

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Compiler is published every Monday morning, by H. J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid strictly in advance...

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, AUG. 9, 1858.

NO. 46.

The Poet's Corner.

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

Two sunny days, and the morning psalm We sang in the church together; We felt in our hearts the joy and calm Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow, the sweet, the sacred strain, Through every nook stealing, Check'd every thought that was light and vain And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear Was the blue sky smiling o'er us, And in every passage of the hymn could hear The wild bird's happy chorus.

And, lo! from the haunts by cave or rill, With a sudden start awoke, A breeze came fluttering down the hill, Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way, And down the chancel's centre, Like a privileged thing that at will might stray, And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from book to book, With a lightsome rustle flying, It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book, On the altar cushion lying.

It fan'd the old clerk's hoary hair, And the children's bright young faces; Then vanish'd, none knew how or where, Leaving its pleasant traces.

It lift sweet thoughts of summer hours, Spent on the quiet mountains; And the church seem'd full of the scent of flowers, And the trickling fall of fountainal.

The images of scenes so still and fair, With our music sweetly blended, While it seem'd their whispered hymn took share In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had pour'd the rills, And through the green mountains led them, Whose hand, when he piled the enduring hills, With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above, In a louder anthem swelling, As we bow'd to the visible spirit of love, On those calm summits dwelling.

Select Miscellaneous.

The Needle's Eye and Camel. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

There are thousands who read this passage, but receive from it no definite idea. Various explanations have been given...

Where They Learn It. "I don't see where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in a mother's vocabulary. A little incident which we happened to witness may, perhaps, help to solve the enigma.

The Very Latest Yet. During the summer of '49, says the Knickerbocker, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn thread-bare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of justice to bury him.

Wonders of the Microscope. The mould on decayed fruit, stale bread, moist wood, &c., is shown by the microscope to be plants bearing leaves, flowers and seeds, and increasing with incredible rapidity, for, in a few hours the seeds spring up, arrive at maturity, and bring forth seeds themselves, so that many generations are perfected in a day.

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A Card. HAVING disposed of my share to the Messrs. J. C. Guinn & Bro., I can no longer be held responsible for any debts or engagements which may be incurred by them, or for any claims against them, which may be made after the date of this notice. JOHN HOKE.

For the Ladies. Just received direct from the manufacturers, a large assortment of the latest styles of dresses, hats, shoes, &c., all of the most fashionable and durable quality. Call on J. C. GUINN & BRO., No. 100, Market Street, Gettysburg, Pa., for a full and complete list of the goods on hand.

A Bad Failure. The Memphis papers are filled with editorials and communications about the default of Citizens' Bank. Some estimate its outstanding circulation at \$400,000, of which little if any will be redeemed.

Good Reason. A colored woman who had been crying about being down on her knees, was asked why she did so. She said it was to keep her from becoming fat.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil sees into a sock he will hit somebody.

A Cat as Heiress.

One of the most exquisite of musicians, in her time, was Madeleine Dupuy, of the French opera. Her playing upon the harp was the wonder of Paris. She was convinced, however, that she owed her artistic excellence to her favorite cat.

Of course the lovely musician's practicing, at home, were assiduous and constant. But as soon as she sat down and began to prelude upon the instrument, she noticed that her cat assumed an attitude of intense attention. At the point of the instrument's arriving at a grand passage of peculiar beauty, the excited grimaltine went into a felino ecstasy, and so well measured was this sensibility, according to the excellence of the playing and the pathos of the composition, that Mlle Dupuy was able to judge of the quality of the music by the manifest emotions of her cat!

In her last illness, at the approach of death, Mlle Dupuy sent for the notary to make her will. She had accumulated a fortune by her profession; and the first clause of her testament was the gift of her town-house and her country house to her cat! She added to this annuity sufficient for the comfortable support of the four-legged musician during its natural life; and to make sure that this, her last will and testament should be respected, she gave several legacies to friends on the express condition that they should see to the fulfillment of her wishes. It was also a condition that they should severally take turns during the week in going to see and keep company with the orphan puss!

Monsieur adds that the relatives of Mlle Dupuy disputed the validity of the will, and a law suit was the consequence—Grimaltine vs. Dupuy. But the cat gained the case, and lived out her days with the genteel attention and her charming country house. The particulars of the final catastrophe are not given.

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Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil sees into a sock he will hit somebody.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up the linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode.

Pickled Tomatoes. Take small, smooth tomatoes, not very ripe; scald them until the skin will slip off easily, and sprinkle salt over them. After they have stood twenty-four hours, drain off the juice, and pour on a boiling hot pickle, composed of one pound of sugar to every quart of vinegar, and two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves. Drain off the liquid, and put it on them again, every two days for a week, and they will require no farther care.

Drying Peaches Without Peeling. A correspondent of the Louisville Journal communicates a new plan of drying peaches, which may be of service to our readers. The juice is removed by immersing in lye, made by boiling wood-ashes in water, to a tolerable strength. The lye should be warm, but not so as to cook the peaches, which are rubbed in it awhile, and then washed in clear cold water. Every particle of lye will be removed, and only a thin skin remain; they can then be cut and dried in the usual manner. They thus lose nothing of their sweetness by peeling, and are said to be of the best quality for all cooking purposes.

Useful Information.

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Wheat Growing in Water. The New Harmony (Indiana) Advocate states that Mr. John Wiley, of that place, has twenty acres of bottom land in wheat, which was beginning to flower when the river commenced covering the land upon which it was growing. For five weeks the water has remained upon to the depth of from six to twelve inches, during which time the wheat has matured, and, in the opinion of good farmers, who have examined it, the grain is equal to any raised on the hills, but owing to the recent rise in the river it will be impossible to harvest in the bottoms this summer.

A Righteous Decision. The English lords of the bench decided at Westminster, about a month ago, that it was a principle of common law that a counselor, in questioning a witness, should address him in ordinary tones, and in language of respect, such as is employed by one gentleman in conversation with another; that such a lawyer has no right to question the private business or moral character of a witness any farther than it is apparent they absolutely affect his reliability or touch the case in hand; and that a witness is not bound to answer questions put to him in an insulting or bull-dogish manner. If forced to answer by the court, he will have his remedy in action for damages.

Remarkable. It may have been noticed by those at all observant in such matters, that the best and heaviest fruit season for many years past, has occurred every four years, and that always upon the same year with the Presidential election. Thus the year 1836, '40, '44, '48, '52, and '56 are memorable for their great yield of orchard fruit, while the intermediate seasons have frequently furnished comparatively, either partial or total failures.—Monday's Ledger.

A Saltpetre Explosion. The London Sun says that the cause of the great destruction of the recent fire at the London dock was the explosion of 3,000 bags of saltpetre. The shock of the explosion was felt over the whole eastern portion of the metropolis. Saltpetre, it appears, will explode.

Fatal Drinking Match. The Lancaster Pa. Times says that Mr. Isaac Beer, of Warwick township, in that county, and one Garber, drank seven gallons of whiskey in 18 days. Beer died of mania-pots, leaving Garber master of the field.

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The Charmer.

Some years ago, a tall, gaunt, knock-kneed lumbar of a Hoozier, who was a hunter of the classical Wabash, conceived the idea of a visit to the home of his progenitor in Kaintack.

He did so—ranted around amongst the girls some, and was of course, from his native impudence and uncouthly lines, an "observed of all observers." One morning the whole neighborhood was astonished at the ugly Hoozier's elopement with a Mrs. B. a very good looking woman, wife of Mr. B. For two long years the disconsolate husband mourned over his untoward bereavement; at the end of that period, however, to his utter astonishment, one day, in popped Mrs. B. looking as bright and rosy as ever. After the first joyful greeting was over, the injured B. thus addressed his trait spouse: "Nancy, how could you take up with that thar onarthly ugly Hoozier, and leave me and the children all forlorn, as you did?"

"Well, Joe," said Nancy, "that thar tarmal ugly critter from Indianny, was a lootle the best whistler I ever hern tell on. You know I was always fond of good whistlin'; I used to think that thar Wabash feller—he just whistled my senses clean away, and I followed him off on that account. But a short time ago, however, he caught the measles, and they spoilt his whistlin' forever; the charm was broke, and so I concluded to come back to you, but, O, Joe, that Hoozier was the awfulest whistler that ever I saw pucker!"—Pleaserville Index.

Look Before You Kick. A minister recently, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausage, and she felt proud of them, they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted upon the minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his porte manteau along. This objection was soon overruled, and the old lady after wrapping them in bags, carefully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious coat. Thus equipped, he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausage, and were not long in tracing them to the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking those who whelp away. The obsequies at the grave completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch, to get his attention. The divine thinking it a dog having a design upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps.

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises."

Our readers may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral.—Germanston Express.

Michigan is the first to inaugurate an Agricultural College. As yet it has hardly accommodations for one hundred students. At the commencement of the present term there were but twenty-eight vacancies, while ninety-three applicants appeared and were examined.

A Calf Giving Milk. Mr. Philip Beaver, who resides not far from the place, has a calf eight months and a half old from which they can milk daily about a pint of milk. This seems strange, but it is nevertheless true.—Waynesboro' Record.

Kaloch Again in the Pulpit. The Tremont Temple congregation, (Baptist church,) by a vote of seventy-six to seven, have extended a call to their former pastor, Mr. Kaloch, who appeared before them and announced his acceptance.

Boats, July 27. Two men, named O'Brien and Quinlan, were suffocated in a well in Somersville yesterday, into which they both descended to blast a rock. Both have families.

Dr. H. L. Smyser, of York, Pa., has received a gold medal from the Emperor of Russia, for his services in the Crimean war.

A farmer in McLean county, Ill., has 1,500 acres in wheat, which he anticipates will yield 80,000 bushels.

There are over 700 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, every cell having its inmate.

The Potato Rot.

ITS ALLEGED CAUSE AND CURE.—MR. HENDERSON'S DISCOVERIES. Ever since the disease known as potato rot first appeared, various hypotheses have been offered as to its cause and cure. A malady attacking an excellent and important, and forming so large a portion of our daily food, was at once recognized as a national disaster, and researches of scientific men were directed to its study. Up to the present time no satisfactory theory has been promulgated. In giving publicity to that which we are now about to notice, we shall confine ourselves mostly to what has been done by actual experiment, and to the legitimate conclusions which inductive reasoning from those experiments affords. Our personal knowledge is confined to the following facts:

On the morning of the 24th of June, Mr. Alexander Henderson, of this city, left at our office a glass jar, containing a sound and healthy potato plant, covered in by a perforated paper so as to afford air. He had placed it there at 7 A. M., and with it were confined some six or eight insects which Mr. H. believed to be the source of the potato disease. The insects were not described scientifically. It is about half the size of the common house fly; of a brownish color, has six legs, two pairs of light diaphanous wings, two antennae, and a long, strong proboscis. Mr. H. thinks it is the Physcia, but is not positive as to that. At the end of twenty-four hours the plant was evidently diseased. The insect was actively engaged upon its various portions which became brown and mouldy in the leaf, while the stalks, in the course of two or three days, suffered a prorecentage change, until, on the 28th, some of them fell over by their own weight, the stalk being swollen and softened, in some places quite to a jelly of a sickly green color. This process, Mr. Henderson informs us, takes place uniformly, but most rapidly when the plant is freely watered and exposed to sun and air, as the specimen exposed was not. To all external appearance, the disease was identical with the ordinary potato rot as it attacks the vines. Some pieces of early (this year's) potatoes, placed in the jar, were also plainly attacked by the rot during the four days of exposure.

Mr. Henderson states that he has been engaged in this research since 1847; that in 1850 he discovered the insect on the vines, but thought that it was confined to them. During the last year he has found it on the tubers, and watched its effects upon them. It appeared several times under the necessity of kicking those who whelp away. The obsequies at the grave completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

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A farmer in McLean county, Ill., has 1,500 acres in wheat, which he anticipates will yield 80,000 bushels.

There are over 700 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, every cell having its inmate.

No woman should paint except she who has lost the power of blushing.

There is a very interesting article in the Compiler of the 20th inst. on the potato rot. The insect which is the cause of the disease is probably the Physcia, but it is not positive as to that.

A Tribute to Printers.—It is indeed encouraging to know that printers are occasionally duly appreciated. The following extract from the report of the Committee on Printing of the Legislature of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing compliment to editors and printers:

"We are not aware that printers and newspaper proprietors are a class so little valued in the community, as to be entitled to but half compensation for the labor and services which they perform. But your committee do believe that no class of men perform more gratuitous services for all general and local interests, or are more actively and effectually engaged in disseminating information, making known the resources of the country, and inciting to action the energies of the people, than the printers, proprietors and editors of newspapers."

A Bloody Affair.—A shocking murder took place about two o'clock on Monday morning, at a building known as the Philadelphia Institute, in Leyward street, Phila. A fight took place between several colored men, during which one of them, a young man, named Peter Miller, a butcher, who resided at Germantown, was shockingly butchered. It seems that the deceased had been with several other young colored men, in the restaurant upon the institute, kept by a man named Murray. About two o'clock a difficulty occurred between Miller and a young colored man named Jerry Dickson, who is better known as "Dixey," said to be a barber from Baltimore. These two are old grudge between the two men, and a law-suit between them is now pending. During the difficulty they were stripped for a fight. Miller seemed suspicious, and protested that no knives should be used. Dickson assented to this arrangement, but a moment after he attacked Miller with a razor which he had procured in the shop. The first cut inflicted a shocking gash on the right arm, just below the shoulder. Miller turned to run, when he received a cut in the back, just above the hip, which made one of the most horrible wounds ever witnessed. Miller then made for the entry of the Institute, when the murderer brought the razor with tremendous force across the left side of Miller's neck, severing the jugular vein and causing a profuse flow of blood to pour out over the walls, floor and other objects, and of course causing the death of the man in a very few seconds. The entry, from the back door to the front, was completely smothered with blood, and the walls near where the fatal blow was given by the jagular, were sprinkled with blood to the ceiling. The police were sent to the spot, but too late to secure the murderer, who escaped over an adjoining fence, and through a house in the neighborhood. He has not yet been captured.

A Good Story Well Told.—We have a friend—or, was, the emphasis of the Toodle, "was, have a friend"—whom for the nonce, we shall call Major, though his right to the title is somewhat questionable. Now that Jerry has had through life one interesting job, and that is of an unconquered hero of a certain gang of cards, known as Vingt-un, which is the French frontonyons. This well known game, a fat wife and a large family, are about the only weaknesses that can be laid to the Major's charge. How often has he been married, the record says, but nor is it important; suffice it that during over thirty odd years of the Major's wedded life, as his wealth increased and his heirs became gay, another in regular succession, his board was honored with the presence of miniature editions of himself, until the number had reached twenty, when the Major concluded things had gone far enough, and should be stopped. But they did not, as the Major in time found out, for he had calculated without consulting his wife. There were no calculations of another bond of union and well-spring of happiness. The Major became nervous, for his accommodations were exhausted. In his desperation, he finally declared that the coming of his name and fortune, whether by a girl, should be named Vingt-un. In fact, the old woman romped, and the Major was inexorable. He would come, being the twenty-first, and would wag his way through life with that appropriate title. In an anti-hereditary Major awaited the announcement of the little stranger's sex. The announcement, and to the Major's horror, was a girl. "Busted! by thunder!" said the Major. "Why didn't I shut my mouth at twenty?"

The yellow fever, which has been prevailing to a greater or less extent all over the island of Cuba, is a dangerous disease. The people die rapidly, and the heat increases every day.

If John Smith should, while passing Brown's vacant lot, happen to fall and tear his pantaloons, who is responsible for the ground rent, the rent is for Brown, or could Brown compel Smith to settle the rent with John Smith?

Beasts of Sudden Change.—A few days since, a man in Philadelphia, who was perceiving very queer, and at the same time very strange, and died in a few minutes.

Supposing the production of a new variety of wheat to be only a matter of a few weeks, it is a single acre would cover the whole surface of the globe, and the world would be a different place.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends, though our poor brains cannot apprehend the reasons therefor, which being apprehended, should be followed.

At St. Louis, when a high-pressure steamer provided with passenger cars, it is called elevating the masses.