion, at a complimentary dinner given him by the citizens of Cleveland related the following characteristic anecdote that occurred during the battle of Lundy's Lane, in the last war: In the very midst of the battle, his attention was arrested by observing at a little distance, where a whole company of riflemen had just been cut down by the terrible fire of the enemy, three drummer boys quarrelling for a single drum, and that was left to them. Soon the two stronger ones went to "batifolles," while the third quietly folded his arms and awaited the issue of the contest. At that moment a cannon ball struck the boys, and killed them both. With one bound, the little fellow caught the drum from between them, and with a shout of triumph, and a loud "tattoo," dashed forward to the thickest of the fight. Said the General, "I so admired the little soldier, that I rode after him, and inquired his name, which was present and directed him to find me at the close of the battle; but I never saw him afterwards." At this moment, Mr. — one of the most respectable merchants in Cleveland, arose, and with a smile and bow, informed the company that he was the "Drummer Boy of Lundy's Lane."

Rev. Theodore Parker said in a recent sermon that you couldn't transport a lady or a barrel of flour from New York to Boston without springing a hoop.

"Is your master at home?" "No sir, he's out."

"Is your mistress at home?" "No sir, she's out."

"Then I'll step in and sit down by the fire."

"That's out too, sir."

Calculating Machines.

Babbage's celebrated calculating machine has long been known and used in England, but has never been brought into use in this country. It is said to be almost an impossibility to make a series of pages of figures absolutely correct and free from errors, except at a great expense for proof reading. A single reader becomes confused and mystified by dwelling upon figures only, and is as likely to make errors as to correct them. As he cannot remain long at reading without becoming confused, his place must be supplied by others, who become confused in turn, to be then succeeded by fresh readers. The English sailing tables, by which all British ships were navigated, were said from this cause to be always wrong in some figure, and ships were being wrecked continually in consequence of these errors. They were made absolutely correct by Babbage's machine, which was the wonder at the time at which it was produced. But, as a great discovery always leads to imitations, just as the best songs have been most frequently parodied, so Babbage has not only been imitated, but even surpassed. A French savant has completed an arithmometer of surprising capacity. He has worked patiently at this machine for thirty years. His name is Thomas; and his machine adds up, subtracts, multiplies, and divides, to an astonishing extent and with perfect accuracy. It will multiply eight figures by eight in eight seconds, divide sixteen figures by eight others in twenty-four seconds, and in a minute and a quarter will extract the square root of sixteen figures and give the proof. This machine relieves the human mind instead of taxing it. It works out the most difficult and complex operations with a rapidity and accuracy that defy competition, and adapts itself to any sort of combination. Its mechanism is extremely simple, while it is compact, light and portable. It is now used in various financial concerns in Paris, and will yet find its way into every great national observatory. To astronomers it will be found of unspeakable value. Pascal and Leibnitz spent years in attempting to produce such a machine, but they were a century too soon.

Daguerstyping the Voice. Some of our readers have seen in old "Crocket Almanacs" a picture of "Ben Hardin's Voice," a storm of corners, points and rough edges, and no doubt laughed at the oddity of the idea of making the tones of the voice visible. A Frenchman named Leon Scott has, however, made the absurdity of the almanac's idea a reality. He has succeeded in producing a sort of picture of the voice, through the vibrations it produces in some resonant material or other. The invention is thus described: "Mr. Leon Scott, of Paris, has devised a method for obtaining the vibrations of the human voice itself. A tubular conduit receives the vibrations of the human voice at one end, and its extremity, shaped like a funnel; at the other extremity there is a vibrating membrane, to which a very light pencil or stylus is attached, this stylus rests upon a slip of paper, covered with a coating of clockwork to unroll from a cylinder, while the person whose voice is exported upon it is speaking. The stylus in receiving the voice through the tube marks the paper with undulating lines expressing the different inflections. These lines are afterwards indelibly fixed by taking photographic impressions of them."

A Lesson in Grammar—"Jake, did you ever study grammar?" "I did, sir."

"What case is Mr. D—?" "He's an objective case."

"How so?" "Because he's objected to pay his subscription that's been owing for three years and a half."

"Right! What is a noun?" "Don't know, but I know what nouns is!"

"Running off without paying the printer, and getting on the black list as a delinquent."

"Pa, I know what a filibuster is." "Well, John, what is a filibuster?" "It's green clover."

"Green what?" "Green clover. 'Cause, when Uncle Jack's little fondlered herself, he said a little more of that green clover would a busted her—and if it had, wouldn't it a been a rilly busted?"

"Go to bed, child, go to bed."

An honest Irishman, trundling a handcart containing all his movables, was accosted by a friend with—"Well, Patrick, you are moving again, I see?"

"Faith, I am," replied he, "the times are so hard, it's a deal cheaper hiring carts than paying rents."

At a fashionable city party, at which townocked dresses wore a prominent feature, Miss B. addressed her country cousin—"Cousin Sam, did you ever see such a glorious sight before?" "Never since I was woaiced," said Sam, blushing.

Dobbs says that people who endorse notes, are called "sureties." For this reason, that in nine cases out of ten they are "sure" to be called upon for the money.

The Keystone Furnace, below Harrisburg, will be put in operation in a few days.

How could you make a thin person fat? By throwing him out of the window he would come down plump.

An Interesting Suit for Damages for Confining a Lady in a Lunatic Asylum.—Several years ago a young woman of this city, a member of one of the churches, was confined in the Lunatic Asylum for five or six months, through the instrumentality of the officers of the church, who honestly believed her to be in a deranged state of mind. After her liberation, the young woman, Miss Fanny Halo, commenced suit against B. Vandergriff and others, for false imprisonment, and upon the first trial, some years ago, the Jury rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff \$10,000. A new trial was had when the Jury failed to agree. The case was again tried in the Common Pleas Court, lately, and the Jury rendered a verdict for Miss Halo for \$3,500. This will probably be the end of litigation in this curious case.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Mechanical Force of Lightning.—It has been proved on one occasion, says the Scientific American, that a flash of lightning must have struck a church—St. George's, Leicester, England—with a force equal to more than twelve thousand horse power. A single horse power is equal to raising 32,000 pounds one foot high in a minute. The force of the lightning, therefore, was equal to 384,000,000 pounds raised one foot high in one minute. This is equal to the power of twelve of our largest steamers, having twenty-four engines of 500 horse power each.

Caution to Single Folks.—The statistics of the hospitals show that "the unmarried are more than four times as liable to become insane as married people." Many young ladies who affect great indifference on the subject of matrimony, will, no doubt, on meeting the above information, consent to take partners, merely to preserve their intellects unimpaired.

No man should be delicate about asking for what is properly his due. If he neglects doing so he is deficient in that spirit of independence which should be in all his actions.—Rights are rights, and if not granted should be demanded. The selfish world is little inclined to give one his own, unless he has the manliness to claim it. The lack of the proper fulfillment of this principle has lost to many fortune, fame and reputation.

The Eclipse of the Sun in September.—Sir John Pakington has offered to place vessels at the disposal of men of science for observing the great eclipse of the sun which will take place in September next. This eclipse will be total, and its appearance will be best seen in South America, particularly about Lima. It is anticipated that an astronomical expedition may be organized, and in this case foreign astronomers would be invited to join the expedition.

The Newspaper.—The reading of a good and well conducted newspaper even for the space of one year, brings more sound instruction and leaves a deeper impression, than would be acquired probably, at the best school in twelve months. Talk to the members of a family who read the papers, and compare their information with those who do not. The difference is beyond comparison.

Here is a veritable marriage notice of the "olden time," taken from the New York Weekly Museum of June 9, 1792. Adjectives in those days were cheap and plenty:—"Married, on Monday evening last, by the Reverend Mr. Beech, J. Buchanan, Esq., to the amiable, adorable, incomparable, inflexible, and nonpariel of her dear sex, Miss Nancy Lucy Turner, both of this city."

A Fact, and the Reason for it.—A special providence seems to watch over the lives of drunken men. It is rarely that a drunken man is drowned. And why can't a man be drowned? The reason is, because his head is sure to swim.

A sensible "down east" female is decidedly opposed to the intermingling of woman in politics. She pointedly asks, "If men can't do the voting, and take care of the country, what's the use of them?"

A boy at a crossing, having begged something of a gentleman, the latter told him he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied: "Your honor would be much surprised if you knew how much money I loose by giving credit in that way."

A Quaker's admonition to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language to him:—"Have a care, my friend, thou mayest run thy face against my fist."

That was a very singular mistake made by Diggs at the wedding, who when introduced to the bride, wished that she might enjoy many returns of the present happy occasion.

"Mybeard, do you know what we call our boy Hans?" "Do you mean?" "Well, I will tell you. Hans is our boy Hans is, it's a name, call our boy Hans is, it's a name."

The following words are backwards or forwards, or both: "Nams no one man."