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THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STABLE.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

40th YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, AUG. 2, 1858.

NO. 45.

The Poet's Corner.

THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column poors,
Two marshaled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows back between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient phœnix's gleam,
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the signal line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
Its glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night,
"Each answers 'Here am I!'"

For these the sculptor's laurelled bust,
The builder's marble pier,
The anthem's pealing, o'er their dust,
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That feeds the lonely graves,
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery toaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
Add angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her breast
Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

While Valor's hairy champion's walk
Until their scars are shown,
Love waits unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

Select Miscellany.

SECTIONALISM REBUKED!

Extracts from the Great Oration of Hon. CALVIN CHAS. in New York, on the 7th of July, 1858.

I do, indeed, sometimes hear men talk of the dissolution of the Union. Such persons, it is true, do exist among us; denationalized women, unhappy that they are not men; denationalized men, unworthy even to be women. They, also, will assemble somewhere to-day, not as Americans, but as libellers and vituperators of Americans—to denigrate some venerable church, or defile some sylvan shade—to say how much they love all black men, and how much they detest all white ones—and in the profane name of Liberty to proclaim their unappreciated enmity to the Union, to the Constitution, to the Bible, and to their Country.

Well, be it so. What are there not Americans enough in heart as well as in name, to preserve the integrity of the Union in spite of all these ravings of unloved Bedlam? Aye, ten, twenty, thirty millions of such devoted Americans, devoted to the Union, and who, if need were, could and would, occasion requiring, devour and swallow up this handful of Negrophilist Union haters, as the boiling whirlpool of Niagara overwhelms the slight skiff of some intoxicated Indian. Yes, we are strong enough in the light of our freedom and in the vigor of our country to tolerate and to pity all such impotent foes of the Union. I say to tolerate and pity them; for when I witness their ebullitions of wild wrath, as they speak of the American Union, I become sure that their souls are writhing with distracted and "troubled thoughts" of the fallen spirit. Each one of them, as he gazes at the day star of the Union, seems with desperate passion to say to himself, that with surpassing glory crowned, look at the sole dominion like the God of this New World—to this I call. But with no friendly love, and yet with name, O man, to tell thee how I hate thy beams.

Is it not so? Is not that a true picture? Well, let them hate and rave.—They are, indeed, to us in the North, where they hold their annual convention, the drunken Helots of the commonwealth—useful to show forth the ugliness of infidelity and of treason, for the edification and admonition of the ingenious youth of our Lacedæmon North.

Dissolution of the Union by such influences? I scorn the very idea. It is equally absurd in the mouths of those who threaten it as the means of aggression, or who threaten it for defence of the South against the contingent aggression of the North.

But then, it is said, if such men do not imperil our institutions, yet others of larger aims and of discreet factiousness, who use them to disturb the popular mind, do others, who talk of freedom when they mean power; who clamor continually of the imputed encroachments of the South on the North; who organize and uphold sectional party combinations, and whose avowed objects are the establishment of a sectional administration of the Constitution.

Well, these I admit are dangerous men, who, not by their own strength, but by the dissensions of the true friends of the Constitution, have attained too much influence in the North. They are dangerous because they have no fixed principles, no stable convictions, no samples of consistency to control their acts, because their only creed is

of the earlier days of the Republic, men without wills of their own? Were the Clintons, the Tompkins, the Van Burens, the Wrights and the Marcy's of a later day? Why, who does not know, what schoolboy of the first form is there so ignorant as not to have heard, not only that those men of New York ruled in their time and turn, in the high places of the Union, and ruled by the intellectual right divine stamped on their immortal brows, and ruled as men of the North, in their proper persons—not only this, but that history is now preoccupied with the question, whether they did not also in fact rule, when the titular places of power were held by the South.

The South dominate over the North, with New York in it, and holding, by her population, her wealth and her power, the hegemony of the North!—New York, who assumes in the scroll of her arms, that she is ever to be appropiated, just as Charles of Spain inscribed "Father yet" on the pillars of Hercules! Oh, most absurd, most preposterous, most ridiculous of all the foolish imaginations which ever entered into the head of wayward men. Why, the South, like the North, struggles and struggles in vain to escape from the authority, and to shake off the ascendancy of New York.

But, some simple hearted person may say, is there nothing in this cry of slave power? Is it mere faction and falsehood from beginning to end? I think it is utterly destitute of any foundation in fact. I had long and diligently sought in the proper quarters, for its pretended foundation, and it is but recently that I have discovered it, in a much applauded speech of one of the senators from the State of New York.

That eminent person, if any one, may be presumed to understand the subject, and he explains the mystery of iniquity thus: It appears, that when the Constitution was adopted, and for some time afterward, there was but one free labor State in the Union; and all the rest were slave States. And so the slave power got the upper hand, and has held it "almost uninterruptedly" ever since, notwithstanding subsequent changes in the relative number of the free labor and slave States. That is, New York and Pennsylvania having been at the beginning slave holding States their power is slave power. I hope and trust that, in the lamentable state of things, New York will continue to govern herself in all tenderness and mercy, and will, moreover, have a little consideration to spare for the rest of the North, and especially for Massachusetts, who, as the only original non-slave holding State, is hopelessly dependent on the "slave power," and its representative, N. York.

My friends, I pray you not to laugh at these fallacious, ludicrous as they are, with which aspiring men seek to insurrectionize the whole North by factious appeals to the falsely imputed domination of the South over the Union; for the avowed object of such appeals to mere prejudice and passion is sufficient serious; it is not merely to change the administrators of the government of the country, but also to change that policy of Democratic nationality which has prevailed for so many years, and has been the efficacious instrument of the support and elevation of the Union.

God forbid that this should be! The constitution was inaugurated by the men who had made the Revolution.—So long as their great leader in peace and war, the typical man of the Revolution, Washington, lived, party divisions were of secondary account in the government of the United States. When he died—when the work of constructing and setting in motion the machinery of the Union had been done—then the people of the United States began to discuss and to divide upon theories of administrative policy; in other words, to form into political parties; and the history of the country exhibits the memorable fact that from that day to this, with brief and apparently but casual interruptions, one grand party has controlled the administration of the government.

It has been the fortune of that party to initiate all the great measures of administration, each one of which the adversary party opposed in their inception, to acquiesce in them afterward as fact, and to accept if not approve them as theory. I can remember but one great measure of policy, foreign or domestic, which had any different origin. I mean the substituting imperfect arrangement of the common relations of Great Britain and the United States to Central America; and that has never been anything but a stumbling block and an offence in the path of the Union.

All the signal steps in the progress of the country, as the acquisition of Louisiana, Florida and California, the secession of Texas, the vindication of our rights on the side of Great Britain and Mexico by the successful prosecution of war with each, the successive adjustments of the financial system of the government, the determination of the proper relation of the Territories to the States and the Union; all these are the work of the same Democratic and National association of men and interests which still presides over and administers the United States.

All this, we are told, is to be changed, for the very reason that it is national; for the reason that the time-honored theory of Administration refuses to be sectional—refuses to defer to the exigencies of the North, so far as to disregard the rights of the South—refuses, in its paternal justice, to see or know that there is a North or South, an East or West, and looks only with impartial eye on the whole undivided Union.—For this the people of the United States are to be persuaded to renege a sec-

tional administration—or, to speak more accurately, the people of the North are invited to make a second effort to impose, by their sectional votes, such a sectional administration on the people of the United States.

Can this be done? Will it be done? I do not believe it. I can see, on the one hand, a political association, which holds in its keeping the traditional public policy of the country; which, at both ends of the country, North and South, courageously and conscientiously assumes the burden of nationality, in defiance of local jealousies and prejudices; which also professes a Constitutional political creed, and follows a constitutional theory of action; which calmly, but resolutely maintains our international rights in all emergencies; which is Constitutionally conservative—because it is Democratic in principle, and thus conciliates together the rights of the States and the rights of the universal people. I see, on the other hand, a political association, which is not indeed, an association, but a loose conglomerate only of the fragments broken off from other associations, which has no definite platform of doctrine and floats at random on the tide of public policy, in the hope of picking up some chance helm, it knows not where, who may bring it into port, which lives only by hateful vituperation of the South, which is the refuge and receptacle of all the crochety imaginations of the day.

Both are vain things, and all who in vain build their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame, All the unaccomplished works of Nature's abortive, monstrous, or stunted kind, tossing and whirling about in that limbo of vanity. Can those eminent men, who, on the dissolution of previous political associations, have improvidently allowed themselves to drift up into that limbo, govern and guide their heterogeneous, incongruous and impracticable companions to any useful purpose, either in attainment or the exercise of power? I doubt. They may do it, I admit, in single States. I deny that they can do it, on the broad field of the Union.

Going to "Spread Herself"

A newly-married couple, evidently from the country, were promenading Montgomery street, last evening, their curiosity was suddenly aroused, by the appearance of some mysterious looking articles dangling from a shop window. They eyed them with the keenest concern—first one side and then the other—until at last, the husband, having completely exhausted his imaginative powers, drawled out:

"Well, Sal, cousin my picture, of them ain't the comest looking things I ever heard tell of?" Then, twisting himself about, and giving the contents of the window another look, he added, "What on earth kin they be?" "Why Jake, don't you know? Krimelins and hoops!"

"Do tell," ejaculated Jake, softly. "Them's 'em, is they?" and he ran his eyes about the strange apparel.

"I think they are so sweet!" ventured Sal, when at the same moment, a lady dressed in the height and breadth of the fashion, brushed along.

Jake had seen enough, Sal must have a "krimeline." Without saying a word, he started to enter the store, but was stopped at the door by her, with all sorts of entreaties not to carry the joke any farther. But Jake was determined.—He had taken a fancy to the goods, and could not rest until his better half was supplied with them. She drew back, but it was of no avail. He gathered her tightly in his arm, and making a long stride into the establishment, exclaimed:

"Come along, old gal! You're my wife now, and I'll be darned if you shan't spread yourself!"—*San Francisco Gazette.*

Widows—poor things! for the best wife in the world may be a widow, and no fault of hers—are subject to all manner of rude jokes. Samvel Veller was positively savage on 'em, and the older satirists are as fierce as Dickens.

A western writer defines a widow as one who knows what's what, and desires further information on the same subject. Saucy observation.

Very True.—"The only real liberty cap," says a clever and witty author, "is the night cap. In it men visit, one third of their lives, the land of sleep—the only land where they are always free and equal."

Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowers, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

"Some Injun—Some Sojer."—An Indian squaw, being observed carrying in her arms a rather white skinned infant, was accosted by one of a party of ladies whom she passed with, "My good woman, that is not a papoose you carry, is it?" "Oh, yes," was the quick reply, "some Injun, some sojer."

That squaw was "some punkins!"

An editor down East has insulted the whole female sex. He says that the ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love for being squeezed.

Any of our subscribers who may be troubled with too much money, can find an excellent place to part it by inquiring at this office.

Ethan Spike's Experience as a Juror. Ethan Spike, of Herby, Maine, thus narrates in a letter to a Portland paper how his services were refused on a jury, after being summoned on a murder trial, just because he was "in favor of hanging a nigger anyhow," and his sacred person was afterwards "snaked out" by two constables:

Did you ever get drawn into a jury? I was drawn out of the box last fall, and sworn to support the constitution according to the statute. Beyond a general idea that a juryman was bound to go for the country, right or wrong—which country they is—I knowed ecnjest nothing of the supermucous dewties pertaining to such flunkshonaries.

Wall—fust thing I knowed, I was summoned to Portland to try a Jarmin and a nigger for killing Mr. Albon Cooper on the high seas. I never could see why the term "high sea" was used in such a case. I spose it means floodtide, and I know that pork killed at one time of the tide haint the same as when killed at another time of the tide—like-wise beans pulled on a full moon don't bile so well as when the moon is gibberish (the moon gibbous); but a feller mortal critter is slowd at high water or low, its murder any way.—Them's my ideas of the law on that pint.

Wall, I felt rather proud that my fust service to my country as a juryman was one of life and death, and when I thought of them cussed pig-rats, I felt as though if I had my way I'd haag every Jarmin an nigger I could get hold on. In this here patriotic and Christian frame I went to the court house; I found a small chance of brother juryman thar, and pretty soon the clerk began to question fast one and then another, till at last they kin me.

"Mr. Spike," said the clerk, "have you any conscientious scruples agin hanging?" said he.

"Wall," said I, "that depends on sarcomstances. Ef it war the fust person singular, agin to nominative me, muscular gender, emptyrty mood—that war to be hung—I hev.—But ef it war, ye, or them, future tense, indicktyve mood, not a darn scruple," says I.

"Hev you formed any opinion for or agin the prisoners?" said he.

"Not particular agin the Jarmin," says I, "but I hate niggers as a general principle—and shall go for hanging this ere old white woolled cuss, whether he killed Mr. Cooper or not," says I.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" the clerk axed me.

"I orter," says I, "I've used enough of 'em." I begun to swear when I was only about—

"That'll do," says the clerk. "You kin go home," says he, "you won't be wanted in thiser case"—says the clerk, says I.

"What," says I, "ain't I to try this nigger at all?"

"No," says the clerk.

"But I'm a juryman," says I, "an you can't hang the nigger unless I've sot on him," says I.

"Pass on," says the clerk, speaking cross.

"But," says I, "you, mister, you don't mean as you say; I'm a regular juryman, you know. Drawed sot of the box by the soolick men," says I. "I've ollers had a hankering to hang a nigger, and now, when a merciful dispenser seems to have provided one for me, you say I shan't sit on him! Ar this our free interstootions? Is this the nineteenth century? And this our boasted—" Here somebody hollered, "Silence in Court!"

"The Court be d—!" I didn't finish this remark, fore a couple of Constables had hold of me, and in the twinkling of a bed post I was hustled down stairs into the street.

"Naow, Mr. Editor, let me ask what are we comint to, when juryman—legal, lawful juryman kin be tossed about in this way? Talk about Cancers, Mormons, Spiritualism, free love and panicles—whar ar they in comparison? Here's a great principle upst! As an indorridica perhaps I'm of no great account—ain't for me to say; but when as an enlightened juryman I was tuk and carried down stairs by profane hands, just for asserntin my right to set on a nigger—wy it seems to me the pillows of society were shook; that in my sacred person the hull State itself was, aggeratively speakin', kicked down stairs! If that's the law in the land, I'll have this case brought up under of habeas Corpus or icksey Dicksey."

Speed of American Horses.—A mile has been run in 1 minute 42 1/2 seconds. The same distance has been trotted in 2 minutes 24 1/2 seconds, and been paced in 2 minutes 17 1/2 seconds. In the way of endurance combined with speed, we record of 10 miles trotted in harness in 28 minutes 41 seconds, 20 miles, under saddle, trotted in 59 minutes 55 seconds; 50 miles in harness trotted in 3 hours 55 minutes 40 1/2 seconds; and 100 miles trotted in 8 hours 56 minutes 1 second.

Another Wrinkle.—There is a grain harvester or reaper in the west—Chicago—which cuts, gathers, binds and shocks the grain, with the assistance of a man to drive the horses and another to attend to the binding, &c. When the latter operation is undergoing, the machine has to be stopped! It is called "Murry & Van Doren's Harvester."

"Boy, where does this road go to?" "I don't think it goes any where. I always see it here every morning."

"It is astonishing how soon our follies are forgotten, when known to none but ourselves."

The Boy and the Bricks. A boy hearing his father say, "Tia a poor rule that won't work both ways," said—

"If father applies this rule in his work, I will test it in my play." So sitting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, and so on through the whole row, until the bricks all lay prostrate.

"Wall," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down the neighbor which stood next to itself, yet I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and try if it will raise its neighbors. I will soe if this rule will work both ways."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said the boy, "it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but are not disposed to help each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are all alike—made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up. When men fall, they love company; but when they rise they prefer to stand alone, like yonder bricks, and see others prostrate and below them."

Couldn't Make It.—Rudolph says that once upon a time a colored cook expected company, of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. It was at a time of the year when eggs were scarce and butter high, and the colored folks generally are, at the expense of "extras" for their own company. Whereupon her mistress told Cholera she must make an apology.

"Good Lord! missus, how can I make it? I got no eggs, no butter, nor nothin' to make it with!"

Thoughtful Precocity.—A day or two ago, a lispin little fellow, yet in long clothes, who had heard much of various pic nic excursions that had taken place, and many that were postponed in consequence of the rain, approached his mother with the inquiry:

"Mother, does God love pic nics?"

"Why, my child, do you ask such a question as that?" replied the mother.

"I don't think God does love pic nics, or he wouldn't make it rain every time there is to be one," answered the little innocent.

It Followed Him.—When the American flag was unfurled in Tampico, an aged Spaniard was heard inveighing with lugubrious earnestness and pertinacity with which the flag had pursued his fortunes. "I was de Spanish comant in de Louisonne, but soon dat flag be war raised; and I go to Ponsacola, but soon dat flag was over my dare. I lived in de Texas, but dat flag follow me dare. Says I, I go where de flag never come. I come to Tampico, but here come dat flag agin. I believe I go to the devil, and see if dat same flag will follow me dare."

A Youth, smitten with the charms of a beautiful maid, only vented his passion by shy looks, and now and then touching his fair one's toe with his toe underneath the table. The girls bore his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings."

Aboriginal Hoops.—The Penobscot Indians are now doing a smashing business in manufacturing hoops for ladies' dresses out of basket stuff, and have themselves adopted the fashion in its greatest amplitude.

"It is extremely disagreeable to me, madam," said an ill-natured old fellow, "to tell you unpleasant truths." "I have no doubt, sir, that it is extremely disagreeable for you to tell truths of any sort."

It is in vain to stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for the hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

The following motion was made and carried at a recent meeting of a colored parish at Boston:

"Mistur Moderator, is conscience ob de fall attendas at dis meetin', I moode de meetin' next Wednesday evening, see postponed to dis Monday evening for de oleis ob directors."

"You are an Irishman," said a fellow tauntingly to his neighbor.

"Well, sir, I am no more responsible for having been born an Irishman than you are for having been born an ass."

Rabbi Mizer said—"Turn to God and say, 'How can I know the day of my death?' His answer was, 'The angels should give you the day of your death.' But you turn to God, saying, 'When will you die?' and then, every day, you should be employed in turning to God."

He who would know the meaning of his life, let him know the meaning of his death.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D. HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. References: Dr. D. Horner, Rev. C. P. Kruth, D. D., Rev. H. L. Bangser, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stuever. [Gettysburg, April 11, '53.]

D. McConaughy. ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street), ATTORNEY AND Solicitor FOR PATENTS AND PATENTIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C. also American Claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, at highest prices given.—Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. Apply to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 21, 1853.

Edward B. Buehler, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language.—Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store. Gettysburg, March 20.

Wm. B. McClellan, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on the south side of the public square, 2 doors west of the Sentinel office. Gettysburg, August 22, 1853.

Fire Insurance. THE Perry County Mutual Fire Insurance Company—Capital \$139,583—effects insurances in any part of the State, against loss by fire; prudently adapts its operations to its resources; affords ample indemnity, and promptly adjusts its losses. Adams county is represented in the Board of Managers by Hon. Moses McClellan. Wm. McClellan, Agent. One of M. & W. McClellan, Gettysburg, May 26, 1856.

Adams County Mutual FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Incorporated March 18, 1851.

President—George Swope. Vice President—S. R. Russell. Secretary—D. A. Buehler. Treasurer—David M. Creny. Executive Committee—Robert McCurdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King, M. A. Adams, George Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. McCurdy, Jacob King, A. Heintzelman, D. M. Creny, J. J. Kerr, M. Eichelberger, S. R. Russell, A. B. Kurtz, Andrew Polley, S. Zahnstock, Wm. H. Picking, Wm. B. McClellan, John Wolford, R. G. McClellan, John Horner, E. W. Stable, J. Aughlin, Abdiel F. Gift.

This Company is limited in its operations to the county of Adams. It has been in successful operation for more than six years, and in that period has paid all losses and expenses, without any assessment, having also a large surplus capital in the Treasury. The Company employs no Agents—all business being done by the Managers, who are annually elected by the Stockholders. Any person desiring an Insurance can apply to any of the above named Managers for further information.

The Executive Committee meets at the office of the Company on the last Wednesday in every month, at 2 P. M. Sept. 28, 1857.

Cheap! Cheap! MORE NEW GOODS.—JACOBS & BRO. have just returned from the city, with a very large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Summer Goods, and everything else in the mode. They also offer the following fancy and fine Shirts, Collars, silk and cotton Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, &c. Having bought unusually low, for the cash, they are enabled to sell cheaper than ever—an excellent full cloth suit, made up, for \$13, for instance. Give them a call, at their new establishment, in Chambersburg street, a few doors west of the Court-house, before purchasing elsewhere. [May 10.]

Removal. THE subscriber has removed his Plough & Machine Shop from the Fourth building to Railroad street, opposite Tate's Blacksmith shop, back of the Eagle Hotel, where he is better prepared than ever to attend to customers. Ploughs always on hand and made to order at the shortest notice, and Machines, Reapers, &c. repaired. Also he will attend to cleaning and repairing Clocks. May 10. DAVID WARREN.

Just Arriving! NEW GOODS AT GILLESPIE & THOMAS'. Groceries, Flour, Spices, Confections, Fruits, &c. Selling cheaper than ever. Give us a call. Also, the Jones Patent COAL OIL LAMPS—the greatest improvement of the age. June 7, 1858.

New Firm. GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS.—J. C. GUINN & BRO. have taken the store of John Hoke, on the North West corner of the Diamond, where they will continue the Dry Goods and Grocery business on an enlarged scale. They will continue to carry a large and varied assortment of everything in their line. They have just laid in a large and splendid stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and are now opening them for the inspection of the public. We cordially invite the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity to give us a call, and examine for themselves, as we feel satisfied that they will want no other recommendation to induce them to buy. We are determined to keep nothing but good Goods and to sell cheaper than the cheapest for the cash. Give us a call, no trouble to show goods. J. C. GUINN & BRO. April 5, 1858.

A Card. HAVING disposed of my store to the Messrs. Guinn, I withdraw from the firm, and in the confidence of the public, and hope they will receive a large share of the public patronage. JOHN HOKÉ. April 5, 1858.

For the Ladies. SILK MANTILLAS!—Just received direct from France a large assortment of beautiful SILK and MOIRE AUSTRIAN Mantillas—in price ranging from \$1.75 to \$5.00, to which we call the attention of ladies. If you wish cheap and pretty Mantillas call early at 707. FAHNESTOCKS.

PORCOCO & SEAGARS, of best breads, and at astonishingly low rates these high times, at the Flour, Provision and Grocery Store of GILLESPIE & THOMAS. JUST IN SEASON.—A large lot of Mourning and Wedding Gowns, of all the different styles, now selling at the following prices:—JEWELRY, Watches, Florida, Vienna, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Harmonicas, Pocket-knives, and other articles. Call at the store of H. B. H. SANDERS.