

THE COMPILER, a Democratic, News and Family Journal.

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By H. J. STAHLER

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

41ST YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, OCT. 18, 1858.

NO. 3.

Valuable Real Estate.

AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscribers, Executors of ABRAHAM SNYDER, deceased, offer at Private Sale, that DESIRABLE FARM, on which decedent resided upwards of twenty years, situated in Tyrone township, Adams county, adjoining lands of George Meckley...

The Poet's Corner.

Where there's a will there's a way. BY ELIZA COOK. We have faith in old proverbs full surely; For Wisdom has traced what they tell, And Truth may be drawn up as purely From them as it may from 'a well.'

Have ye vices that ask a destroyer? Or passions that need your control? Let reason become your employer And your body be ruled by your soul!

A Valuable Farm. AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber, A wishing to discontinue farming, offers at Private Sale, HIS FARM, situated in Mountjoy township, on the road leading from the White Church to Horner's Mill, adjoining lands of Jacob Schwartz...

Timber Lots. THE subscriber has still a few more valuable LOGS and CUMBER TIMBER LOTS, to be cut by J. D. PAXTON, Gettysburg, July 26, 1858.

Town Property. AT PRIVATE SALE.—The valuable Property on the corner of West Middle and Washington streets, occupied by Mr. Joseph Little, is offered at private sale by the heirs of the late Charles Zeigler, deceased...

Select Miscellany. NAPOLEON'S OLD GUARD. Napoleon's "Old Guard" gained, by their many desperate instances of bravery, an immortality in history; but their grand crowning was their desperate charge at Waterloo...

Howard Association. PHILADELPHIA.—A Benevolent Institution established by Special Endowment for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Venereal and Epidemic Diseases.

Disolution of Partnership. THE Co-partnership existing between the subscribers has been dissolved this day, by mutual consent. We are much obliged to our friends and the public, for the liberal support...

Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes. NOW FOR BARGAINS!—The subscriber having commenced business on his own book at the well known stand of Paxton & M'Henry, at the S. E. Corner of Centre Square, respectfully announces to the citizens of Gettysburg, and the public generally, that he will constantly keep on hand a good stock of goods in his line and will sell cheap for Cash.

Christ not a Writer. One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ, is that he left no writings behind him, and the only record there is of his writing anything is in the case where 'he stooped down and with his finger wrote upon the ground.' What he wrote then and where, no one knows; though perhaps the most plausible conjecture is, that he wrote the answer to the question, whether the woman taken in the act of adultery should be stoned?

The Bottom of the Atlantic. It has been now satisfactorily ascertained, by Lieutenant Maury, that the basin of the Atlantic ocean is a long trough separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole.

A Merited Compliment. Col. Alfred W. Johnson, of Me., in a speech a short time since, paid the president administration the following deserved compliment: "I cannot close without saying that I have entire confidence in the ability, integrity and patriotism of the present national executive."

A Singular Trotting Match.—We learn from Porter's Spirit that the double harness trotting match between Lancelot and Lanzer, to which we alluded some weeks since, is to come off some time in October.

Corn Oysters.—Take a dozen ears of corn, (the white flour corn is the best), grate it off the cob, and add to it one pint of new milk, two teaspoonfuls of ground pepper, one of salt, a teaspoon of flour; stir together, and fry them small in hot butter as griddle cakes.

A Break Discovered in the Atlantic Cable.—The workmen employed in out fitting up the cable in the machinery shop at the Brooklyn navy yard found a break a short time since in the communicating copper wire about three-eighths of an inch long, through which the saw passed in the solid gutta-percha, showing that the disconnection must have occurred during the process of manufacture...

An Irishman, near Boston, becoming greatly alarmed recently at the reports of the thunder and lightning, fell suddenly upon his knees, and exclaimed:—"O Lord, forgive us, and stop this!" A dying West India planter, groaning to his favorite negro servant, sighed out:—"Ah, Sambo, I'm going a long journey." "Never mind, massa," said the negro, comfortingly, "him all de way down hill."

Hog in! Hog Out! A good one is told of a worthy deacon in the City of S., in Northern Ohio.—The deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork packing establishment. His duty was to stand at the head of the scalding trough, watch in hand, to 'time' the length of the scald, crying "Hog in!" when the just slaughtered hog was to be thrown in the trough, and "Hog out!" when the watch told three minutes. One week the press of business compelled the packers to unusually hard labor, and Saturday night found the deacon completely exhausted. Indeed, he was almost sick the next morning when church time came; but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual Sabbath service, if he could. He went. The occasion was one of unusual solemnity, as a revival was in progress. The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His peroration was a climax of grand beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening he recited to the breakers the words:—"Hog in! Hog in!" "Hog out!" "Hog out!" "Hog out!" "Hog out!" "Hog out!"

He Read the Papers. The Philadelphia Journal gives the following account of the manner in which a couple of charpers got heat at their own game, in attempting to fleece a western man who had 'read the papers.' A gentleman from Missouri, lodging at the Girard House, was invited by a new-made acquaintance to take a walk, and consented. The party had not gone far when they were joined by another individual, who asked the first friend of the Missourian if his goods had been shipped. Yes, was the reply, and No. 3 produced a bill of the denomination of \$100, with which he desired to pay a balance due No. 2. Of course the western gentleman was applied to for change. Thereupon the western gentleman detected the flavor of a large-sized rat, and requested his friends to go back with him to the hotel, where he would be able to oblige him in the way desired. An adjournment was accordingly made to his room, wherein the Missourian deliberately locked the others out, only to appear a while after with an agreeable accession to the party in the person of a policeman, who, in violation of all rules of polite society, seized upon their persons, and had them locked up somewhere else.

A kind-hearted little spouse, bonneted andshawled, very recently appeared at the door of a room where her good natured lieg-lord was about to indulge in a comfortable snooze. "My dear, I am going shopping. What shall I bring you to comfort you?" "I don't know, love; I don't think of anything I want particularly, just now. Come and kiss me. I will tell you, however, what I don't want you to bring me." "What is it, pray?" "Pray don't bring me in debt."

A mischievous boy, having got possession of his grandfather's spectacles, privately took out the glasses, and when the old gentleman put them on, finding he could not see, exclaimed "Marry on me, I've lost my sight!" but thinking the impediment to vision might be the dirtiness of the glasses, took them off to wipe them, when, not feeling them, he still more frightened, cried out, "Why, what's come now? I've lost my feeling too!"

To Take Ink out of Linen.—Editors and clerks will learn with pleasure that to take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow, the linen may be washed and the spot will disappear without injuring the linen.

The Force of Example.—A new trade is said to be springing up between the Utah and Pecos Indians of Utah Territory, that of buying and selling swears. They have, no doubt, been studying the domestic economy of their Mormon neighbors, and are endeavoring to improve upon that highly moral code.

It is said that the rind of a pine apple placed on shovels and other places frequented by ants and cockroaches will drive them away. There is no harm in trying it, providing a pine apple can be had.

Mr. Bones of the firm of Honer & Co., a well known and respectable money merchant whose interrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he staid his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink Bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars." Mr. B. continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply. "Do you see that dam, my friend?" "Certainly I do." "Well, here you may learn the secret of making a thousand dollars. The water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many months are fed by the manufacture of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough of money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What is the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing and no practical good is attained. They want their dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you will soon have enough, occasionally a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!" —Trenton True American.

A Cute Yankee. "Early this morning, the scholars of one of our district schools were agreeably surprised to find written upon the outside door, 'No Schule,' and the most of them made preparations to enjoy the holiday—not dreaming but that it was a genuine order. It appeared, however, that a roguish youth, a lover of mischief more than his books, had written in large letters the joyful news.—'No Schule' was the notice posted-up; the school was understood, but the spelling was bad. The afternoon brought all together, and in the stern visage of the master enough was seen to convince us that all was not right—he had been outwitted, and now came the tug of war.

In France the Society for the Protection of Animals does not enjoy that popular respect which it deserves, the small spite of the capital indulging in endless jokes at its expense. The last joke is to this effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim.

"I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman, "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon, and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the President.

"But whose was this wolf?" inquires the latter, "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," is the reply.