

THE COMPILER.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, OCT. 19, 1857.

NO. 4.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "Compiler" on the sign.

One Dollar & Seventy-five Cents, PAID IN ADVANCE. Will secure the Regular Visit of "The Compiler."

to the Home of any Family in the County. ITS PERUSAL WILL AFFORD INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT. FOR FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, OLD AND YOUNG. No family should be without the *Compiler*. \$1.75 could be spent in no more profitable manner than by subscribing for the "Compiler," which will furnish you with all the news of the day, the markets, the marriages and the deaths occurring in the community, with choice selections of literature, poetry, wit and humor, and all that will go to make up a first-rate Family Newspaper. Address the Editor and Proprietor, HENRY J. STAHL, May 18.

JOB PRINTING.

We are better prepared than ever to execute JON PRINTER, in its various branches. With two Presses, and an unusually large assortment of jobbing letter and other materials, the public may rest assured that for neatness and expedition in doing work, the "Compiler" Office "can't be beat."

JUST FROM THE CITY. JACOB NORBECK has just received from the city a large stock of GROCERIES, FISH, &c.—the largest he has yet offered to the public, and which he is now opening, at his new location, *Kerr's Corner*, on Baltimore street. Give him a call. You will find his Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Teas, and everything else, the best and the cheapest to be had in town—he having bought at low rates, and being determined to sell fast at small profits. Recollect, *Kerr's* old corner, Baltimore and High Streets, Gettysburg, May 11, 1857.

ADAMS COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Incorporated March 18, 1851.

OFFICERS. President—George Swapp. Vice President—S. R. Russell. Secretary—D. A. Beecher. Treasurer—David M. Carey. Executive Committee—Robert McCurdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King, R. M. Carey, Jacob King, A. Heintzelman, D. M. Carey, J. K. Kerr, M. Eichelberger, S. R. Russell, A. B. Kurtz, Andrew Polley, S. Fahnstock, W. B. Wilson, H. A. Picking, Wm. E. McCallan, John Wolford, R. G. M. Carey, John Horner, E. W. Stahl, J. Aughlinbaugh, Abdiel F. Gitt.

This Company is limited in its operations to the county of Adams. It has been in successful operation for more than six years, and in that period has paid all losses and expenses, without any assessment, having also a large surplus capital in the Treasury. The Company employs no Agents—any business being done by the Managers, who are appointed by the stockholders. Any person desiring an insurance, or applying to any of the above named Managers for further information.

The Executive Committee meets at the office of the Company on the 2nd Wednesday in every month, at 2 P. M.

Sept. 28, 1857.

NEW FIRM.

Family Groceries and Confections. The undersigned have purchased the Grocery Store of E. H. MINNIGH, on the Northeast corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by A. B. Kurtz, where they invite attention of all who may wish Groceries, Confections, Fruits—Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Starch, Soda, Spices of all kinds, Lemons, Figs, Almonds, &c. Also, a fine assortment of chewing and smoking Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c. Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

W. M. BOYER & SON. September 7, 1857.

The Franklin House, (FORMERLY THE GOLDEN HORSE), Corner of Franklin and Howard Streets, BALTIMORE.

DANIEL MCDOY, PROPRIETOR. Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated with First-Class Board and Pleasant Rooms. CHARGES MODERATE. H. K. CADY, General Superintendent. Sept. 28.

COAL—Persons desiring to lay in their winter's supply of Coal, will please send in their orders at once, as it can be furnished cheaper from wagons than from the Yard—Office in West Middle street.

SHEDS & BUEHLER. FLOUR, CORN & OATS bought at all times by J. SHEDS, corner of Baltimore and High streets.

CANDLES AT 16 CENTS.—A first rate article of Moulded Candles can be had, at 16 cents per pound, at NORBECK'S, Kerr's old corner.

QUEENSBURG, China, Glass and Stone—A large assortment and selling cheap. CORNAN & PATTON'S. JEWELRY & STATIONERY—any quantity and the best stock ever brought to this place. If you doubt it, call in and see for yourselves—at SCHICK'S. BONNETS, Ribbons, Parasols and Shawls, to be had very cheap at FAIRBANKS'S. SUPERIOR article of Black Lead for Blotting Stoves, for sale by SHEDS & BUEHLER.

The Muse.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

A CRIMINAL INCIDENT.

BY HENRY J. STAHL.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under; And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The Guardsman said: "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon— Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forget was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong— Their battle-cry confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, Yet as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sun-set's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

At once again the fire of hell Rained from the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell, And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer, dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldier! to your honored rest Your truth and val'ry bearing, The bravest are the tenderest— The loving are the daring.

Story Book.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

That was a strange school at Rocky Valley—a perfect democracy—for the scholars always had their own way, and settled the matter with the utmost promptness regarding their teachers. If they liked him, good; if not, down with him. The consequence was that the teachers in the Rocky Valley school had not succeeded very well in advancing the minds of the youthful republicans entrusted to their charge. The boys acted their own pleasure about study, and never troubled themselves much whether they learned anything or not—at any rate the schoolmaster "didn't dare to lick 'em" in case of failure. At last the parents, as they saw the small proficiency their boys were making, looked into it a little, and being shrewd and sensible people, guessed at the difficulty. They at once advertised for a new teacher, and distinctly specified that he must possess nerve and spirit—understood by the very expressive term "backbone."

Several presented themselves for trial. Young students came, with excellent recommendations, but they stayed only a day or two. They could not withstand the ridicule and opposition they had to encounter. There were large boys in the school, and the teacher measured the muscular development of the scholars in his estimate of his chances of success in the event of a struggle. It was a queer state of things in Rocky Valley.

The boys were not really malicious boys, and were naturally bright and capable, but their teacher, a lad about sixteen years of age, was the master of them all by conquest—and held a sway over them such as the grandest monarch in the world holds over his subjects. They acknowledged his power, and believed him to be invincible. It was his word that had decided the professional fate of all the teachers.

After a year's bootless trying to secure a teacher, one made his appearance, passed examination creditably, and was accepted by the school committee. A notice was placed on the door of the school house and on the door of the church, that school would begin on Monday following, under the charge of Mr. Judson, and the minister read the notice from the pulpit. Speculation was rife as to the new teacher, and as few had seen him, many questions were asked with regard to him. The boys held a special caucus, at which, of course, Bill Brown was moderator, and it was voted that the new master must be put down, as it was the best fishing season, and the books would interfere with the sports of the boys.

On Monday morning the boys were seen moving in little knots towards the school-house, busy with their plans of operation. "I wonder how big he is?" said Seth Goodwin; "I hope he isn't one of them savage fellows."

"I don't care how big he is, nor how savage he is," said Bill Brown; "if he don't walk Spanish in less than a week, then I raise my goose."

"I don't know how we are going to learn anything if we don't have a teacher," said a little voice of the number. "You shut up," said the leader; "I don't want to hear anything like that again."

The boy was silent, and they walked on, still talking of the new teacher, unaware of the proximity of a delicate-looking stranger, apparently about twenty years old, who was walking in the same direction with themselves. They approached the school-house, and when they got there they became conscious of the presence of the pale young man in their midst.

"Good morning, my lads," he said, smilingly; "we are to begin a new career together to-day, and I sincerely hope we shall like each other. I shall try everything in my power to please you that is consistent with duty, and I shall expect the same from you. I wish you to regard me as your friend at the commencement, and I shall certainly act from friendly feeling. I like your appearance, and believe that we shall have but little trouble in agreeing."

The speech evidently made an impression, but Bill Brown went around whispering, "That's all bosh, for I see the shape of a coward in his pocket," which awakened, as he intended it should, a combative spirit in all he spoke to. They went into the school; the boys took their places, and the master mounted his tripod. But little was done in the morning. The restlessness of arrangement and the getting used to the school-house produced confusion, and the commencement of business was deferred until the next day. The school was dismissed at noon, and master and scholars separated—the former with an impression that he had a vigorous and a bright set of boys to manage—a little hard in the mouth, perhaps, but who could be made tractable—and the latter that the teacher could be managed by the persuasive force of strong arms, but that it was best to wait and see how things would work.

They came together with the same feeling the next morning; classes were formed and all preliminaries settled, and everything commenced as happily as need be desired. The teacher's heart was happy in the thought of his success, when, glancing down through a lane of boys, he detected an improper gesture from Bill Brown, and saw it repeated, even though the boy's eyes, he knew, were fixed upon his own.

"Young man, come up here," he said in a gentle but firm tone. Brown looked round upon his companions, and with a force movement of bravado left his seat and approached the master.

"I expect a spirit of obedience in my school, my young friend," said the teacher, "and shall insist upon it." "I don't care what you expect," growled the young ruffian; "I should like to see you help yourself." The teacher bit his lip, while his face whitened, especially as he heard a snickering laugh spread around among the scholars, but he showed no other signs of temper, unless it might have appeared in his eye.

"Will you return to your seat and behave yourself?" said he, "and thus remove the necessity for my helping myself."

"No, I won't," was the reply. "Then," said the young teacher, "you shall be made to obey me."

He reached to his desk as he spoke, and took his ruler therefrom, when, turning to the rebel, he told him to hold out his hand. The boy, with a surly and impudent brow, kept his hand persistently in his pocket, looking, at the same time, around the school for encouragement. He evidently regarded the matter as easy of conquest, and felt sufficient strength within himself to cope with the schoolmaster.

"Hold out your hand, sir," the teacher repeated, in a more commanding tone. Refusing to obey, he received a smart rap on the knuckles from the ruler, when, drawing his right hand suddenly from his pocket, he gave the teacher a very severe flip on the side of the head, and then "pitched in." In a moment the school was in confusion. The boys or boys mounted the benches to see the progress of the row, and the timid sat trembling, waiting the result very anxiously.

The master, when thus assailed, did not hesitate for a moment. His delicate frame seemed to dilate with the spirit evoked by the young ruffian, and a sinewy strength to pervade him. He was smaller than his antagonist, but had, by judicious training, developed his muscle in a powerful degree. He threw his ruler away and grappled with his antagonist, and the struggle for mastery commenced in earnest—science against strength. The boys evidently thought their associate needed no assistance, for they did not move to aid him, and thus the field was left to the two combatants.

They swayed this way and that way, back and forth, hither and thither, straining and striving, pulling and jerking, till, with a master-stroke of science, the master brought his pupil forward on his knees, and then, by an adroit twist, turned him over on his back, like a turtle at Hall's waiting for the immobilizing knife.

Immediately improving his opportunity, he threw himself upon his prostrate foe, and commenced mauling him in the most improved chancery mode—hammering away at him, perhaps in a manner not exactly sanctioned by the rules of the ring, but fully justified by the exigency of the case. The boys seemed paralyzed with astonishment at the unexpected result; and the bully, after an unsuccessful attempt to release him-

self, roared out lustily for quarter, which was granted on condition of good behavior while in school. He was then allowed to get up, and in the vocabulary of the ring was found to be severely "punished." His nose had suffered, and his eyes were essentially bunged up. He looked the sneaking and used up wretch, and stood before his mates a conquered game chicken. His influence was from that moment gone; and when the master stood up before his school, as calm and collected as if he had merely been setting a copy instead of an example, they sank into their seats with an implied concession that they had found their master. Not a sound was heard from one of them.

"Well, boys," said he, "if there is any other one here who is disposed to disobey me, I should like to have the matter settled now. Those disposed to be obedient, will pledge themselves to obedience, will please rise in their seats."

They all rose. "Now I will tell you," said he, "that I am disposed to yield equal and exact justice to all—kindly if you will, but as you will, (looking significantly at Brown.) Be good boys, and I am your friend. I am going to take a botanical stroll in the woods on Wednesday, and those who behave themselves well in the meantime may accompany me. Do you wish to go?"

"Yes, sir," was the unanimous voice. He felt that he had triumphed, and bade them be seated.

"Now, Brown," said he, "I must finish up this matter with you. You seem sore in body and spirit, and you may either go or stay. If you think you have been wronged, appeal to those who may right you."

Brown went to his seat and gathered up his books, and with a sneaking, hang-dog sort of a look, he departed. The boys settled down to their studies, and the school became cheerful and industrious.

The next day Bill Brown's mother called to abuse the teacher for his violence toward her boy. He referred her to the school committee, and bade her good morning. The school committee investigated the case, and said he had served him right, and the justice of the village, when aware of the decision of the committee, would have nothing to do with it. In a week's time the boy came and asked to enter the school, which was granted without a word of reproach or a word of promise. He was evidently cured. His growth to be the best scholar in school, graduated with honor, became a successful merchant of Boston, and every year, on his visit to Rocky Valley, visits the school, and tells with tears in his eyes, the lesson the new schoolmaster taught him, and the good it did him.

The new schoolmaster is now growing old in the station where he began so strangely many years ago. He has his botanical walks still, when all of his school attend with him—making good behavior the condition of their so doing. These excursions on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons have quite killed several cirruses, that came into the village, as not one of the scholars close to deprive himself of the walk for the sake of the other attraction.

I was at Rocky Valley last winter, on a Wednesday, and went down on the pleasant pond near the school-house to indulge in the old sport of skating, which I had not done for years. The day was fair and the ice clear as crystal. Hearing a tremendous shouting, I looked towards the end of the pond and saw a crowd of boys on skates pursuing a man who kept well ahead, and when they came up to where I was, like an army with banners, I saw it was the teacher. He recognized me and stopped.

"Ah," says I, "Mr. Judson, I see you are the same old boy."

"Yes," replied he, "we are all boys such days as this, and such skating as this."

"Don't the parents think strange of you for your frivolous conduct?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "some like those described by Holmes—"

"Distract the sure flower that blossoms on the shoot. As though wisdom's old potato may not flourish at the root," but the boys are my inspiration, and as they are pleased so am I."

He swept away with his train of boys, and a happier band never woke glad echoes out doors than those who were in chase to beat the schoolmaster. He had never had occasion, as I afterwards learned, to flag a boy in his school after the first day, and he had the reputation of having the best school in the country.

An "old subscriber" to the New York Journal of Commerce writes the following note to the editors of that paper:

"Although my vote was cast in opposition to President Buchanan, the dignity and purity of our Chief Magistrate as shown thus far in his administration, and especially in that able and excellent reply to Professor Silliman and others, cannot fail to win the esteem and support of Mr. Addington, conservative, Christian men."

"Do you keep bar here?" inquired a traveler of a gentlemanly bar room loafer, a few days since. "No, sir; the bar keeps me here."

Carlyle says—"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

A coquette is a rose-bush, from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the bearded.

Miscellaneous.

Gov. Marcy and Gen. Scott.

The writer of the interesting "Recollections of William L. Marcy," in the *New York Examiner*, gives the following statements, as creditable to Mr. Marcy's candor and patriotism as complimentary to the military genius of Gen. Scott:

"In one of my last interviews with Gov. Marcy, I received from his own lips a full statement of the circumstances attending the appointment of Gen. Scott to the command of the army in Mexico. It will be remembered that, in Gov. Marcy's famous letter to Gen. Scott, at the close of the war, the Governor referred to this appointment as one in the responsibility of which he had a 'full share.' This was modestly said. The appointment was, in the strongest sense, Gov. Marcy's own. The 'soup' correspondence of Gen. Scott had given mortal offence to the President and his Cabinet. It was Gov. Marcy's judgment, nevertheless, that Gen. Scott was the proper person to command the army, and he formed the deliberate purpose of securing his appointment. Mr. Polk repelled the proposition at once. 'But you will hear me,' said Gov. Marcy. 'Certainly,' I will hear," said the President; "but the breach between the Administration and Gen. Scott is irreparable. The President did hear, and was convinced. There remained one difficulty. There was a man, then powerful in the Democratic party, and in the Senate, who must be reconciled to the measure, in order to make it politically safe. Gov. Marcy was commissioned to silence the batteries of the great thunderer. 'You have given me,' said he, 'the most difficult task of my life, but I will not shrink from it. I regret that I cannot depict the interview, of which he gave me so graphic an account. The commission was successful. Gen. Scott was assigned to the command—personally unfriendly, a political opponent, and a recognized adversary for the Presidency. The arguments used by Gov. Marcy to secure this result were as creditable to his magnanimity as they were to his wisdom and patriotism."

California Poetry.

When from my room I chance to stray, To spend an hour at the close of day, I ever find the place so dear, Where some friend treats to larger cheer.

—Sacramento Age.

Ab! yes, my friend, of city life, sure such a treat comes such a strife, but better than such a dose, by far, are the pleasures of a fine cigar. —Pleaser Herald.

Such pleasure may suit baser minds, but with the good no favor finds; We think the purest joy of life, is making love to one's own wife. —Lorenzo Lydger.

Most wise your choice, my friend, in Hyman's joys your cares to end, but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife, and so when "neath our cares we faint, we try to kiss some gal that ain't—yet." —Napa Reporter.

That "lager beer" will bile provoke, while "fine flavanias" end in smoke. To court one's own wife is better far, than lager beer and vile segar. Kisses, the dew of love's young morning, break on the lips as soon as born. These are taught to that greatest joy—the first proud glance of your first-born boy. —Beating Lydger.

"Is true a boy's a wished for blessing, but then suppose the first a girl! a daughter-child with ways carressing, with pouting lip and flaxen curl, with dimpled cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid "papa" good-bye! Who'er boy or whether 't'other, embrace the babe and then the mother!" —San Francisco Globe.

"You have satisfied, Mr. Doty, that in your opinion my client is a blackguard."

"I have."

"What reason have you, sir, for such an opinion?"

"The company he keeps."

"Whose company, sir?"

"Yours."

"Don't insult me, sir."

"Are you ashamed of the character and conduct of your client?"

"You are a blackguard."

"Your associations enable you to be a good judge of the article."

"You may go, sir. May the court please call the next witness?"

"Can you tell me what are the wages here?" inquired a laborer of a boy.

"I don't know, sir."

"What does your father get at the end of the week?"

"Get," said the boy; "why he gets as tight as a brick."

Johnny, one bright evening, was standing by the window gazing at the stars, and after looking very intently, he turned and said to his mother, who was sitting by him: "What are those bright little things in the sky? Are they the moon's little babies?"

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all our enmity.

Remarkable.—Mr. R. W. Haines, living near the Buck, in South County township, Chester county, has at this time in his orchard, an apple tree in full bloom, and looking, as it appears, as if the spring-time were just arrived.

A Virginia Snake Story.

A correspondent of the Abingdon Democrat, writing from Walnut Hill, Lee County, Va., who is, as the Democrat assures its readers, "a gentleman in whom implicit confidence may be placed," gives the following account of the killing of a monster reptile in Harlan County, Ky. He says:

"About three weeks ago five men went to gather whortleberries in the mountainous part of Harlan County, Kentucky, and in their travels came to a small branch at the foot of a steep ridge, where they discovered a smooth beaten path, or rather slide that led from the branch up the ridge. Curiosity tempted them to know its meaning, and they followed the trail to the top of the ridge, where to their astonishment, they found about an acre of ground perfectly smooth and destitute of vegetation, near the centre of which they discovered a small sink or cave, large enough to admit a salt barrel. They concluded to drop in a few stones, and presently their ears were assailed with a loud, rumbling sound, accompanied with a rattling noise, and an enormous serpent made his appearance, blowing and spreading his head, and his forked tongue protruded. The men were struck with wonder and fright, and suddenly the atmosphere was filled with a smell so nauseating that three out of the five were taken very sick, the other two, discovering the condition of their companions, dragged them away from the abode of death. About ten feet of the snake had to their judgment, made its appearance, when they hurried home and told what they had seen to their neighbors."

"The next day were mounted some ten of the hardy mountaineers, armed with rifles, determined to destroy the monster. On approaching within one hundred yards of the dwelling of his snakeship, their horses suddenly became restive, and neither kindness nor force could make them go any nearer. The men dismounted and hitching their horses proceeded on foot with rifles cocked to the mouth of the cave. They hurled in three or four large stones, and fell back some fifteen steps when the same noise was heard as before, and out came the dreadful reptile, ready, as his looks indicated, to crush the intruders. About the same length of the snake had appeared from the hole, when eight or ten bullets went through his head, and as the monster died, he kept crawling on until twenty feet of that huge boa lay motionless on the ground. It was a rattlesnake, with twenty-eight rattles—the first was four inches in diameter, the rest decreasing in size to the last. With difficulty the men dragged him home and his skin can now be seen by the curious in Harlan County."

The True Mohometan Spirit.—A certain good natured old Vermont farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day, while the black tongue prevailed in the State, one of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man; "well, he always was a broody cuss. Take off his hide and carry it down to Fletcher's, it will bring the cash."

An hour or two afterwards, the man came back with the news, that "line back" and his mate were both dead.

"Are they?" said the old man; "well, I took them from B—to save a bad debt, that I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brindle. Take the hides down to Fletcher's, they will bring the cash."

After the lapse of an hour, the man came again, to inform him that the high brindle was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he was a very old ox. Take off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's; it is worth more than any of the two others."

Hereupon, his wife, who was a very pious sort, taking upon herself the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment from heaven, upon his wickedness.

"Is it?" said the old fellow; "well, if they take judgment in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay them."

Is Any Body Looking for Me?—A party of Louisville bloods were standing on the forward deck of a steamer bound for St. Louis, and watching the varied scenes on the levee. A man who looked as though he might be "from the rural districts," attracted their attention and one of the crowd suggested that some fun might be had out of him. One more aspiring than the rest volunteered to try it on, and going on shore he approached the stranger, who was evidently in deep cogitation.

The "blood" walked up to the stranger, and said: "Green up!" and slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed: "Here you are! I've been looking for you all day; at the same time wishing to his comrades. The 'green up' turned and knocked him down, exclaiming: 'May be there's some one else looking for me; if so, I'm here to be found.'"

Wearing Veils.—A celebrated writer says that the wearing of veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of dress.

A Boston paper, giving a puff to a minister, says:—"His prayer at the end of his sermon was the most eloquent thing ever addressed to a Boston audience."

Bank Reform.—The Philadelphia "Press" in some remarks on the present financial troubles, says: "The considerations suggested by the present exigency of affairs relate to first, a clearing house system; 2d, a weekly statement weekly (not yearly, as we now have it) of the assets and liabilities of the banks; 3d, a law to regulate the proportion of specie to the amount of mere circulation, but of the latter under a certain denomination; and 4th, in due time a more radical change in the whole system of banking than has hitherto been comprehended. These reforms would go far, but we fear not far enough, to prevent a recurrence of a monetary crisis like that which now exists."

Mr. Ex-President Fillmore is about to marry a Montreal lady—said change.

The wickedness and backsliding of this generation! The great the King, Nothing, the patriarch of the tribe, going to marry a foreigner, and what is more, a Catholic! A sad what legend, he is actually captured during a recent worship at Montreal, during which he was visited by his lady love! Of course, the curse in the ritual deepened, and each awful apostasy—

John Fitzgerald enlisted on Saturday in the United States Army, for the purpose of putting down "them ore saluts at Utah." On Monday afternoon Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the New York Police office to enter complaint against the United States for "obtaining soldiers under false pretences." Mr. Fitzgerald was slightly inebriated.

"What do you want?"

"A warrant (hiccup) against States of Moriky."

"For what?"

"False (hiccup), false (hiccup). For obtaining soldiers by false (hiccup), (hiccup)."

"In what respect?"

"They agreed to give me eight dollars a month and a first rate suit of clothes (hiccup). Call that a suit of clothes? Look at that coat—so short waisted in the back, it lifts you off the ground (hiccup). Look at them pants (hiccup). So long waisted in the seat, might use the slack (hiccup) for a back room to sleep in."

"And for that you want a warrant for false pretences against the government?"

"I'm not to be done by such a pair of trousers no day."

The Justice refused to grant a warrant, whereupon Mr. Fitzgerald left the office promising to write to the President, and have "another pair of trousers, or blood." The moment President Buchanan's letter is received, we shall publish it, as a matter of course.

Brandy from the Chinese Sugar Cane.

A correspondent of the New York Post sends to that paper a sample of very good brandy made from the syrup of the above named plant, and says that it costs about thirty cents per gallon to produce, and is worth the market from \$1 to \$2 per gallon according to the quality. He suggests that the growth of this crop will enable us to manufacture the spirit, for the winter season, when they have no other occupation. They can make a gallon of proof spirit for each barrel of fermented syrup, and it will find a ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphene and other uses. The writer adds:

"The quantity of alcohol still to be said nothing of varnishes, chloroform, and medicinal extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of