[illegible] every Monday [illegible] $1,75 per [illegible] Cents per [illegible] payable [illegible] system of the [illegible] are paid.
[illegible] at the usual rates.
[illegible] clothing and dis-
[illegible] church, directly [illegible] Hotel, one [illegible] from the Court House—
[illegible]

[illegible] Year!
[illegible]—J. C. GETTY
[illegible] received from the [illegible] extensive stock of [illegible] Merino, all of which [illegible] be sold [illegible] Delaines, Delaines [illegible] Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets [illegible] and long Shawls, Blankets [illegible] of all prices.—[illegible] Cashmeres, [illegible] brown, and [illegible] of Vestings. [illegible] of every description [illegible] cheaper than the [illegible] all we ask is to show the goods [illegible] be satisfied with the result. [illegible] goods.
[illegible] C. [illegible] & BRO.

[illegible] & BRO.
[illegible] with a [illegible] Winter Goods, and everything else in the men's wear line. They also offer plain and fancy 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. [Oct. 11.

For Sale,
CHEAP—Two Small Dwelling HOUSES and Lots, situate in Chambersburg street. Possession 1st of April next.
GEO. ARNOLD.
Gettysburg, Oct. 14, 1858. tf

Great Improvement
IN COOKING STOVES.—*Consumption of Smoke and Gas, and Saving of Fuel.*—The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has added to his former variety of Stoves, a new *Patented Gas-burning* COOKING STOVE.
It is well known that all inflammable matter requires a certain amount of air to support combustion, and if the supply is insufficient, it is impossible to produce a flame.—The heat of the fire, in ordinary cooking stoves, decomposes the fuel, and as all the fresh air is admitted under the grate, its oxygen is exhausted before it has passed through the fire-chamber. The close flues at the top of the stove, then act as an extinguisher, tending to put out the fire, instead of assisting the combustion. A large portion of the fuel, therefore, passes off in the shape of smoke, clogging up the flues of the stove so as to impede the draft and interfere with the baking,—or of invisible gas which combines with the lime and so destroys the mortar of the chimneys, loosening the bricks, and exposing the dwellings to the danger of fire.
The introduction of an additional supply of cold air, would cool the gas below the igniting temperature, but by the proper application above the fire, of air previously heated to a temperature of several hundred degrees (which is one of the prominent features of the patent), the gases are inflamed in numerous jets, and their combustion is sufficient to heat the oven, even if the draft through the fire-chamber is entirely closed.
In addition to the ordinary direct draft under the grate and through the fire-chamber, the gas-burner has an additional draft through the top plates, which is of itself sufficient to maintain combustion. The upper draft not only consumes the gases, but it helps to strengthen and preserve the centre pieces, which are most exposed to the direct action of the fire, and which are made double instead of the usual single plates. By means of this draft alone, all the operations of cooking can be carried on when the fuel is but partially ignited, and the fuel consequently burns more slowly and more economically.
A sufficient evidence of the effect of the gases in heating the oven, is found in the fact that the oven will be ready for baking, even before the fire is thoroughly kindled, and much sooner than in any other stove.
As Gas-burning Stoves are the order of the day, the Gas-burning Cooking Stove will not only be the leading stove of the present season, but it will undoubtedly supercede all others. Purchasers will, therefore, consult their own interest, by seeing and examining it before giving any orders elsewhere. The operation is so perfect, and its advantages are so easily to be seen and understood, that it readily commands, at retail, an advance of five or six dollars over the retail price of any stove of the same size.
Also, on hand a variety of PARLOR COAL STOVES—cheap.
ANDREW POLLEY,
York St., Gettysburg.
Sept. 6, 1858. 4m

Fine Old Brandies.
THE subscribers, Importers and Dealers in *WINES & LIQUORS*, would most respectfully call the attention of purchasers to their Old Establishment, *No. 5 North Front Street, Philadelphia*, where they have a large assortment of Wines and Liquors of the choicest brands and qualities. Having made arrangements with some of the first houses in Cognac and Rochelle, enables them to furnish to their customers, upon the most liberal terms, the following brands of Cognac and Rochelle
BRANDIES: *Otard, Hennesy, Pellevoisin, Guet, Castillion;* J. J. Depuy & Co., T. Himes, A. Sergeette, Martel, Marett, &c. &c., of various brands and qualities.
WINES: *Champagne, Madeira, Lisbon, Old Oporto, Teneriffe, Burgundy, Hock, Muscat, Claret, Sherry, and Malaga Wines.*
Holland Gin, Scheidam Schnapps, Jamaica Spirits, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Peach, Apple, Blackberry, Cherry, Ginger, and Raspberry Brandies; Cordials, Wine Bitters, Amsterdam Bitters, &c.
Also, Agents and Sole Proprietors of the Old Wheat Whiskey. Constantly on hand an extensive stock of fine old Monongahela, Rye and Bourbon Whiskey, of various grades, some of which are guaranteed to be superior to any in the country, all of which are highly improved by age.
From our long experience in the business, and a thorough knowledge of the tastes of the community, we flatter ourselves to be able to fill all orders that may be entrusted to us.
Orders from the country (which are most respectfully solicited) will be promptly attended to.
Great care taken in packing and shipping.
All goods sent from our establishment are guaranteed to give satisfaction, with the privilege of being returned.
R. P. MIDDLETON & BRO.,
No. 5 North Front St., Philadelphia.
March 22, 1858. 6m

MILLINERY.—MISS LOUISA KATE LITTLE wishes to inform the ladies of town and country, that she is now prepared to execute Millinery in all its branches, in West Middle street, a few doors below Mr. George Little's store. Work done cheaper than elsewhere in town. Please call and see. [apr. 21, '56.

WATCHES.—The most complete assortment of Watches, of every variety and style, ever brought to this place, just received at
FAHNESTOCK'S.

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

BY H. J. STABLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

41ST YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, DEC. 6, 1858. NO. 10.

The Poet's Corner.

DAY BREAK.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A wind came out of the sea,
And said, "O mariners, wake!
It is the morning hour for me."

It hailed the ship of the night and cried, "Sail on,
Mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Lift your leafy banners! it is day!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell, proclaim the hour."

It crossed the church-yard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

AFFECTING.

Up in Podunk, where the thistle
Blooms, dies, and rots;
Where the winter wirlwinds whistle
All around the lots—

Lived the slickest gal you ever
Saw in your life;
Ankle like a blue beech lever,
Voice like a fife.

As I sat by her a courtin',
Calm and serene—
With her apron she was sportin',
Checkered and clean.

Mingled was our hash together;
All day we sat,
A chawin' gum in winter weather,
Happy as cat.

Long I stuck to her like teasles,
Summer and fall,
But she went off with the measles,
Ankle and all.

The Story Book.

Hymn of the Marseillaise.

The Marseillaise was inspired by genius, patriotism, youth, beauty and champagne. Rouget de Lisle was an officer of the garrison at Strasburg, and a native of Mount Jura. He was an unknown poet and composer. He had a peasant friend, named Dietrick, whose wife and daughters were the only critics and admirers of the soldier poet's song. One night he was at supper with his friend's family, and they had only coarse bread and slices of ham. Dietrick, looking sorrowfully at De Lisle, said, "Plenty is not our feast, but we have the courage of a soldier's heart; I have still one bottle left in the cellar—bring it, my daughter, and let us drink to liberty and our country!"

The young girl brought the bottle; it was soon exhausted, and De Lisle went staggering to bed; he could not sleep for the cold, but his heart was warm and full of the beating of genius and patriotism. He took a small clavicord and tried to compose a song; sometimes the words were composed first—sometimes the air. Directly he fell asleep over the instrument, and waking at daylight, wrote down what he had conceived in the delirium of the night. Then he waked the family, and sang his production; at first, the women turned pale, then burst forth into a cry of enthusiasm. It was the song of the nation and of terror.

Two months afterwards, Dietrick went to the scaffold, listening to the self-same music, composed under his own roof and by the inspiration of his last bottle of wine. The people sang it everywhere; it flew from city to city, to every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted the song at the opening and close of its clubs—hence the name, "Hymn of the Marseillaise;" then it sped all over France. They sung it in their houses, in public assemblies, and in the stormy street convocation. De Lisle's mother heard it and said to her son, "What is this revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands, and with which your name is mingled?" De Lisle heard it and shuddered as it sounded through the streets of Paris, rung from the Alpine passes, while he, a royalist, fled from the infuriated people, frenzied by his own words. France was a great amphitheatre of anarchy and blood, and De Lisle's song was the battle cry.

There is no national air that will compare with the Marseillaise in sublimity and power; it embraces the soft cadences full of the peasant's home, and the stormy clangor of silver and steel when an empire is overthrown; it endears the memory of the vine dresser's cottage, and makes the Frenchman, in his exile, cry "La belle France!" forgetful of the torch, and sword, and guillotine, which have made his country a *spectre of blood in the eyes of nations.* Nor can the foreigner listen to it, sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of musicians, without feeling that it is the pibroch of battle and war.

A Stone Eater.—They are exhibiting a man in New York—that grand headquarters of the wonderful, as well as horrible—who eats nothing but paving stones! Here is the placard that stares the passers-by of the show room:

"The wonder of the nineteenth century! Mons. Guiset, the great stone-eater. This wonderful man eats nothing but paving stones, pebbles, rocks, &c., for his breakfast, dinner, and supper.—He will swallow a number of large stones in presence of the audience. He lives and subsists entirely on the above food, drinks nothing but water, and has perfect health. Physicians cannot account for this unparalleled living wonder."

☞An old maid speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

The Book of Ruth.

It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson on one occasion had gathered around him that select circle of literary friends who often met to hear the recitations of each other's productions of genius, or to listen to such results of literary discovery as any one might find among the unknown relics stored away in the corners of great libraries or among rosetured fragments of ancient learning which were now and then brought to light. At this interview, the celebrated critic and essayist read to his friends what he said was a pastoral in prose, or what they might call a Bucolic or a Georgic, if they could call it a name, and locate its authorship and characters. After reading from some manuscripts or scattered leaves the entire book of Ruth, his literary associates were enraptured with admiration.—They inquired where such an original and matchless production had originated; how it came to be known; and they declared that in all their classical readings they had never seen it, nor the like of it, and that such a relic of literature was now destined to immortality. The reader at length told them that this literary gem could be found in their printed bibles, far back among the unread records of the Jewish judges and kings; and that in neglecting the ancient chronicles for heathen classics and for modern literature, they had overlooked the fountain of the purest learning.

It is one of the peculiar excellencies of these ancient Scripture narratives, that their portraits of character are true to the life and are at once recognized by the lovers of what is genuine in nature, even in the remotest times and countries. Full three thousand years have passed since the events and persons of this narrative formed a part of the then acting age; and yet so fresh are these strokes of nature, that artists have vied with each other, in bringing out these features as the choicest subjects of their genius, whether in poetry, sculpture, or painting.—*Southern Baptist.*

Snivelisation.

Whithersoever we go, we meet with the sniveler. He stops us at the corner of the street to intrust us with his opinion. He fears the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office.—He tells us, just before church, that the last sermon of some transcendental preacher has given the death-blow to religion, and that the waves of antheism and the clouds of pantheism are to deluge and darken all the land. In a time of general health he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail cannot be an hour too late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. He fears that his friend, who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials he will then endure. He is ridden with an eternal nightmare, and emits an eternal wail. Recklessness is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope; but neither is so degrading as inglorious and inactive despair. We object to the sniveler because he presents the anomaly of a being who has the power of motion without possessing life. His insipid languor is worse than tumid strength. Better that a man should rest than whine. The person who has no bounding and buoyant feelings in him, whose cheek never flushes at an anticipated good, whose blood never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim, who has no aspiration and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital or the bandbox. Enterprise, confidence, a disposition to believe that good can be done, and indisposition to believe that all good has been—these constitute important elements in the character of every man who is of use in the world. We want no wailing and whimpering about the absence of happiness, but a strong determination to abate misery.—*Whipple.*

Putting it Strong.—An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day?" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock, with, "Come, Bridget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the week gone—and nothing done yet."

☞A gentleman, who had a very *blundering* servant, put down in writing, everything he wished him to do.—Going to the country, one day, the master fell into a ditch. He called the lad, who instead of hastening to his assistance, exclaimed, "Stop; let me see if its down in my memorandum-book."

☞The young ladies who rejoice in a multiplicity of rings, chains, lockets, etc., to the unparalleled extent now fashionable, should be labelled, like watches in the windows—"Warranted full jeweled."

Hair Standing on End.—The earliest notice of this fact will be found recorded in Job, 4, 14—15:—"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. *The hair of my flesh stood up,*" &c.

☞The cook, the housemaid, and the laundress are the pillars on which our domestic comfort rests. Without them, nothing is possible in family or individual life. The well cooked dinner, the tidy room, the clean shirt, are the landmarks of true civilization. Below them all is barbarism.

A Freak of Nature.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: Mr. Vestal requested us to go to the Commercial Hotel to see a rare *lusus naturæ.* He has a girl who has four legs and feet, and two heads, four arms, and the upper part of two bodies perfectly formed, with the exception that the heart of one of these bodies is in the right side instead of the left but though it is double as to its heads, arms, and legs, yet in its spinal and pelvis arrangements it is one. Its two heads are very intelligent, and seem to sing together. In answering questions asked by any one, both answer together and in the same words, or, if different questions are asked, each answers differently. In walking, the girl uses two or four legs, whichever happens to be most convenient. In eating, she uses both mouths, though it is supposed that one would answer the purpose as well, as there is but one set of digestive organs. It is more wonderful than the Siamese twins—they are two persons joined together by a membrane. This girl is two persons with one body—*duality in unity.*

☞The world "bogus" owns a singular origin. In 1834 a gang of counterfeiters, on a very extensive scale, was broken up in one of our western cities. The parties manufactured United States coin, and the leading spirit was named Bogus. When arrested, he turned State's evidence, and through his instrumentality all the rest of the counterfeiters were convicted. False coin has ever since been termed "bogus," and the word has gradually been adopted as one significant of anything false or simulative.

Night Mare.—The way to raise this animal is simple. Fifteen minutes before bedtime, cut up one dozen cold boiled potatoes, add a few slices of cold boiled cabbage, with five or six pickled cucumbers. Eat heartily, and wash down with a pint of cream ale. Undress and jump into bed. Lie flat on your back, and in half an hour or thereabout you will dream that the devil is sitting on your chest, with the Bunker Hill Monument in his lap.

☞Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was counterfeit and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story when the latter said:

"Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offence?"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Smithers without a smile, and fled.

☞A man came to Philadelphia some years ago, exhibiting six boys and six girls, but all of them were dressed in girl's clothes. They were all so much *like* girls in appearance, that he made money betting that no one could tell t'other from which. An Irishman went out and returned with a dozen apples. Throwing one to each of the children, he observed that some caught them in their hands; these, he said, were boys. Others held their aprons; these, he said, were girls. Pat hit right.

☞A citizen of Milwaukee being asked why so many people were drowned in the river, replied that it was on account of an ordinance of the city, which forbids swimming in the city limits. When one of them slipped in, he recalled the ordinance at once, and rather than violate it, went cheerfully to the bottom without a struggle.

☞The editor of a Western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said, "You can easily have it repaired," "Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quater of a dollar." "Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor! Here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper."

☞It is stated in the Maine Farmer that a premium was awarded, at the State Fair, for a calfskin, tanned by the use of *sweet fern.* If it is that this hitherto useless shrub which so abounds in our pastures can thus be applied to a beneficial purpose, a tremendous saving will be made by the operation. The skins were tanned in one week, and had the appearance of the best French skins.

How it Felt.—A lady friend of ours, says the first time she was kissed, she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She also felt something running through their nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids, in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

☞"Pompey, why is a journey round dis world like a cat's tail?"

"Well, Cuff, I doesn't zackly see any semblance 'twixt the two cases."

"Well, den, nigger, 'spec I'll have to tell you: Bekase it am fur to de end of it."

Harmless cure for Warts.—Dissolve a pennyworth of sal ammoniac in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with the solution.

☞An incorrigible old bachelor says that maids want nothing but husbands, but accommodate them in that particular, and they want everything.

☞A couple of prize-fighters have been hauled up in New Jersey—one of them sent to the State Prison, the other, and the friends of both, heavily fined.

A Negro Discussion About Eggs.

Geneva, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of parliamentary ruling: "In the fairest village of Western New York, the 'cullud pussons,' in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics.—The deliberations of the Society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion, the occasion of which we write was: 'Which am de mudder of de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?' The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the President made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'Spose,' said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?' This was a poser, was well put, and non-plussed the other side, even staggering the President, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house, chickens am de question; darfore I rule de ducks out!' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

Treatment of Frosted Feet.

To cure the intolerable itching that follows frost-bitten toes, it is necessary to totally exclude the air from the affected part. If it is not accompanied with swelling, gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, applied so as to form a complete coat, is the easiest remedy that I know of. It dries soon, and does not adhere to the stockings, and generally lasts until they are well. If the flesh becomes swollen and painful, plasters of good sticking salve are of great service, but if highly inflamed, any mild poultice that will exclude the oxygen of the air from the diseased part, and keep it moist, allowing the recuperative powers of nature to do the rest.

Burns and scalds may be treated successfully in the same manner. So says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman.*

The Chinese Sugar Cane.

In several of the Western States, the cultivation of this cane, the present season, has been quite extensive, and the manufacture of molasses from the cane is stated to have been of "fine flavor," and "with good apparatus," the belief was that "the yield would have been as much as ten hundred gallons per acre." We have not a doubt but that this cane, in certain portions of the United States, will become an established and profitable crop.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said:—
My County paper now I'll take,
Both for my own and family's sake.
If such there be, let him repent,
And have the "COMPILER" to him sent;
And if he'd pass a happy winter
He in advance should PAY THE PRINTER.

☞The following is a receipt for making pies, which, if they are not apple pies, they are so good a substitute that when properly "got up" a hungry man can hardly tell the difference between the imitation and the simon pure. The Clinton Democrat says that a short time since a person went thro' that county trying to sell the receipt at five dollars. We, more liberal, give it to our readers and charge them nothing but the trouble of reading it. Here it is:—Take 1 cup of Bread Crumbs or Grated Crackers; 1 pint of Warm Water; 1 teaspoonful of Tartaric Acid; 1 Egg, and spice and sweeten to your taste.

☞The editor of a paper in Iowa "hit upon an expedient," for keeping his institution going. He announces: "Our paper has been delayed on account of the arduous duties devolving upon our hands.—During the day they are busily engaged in sticking type, and when the mantle of darkness covers the face of nature, being anxious to do all the *good* they can in this world by circulating the *Visitor*, they chase horses and cattle from the neighboring counties into Warren, that our citizens may take them up as strays, and as the law requires the notice to be published, we thus raise the 'Jeems' to buy paper and keep the *Visitor* going."

☞At Durham assizes, a very deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the Judge suggested a compromise, and instructed the counsel to ask her what she would take to settle matters. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in the bob-tailed wig, of the old lady. The old lady merely shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that "she was very hard o'hearin'." "His lordship wants to know what you will take?" asked the counsel again, bawling as loud as ever he could in the old lady's ear "I thank his lordship kindly," the ancient dame answered stoutly; "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale." Roars of laughter.

☞Remember the Poor.

The Administration.

The following, from the New York Herald, is a plain, unvarnished, truthful narrative of the acts of President Buchanan since his inauguration, for which we ask an attentive perusal from our readers:

"The Washington correspondents announce that Mr. Buchanan is writing his message for the coming session of Congress, and that he receives with great calmness and philosophy the returns of the recent election as they come in.

"No President has had greater reason to be disheartened by the conduct of politicians and partisan leaders than has Mr. Buchanan, for none could look back upon their record of yearly achievements with greater satisfaction than he. A concise review of the events of the year will demonstrate the truth of this. When he was preparing his message a year ago his position was surrounded with difficulties. A financial revulsion had just swept over the country, which carried away for a time the revenue of the Government and men's confidence in the future. But great as were our pecuniary troubles, those of our domestic and foreign policy were equally entangling and threatening. The Kansas question filled the public mind, which found no solution for it. Utah was a dreaded enigma. The fire eaters of the South were again wild with the new invasion of Nicaragua. Numerous Indian tribes threatened to involve our whole western frontier in the horrors of war. Men doubted the feasibility of a safe route overland to our Pacific shore. On every side there seemed to be an impossibility for the Administration to settle satisfactorily and safely to the country any one of the numerous difficulties that attended it.

So, too, in our foreign relations.—With England, the question of the Bay Islands had brought up the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, with all its dilemmas. The administration of Palmerston, strongly adverse to this country, had vainly endeavored to draw us into the China war, and failing in that, prepared a trap for the Government in sending British cruisers to search every American ship in American waters.—Spain presented a most unsatisfactory tone and temper in her conduct toward us. With Spanish America our relations were of the most alarming nature. Paraguay continued her insulting attitude. Monagas, in Venezuela, was insolent in reply to our claims. Peru and Chili had violated the rights of our citizens in a variety of instances. Nicaragua and Costa Rica were endeavoring to thrust every American interest from their territory. Our relations with New Granada, which had so long threatened to produce a collision between the two countries, were just assuming a more favorable character, but the rights of the commerce of the world, in its transit of the American Isthmus, were of the most undefined character.

"It was in the midst of this seeming chaos that Mr. Buchanan drew up his last message. He treated the difficulties of the country with a master's hand; and though he had all along to deal with an adverse Congress, in which ambitious Presidential aspirants and partisan leaders had already produced disaffection, he so conducted the policy of the Government, with mingled prudence and energy, that he can now appeal to a record of success that is unequalled in our political history. The will-o'-the-wisp of Kansas has been consigned to a deserved insignificance. The Utah question has been settled, and the strength of the Union demonstrated without bloodshed. The Indian tribes have been, in a great measure, brought to reason. A safe route across the continent has been established, with a mail running over it. The fillibuster fever has been greatly allayed. And the confidence of the country in our industrial and financial future has been revived by the maintenance of the credit of the Government and the prudent conduct of its pecuniary affairs.

"In our foreign relations equal triumphs have been obtained by the Administration. A threatened collision with England was avoided by a course of firmness and energy on the part of the Government, and the right of search question put at rest, so far as it can be put at rest by the action of our government alone. We have participated in all the advantage to be obtained in the opening of China to trade. A wise policy of action has been adopted toward the Spanish American Governments, which has been set forth in General Cass' dispatch to General Lamar in Nicaragua, and will be practically carried out by the Paraguay expedition.—The rights of the world to a free transit of the American Isthmus have been vindicated, the Tehuantepec route opened, that of Nicaragua placed in good train, and the Panama route made secure. Our relations with New Granada are in a fair way of being placed upon an amicable and permanent basis, which, as she is a leading power among the Spanish American republics, will have a good effect upon all. Venezuela has been brought to a sense of right, Central America begins to entertain a proper respect for us, and it is to be hoped that Chili, Peru and Mexico will soon be brought into the same position.

"This is a record that may well enable the President to look with philosophy upon the defection of Presidential aspirants and corrupt party leaders.—It is one that will bear him out victoriously with the people as soon as it is brought foward and the country comes to contemplate the practical results of his Administration."

☞The Governor of Kansas recommends the passage of a law prohibiting the circulation of bank notes of a less denomination than fifty dollars.

For The Compiler.

Complaints of a School-Teacher.

All the world knows, or ought to know, that I am not of a complaining disposition; but, as the reader will admit, forbearance under existing circumstances is no longer a virtue.

I have concluded that teaching is, of all the professions, the most arduous and difficult.

What makes it the more onerous and disagreeable is "the almost total neglect of proper attention to the temperature, light, ventilation, furniture, apparatus, text-books, and surroundings of the school-room."

It is very well known that, owing to the great neglect of duty on the part of Country Superintendents and Directors, the present system of education has hitherto been productive of very little good. Hence the majority of the people throughout the country, not taking the pains to investigate the matter, are strongly prejudiced against the system itself; and are not only indifferent to the cause, but are even ready to oppose and frustrate any plan designed for its successful operation.

Therefore, a teacher who would attempt to carry out the provisions of the present School Law to their full extent, would be regarded as hostile to the common interests. Even so trifling a matter as requiring scholars to have a uniform system of text-books, demanding excuse for absence, or asking [illegible] highly arbitrary.

I am at present teaching in a beautiful and wealthy part of the county; yet, judging from the wretched appearance of the school-house, one would conclude quite differently; for indeed, to use the language of the Hon. A. G. Curtin, "it would be a fitter subject for the adverse presentment of grand juries, than for its professed use." When I went there at the beginning of the term to open school, I found the door open, the floor covered with dirt, cone-ends, and tobacco quids, to the average depth of half an inch, the desk and top of the stove literally daubed over with tallow, the lock and hinges of the desk broken, a number of shutters broken, and, worse than all, 26 window-panes broken! In short, it was in a shocking condition.—On inquiry, I was told that it had been used every two weeks during the summer, Sunday evenings at that, for the purpose of holding "singings," and never even as much as swept in all that time.

Well, to make the best of things, I did what few would have done under similar circumstances;—I set to work patiently and shoved the filth out, and then swept the house as well as I could; that done, I got a piece of glass and scraped the tallow off the desk and benches, and then commenced school. The Director of the district not making his appearance for a few weeks I sent him word that if he did not choose to have the house repaired, I would give up the school.

It had the desired effect, that officer came promptly and took a note of everything needed, and promised to have it repaired without delay.

From that day till this I have neither heard nor seen anything of him, except that he sent some person there and had a few spots daubed on the inside.—Nothing further was done until the other day, when, finding that nothing would be done on the part of the Director, and fearful lest the County Superintendent should find things in such a shameful condition, I fell to work, awkward as I am at the business, and whitewashed it on the inside as well as I could, and then got the floor scrubbed, the desks and benches scoured, and the windows washed, for the latter were really so thickly covered with spider-webs and dust, that they served almost any purpose but that of admitting light. As for the broken windows, I have neither the time to repair them myself, nor the means to have it done, though some have plainly intimated that it is my duty to do so.

During cold, windy weather all the hats and shawls to be had are required to stop up the broken windows, and even then, though the weather has not yet been very cold, I was obliged to wear my over coat nearly all day. The house has never had a chimney, that important and indispensable part of modern buildings. The stove, a miserable burlesque on the genuine article, is so ancient, and, as there is only an old, battered piece of pipe extending from it into the loft, it sometimes smokes so badly that it is scarcely possible to breathe. My school at present numbers 56, and out of that number there are no less than 18 different classes, each of which, according to custom, I am expected to hear at least four times a day. I tried to persuade them to procure a uniform system of books, but succeeded rather poorly, and so left them bring what they pleased. Many go upon the principle, "the cheaper the books the better they are." I am reliably informed that last winter some, whose parents are well to do in the world, even borrowed books from the S. S. library and took them to school to study. Some parents are even so hateful to the present system, that they will not tell the ages of their children. A few days ago I asked a boy his age; the little fellow looked up and replied, "pop says 'taint nobody's business." Yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, there is just as much expected from the teacher as if the best accommodations were afforded him. That a brighter day may soon dawn on the Teacher's time-honored profession, is the earnest wish of

A SCHOOL-MASTER.

Nov. 27, 1858.

The True Cause of Crime.—The New York Herald closes some comments on Mayor Swann's message to the City Councils with the following just and pertinent remarks:

"There is no doubt that in Baltimore, as well as in this and other large cities of the Union, the weak administration of criminal laws and the ease with which malefactors can escape the penalty of their crimes by means of legal shifts and quibbles, has done more than anything else to swell the catalogue of crime."

A Murderer Lynched.—A man named Rhinehart, who recently murdered an eastern man named Bodell at Lexington, Minnesota, was tried, convicted and executed by a lynch court a few days since.

☞The purchasing price of silver at the mint of the United States will hereafter be $1[illegible]