THE COMPILER.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

40TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, OCT. 26, 1857. NO. 5.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

☞ *The Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1,75 per annum if paid *in advance*—$2,00 per annum if not 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.

Wm. B. M'Clellan,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE on the south side of the Public Square, 2 doors west of the Sentinel office.
Gettysburg, August 22, 1853.

D. M'Conaughy,
Attorney at Law,

(Office removed to one door West of Buehler's Drug & Book-store, Chambersburg street.)

Attorney & Solicitor for Patents and Pensions,

BOUNTY Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other Western States.
☞ Apply to him personally or by letter.
Gettysburg, Nov. 21, 1853.

Edw. B. Buehler,
Attorney at Law,

WILL faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language. Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.
Gettysburg, March 20.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.,
DENTIST.

HAS his Office one door west of the Lutheran church, in Chambersburg street, and opposite Grammer's store, where those wishing to have any **Dental Operation** performed are respectfully invited to call.

REFERENCES: Dr. D. Gilbert, Dr. C. N. Berlochy, Dr. D. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D.D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. William M. Reynolds, Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stover.
Gettysburg, April 11, 1853. tf

Bounty Land Claims.

THE undersigned will attend promptly to the collection of claims for Bounty Lands under the late act of Congress. Those who have already received 40 or 80 acres, can now receive the balance, by calling on the subscriber and making the necessary application.
JOEL B. DANNER.
Gettysburg, March 12, 1855. tf

Auctioneering.

ANDREW W. FLEMMING, residing in Breckinridge street, near James Pierce's, Gettysburg, offers his services to the public as a *Sale Crier* and *Auctioneer*. His charges are moderate, and he will on all occasions endeavor to render satisfaction. He hopes to receive a share of public patronage.
Aug. 17, 1857.

REMOVAL.

WINGERD, WHITE & SWOPE,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES, CAPS, & STRAW GOODS; ALSO, IN FASHIONABLE
Moleskin, Silk, Felt and Fur Hats,
N. W. cor. BALTIMORE & HOWARD STS.,
Adam B. Wingerd, Daniel S. White, John A. Swope, } *BALTIMORE, MD.*
Aug. 3, 1857.

Tailoring.

Removed a Few Doors South of the Old Stand.

J. H. SKELLY respectfully informs his old customers and the public generally, that he continues the *TAILORING BUSINESS*, near his old stand, in South Baltimore street, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may patronize him. All work entrusted to his care warranted to fit and be of most substantial make. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of public patronage.
☞ *The New York Spring and Summer Fashions* are received. Call and see them.
Gettysburg, April 9, 1855.

Black Silk Hats.

FALL and Winter Style, just received and for sale at COBEAN & PAXTON'S Fashionable Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Store.

COOK STOVES!—Four styles of Cook Stoves—the Noble Cook, Royal Cook, William Penn, and the Sea Shell—for sale at the Ware Room of SHEADS & BUEHLER.

STOVES!—Every variety of Cook, Parlor, Saloon and Office Stoves can be seen at the Ware Room of Sheads & Buehler, in West Middle street. Our Stoves are all purchased in Philadelphia, and will be sold cheaper than they can be bought at retail in the city or elsewhere. Call and see them.
SHEADS & BUEHLER.

LUMBER!—On hand a supply of Lumber, of best quality. Orders for any amount can be filled. Yard on Washington street, near Railroad street.
SHEADS & BUEHLER.

MUSIC.—Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Accordeons, Harmonicons,—in short, from a Seraphine down to a Jew's Harp—now on hand and for sale at SAMSON'S.

POWDER and SHOT, the best manufactured, to be had at NORBECK'S.

PARLOR COOK.—This Stove is especially adapted to Dining Rooms and will recommend itself on the score of economy and convenience. It is very ornamental. Call and see it.
SHEADS & BUEHLER.

FRUITS and Confections, nice and fresh, just from the city, to be had at
GILLESPIE & THOMAS'.

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

MEN'S and Boys' Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers, of all kinds, and at all prices, as cheap as the cheapest, at
COBEAN & PAXTON'S.

SILVER.—A lot of Silver Spoons and Silver Forks, at less cash prices, now for sale at SCHICK'S. Call soon, as they sell rapidly.

The Muse.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend.
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown,
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown.

I can sit me at my door,
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown.

I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud conceited slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong;
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;

But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me, and above, John Brown,
The hatred dies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comforts of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth—
Nor destroy one day the pleasure of the next, John Brown;

I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. Hardun's Resignation.

The General had been many years in commission, and it seemed to the anxious ones who were waiting either for his death or resignation, in order to advance, that neither of those desirable events would ever take place. The old man was tough—"devilish tough"—and clung to life and office with all the tenacity of a dog to a bone. He was a rare specimen of the "good fellow," and not a voice would have been heard even among the youngly ambitious to move for his removal. He was thus tolerated, although he was a sad block in the way of their official progress.

Their patience at last became exhausted, and after consulting together they agreed upon a ruse by which the old General would be driven into a resignation. Having laid their plans they prepared to carry them into execution.

One of them meeting the General the next day shook hands with him very cordially and told him he had just heard of his resignation, which he hoped was not true, and, before the General had a chance to reply, begged the old man to partake of a supper with a party of his fellow officers the next evening, as a parting tribute.

The General was much surprised, and informed his friend that he hadn't any intention of resigning and couldn't think, for the life of him, where the report came from. After a few remarks more on both sides they separated.

The General plodded along by himself thinking over what had been said and muttering—"What the devil does it mean? Have I said anything about resigning when I have had too much wine on? Perhaps I have."

"Good morning, General," said another officer, meeting him; "How are you this morning, sir?"

"Very well, very well, thank'ee," replied the General.

"So," continued the other, "you are going to resign, General; well, you have served the State long and faithfully and I should think you would like to rest."

"Where did you hear about my resigning?" said the General, more surprised than before.

"Col. Jones told me," was the reply; "I was in there after you had gone last night. Why can't you meet us to-morrow night at the tavern, General? We think of getting up a little supper in honor of your resignation."

"Thank you," said the General, "I'll be there."

The General turned away with the impression that he had, the night previous, while under the influence of the Colonel's wine, given the intimation that he was going to resign. "Hang my tongue at both ends," said he, "this is a queer state of things. I never thought of resigning. But——"

"Ah, General, good morning; glad to see you," said Col. Jones, coming abruptly upon his superior. "Well, your intended resignation gives the boys a chance to manifest their regard for you. They are having a fine supper preparing, to come off to-morrow night, in your honor, and you must reserve all your fire."

The General laughed, slapped his friend, the Colonel, on the back, and said, "Certainly, Jones; the fire of the flint is here yet. Good for twenty years."

He did not dare to ask Jones for an explanation, because it would be an admission that he was weak headed and approaching towards dotage to acknowledge that he had been overcome by wine, and that was the only way by which he could account for the resignation which they spoke about. He had rather actually resign than labor under such a stigma as this, and accordingly he said—

"Well, Jones, you know I've been in the service a good while, and want a little quiet; so you see I think it is best to resign. The poetry of 'dying in harness' is very well, but hang me if I fancy it."

They shook hands and parted—the General in a whirl of perplexity, and the Colonel in a fever of fun at the success of the ruse.

The next night a splendid supper was prepared, and a large number of military guests invited, who attended in the tallest feather.—The General was there in full regimentals, his face glowing with the excitement of the moment and from other causes, and the whole affair, as the village paper said the next morning, was "splendidly gotten up, happiness waved her illumined wing over the scene, and the genius of cheerfulness rested in genial content on every heart and beamed on every countenance." The Colonel, to quote the same authority, "presided at the table with his usual dignity," and when the cloth was removed he called upon all to fill their glasses to respond to a sentiment which he had to offer, which he would preface by a few remarks.

"We have," said he, "as our honored guest this evening, our beloved General Hardun, whose long service has been fully appreciated by us in common with the whole community. We rejoice to meet with him on this occasion, although our meeting is not one of unalloyed festivity. There is one bitter ingredient in our cup: General Hardun has signified his intention of resigning! This announcement, I need not say, was as unexpected as it was painful. Our connection has been so long and intimate that parting seemed impossible, yet such is the decree of fate. But while you flag floats in triumph over our head will we remember the undying glory shed upon it by the illustrious man who now withdraws from its support. I pledge you the health and long continuance of our gallant friend, Gen. Hardun."

The speech was received with nine cheers, and a "Tiger," perhaps, but whether the growl which now resounds from all sorts of jungles was then known is a matter of doubt. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed, and his health was drunk in three brimming glasses, one after another. As soon as silence was restored the General rose to respond.

"Friends," said he,—holding to the table, for his emotions made him unsteady, and his voice was husky, from the same cause,—"Friends, your kindness overpowers me. I never till this moment dreamed that I was half so much regarded by you. Gentlemen, fellow soldiers, brethren in arms—it gives me pleasure to meet with such good fellows. My association with you has been of the most pleasant, I may say glorious character. We have long served together on the tented field, and fought, bled and died, so to speak, or would have done so, at duty's call, cemented together like bricks in the deadly imminent breathes of war. With a full remembrance of this, I will say, that in view of all your regard and of the feeling you display about losing me, I should be an ingrate if I allowed a selfish consideration to inspire me. Therefore, whatever I may have said about resigning, I hereby retract and declare that I'll stick to you to the last. It will be impossible for me to leave such a glorious set of boys."

A shout of laughter responded to the speech, and Col. Jones gave an extended wink around the board very expressive of the belief which he at that moment entertained that they were all especially humbugged, and that the General wasn't. This impression continued till the next day, when the ones who ordered the supper had to pay the bills.

Where did that Man Go To?—In a certain hotel in this village, there is employed a certain bar-tender who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, the employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly.—Finding himself caught in the act, he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, and casting his eyes around with a look of surprise, exclaimed:—"*Where in thunder did the man that ordered this drink go to!*"—*Newburgh Telegraph.*

Lend Your Paper.—By all means lend your paper. Do not suffer a man who is too mean to buy it to go without it. He borrows it every week. Do lend it to him. Don't give him a hint to take it himself. He won't do it.—Be kind, lend it before you have read it, and then ask him if he would not like to borrow your cup of hot coffee.—*Exchange.*

☞ At an assembly of friends, a lady was apologised for by an acquaintance, who said she was detained by a little incident. "Ah, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Clatterbell, "a beautiful little 'incident' it was, too—weighs just nine pounds and a half."

☞ An Irish woman, who had been convicted of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and prayed that "his Honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow and obliged to sell rum to support the children."

Bit of Advice.

Have you enemies? Go straight on and do not mind them. If they get in your way, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man that has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everybody has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air—they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks, which if you do not blow will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction, if you but perform your duty, and hundreds now alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

A Source of Eloquence.—Daniel Webster, on being commended for his eloquence on a memorable occasion, is said to have replied:

"Sir, I am far from thinking that my poor effort the other day had the remotest claim to the panegyric you have been pleased to bestow upon it; but if anything I have ever said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellow-countrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am indebted, solely indebted, to the daily and attentive perusal of the Sacred Scriptures, the source of all true poetry and eloquence, as well as of all good and all comfort."

Mrs. Partington on Banks.—"Are you afraid of Banks failing?" asked the cashier, as Mrs. Partington went to draw her pension. "Banks failing!" said the dame; "I never had any idea about it at all. If he gets votes enough I don't see how he can fail, and if he don't I can't see how he is to help it." "I meant," said he, "the banks that furnish currency for the country." She stood a moment counting her bills.—"Oh, you did, did you?" said she; "Well, it's about the same thing. If they have money enough to redeem with—and Heaven knows there's need enough for redemption for a good many of them, and more grace than they allow their customers—they may stand it; but doubtful things are uncertain." She passed off like an exhalation and the cashier counted out one hundred and fifteen dollars and seventeen cents fifteen times while pondering what she said, in order to catch her meaning.—*Boston Gazette.*

Logical.—"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?"

"A man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily.

"Very good. Now what is a tailor?"

"One who makes trils!" was the equally quick reply.

"Oh! you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lip—"a man who makes tails!—did you ever?"

"To be sure, sir," quoth hopeful,—"if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made, they would all be *jackets!*"

"Eh!—eh!—well!—to be, sure. I didn't think of that. Beats Watts' Logic. Go to the head of the class, John—you'll be President of the United States some day."

To Preserve Apples.—Weigh equal quantities of good brown sugar and apples. Peal, core, and mince them small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water. Skim it well, and boil it pretty thick. Then add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. Apples prepared in this way will keep for years.

☞ "Well," said his honor to an old negro, who had been hauled up for stealing a pullet, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Nuffin but dis, boss—I was crazy as a bedbug when I stole dat ar' pullet, cos I might hab stole de big rooster—and I neber done it. Dat shows 'clusively dat I was laboring under delirium tremendous."

☞ The following is the inscription on a tombstone in San Diego, California: "This year is sacred to the memory of William Henry Shrakden, who cam to his deth being shot with a Colts' revolver—one of the old kind, brass-mounted, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

☞ Men who boast loudly that they never show quarter are certain in times of danger to show none but their hind ones.

☞ The Siamese twins, now about 45 years of age, have fourteen children. They are about to proceed to Cuba to exhibit themselves.

☞ "What are the chief ends of man?" asked a school-teacher of his pupils.—"Head and feet," was the prompt reply. The teacher fainted.

☞ Whenever you see a lady whom you think handsome, ask your wife's opinion on the subject. That is the way to get free, unbought opinion of the people.

☞ "I say, Pat, isn't one man as good as another?" "Of course he is, and a great dale better."

☞ To resuscitate a drowned Englishman, broil beef under his nose.

Hard Times—A Remedy.

"Really, the times are so hard," says Mrs. Spendall, "I don't know what we are coming to. Mr. Spendall looks as blue as indigo if I hint at money, and talks of nothing but failure and ruin.—I can't understand it." We understand it, Mrs. Spendall; you constantly carry the solution of the problem about with you. Your costly and innumerable dresses, your costly handkerchiefs and collars, and your extravagant jewelry, plainly indicate what the trouble is.—Then there are your wasteful and ungoverned servants, and your own idleness and spendthrift habits generally. No wonder your husband looks blue, and "talks of failure and ruin." You are enough to ruin any man. And if you would avert the threatening calamity, *go to work.* Discharge your servants, sell your gewgaws, retrench expenses, stay at home, make yourself useful, save your husband from "failure and ruin," and be happy—which you never can be while you are simply ambitious to rival other women as stupid as yourself, in senseless display and stupendous selfishness.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Don't Press.

There is a good deal of truth embodied in the following anecdote, which is worthy of special attention just now.—Don't press a creditor if you can possibly avoid it. Times are hard just now, and by and by he may work through, if he has a reasonable chance.

It is related of a Frenchman who had deposited a sum of money for safe keeping with a friend, that hearing the latter was about to fail, he called upon him and said, "Sare, I wants my monie." "Certainly, sir," replied the other, drawing out his check book from which he was about to fill up a check, when the Frenchman said, "Stop, sare, you got ze monie?" "Why of course," said his friend, "I will give you a check for it immediately." "No, no," said the Frenchman, "if you got ze monie, I no want him, but if you no got him zen I wants him."

☞ It was rumored on Monday last that a "run" would probably be made on the Salina Bank, whereupon a crowd of "Salt Pointers" gathered around the doors of the institution, threatening personal chastisement and "riding on a rail" to all who attempted to embarrass the bank. The run was not made. Bank officers who are anxious to keep their specie will made a note of the example.

☞ One of the clergymen at a recent camp meeting in Tolland county, Ct., was opposed to the use of tobacco as incompatible with true piety! Speaking of the raising of tobacco in the Connecticut River valley, as connected with the worship of Mammon, he "wished that God Almighty would send a hailstorm and destroy the whole crop on the river!" An exemplary christian, that!

☞ There is a place in Pennsylvania known as Troverton Manor, which has been discribed as being covered with stones, and under each stone there were fifteen rattlesnakes, and nothing but hemlock knots and huckleberries were produced in addition to stones and rattlesnakes. Fremont had a majority there last fall.

☞ "Tom, you sot," said a temperance man to a tippling friend, "why do you drink such stuff as you do? Why the very hogs wouldn't touch that brandy?" "That's 'cause they is brutes," said Tom. "Poor creatures! they dunno what's good."

☞ "Isn't it time to think about getting up?" said the wife as she rattled at the door.

"Yes, my dear, I have been thinking about it an hour and a half."

☞ We have no personal experience in the matter, but there seems no quackery in this recipe: "If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases, then kiss her."

☞ "You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy," said a despairing lover to a truant lass.

"It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way."

☞ In one of the Courts lately there was a long and learned discussion as to whether a witness should be allowed to answer the question "What did Mary say?" Three judges gave long and elaborate opinions in the affirmative, and the question being repeated, the answer was "Not a word."

☞ Some of the Western papers have placed their money columns in mourning, by inverting the column "rules" and putting an obituary head at the top.

Death at a Wedding.—A young man named White, who attended a wedding party in Lancaster county, Pa., last Thursday week, drank too much, and was found dead on the premises the next morning.

☞ At the Buffalo fair grounds a day or two since an Indian ran ten miles in 56 minutes and 19 seconds—a speed unprecedented.

☞ Poverty is no disgrace, save in the eyes of fools whose forefathers were paupers.

☞ The good heart, the tender feeling, and the pleasant disposition, make smiles, love and sunshine everywhere.

The Financial Pressure.

The present Bank crisis is leading to a general discussion of the banking system, and the current is running for a more enlarged specie basis, for further limitation of discount, and against bills under $10 or $20. The New York Courier has this view:

I. A limitation of bank circulation to three dollars for one of specie. II. No bills under five dollars for the present; and none under twenty dollars after January, 1859. III. Loans on all to be limited to five per cent of capital. IV. Long credits to be relinquished by our importers and jobbers—4 to 6 months to be substituted for 8 to 9 months.—V. No loans to be granted to Railroad companies except in extreme cases; no Railroad companies can be well managed whose expenditures exceed their receipts. VI. Abolish the usury laws, and let money be free between the borrower and lender.

Logical.

The Black Republicans are mixing up their old familiar cry of "Bleeding Kansas" with an occasional squeak about the "tariff of 1846," and ascribing all manner of results to that cause. A bank loans about half of its capital to speculators in sugar, molasses, &c., who are thereby enabled to monopolize the stock of those articles and raise the price, for months, upon every family, rich and poor, in the land. A diminished consumption and increased production causes this nice little scheme to "gang agley," the speculation falls, the speculators deservedly are badly bitten, they tumble in, the bank loses the amount loaned to them, it totters, suspends, fails—a panic arises—a run ensues upon the Philadelphia banks—*they* suspend—other banks follow suit—and then "scurvy politicians" avail themselves of the occasion to impress upon those who are shallow enough to be so gulled that it is all attributable to the tariff of 1846!—*York Gazette.*

The Filibusters.—It is stated that orders have been issued to the commander of the gulf squadron to arrest the filibustering expedition wherever it may be found. Lord Napier has ordered Captain Erskine, who is in command of the British squadron, to take them and deliver them to the American commander.

☞ In Petersburg, Virginia, the other day, two free negroes were ordered to be whipped for attempting to fight a duel. It seems that they were both enamored of a wise old widow, who promised to marry both, provided one kept the secret from the other by keeping it to himself, and, also, provided that one steal more flour for her benefit from the mill, in which they both were working, than the other. The trick was discovered by one of the party, and a duel was the inevitable consequence. But they were arrested before either had fired a shot.

☞ The *Journal of Commerce* says: "A friend of ours, who a year or two ago bought two life policies, from passengers who were about going to California and who found this the only means of paying their passage, will soon come into possession of $4,500, by virtue of those policies, which did not cost him above $500. The parties whose lives the policies covered were on board the Central America on her recent trip to New York, and are among the lost."

☞ The Chicago *Democrat* says that there is a large produce house in that city which realized some thousands of dollars by having agents in New York to purchase a few hundred bushels of corn at a high figure, and send these sales by telegraph as the *true* condition of the market. As soon as these high prices get wind or change, the uninitiated buy corn of the very house in Chicago which has caused the fictitious advance in New York. Such sharp transactions are but a fair sample of the gambling which pervades all branches of trade.

☞ Louis and Mena Heldenbert, brother and sister, died near Niagara Falls, N. Y., from the effects of a dose of morphine, given in mistake for quinine by a druggist, in Niagara city.—These drugs are precisely similar in appearance and taste.

☞ James Ward, of Chicago, who owns a large number of houses, has been to his tenants and reduced the rents, in view of hard times, about twenty per cent. The newspapers are handing around the name of this man with a soul, and want to know who will go and do likewise.

☞ In Rochester, women who wear the "Bloomer uniform" are warned to do military duty. A good idea. As they want their rights, let them take the first installment by carrying a fourteen pound musket through the mud all day.

☞ There is a chap out west with hair so red that when he goes out before daylight he is taken for sunrise, and the cocks begin to crow.

From Forney's Philadelphia Press of Wednesday week.

The Relief Bill A Law!

The passage of the relief bill is recorded in our correspondence from Harrisburg. Its provisions will be understood by the general reader, and require no elaboration at our hands.—We are gratified at this result. When the *principle* of legalizing suspensions was yielded, the *expediency* of fixing a time for resumption became comparatively subordinate. Our earnest hope is now, that the community of business men and the banks may once more act in concord and in confidence. The banks are on trial before the people, *and before the next Legislature.* We appreciate to the full all their difficulties. We know that they will be compelled to contract, in anticipation of the meeting of the new Legislature; but we think, and we are glad to believe, that that Legislature will not deal harshly by them, *should they honestly endeavor to sustain the solvent business men of Philadelphia.* Now, if ever, may they become great curses or great benefits to the working people. We are on the threshold of winter. Thousands of men have been thrown out of employment by the hard times. The worst apprehensions are entertained by the wisest men. The benevolent are preparing to extend support and comfort to the suffering poor. It is not, therefore, a question of politics, but of humanity, that animates us, when we say that it will best become us, in times like these, to exert ourselves to lighten the common burden, by *confidence and by concession.* We postpone the subject of reform in the banks, before the vaster and weightier subject of relief to the discharged laboring man. Let this sentiment inspire us in all our actions between now and the meeting of the new Legislature.

We deem this a proper occasion to allude to the efforts of a few of the Opposition prints and leaders on the subject of the action of the Legislature.—General PACKER was yesterday elected Governor of Pennsylvania by a great majority. The Legislature which is to commence its session in January will be overwhelmingly Democratic. The facts are patent and notorious. But they should invoke us to no emotions of Revenge, because such prints as the *North American* have sought to revive old party prejudices against the Democratic party, and to array the mechanics and manufactures of the State against the Democratic ticket—having, we regret to say, too well succeeded in their work of injustice. On the contrary, we must now *ignore* these miserable party partialities—these discreditable exhibitions of personal feelings, and go together as one man, resolved first to save the burning city, to rescue our threatened interests, and to pluck from the flames our fellowmen; and after this noble duty has been discharged, then to inquire who set the building on fire, and to punish him accordingly.—This will be the task of THE PRESS.—We shall labor faithfully and fearlessly to this end. We have no interests of our own to accomplish, beyond the love we bear to the State of our nativity.—We do not owe a dollar to any bank in the world. We are in favor of a new system of banking, as we believe this community is. We profoundly respect and will obediently follow the doctrines of the Democratic party. But we feel that we are now in the midst of an incredible Peril! For the present, party feelings must be postponed. There is a black cloud of dismay hanging over us. The best men, the strongest houses, have gone down into the great deeps of financial disaster. Credit, heretofore unimpaired, character, heretofore impregnable, has failed to save thousands from ruin. In such an hour, we cease to be a politician, and remember only that we are a man; and we see our first great duty in the fulfilment of our obligations to those who in any emergency would command our confidence, but who, in this, the crisis of their extremest woe, command and expect our warmest sympathy and most energetic support.

Hoarding.—Now is the time when gold dollars are hid in old stockings. Now is the time when sixpences are tucked away in snob nosed tea-pots. Now money is laid by in cupboards for mice to nibble; thrust into corners—for thieves to rummage; carried in wallets for pickpockets to grub at; hid behind the wood work—for the next generation to find; and buried in the ground to be lost and forgotten. Now men frantic to draw cash out of safe places and put into unsafe ones. Now poor families loose five per cent. for the purpose of having their savings where they will keep them awake of nights. Now farmers hang up deposits in the shot pouch behind the door, house-wives sew up gold pieces in their skirts, and travelers weigh themselves down with body belts of coin. Now the unprofitable servant who hid his talent in a knapkin is canonized into a bright and shining Scriptural example, while those who "put their money to the exchanges" are looked suspiciously upon, as rush speculators in British Fancy Stocks. Now all money is distrusted but such as can be heard to chink. Now men privily put all their cash under lock and key, and then publicly lament that it has ceased to circulate. Now men with well filled pockets refuse either to pay their debts or forgive their debtors. Now the butcher must wait and the baker must go unpaid, and the printer must be put off for the nineteenth time. The era of hoarding has come round again with all its blind, unreasoning fears, and all its self-imposed curses of poverty, idleness, distrust and decay.—*Albany Journal.*

☞ Winter is coming.