

# THE COMPILER.

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By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

42<sup>ND</sup> YEAR.

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## POET'S CORNER.

### WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,  
With the heavy thoughts of a vanished year,  
When evil deeds come back to sight,  
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;  
Along with the specter of the past,  
That come with the old year's dying sigh,  
There gloms one shadow dark and vast,  
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,  
The opportunities never sought,  
The good resolves that every day  
Have died in the impotence of thought;  
The slow advance and backward step,  
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;  
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,  
When we talk with Wasted Time!

What are we now? what had we been,  
Had we heeded time as the miser's gold,  
Striving our need to win,  
That leaves us remorse and shame and tears,  
Shrinking from naught that the world could do,  
Feeling not but the touch of crime,  
Laboring, struggling, all seasons through,  
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years?  
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide,  
That leaves us remorse and shame and tears,  
And washes away all things before?  
Who shall give us the strength e'er now,  
To leave forever this holiday time,  
To shake of this sloth from heart and brow,  
And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,  
The things that die do not revive;  
That golden truth is glimmering through:  
That to him who learns from errors past,  
And turns away with strength sublime,  
And makes each year outdo the last,  
There is no Wasted Time.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules and could see no reason why people could grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, fourteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jerry was in an opposite corner, engaged in ciphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the father to his youngest boy, "have you worked out that sum yet?"

"No, sir," returned the boy, hesitatingly.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head and looked troubled. "Why hav'n't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it, sir," tremblingly returned Samuel.

"Can't do it? and why not? look at Jerry, there, with his slate and pencil. He had ciphered further than you have, long before he was as old as you are."

"Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no interest for me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"

"It is a work on philosophy, sir."

"A work on fiddlesticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic until you can work out those roots. Do you understand me?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh toward him, and he felt that it was without a cause.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as their father had gone, "I will do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," returned the youngest brother with a grateful look, "that will be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum, but fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases, hypotenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The truth was his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician—he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he considered that the same of educational perfection lay in the power of acquiring Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could "give the old Greek a hard tussle." He seemed not to comprehend that different minds are made with different capacities, and what one mind grasped with ease, another, of equal power, would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly.

He never the while conversed with the youngest son, with a view to ascertain the true state of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop ought to see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering

upon such profitable matter as was interesting to him and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and took another turn, and the marks of grief left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, and getting up he went to small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he took forth some long strips of wood and commenced whittling. It was not for some pastime that he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious affair from those pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and some dozens of small wheels that he made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his little sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes, a piece of pie, and some cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

"Oh, what a pretty thing that is you are making!" uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labor. "Won't you give it to me to meastor it is done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy, with a smile, "but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, while the boy went on with his work.

Before long the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's jack-knife and pinners had assumed form and comeliness, and they were joined and grooved together in a curious manner.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked very much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed on it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction. While he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of his chamber opened and his father entered.

"What—are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

"Is, what is this?" said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This is the secret of his idleness. Now I see how it is you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making play-houses and fly-pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lesson or not. There."

As the father uttered this common conjunction he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking at the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

"Ain't you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop, "a great boy like you, to spend your time in making clap-traps, and then cry about it, because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go to the barn and help Jerry shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber, but for long days afterwards he was weary and down-hearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Winthrop, one day after the spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think that the best thing you can do is to leave the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will now be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a good living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a very fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of blankets having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He had not gone far when he heard a knock at the door, and when he opened it he saw a man who he recognized as the blacksmith's boy.

One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in fitting a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the county.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, "that is a fine factory they have just erected in your town."

"Yes," returned Mr. Young, "there are three of them, and they are doing a very heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first-rate situation there."

"Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I see in the paper about the new factory? They tell me they got ahead of anything that ever was got up before."

"You may ask your son about that," said Mr. Young. "That is some of Samuel's business."

"Eh? What! My son? Some of Sam?" The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean?" he at length inquired.

"It is simply this, father, that the loom is mine," returned Samuel with a conscious pride. "I have invented it, and taken a patent right, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot, six years ago?"

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern, though of course I have made much alteration and improvement, and there is room for more."

"And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you fumbled about my loom so much?" said Mr. Winthrop.

"You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea which I have since carried out."

"And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand. "Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blinded, and now see how I have misunderstood you. While I have thought you idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination."

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was opened to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:—Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can ever be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then, in your management of their education for after-life, govern yourself accordingly. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of this day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common-place address.

Remarkable Letter.—The following is an extract from a letter published by President Lord, of Dartmouth College: "Without a miracle, I see not but that slaves will yet be called for in New England, and by New England men—slaves having the attributes if not the name of slaves, and possibly to worse condition than we now complain of in reference to the South. Why not, if our present government should last another eighty years? For Yankoes will not perform the menial work of life. They are above it now. The imported free servants of Ireland and other countries will soon be infected with Yankee independence, and have the means of living, above servile labor, on their freholds. Then who will be our servants? Shall we have our Coolies or Africans to bow our wood and draw our water? And what form of government shall be over them but that which is adapted to their comparative rudeness and imbecility, and conservative of the general system? The children and grandchildren of our present Abolitionists may yet be the first to introduce a harder serfdom than has yet been known, unless, indeed, they should themselves be compelled to sell themselves for bread, and suffer the proper chastisement of their fathers' sins for their rebellion against the Government of God."

One Union Man in Mississippi.—The editor of the Brandon (Miss.) Republican thus defines his position on the disunion question: "If I leave this State but us, then we will order an election for all offices, and go and vote for ourself for Governor. Then we will be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the State of Mississippi, and also editor and proprietor of the Brandon Republican. If we can't find anybody in the State to read it, we will issue it regularly every Thursday morning, and at down and read it ourself, believing it the duty of every sensible man to read a good paper. If we should at any time get too cold, we will read our fire-eating, blood-and-thunder exchanges on file. If the fire-eaters should happen to leave any of their friends in the asylum and penitentiary at Jackson, we would do the best we could with them, and, as soon as practicable, send them on to their rejoicing. We could easily escape the vote of the State by publishing that a debt of the people would be taken at a given time to see if they should be paid, and then we would go and vote no."

We could attend to all the offices in the State, and do very well at it. If a commissioner at any time should pass thro' the State on his way to ask advice of Old Virginia, we would treat him well, and send him for some tobacco. We would read once every week Washington's Farewell Address, and Jackson's Proclamation, Nullification Message, and study the Holy Bible, and pray for the fire-eaters six times a day, and spend our days in publishing a Union paper."

A country schoolmaster one day announced to his pupils that an examination would soon take place. "If you are examined in geography," said he, "you will surely be asked of what shape is the earth, and if you should not remember, just look at me, and I will show you my snuff box to remind you that it is round."

Unfortunately, the schoolmaster had two boxes—a round one, which he carried on Sunday, and a square one, which he carried during the week.

The fatal day having arrived, the class in geography was duly called out and the question was asked, what is the shape of the earth.

The first boy spalled at the imposing appearance of the examining committee, felt embarrassed and glanced at the master, who at once pointed to his snuff box.

"Sir," boldly answered the boy, "it is round on Sunday and square all the rest of the week."

Economy of Dying Struggles.—Irrving Yankoe told a story illustrative of the Yankee talent at "making things pay." A man who sent turkeys to market also swept chimneys for a living—tying a cord around the neck of the bird so as not to choke it too suddenly, and then drawing it up and down the chimney so that the flutter of the expiring struggle might do the sweeping. The papers tell us also that there is a grocer in Pennsylvania who is said to be so mean that he was once to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

How to Prevent Wet Feet.—At a season like the present, when wet feet are so common a complaint, the annexed hints will probably be acceptable.—They are extracted from a work whose editors are well skilled in that sort of thing. Put a pound of tallow with a piece of rosin in a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, warm the boots and apply it hot with a painter's brush, until neither the soles nor the upper leather will soak in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax in a teaspoonful of lamp black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them this wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shing like a mirror. Tallow or grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching and leather; but the rosin gives it an anti-septic quality, which preserves the whole.

Out-door Bathing in Winter.—The Newburyport Herald states that Dr. M. G. Smith, of that city, has made a practice for several years to plunge daily into the open water, whatever the temperature, and adds: "He has done this during this winter, and apparently without suffering half as much as do the spectators, who will see him out the ice of the river and plunge under as fearlessly as a wild cat or seal. The coldest he has had occasion to try this season was with the mercury from twelve to fifteen degrees below zero, and then, he affirms, that the bath was delightful. He very seldom suffers from what we term 'colds,' and enjoys the most robust health. His practice is to walk rapidly or run some distance, and take his bath before perspiration ceases. One morning his hands were somewhat bitten by taking hold of a ship's chain in climbing from the water; but by immediately returning them to the water a few minutes the frost came out of them without danger."

A House Remedy for Scarlet Fever.—Parents should be very careful about their children when this devouring plague seizes them, and every good mother should be prepared for it with the following simple remedies:—1. Let a child be taken with the fever give it a dose of castor oil; if the body shows a flush color have a pot of saffron tea made and give it to the child to drink. This will drive the eruption out.

2. Have warm baths for their feet, keep it warm, and the room under a proper temperature.

3. When the eruption is out grease the whole body with bacon fat, and keep the body open. Then call for a doctor if the throat should get sore. [Better begin by calling in the doctor.]

New Telegraph Route between Europe and America.—An overland route for telegraphic communication with America has been proposed in France, making use of the existing lines from London to Dresden, and from thence entering the Russian empire, and passing through Moscow and Kasaan. Then crossing the Ural mountains to Yakoustsk, and on to the Behring Strait, crossing this, and passing through Russia, America to Canada and the United States.

Proposed New Law in New York.—The New York Legislature have now before them and will probably pass a law in regard to wills, which will interest very many people who have wealth to leave or wealth to expect. By it no person leaving a wife, child or parent, can bequeath to any association or incorporation more than one-fourth part of his or her estate after the payment of his or her debts, and even then to be valid the devise or bequest must have been made and executed at least two months before the death of the testator.

Removal of the Remains of Gen. Jackson.—A bill providing for the removal of the remains of Gen. Jackson to Nashville, and their interment in the Capitol square, and for the erection of a suitable monument over the same to the memory of the old hero, passed the Senate of Tennessee on its third reading by a unanimous vote.

A widow in Winsted, Mass., whose dear departed left her the life of \$1,500, so long as she remained unmarried, but which was to go to a third party at her marriage, has, after some years' siege, succumbed. A compromise was effected between herself and the ultimate legatees, by which they received the \$1,500 by paying her \$650 to get married.

Consumption is the most fatal of all diseases. It is a disease of the lungs, which are situated in the upper part of the chest, and is caused by the action of the cold winds, which are most prevalent in the winter season. It is a disease which is most fatal in the young, and is most common in the temperate countries. Consumption is a disease which is most fatal in the young, and is most common in the temperate countries. Consumption is a disease which is most fatal in the young, and is most common in the temperate countries.

Military of Pennsylvania.—According to the Adjutant General's report the whole number of militia of the State is 350,000, of which but 17,500 are uniformed and organized into volunteer companies. The passage of the late military law gave encouragement to volunteers, but the previous neglect in the enrollment renders it difficult to get arms, and the consequence is that Pennsylvania is far behind almost every other State in the Union in point of military equipment. The Government has two armories or manufactories—one at Springfield, Mass., the other at Harpers Ferry, Va. These establishments furnish, through the Secretary of War, a quota of arms to each State in proportion to its annual enrollment of volunteers and militia. A neglect to make return to the Adjutant General consequently deprives him of the power to draw arms, and our disadvantage accrues to the advantage of other States. Pennsylvania, large as she is, is far behind little Massachusetts. Louisiana with a much smaller population, has a uniformed military force of 91,176—more than five times that of Pennsylvania. They are armed and equipped, with a sufficient reserve in the State arsenals for future volunteer organizations. This is the case generally in the South, while the Adjutant General of Pennsylvania, in consequence of the previous neglect of assessors, county commissioners, and brigade inspectors, to make proper returns, is not able to furnish the necessary arms for the present organized volunteer force.

The whole number of arms issued to companies during the past year amounts to 2,740, leaving a deficiency of 12,870. Many of the companies now organized are using private arms, others guns scarce for a service.

Sad Affair in York County.—On the 16th inst., Philip Moore, aged nineteen years, in the employ of Mr. Jacob Brilinger, in Spring Garden township, York county, Pa., shot himself in the face with a pistol heavily loaded with buckshot. The York Press says: "The load passed across his mouth, shattering his lower jaw in a most frightful manner, tearing off the end of his tongue and knocking out a number of his upper teeth. He is now lying in a critical condition and poor hopes of recovery are entertained. We are informed that he went to his room at an early hour on that evening in company with his brother, for the purpose of retiring for the night, when he stepped into an adjoining chamber and the report of the pistol immediately followed. It is not exactly known whether this melancholy event was an accident, or whether it was done intentionally, but it is generally believed that the rash act was premeditated on his part. Parsons are inclined to this opinion from the fact of some circumstances attendant to his feelings having lately testified to him himself and a young lady, to whom he had been paying his addresses."

Horrible Death from the Bite of a Cat.—One day last week a man named Stephen Hamel, residing in Cincinnati, entered the garret of his house to expel some cats that had destroyed his peace for several nights previous, and cornering a felino mover that he believed to be the prime minister in the disorder, proceeded to administer to it a number of vigorous and well-directed blows with a stick. Suddenly the cat leaped upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, and before he could free himself from its grasp scratched and bit him about the face in a terrible manner. The next day he grew delirious, and his head swelled up to twice its natural size. In this condition he lingered till the 17th inst., when death came to his relief.

Some of the German journals announce seriously that a company of English capitalists have made application to the King of Naples for a concession for the extinction of Vesuvius. The principal seat of the fire of that volcano is situated several feet below the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which would carry the water into the crater, the fire would be completely extinguished, and the operation, which would only cost 2,000,000 francs, would save to cultivation land of vast extent.

The Philadelphia North American has made a very careful and elaborate calculation to determine what is probably the number of our population at present. That journal is of the opinion that the census of this year will show that we have 32,100,000 inhabitants. This is above the ordinary estimate.

A fellow in town has a nose so long that an eminent surgeon has recommended him to have a hinge made for it so that he can shut his proboscis up like a jack-knife, on going to bed.

A French crowd has fired the next 4th of July for the year 1859. It will be a grand washing day, and the wench by that time will be dirty enough to need a thorough drenching.

American Enterprise.—It is noted that G. T. Train, from the United States, who is said to represent a large company, is now in Liverpool, England, endeavoring to introduce a new system of city railways, and to get up a line of that city.