

TERMS:

The COMPILER is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLER, at \$1.75 per annum if paid strictly in advance...

THE COMPILER

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHLER.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

42ND YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JULY 9, 1860.

NO. 38.

POET'S CORNER.

"REST, DREAM, FORGET!"
Rest—O, calmly rest! unmindful
Of the ill that darkens life!

MISCELLANY.

Pennsylvania.
Many persons are under the impression that the name of our State owes its title to the fact of an influence exercised by Wm. Penn on the Councils of England...

Alleged Ancient Ruins in the United States.—A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archeology by a discovery alleged to have been recently made some ninety miles north-east of Fort Stanton...

Marble Yard Removed.
THE subscriber having removed his place of business to East York street, a short distance below St. James' Church, would announce to the public that he is prepared to furnish all kinds of work in his line...

Just in Season!
GIVE US A CALL!—The undersigned have just received from the cities an immense stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CASSINETS, VESTINGS in all varieties, &c., suitable for the season...

The Old County
BUILDING, known by every man in the county, as an old county, is a name which never had been such a place, as many were broken up by permitting, or rather obliged to have their names entered upon the county docket...

Elopement of a Louisville Belle with her Music Teacher.—A day or two since, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, one of the reigning belles of Louisville, Ky., a member thereof of the beau monde...

At Livingston's Manor, N. Y., recently, an old gentleman of 75 years, named Lerow, married a young and beautiful damsel of 10 summers, named McLeand, residing near Hudson.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, he closes the doors and gives the key into the hands of the angel of resurrection."

You can "become the owner of a home," by inflexibly making your expenses a little less than your income every week.

How Bob C. sold his Horse for the Purpose of Leaving the City.

Those persons who are familiar with Boston as it stood some fifteen years since, will recollect that it was entirely connected with other parts of the known world by bridges. Those not familiar with it must take the aversion of this reporter as a sad and sober reality.

In a Boston paper of blessed memory, at said original and medieval period of Bostonic existence, the following advertisement appeared one morning: "Horse for Sale.—A fine sorrel horse, sixteen hands high, excellent for carriage, and broken to the saddle, is now offered on advantageous terms to any one wishing to purchase. Sole reason for the sale, that the owner wishes to leave the city. Address—Robert C., No. 1, Tremont street."

On the following day, as Robert C. was walking up Chestnut en route for his counting room, he was overtaken by a friend, who, after passing the usual compliments of the season remarked: "I see you wish to dispose of your sorrel."

"Yes," said Bob in a monotone. "Good horse," ventured his friend. "Sublime!" returned Bob. "I presume you'll warrant him?" "Warrant him!" and Bob took a long puff at his cigar. "Of course, I'll warrant him literally to my advertisement."

"And you will guarantee him good and sound? Do you know, Bob, I've half a notion to invest personally? I think the only reason you have for selling is that you wish to leave the city."

"Correct to the letter." After a few moments' thought, the bargain was struck, and in half an hour Bob smiled pleasantly to see his friend gallop down the street astride the sorrel.

Afternoon came round and the purchaser came with it. "Bob," he said dimly, "Bob." "Yours to command, sir." "Bob, I don't want to get in a phrensy about my sorrel. I entertain great respect for that sorrel, when I remember his pedigree and all that sort of thing."

"Darned by Lady Suffolk." "And darned by myself, Bob—by thunder. Bob—now I swear, Bob, you know that I am not apt to—" "I should say not," was the meek rejoinder.

"But I swear, Bob, it's too bad." "No, you don't tell me so." "But I insist that I do tell you so. The miserable brute went—Ah! I own up, Bob, you've swindled me. You knew he wasn't worth his feed."

"Splendid animal! But I'll abide by my warranty." "And literally to your advertisement?" "Literally." "Well, Bob, he goes very well till he gets to a bridge and then he stops. 'Pon my word I've done everything but prying him with a fence rail.' "And he won't stir?" "Not a step."

"I knew it," said Bob, calmly. "Knew it? What becomes of your warranty? Knew it? And you called him a good horse?" "I didn't warrant him on that point, though. In fact, I assigned it quite plainly in the paper as a reason for wishing to part with him, that he would not cross a bridge."

"I have a copy here. Read such a clause if you can, and I'll submit to the loss with pleasure. I would not cross a bridge, eh? Why there's not such a word in the advertisement." Bob took the paper from his hand and read slowly and distinctly, with a curious twinkling of the eye: "Sole reason for the sale, that Lincoln has made with his own hand, would suffice to fence in the whole State of Illinois, and the canes which will be offered to the public as having originally passed under the supervision of the Republican candidate for the Presidency, would unquestionably support an entire generation in their journey through life."

Two dandies were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate charged with "intending to fight a duel." The justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had strong doubts as to the really pugnaclous inclination of either of the professed belligerents; so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry the matter further," but added, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but, upon my conscience, if you are brought again before me, I'm blest if I don't bind you both down to fight." They did not offend a second time.

Poetry and Patriotism.—One editor, of a fancy turn of mind, having remarked that "Washington guided the tottering steps of the infant Republic along the path of Empire"—a coteropary adds: "So he did. And more; he made the little codger to the crack of progress; he culled him along the trail of safety; he kicked him clear over the pools of peril; and by the cuff of the neck dragged him howling up the hill of greatness. It will be seen that we can talk in figures as well as our neighbor."

The Frenchman's Duel.

A Frenchman was to fight a duel with an American; the conditions were that one shot should be exchanged, and that the precedence should go by lot. The Frenchman got the first chance, but failed to hit his adversary. As the Yankee lifted up his weapon the other called out: "Hold, I will buy your shot!"

All were astonished at this, but his opponent answered: "How much will you give?" "Five hundred pounds." "Nonsense!" cried the Yankee, taking aim at him; "I am a good marksman; you set too low a value upon yourself."

"You estimate me at too high a price," said the Frenchman, "but I will give you a thousand pounds!" "Agreed!" cried the Yankee, and the duel was at an end.

Couldn't Fool Her.—The Lafayette Courier tells an amusing story of some young ladies and gents of that place, who were taking a social walk near the cemetery, when a ghost appeared. They all ran but one sturdy woman of the strong-minded class, who stood her ground till the ghost got to her, when she seized it and thrashed out of his frightful disguise a mischievous fellow who had heard the project of walking about the graveyard discussed, and hid himself there to give the party a fright.

On a Saturday evening, not long ago, considerable excitement was caused at Lyons by a person stationing himself on the Quai Saint Clair, and presenting to every man that passed wearing a blouse a half-franc piece which he pulled from a bag. Some people, thinking he was mad, talked of arresting him; but he cried out, "Do not interrupt me. I am not mad. I have unexpectedly come into a legacy of \$30,000 from an uncle, and I have resolved, in order to show my gratitude and joy, to distribute 400¢ to working men."

A New Speculation.—The Boston Transcript says: "An eastern 'outside' delegate to the Chicago Convention brought to this section of country one of the identical rails which 'Abe' split in Sangamon county, Ill., thirty years since. The owner's intention is to fashion the material into canes, and sell them at a great profit during the heat of the campaign. The number of rails which it will be claimed, before the election takes place, that Lincoln has made with his own hand, would suffice to fence in the whole State of Illinois, and the canes which will be offered to the public as having originally passed under the supervision of the Republican candidate for the Presidency, would unquestionably support an entire generation in their journey through life."

Summer Pruning the Grape. The question is sometimes asked: Why prune vines at all? Why not let them ramble over fences and trees like wild vines? Well, you may do so, if you want wild grapes, and if you like to climb into trees to get them. But if you wish to keep vines within reach, and if you wish them to bear fruit on their lower branches, you must prune them.

As to summer-pruning a word or two: Fall or Winter pruning tends to excite vigorous and rampant growth in the canes which are left. The trolleis soon becomes covered with lusty young canes and a thick mass of leaves; the foliage is excessive. Every vine grows or must have left the absurdity of growing from measures from eight to twelve feet in diameter; and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here in these tropical regions, become arborescent. The origin of the Amazon is unknown; it is navigable for two thousand miles from the ocean; it is nearly one hundred miles wide at the mouth, and in some places six hundred feet deep; and its torrent pours its waters at this distance from the American shores.

In the proceedings of the Ohio Sunday School Convention, we find the following resolution, offered by Mr. Smith, a pious young lawyer: "Resolved, That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath School."

A little boy fell into the river at Greenfield, Maine, a few days since, barely escaping drowning. When asked by his mother what he was thinking about when in the water, he said he thought "he should furnish an item for the newspapers."

Dr. Winslip, the stryng man, lectured in Harrisburg, last week, on the science of lifting. If the Doctor could teach a hard up man how to lift a mortgage or a note in bank what a blessing he would be to the world in general and editors in particular.

A Richmond paper gives an account of the death of a resident of that city from joy. He had succeeded, after long litigation in the courts, in recovering \$1,000 from a debtor, which so elated him that on its reception he was seized with apoplexy, and died in less than a day.

"That baby," said the delighted mother, "we look upon as the flower of the family." Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun-flower.

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle. Probably the surest way to get musket-outs of your room is to smoke them out. Make a big smoke that will drive you out and they'll follow you.

Stirring the Soil in Drouth.

An old topic, surely, but one of the greatest practical importance. An old topic, but one about which men are not agreed in opinion. There is theory and practice on both sides. Some farmers hold that stirring the earth in dry weather, injures the roots of plants, and exposes the soil to the sun and the dry air so much, as to do more harm than good. But the other side of the question has, also its good arguments. We will hint at one or two:

Frequent stirring of the soil in drouth renders it more porous, and so fits it to absorb moisture from the atmosphere, and to draw it up from the wet subsoil. By being frequently broken up it becomes like a sponge. Any one can easily satisfy himself of this. Go into your garden and loosen up the soil over a space of a few feet square, and the soil, if for several mornings after, that patch is not moist, while the surrounding surface is dry. A neighbor of ours had a potato patch last Summer, which being in a warm and sandy soil became badly parched in July. The stalks drooped, and a total loss of the crop was threatened. Here was a fair subject for a desperate experiment. Accordingly, on one of the hottest and driest days of the month, he gave them a thorough plowing, passing the plow four times through each furrow, first plowing two furrows from the hills, and then returning the ground back by two other furrows. No rain fell for ten days after. In three days, the vines stood erect and began to take on a dark green color and to grow again. The soil was moistened by the dews of every night; the crop was saved, and it proved quite an abundant one.

Again: the stirring of the soil in drouth renders the earth a poorer conductor of heat than it would be if it remained unbroken and hard. Every one knows that a stone or any metallic substance lying in the sun, becomes hotter than a bunch of cotton, because it is a better conductor of heat. So, when the surface of the earth becomes baked and hard, it absorbs heat much more than when it is broken and pulverized. In a well-filled garden, the ground, two or three inches below the surface, is quite cool at mid-day. It is partly on the same principle, that a few inches of mulching material will keep the ground cool and moist all Summer long. Hence, it is easy to see that stirring the soil in drouth will keep the roots of plants cool and moist, and so promote their growth.

But let the theory be as it may, the fact remains, that thorough tillage is the best possible security against drouth.

Summer Pruning the Grape. The question is sometimes asked: Why prune vines at all? Why not let them ramble over fences and trees like wild vines? Well, you may do so, if you want wild grapes, and if you like to climb into trees to get them. But if you wish to keep vines within reach, and if you wish them to bear fruit on their lower branches, you must prune them.

As to summer-pruning a word or two: Fall or Winter pruning tends to excite vigorous and rampant growth in the canes which are left. The trolleis soon becomes covered with lusty young canes and a thick mass of leaves; the foliage is excessive. Every vine grows or must have left the absurdity of growing from measures from eight to twelve feet in diameter; and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here in these tropical regions, become arborescent. The origin of the Amazon is unknown; it is navigable for two thousand miles from the ocean; it is nearly one hundred miles wide at the mouth, and in some places six hundred feet deep; and its torrent pours its waters at this distance from the American shores.

In the proceedings of the Ohio Sunday School Convention, we find the following resolution, offered by Mr. Smith, a pious young lawyer: "Resolved, That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath School."

A little boy fell into the river at Greenfield, Maine, a few days since, barely escaping drowning. When asked by his mother what he was thinking about when in the water, he said he thought "he should furnish an item for the newspapers."

Dr. Winslip, the stryng man, lectured in Harrisburg, last week, on the science of lifting. If the Doctor could teach a hard up man how to lift a mortgage or a note in bank what a blessing he would be to the world in general and editors in particular.

A Richmond paper gives an account of the death of a resident of that city from joy. He had succeeded, after long litigation in the courts, in recovering \$1,000 from a debtor, which so elated him that on its reception he was seized with apoplexy, and died in less than a day.

"That baby," said the delighted mother, "we look upon as the flower of the family." Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun-flower.

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle. Probably the surest way to get musket-outs of your room is to smoke them out. Make a big smoke that will drive you out and they'll follow you.

picked off just in proportion to the thinning out of the branches. Yet, we must say, in conclusion, that summer pruning is often done with too severe a hand. "What is worth doing at all," say some beginners, "is worth doing well," and so they cut and slash away without mercy. Off go long shoots, hacked within a few inches of the clusters, and down fall the leaves in showers. "So as to let the light and air in," say the zealous vine dressers. Rather than this rude treatment, we would say, let the vines alone. No one can have watched his vines for many years, without seeing that his largest clusters grow on his most vigorous canes. The practice of stamping off the fruit branches within a few inches of the clusters may answer on foreign vines in grapes, but not on the robust natives. Three leaves, at least, should be retained beyond the clusters. Nip off the ends of rampant canes, but do not chop them near their base. Prune in Summer, but do it with moderation and discretion.—Amer. Agriculturist.

A Countryman's Idea of Abe Lincoln. An old country friend of ours called to see us a few days ago, and as usual, in those exciting times, began conversation by asking the political news, and upon being told that Abe Lincoln was nominated by the Republican Convention, at Chicago, he wished to know who Abe was and what he had done to cause his name to be placed in nomination for the Presidency. In answer to his inquiries we silently pointed to a paragraph in a paper, wherein it was stated, Abe, assisted by another man, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, actually split, in one year, 3,000 rails. After finishing this article our worthy friend dropped the paper, took off his spectacles, and after carefully wiping the glasses, consigned them to their accustomed place in his pocket, and hearing a deep sigh, exclaimed: "Is that all he ever done to entitle him to the office of President? Split 3,000 rails in one year, assisted by another man, at that! Why, if he belonged to me and did not split his 250 a day, I'd skin him alive. If that's all he has ever done, I'd give a dozen negroes on my plantation who have stronger claims on the Presidential chair than he has."

We assured our friend the splitting of these rails was the most noteworthy act which Abe had ever performed, so regarded by friend or foe. Our friend left the office no doubt weighing his own chances for the Presidency, if the splitting of 3,000 rails in one year qualified a man for that office.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

The Amazon.—The Amazon, the largest river in the world, has an area of drainage nearly three times as large as that of all the rivers of Europe that empty themselves into the Atlantic. This plain is entirely covered with dense primeval forest, through which the only paths are those made by the river and its innumerable tributaries. This forest is literally impenetrable. Humboldt remarks that two mission stations might be only a few miles apart, and yet the residents would require a day and a half to visit each other, along the windings of small streams. Even the wild animals get involved in such impenetrable masses of wood, that they (even the jaguar) live for a long time in the trees, a terror to the monkeys whose domain they have invaded. The dense forest measures from eight to twelve feet in diameter; and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here in these tropical regions, become arborescent. The origin of the Amazon is unknown; it is navigable for two thousand miles from the ocean; it is nearly one hundred miles wide at the mouth, and in some places six hundred feet deep; and its torrent pours its waters at this distance from the American shores.

In the proceedings of the Ohio Sunday School Convention, we find the following resolution, offered by Mr. Smith, a pious young lawyer: "Resolved, That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath School."

A little boy fell into the river at Greenfield, Maine, a few days since, barely escaping drowning. When asked by his mother what he was thinking about when in the water, he said he thought "he should furnish an item for the newspapers."

Dr. Winslip, the stryng man, lectured in Harrisburg, last week, on the science of lifting. If the Doctor could teach a hard up man how to lift a mortgage or a note in bank what a blessing he would be to the world in general and editors in particular.

A Richmond paper gives an account of the death of a resident of that city from joy. He had succeeded, after long litigation in the courts, in recovering \$1,000 from a debtor, which so elated him that on its reception he was seized with apoplexy, and died in less than a day.

"That baby," said the delighted mother, "we look upon as the flower of the family." Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun-flower.

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle. Probably the surest way to get musket-outs of your room is to smoke them out. Make a big smoke that will drive you out and they'll follow you.

The Greed for Office.—There are fourteen offices in the gifts of the people of Lancaster county this fall, and we notice that for these there are, already, no less than eighty-two candidates in the Republican party alone. Sixty-eight of them are bound to come out at the little end of the horn.

Re-Installed.—Rev. J. Schindel, State Senator from the Northampton and Lehigh District, who had been suspended from the Ministry for allowing himself to be elected a political office, has been re-instated into the Lutheran Synod at its late session, expressing his intention of raising from political life at the end of his present term.

A Queer Wager.—The Court Journal of London says that a young gentleman recently undertook, on a wager, to lap up a saucer of milk in less time than a cat. The gentleman laid behind at first, in consequence of being seized with a violent fit of laughter; "but," he says, "I recovered myself, recovering his gravity, he won cleverly by two table-spoonsfuls."

Playing their Last Card.—When the tornado struck Canandaigua, last, four men were engaged in playing cards. One of the buildings totally destroyed. All four were killed with the cards in their hands.

The mammoth steamship Great Eastern, that last arrived here, reached New York on Thursday week, in 11 1/2 days from Southampton, England. Her sailing qualities, therefore, are nothing to brag of.

The Covode Committee. Mr. Covode has been busily engaged since the 5th of March in the endeavor to prove that the Administration has been guilty of corruption. He has examined over one hundred witnesses brought here from the remotest corners of the continent. He has left no stone unturned to gain his object; and, in his irreparable zeal to collect Black Republican capital for the Presidential campaign, has not allowed the most ordinary considerations of right and wrong to deter him from resorting to the meanest dodges and subterfuges in order to gain his disgraceful end.

But what has he done? We have the testimony of Gov. Winslow, a Democratic member of the committee, a gentleman of high character, whose word no honest man will question,—that "NOT A TITTLE OF EVIDENCE HAS BEEN GIVEN TO AFFECT, IN ANY THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE, THE HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT." Gov. WINSLOW adds, and every honest man will approve and echo the sentiment: "I rejoice at it, as all good men ought to rejoice, for the character of our great men is the property of the whole country."

What has been the character of the tools employed by the inquisitors "to convict and criminate the Administration." Hear Gov. WINSLOW again: "The witnesses before the committee, with very few exceptions, have been either persons who sought to get into office and could not; adventurers, strikers, and confidence men; and, about a number of the might say, with some truth as Falstaff said, 'a sort of regiment, that there was not a whole shirt and a half among the whole forty of them.'"

Such are the men fished from every cesspool in the country, by whose testimony it is attempted to assual the reputation and honor of the President of the United States, and some of the first men in the land. "Adventurers, strikers, confidence men," and shillies vagabonds, the accusers, and JAMES BUCHANAN the accused!—Washington Constitution.

Lincoln's Record. The Republican candidate has been but little in public life, and consequently but little is known of his principles. He was a member of the Congress one term, and during that time his record is certainly not very favorable. He opposed the Mexican war and by his vote declared it unconstitutional and wrong; thus giving aid and comfort to the enemies of our country. He also voted against giving 160 acres of land to our brave and gallant volunteers, who were engaged in that war. Let the thousands who periled their lives in that contest, remember those acts of Lincoln, and see that no man shall administer this government, who has thus palpably shown himself to be an enemy of his country.

Never Split a Nail.—An old citizen who had traveled much in Illinois thirty years ago, and was especially familiar with the district of country where Abe Lincoln resided, says that Abe never split a nail in his life. In those days, he says, the people never thought of such a thing as splitting nails. They went into the swamps and cut hoop poles and saplings for fences, and used them round, as nature made them.

Black Republican Extravagance. The late Black Republican House of Representatives, with all their pretensions against extravagance, ordered a most large amount of printing, amounting to more than \$100,000,—that has ever been ordered in any previous session. Not satisfied with reprinting Stevens' report, at a cost of over \$100,000, for which there was not the slightest pretext or excuse except to make a "fat job" for somebody, Mr. Hale now proposes to print an additional \$100,000 worth of lithographs, consisting of maps and charts of the Pacific Railroad route, a "job" that will not cost under the 40 per cent. reduction. The fact is that the heavy "picking" in the printing department have been in engraving and lithographing, and that so many Congresses have applied the pruning knife to this branch of "plunder," they have allowed the enormous contracts for the Mechanical Patent Office Report, Coast Survey Report, Stevens' Report, and DeLafayette's Report, to be made without competition or reduction, and Mr. Hale now proposes an additional job for the benefit of some of his "wounded" partisans.

Effort to Unite the Democracy in Missouri. Washington, June 27.—Senators Green and Polk, and Representative Phelps, Col. Hans, late editor of the United States, Col. Rice, treasurer of the United States, and Peter S. Wilkes, a delegate of the Baltimore convention, all citizens of Missouri, have, at a private conference, recommended, by way of suggestion to the Democracy, in view of the present divided condition of the party. They also earnestly recommended the united support of the State and county tickets, and that the candidates for the Legislature pledge themselves to abide the action of the majority of their Democratic associates.

The Greed for Office.—There are fourteen offices in the gifts of the people of Lancaster county this fall, and we notice that for these there are, already, no less than eighty-two candidates in the Republican party alone. Sixty-eight of them are bound to come out at the little end of the horn.

Re-Installed.—Rev. J. Schindel, State Senator from the Northampton and Lehigh District, who had been suspended from the Ministry for allowing himself to be elected a political office, has been re-instated into the Lutheran Synod at its late session, expressing his intention of raising from political life at the end of his present term.

A Queer Wager.—The Court Journal of London says that a young gentleman recently undertook, on a wager, to lap up a saucer of milk in less time than a cat. The gentleman laid behind at first, in consequence of being seized with a violent fit of laughter; "but," he says, "I recovered myself, recovering his gravity, he won cleverly by two table-spoonsfuls."

Playing their Last Card.—When the tornado struck Canandaigua, last, four men were engaged in playing cards. One of the buildings totally destroyed. All four were killed with the cards in their hands.

The mammoth steamship Great Eastern, that last arrived here, reached New York on Thursday week, in 11 1/2 days from Southampton, England. Her sailing qualities, therefore, are nothing to brag of.

The New York Journal of Commerce recommends that both Douglas and Buchanan resign, and a new National Convention be called.

A Freshman intending to marry a young lady by calling her a "silly lamb," said: "She's too smart for a silly."