

**PATRIOT AND UNION.**—The DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION can be had by Dauphin subscribers, every morning, at the periodical store of J. S. TRAM.

The soldiers of the war of 1812 are requested to meet at the office of David Harris, at 13 o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, to attend the funeral of Jas. Gallagher, late a member of their association.

In the LOCK-UP.—John Franklin, of Philadelphia, bound for Pittsburgh, and Joseph Ward, of Carlisle, bound for Philadelphia, spent Monday night in the lock-up—came out refreshed and in vigorous yesterday morning, and pursued their journey.

In SEARCH OF AN INSANE MAN.—Maj. Theodore Snyder, late Sergeant-at-Arms in the Senate, and Rev. Mr. Hanter, both of Martinsburg, were in this city yesterday. They are in search of an insane man who escaped from his home in Blair county about a month ago. The name of the man is David Bolger, of whose disappearance we gave an account several weeks ago.

Is Town.—Our distinguished old friend, Col. J. Heron Foster, principal editor of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, was in this city yesterday. We have known Heron for twenty years, and we must say that he bears his age remarkably well, and prosperity in the world with commendable meekness. We see no difference in the Foster of to-day and the Foster of 1810, barring his immense beard looks sterner, and has a deeper foxg tone. Well, long may he wave.

TORN DOWN.—The little, old, one-story building located on Third street, near Walnut, has been torn down. It has been used for a paint shop for a long time, and was built at a very remote period; altogether likely that it was one of the original old settlers. It is the design of Major Stehley, the proprietor of the ground, to erect a brick building in its stead. Thus, one by one, the old shanties that dot the city here and there, and give diversity to its appearance, are gradually disappearing, and better edifices taking their places.

TRAVELING COUNCILMEN.—On Monday a delegation of fourteen of the Councilmen of Philadelphia dined at the Buehler House. They were on their way to Cincinnati, to examine a new street-cleaning machine, in operation in that city. The dirty streets of Philadelphia must be a source of great annoyance to the Council, as they appear to be traveling in every direction to find suitable cleaning machines. We'll bet a hat—that is a new hat, no old hat—that they don't get any better soap anywhere than that furnished them by our friend Buehler.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD FREIGHT BUSINESS.—The freight business of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at the present time, is exceedingly large. The capacity of the road is very great, but on some days there are scarcely cars enough to carry the goods offered. On Saturday, says the Philadelphia Journal, no less than one hundred and ten cars loaded passed over the city railroad from West Philadelphia to Dock street wharf. This is the largest business ever done at Dock street wharf on any one day. These cars contained about eight hundred tons of freight, consigned to New York and Boston, and consisted principally of cotton, beef and flour. The cotton was from Memphis, Tenn., and the balance from Chicago. The most of the freight comes by way of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. Many of the articles of through freight transported over the Pennsylvania Railroad now, formerly passed over the New York roads, but has been transferred in consequence of the immense advantages possessed by our great central route over those of the New York companies.

DISCHARGE OF WORKMEN.—We regret to say that on Saturday last W. O. Hieck discharged twenty-seven men. Wilson & Brother, agricultural implement manufacturers, in State street, discharged a number, and a number were also discharged from the Harrisburg Car Factory. A great many articles manufactured at their establishments are for a Southern market; but all orders from that direction having ceased, the employers have been compelled to reduce their working force.

This is only the beginning of the end—and Heaven only knows how many poor families will be driven to the verge of starvation before the winter is over. The statement that business had been curtailed, and thousands upon thousands of operatives had been discharged in New York and the Eastern States, was ridiculed and pronounced a lie by the Republican papers. What will they say now, that the panic consequent upon the election of Lincoln has reached their very doors.

Some of the men who have been discharged put in a lively time this summer in marching the streets arrayed in oil-cloth, bearing torches, headed by banners promising homes to the homeless and land to the landless. How do they like the result of their own actions, as far as they've got?

HARRISBURG BANK.—Some two or three days ago, in noticing the suspension of the Harrisburg Bank, we ventured upon the opinion that it would pay out small sums of specie to citizens to facilitate trade, as the banks in all the towns in the State do. Such, however, is not the fact; its officers accommodate no one, or are guilty of misrepresentation. Yesterday, in order to avoid inconvenience in market this morning, we went to the bank with a five-dollar bill, and asked for the change. "Couldn't give it—must treat all alike." The paying-teller even took upon himself, in a mild and conciliatory manner, the responsibility of lecturing us upon our unreasonable and absurd demand. When we asked him how we were to get out, he intimated that we ought to buy it on time—an easy accomplishment, of course, for a man who is not personally acquainted with a single butcher.

If we are forced to buy meat on credit this morning, and perhaps borrow money to buy butter, we shall have bank note No. 2926 duly protested by a Notary Public, and we advise every man who asks for the change of a five-dollar bill, under similar circumstances, to do the same thing. There is a vast difference between giving a citizen change for a five-dollar bill, and a run on it for thousands of dollars from abroad, and if the bank men evince no spirit at all to accommodate their neighbors, the latter will be little the gainers by saving them from the penalties of the law.

Since the above was written, we are told that there are places where four dollars and seventy-five cents can be had for a five-dollar bill on the Harrisburg Bank. We hope the Harrisburg Bank itself has no agency or interest in this detestable and unwholesome swindling of poor men. The question is, where does the silver come from now used by certain parties in buying up Harrisburg Bank notes at five per cent. discount?

THANKSGIVING SUPPER.—Charles Davis, of the Exchange Restaurant, will give a grand supper on Thanksgiving night, at 10 o'clock. Tickets fifty cents. Lunch all day.

INTENDS should read Dr. Stewart's advertisement.

[Communicated.] LETTER FROM HERR GEISTCKER ON THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION OF THE DAY.—Mr. Editor, To-day being one of those days of which there have been a great many lately, devoted to Jupiter Pluvius, when men in gloom brood over their "himml" brood" and later, I sent myself in my room to indite to you a few lines, which, if filled with solacium, you will please excuse.

I am one of the few German Republicans of this place, and have my right to have something to say for the future welfare of that great party, on the fact that I, in common with the rest, have been compelled to submit to indignities, and have stooped very low in the estimation of my German friends by voting with the Know Nothings, who tried to ostracize us in 1855, and the Republicans of Massachusetts, who deprived the Germans of attaining their rights until two years after naturalization. But, having done so on those glorious promises of land for the landless, and homes for the homeless, I am not ashamed to own it, now that Curtin and Lincoln have triumphed.

The German element having, to a great extent, (in other States than this,) aided in the election of these gentlemen, is to me no apparent reason why some of them should not be rewarded with the emoluments and honors of office. It would be a propitiatory offering to those who will "get their Dutch up" (to use a vulgar phrase, for which I crave pardon,) in waiting for those promised homes for the homeless, as a forecast. As the distinguished statesman and orator, Carl Schurz, who was one of the sanhedrin of political propagandists, selected with a view of depicting the evils of the slaveocracy among the German element, it is evident that he will get his reward. But, sir, there are others who should be rewarded—those who, in a humble but patriotic manner, contributed, in a narrow and circumscribed sphere, by their burning eloquence, to the furtherance of the great cause.

You speak, sir, of Abraham Freager as a suitable man to fill the high and responsible position of Postmaster of this city, and you give his antecedents, which are very flattering to him as a man, and a laborer among all the Post Offices, so that but one man can hold the position, and that man I name as our distinguished fellow-citizen, Peter Meyer, as being the choice of the German element of the Republican party. Of his antecedents I am not prepared to speak with any degree of luminosity, but I can only say that he was born on the banks of the Rhine, and lived the greater part of his life in Westphalia, celebrated for the excellence of its hams, which are much superior to those made by the Yankees of the wood denominated bass. He emigrated to this country some nine years ago, and already does his giant mind take in the entire scope of American politics. He was a loud Democrat up to within a few weeks of the October election, having been an outside delegate to the Baltimore Convention. Suddenly he appeared in the larger bar saloons in a new suit of clothes, regenerated and disenthralled—gave his last stone and pecking-awl holiday, and declared for Lincoln and Hamlin. Now, sir, I ask for him the Post Office, for the contumely and insolence put upon him for his honest change of opinion. The German Democrats went so far as to say that with the same relish that a dog swallows his vomit Peter Meyer swallowed sentiments one day that he uttered the day previous. But worse than this, they made the dark and damnable insinuation that a little money and the suit of clothes were the price of his apostasy! Of course this was the malignancy of those who had not the manly courage to leave the Democratic party under the solemn assurance that there would be homes for the homeless and land for the landless.

I say, let us elevate Peter Meyer. He is not a man of classical education, and simply a shoemaker, but if Lincoln has made his way up in the world as a rail splitter, why should not Meyer attain the same dignity as member of old boots and shoes? It may be said that he has no pedigree. The free institutions of the country do not imperatively demand one, yet, without applying to the Herald's College, we might get up for him armorial bearings to supply the place of his tin sign now suspended from the telegraph pole at the corner of his mansion. It might be a shield with argent field to represent the purity of his motives. The armorial bearings, a boot-clamp and a crimping iron rampant, and a pecking-awl and an empty lager glass couchant. The gules for the centre, morocco boot-tops, emblematic of courage, animation and hardihood, and the greaves, the legs of a pair of No. 13 stogies.

Hurrah for Meyer and the homes for the homeless. I am led away and transported with the idea. Times look a little blue; doubt, distrust and dismay are stalking abroad, but all these things shall be remedied just as soon as Peter Meyer's patriotism is rewarded, the homeless get their homes, and the landless their lands. That will be the better times promised us. Yours, truly, Frederick Von Geistcker.

Prof. Languages in Schweitzer Academy. November 27, 1860.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The London Times says the returns of railway accidents in the first half of this year contrasts favorably with some preceding years. The length of line open in the United Kingdom at the end of the first half of 1860, was 10,158 miles, and the returns are as follows: Seven passengers killed and 128 injured from causes beyond their own control, and 2 passengers killed and 5 injured owing to their own misconduct or want of caution. In Scotland not a passenger was hurt through want of caution; in Ireland three broke their legs through getting into or out of trains in motion, and two were killed by falling from carriages. In England a passenger was killed at Weston-Super-Mare while attempting to get into a train in motion, one at Hatfield when the train "ran off the rails," and 5 at Tottenham when the "fray of a wheel of the engine broke, and the train "got off the rails." Of passengers injured 40 were in excursion trains. With regard to railway servants and laborers, it is lamentable to say that no less than 71 were killed, the great majority, it is stated, owing to their own want of caution; but there is a perilous employment. Eleven persons were killed at level crossings. Trespassing upon railways seems to be a prevalent rashness; it led to the death of 26 persons in the first 26 weeks of this year. Altogether the grand total is stated to be 119 persons killed, and 166 injured. So severe were the accidents that to every four persons injured there were three killed.

New Goods! New Goods!—Having returned from New York, I have received now a large lot of goods, all of which I bought at auction. One hundred pieces of beautiful Set Flower De Laines, at 20 cents; 50 pieces Unbleached Muslin, the best in town, at 10 cents; 150 pieces of Cassinets, Satinets and Cassimeres, from 25 cents up to \$1.25 a yard; 25 pieces of White Flannel, cotton mixed, at 15 cents; 25 dozen Gent's All-India Pocket Handkerchiefs with Colored Borders, very fine, 31 cents; good Merino Undershirts and Drawers, at 65 and 75 cents a piece. A lot of beautiful Traveling Baskets. Best Calicoes, 10 cents, warranted fast colors. Please call at Lewis's, at the old stand of John Rhoads, Esq., deceased.

BALDNESS EXPLAINED.—A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty and upwards, are more or less bald; they scratch their heads off in dismay at their wives' long milliners' bills.

WHAT IS HE WORTH?—We so often hear the question asked, that we cannot help the thought that many besides ourselves look upon the individual who propound it with feelings which they would by no means consider complimentary, to say the least. We have particular reference to the spirit which prompts one man to form his estimate of another by the amount of dollars and cents which he possesses. Satisfied upon this point, men too often approve or condemn; too often we say, for although the possession of riches, especially if they have been honestly acquired, and are the fruit of industry, self-denial and sagacity, is the mark of energy and shrewdness, still this fact has little to do with the real worth of an individual. This is to be estimated in an entirely different way. We have seen those whose plethoric purses alone bought an entrance into respectable society, frown upon those who were every way their superiors, in all that goes to make a useful and worthy citizen, because the answer to the question, what is he worth? revealed the fact that they could not show a large amount of dollars and cents. If the worth of all men should be estimated by this standard, the world would be found to contain comparatively few worthy men. If we really wish to know the worth of a man, we should ask what use does he make of the means in his possession. Does he oppress the poor and defraud every one with whom he has dealings; or does he consider that in proportion to his means he is obligated to advance the interests of society and help his less fortunate fellows? If the former, as is too often the case, no amount of money ought to gloss over faults which would consign him to the infamy; if the latter, then he deserves credit just in proportion to the good he does. If we were to apply this test, we should find that the wealthiest men have not been the worthiest. Inventions and discoveries, which have benefited the world, have been made by men in indigent circumstances, through toil, trials and privations. Instances of such are not few in number; there is a host of them, and what man of wealth, no matter how great his riches, can compare with them? We ought to consider that the worth of a man consists in the good he accomplishes, taking into account, always, his means and opportunities.

It may have no money to bestow upon the needy, but his advice and power of discernment may be worth more to those who come under his influence than any pecuniary assistance proffered by the wealthy. There are none who cannot make themselves worth more, both to themselves and the community, than they now are, if they will only bear in mind the truth that their time, talents and money are only loaned to them, and that the only mode of securing their own happiness is to employ them all for the good of their fellow-men, and then, whether the individual has a large or a small stock of this world's goods, he will accomplish all the good his circumstances will allow.

The utter worthlessness of many men proceeds from the fact that they have an arrogant conceit of their own worth. They fancy that they deserve to possess their fortunes, and to be surrounded by circumstances of ease and comfort, but they do nothing whatever to impress others with this belief. On the contrary, those whom fortune has not favored look upon them with feelings akin to contempt, conscious that other men, with larger hearts, with the means to do good, would accomplish much towards benefiting the world, and elevating those around them. The really worthy man carves his own way to fortune and to fame; he frowns not upon those richer or poorer than himself; he recognizes worth wherever it is found, be it in the lowly dwelling of the toiling but ingenious mechanic or in the elegant mansion of the wealthy merchant. Possessing real independence of thought and action, he judges of others by the same criterion by which he would himself be judged; acknowledges the wealth of intellect and the refinement of soul which are scattered here and there all over the universe, and which sparkle from beneath the rough garb of honest manhood quite as often as in the showy robes which wealth displays, and which, in time, will certainly establish an enduring fame for their possessors, though riches may never be their portion. The good which men of real worth accomplish lives after them, and the memory of the benefits which have conferred upon their fellow-men lingers long after the wealth which they have amassed is scattered and consumed.

THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Bishop Clarke, of Rhode Island, gave a lecture in Providence, Tuesday evening, on "The Improvement and Adornment of the City." In its closing passages occurred the following, relative to the ministry of the beautiful:

"We have thought too little of the ministry of the beautiful. The training of our people is too much in a hard, dry school. They move, therefore, according to a rigid, right angle of propriety and profit. Their very goodness is sometimes of a repulsive type. We have a terrible licentiousness of opinion in certain quarters, and, in general, we have not a generous, manly, genial, free play of thought. We want higher health, of body and soul, in order to this. There is nothing in which, as a nation, we are more deficient than in the means of wholesome recreation. We are very enterprising, very courageous, very liberal, very intelligent, very religious—in a word, we are a very remarkable people, but we are not very cheerful. We have so few holidays, that we do not know how to dispose of them when they come. The general appearance of the community on these occasions is a little somber than usual. The very drunkards reel through the streets with an air of exemplary gravity. There is a latent feeling amongst us that an exalted pitch of moral excellence is hardly consistent with a particularly cheerful temperament. The good old Saxon word 'merry' has fallen into a term of reproach. If the Bible were re-translated in our day, we would scarcely expect to read there the text, 'Is any merry among you?' let him sing psalms.' We ought to learn a higher wisdom. God has made every man a happy being in his time. He has made man capable of enjoyment, and provided all that is requisite to his happiness. We do not recommend ourselves to him by being miserable. He loves us none the more fondly because we turn with contempt from the glorious sights and sounds with which he has crowded the domains of nature. We are none the better or stronger because we hang our heads like a bulrush, instead of lifting our face to the soft breeze and looking up to the glistening skies. The pure heart, the quick conscience, the busy hand; with these conditions, we are free to fill our souls with joy. Throw open the windows, let in the light, give the wind free play, flowers are blooming, birds are singing, waters sparkling all around; there is music, splendor, fragrance everywhere."

"Thus let me trace in all things beautiful, the hand of him who has created all things; so it may wake a soul to mute and dull. To everlasting praise."

The ladies are again invited to examine a new lot of bargains, which we just received, and among which will be found the following:—Beautiful double-width cloth for cloaks, at all prices; a few more of those double Broche shawls, at \$7, worth double the amount; Blanket shawls, Mourning shawls, Arab, Japanese and French cloaks, Clouds, Neubias and hoods for ladies and children; Bradbury's best made hood skirts, 20, 25 and 30 springs; Cassimeres, Cassinets, Muslins, Flannels, Linen Handkerchiefs, 61 cents; Chenille scarfs, 25 cents, and hundreds of other articles to be sold cheap, at Brownlow's cheap corner, Market and Second, opposite Jones House.

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**SPECIAL NOTICES.** Mothers, read this. The following is an extract from a letter written by a pastor of the Baptist Church to the Journal and Advertiser, Cincinnati, Ohio, dated 17th Sept. 1860, in favor of this world-renowned medicine—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

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