The Compiler

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

BY H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

16th Year. GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOV. 2, 1863. No. 5.

Terms.

The COMPILER is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1 75 per annum if paid strictly IN ADVANCE—$2 00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearges are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, nearly opposite Wampler's' Tinning Establishment —"COMPILER PRINTING OFFICE" on the sign.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. B. Woods,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA., will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care.

OFFICE:—On West Middle street, next door to the Court-house, in the room lately occupied as a Law Office by W. B. McClellan, Esq., dec'd. Sept. 21, 1863. 6m

Edward 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.

Wm. A. Duncan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in the North-west corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa. [Oct. 3, 1859. tf

J. C. Neely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Particular attention paid to collection of Pensions, Bounty, and Back-pay. Office in the S. E. corner of the Diamond. Gettysburg, April 6, 1863. tf

A. J. Cover,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to Collections and all other business entrusted to him. Office between Fahnestocks' and Danner & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore street Gettysburg, Pa. [Sept. 5, 1859.

D. McConaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street.) ATTORNEY AND 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, '53.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. REFERENCES: Drs. Horner, Reese, C. P. Krauth, D. D., Rev. M. L. Stoever, D. D., Rev. P. A. M. Jacobs. Prof. M. L. Stoever. Gettysburg, April 14, '55.

Notice.

THE firm of Drs. CRESS & TAYLOR, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent on September 15th, 1863. All persons having claims against or indebted to said firm will please present them to Esq. A. J. Cover for adjustment.

Dr. Wm. Taylor

informs the inhabitants of Gettysburg and vicinity that he will continue the practice of his profession at the old stand, next door to the Compiler Office, Gettysburg, Pa. Thankful for past favors, he begs to receive a share of future patronage. [S pt, 28, 1863. tf

Dr. James Cress,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN thankful for public patronage heretofore extended to him, informs his friends that he will continue the practice of his profession in Gettysburg and vicinity. "Eclectic means to choose or select. Hence, we select the best, surest and most reliable remedies from all other sectarian medical schools, which have been recommended from the experience and sanctioned by the practice of the ablest Eclectic Practitioners, and discard those more injurious, such as antimony, arsenic, mercury, blue pill, blood letting &c.

Office in the east end of York street, in the dwelling owned by Henry Welty. Gettysburg, Sept. 14, 1863. 3m

Removal.

DR. O'NEAL has removed his office from Wills' building to the corner of Baltimore and High street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. Residence adjoining the office. April 6, 1863. tf

Adams County

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Incorporated March 18, 1851.

OFFICERS.

President—George Swope.
Vice President—S. R. Russell.
Secretary—D. A. Buehler.
Treasurer—David M'Creary.
Executive Committee—Robert McCurdy, Jacob King, Andrew Heintzelman.
Managers—George Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Gurdy, Jacob King, A. Heintzelman, D. McCreary, S. R. Russell, J. R. Hersh, Samuel Dirbaraw, E. G. Fahnestock, Wm. B. Wilson, H. A. Picking, Wm. B. McClellan, John Wolford, R. G. McCreary, John Picking, Abel T. Wright, John Cunningham, Abdiel F. Gitt, James H. Marshall, M. Eichelberger.

☞ 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—all business being done by the Managers, who are annually elected by the Stockholders. Any person desiring an Insurance can apply to any of the above named Managers for further information.

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

Sept. 27, 1858.

Something New

IN GETTYSBURG.—The undersigned informs the citizens of the town and county, that he has commenced the BAKING business, on a large scale, in York street, Gettysburg, nearly opposite Wattles's Hotel, where he will try to deserve, and hopes to receive, a liberal patronage. BREAD, ROLLS, CAKES, CRACKERS, PRETZELS, &c., &c., baked every day, (Sundays excepted,) all of the best quality, and sold at the lowest living profits. Cracker-baking in all its branches is largely carried on, and orders to any amount, from this and adjoining counties, supplied at the shortest notice. Having erected a large and commodious bake-House and secured the best workman and the most approved machinery, he is prepared to do a heavy business. VALENTINE SAUPEE.

July 25, 1859.

Coal! Coal! Coal.

SHEADS & BUEHLER are now prepared to supply COAL, of superior quality, in any quantity desired. Terms, Cash.

Come One! Come All!

☞ They also request those indebted to them to call and pay up, as funds are much needed. Who will be the first to call? Office open from 1 to 7.

Feb. 24, 1862.

COAL OIL—at DR. R. HORNER'S Drug Store.

ALL the best Patent Medicines can be had at the new Family-Store of Dr. R. HORNER.

CLOTHS, Cassimeres and Vestings, cheap at FAHNESTOCKS'.

NECK TIES.—A beautiful assortment at McCLEAN'S.

Small Farm

AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber offers at private sale the following VALUABLE PROPERTY, situated in Straban township, Adams county, Pa., on the public road leading from Gettysburg to Harrisburg, 4½ miles North East of the former place.

The Farm contains 75 Acres and 32 Perches, and the improvements consist of a good substantial DWELLING HOUSE, Frame Barn, Wash House, Wood House, Dry House, Carriage House, and Cider Press, with other necessary out-buildings; two wells of good water in the yard. There is an Orchard of good fruit on the premises. The property is well proportioned with meadow and timber land. It is convenient to Markets, Churches, Schools, &c., making it very desirable. The attention of purchasers is invited to it. Call upon or address the undersigned, residing thereon.

DANIEL H. FAHRNEY, Gettysburg P. O., Adams co., Pa.

N. B.—The subscriber also offers 160 Acres of best soil Prairie Land, situated near Dresden, Pewashiek county, Iowa. D. H. F.

Aug. 31, 1863. tf

Jacobs's Saloon Revived.

THE undersigned have leased Jacobs's Saloon, in Chambersburg street, and intend to keep it in the best style, hoping that the public will appreciate their efforts to please by giving them a large patronage. They will receive OYSTERS regularly and do them up in all styles; YOUNG CHICKENS, BEEF TONGUE, HAM AND EGGS, and almost everything that may be called for, will be served. They will also keep ALE, LAGER, PORTER, WINES, &c. They are determined to do things up in the most desirable manner, and feel certain of pleasing all who may call.

NICHOLAS CODORI, JR., JOSEPH SHORB.

Gettysburg, Sept. 21, 1863.

One and All,

TAKE NOTICE.—The undersigned would say to the public that he is receiving a large and splendid stock of GROCERIES, which he will sell as low as any other house in town—Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Teas, Salt, Fish, &c., with Potatoes, Beans, and Rice; Wooden Ware, put up in the best manner; Tobaccos, Segars, &c., &c.

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!—If you want to lay in your liquors for harvest, now is the time. I have many brands of Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, and all other liquors, which I am disposing of at short profits. Give me a call. I always try to please—and believe I very often succeed. Remember the place—southeast corner of the Diamond, Gettysburg.

GEO. F. KALBFLEISCH.

May 25, 1863.

A. Mathiot & Son's

SOFA AND FURNITURE WAREROOMS, Nos. 25 and 27 N. Gay street, Baltimore, (near Fayette st.,) extending from Gay to Frederick st.—the largest establishment of the kind in the Union. Always on hand a large assortment of HOUSEHOLD AND OFFICE FURNITURE, embracing Bureaus Bedsteads, Washstands, Wardrobes, Mattresses of Hair, Cotton and Hair-Spring Beds, Sofas, Tete-a-Tetes, Arm Chairs, Rocking Chairs, Lounges, Marble Tables, Settees, Reception and Upholstered Chairs, ASSORTED COLORS OF COTTAGE FURNITURE, Wood Chairs, Office Chairs, Barber Chairs, Cribs, and Cradles, Hat Racks, Hall Furniture, Chiffonier Walnut Frame Looking Glasses, Sideboards, Extension Tables, of every length.

Persons disposed to purchase are invited to call as I give our stock an examination which for variety and quality of workmanship is not equalled by any establishment in the country.

A. MATHIOT & SON,
No. 25 and 27 N. Gay street.

Aug. 6 1860.

Isaac K. Stauffer,

WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER, MANUFACTURER OF SILVER WARE & IMPORTER OF WATCHES, No. 148 North Second St., Corner Quarry, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

He has constantly on hand an assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Lever, Lepine and Plain Watches; Fine Gold Chains, Seals and Keys, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Miniature Cases, Medallions, Lockets, Pencils, Thimbles, Spectacles, Silver Table, Desert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons; Sugar Spoons, Cups, Napkin Rings, Fruit and Butter Knives, Shields, Combs, Diamond Pointed Pens, etc.—all of which will be sold low for cash.

M. I. TOBIAS & CO.'S best quality full jeweled Patent Lever Movements constantly on hand; also other Makers of superior quality.

N. B.—Old Gold and Silver bought for cash. Sept. 7, 1863. 1y

New Warehouse.

100,000 BUSHELS OF GRAIN WANTED, at the new Grain and Produce House, in Carlisle street, adjoining Sheads & Buehler's establishment. The highest market price will always be paid in cash for

GRAIN, of all kinds,
FLOUR, SEEDS, &c.

Always on hand and for sale, at the smallest profits,

GUANOS,
SALT, FISH,
GROCERIES, &c.,
Wholesale and retail.

TRY US! We shall do our best to give satisfaction in all cases.

McCURDY & DIEHL.

Gettysburg, May 11, 1863. 1y

New Goods

AT FAHNESTOCKS'.—Fahnestock Bros. would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have just received their Spring stock of Goods from New York and Philadelphia. Having bought them for cash, we are prepared to offer the largest and prettiest stock of DRESS GOODS ever offered to the citizens of the county and at OLD PRICES! "Quick sales and short profits" being our motto.

☞ Call and examine at the sign of the RED FRONT.

May 11, 1863.

Removals.

THE undersigned, being the authorized person to make removals into Ever Green Cemetery, hopes that such as contemplate the removal of the remains of deceased relatives or friends will avail themselves of this season of the year to have it done. Removals made with promptness—terms low, and no effort spared to please.

PETER THORN, Keeper of the Cemetery.

March 13, '60.

John W. Tipton,

FASHIONABLE BARBER, North-east corner of the Diamond, (next door to McClellan's Hotel,) Gettysburg, Pa., where he can at all times be found ready to attend to all business in his line. He has also excellent assistance and will ensure satisfaction. Give him a call. [Dec. 3, 1860.

SAGO, Arrow Root, Corn Starch, Rice-flour and Gelatin, for sale at Dr. HORNER'S Drug Store.

PURE BRANDY, WINE AND WHISKEY, for medicinal purposes only, at the New Drug Store of Dr. R. HORNER.

The Muse.

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Hark! through the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing,
Summer's gone!
There, when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen,
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder
On what hath been,
Summer's gone!
There, in our green bowers,
Long ago,
Our path thro' the tangled flowers
Treading slow—
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We watched in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly the sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth—
Thou art gone,
Summer's gone.
Still on my worn cheek playeth
The restless breeze;
Still in the freshness strayeth
Between the trees
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease:
But who shall bring thy meetings
Back again?
What shall recall thy greetings—
Loved in vain?
Summer's gone.

Miscellaneous.

THE VEILED MIRROR;

OR,

PICTURES OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The Old Year was fast drawing to a close. But a few hours and the advent of its successor would be hailed by merry shouts and joyful gratulations, mingling with the merry chime of bells ringing out a noisy welcome from church towers and steeples.

Adam Hathaway, a wealthy merchant, sat in his counting-room, striking a balance between his gains and losses for the year which had nearly passed. From the smile that lighted up his countenance, as he drew near the end of his task, it might safely be inferred that the result proved satisfactory.

He at length threw down his pen, after footing up the last column, and exclaimed joyfully:

"Five thousand dollars net gain in one year. That will do very well—very well, indeed. If I am as well prospered in the year to come, it will indeed be a 'Happy New Year.'"

His meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door. He opened the door and saw standing before him a man of ordinary appearance, bearing under his arm something, the nature of which he could not conjecture, wrapt up in brown paper.

"Mr. Hathaway, I believe?" was the stranger's salutation.

"You are correct."

"Perhaps, if not particularly engaged, you will allow me a few minutes' conversation with you?"

"Yes; certainly," was the surprised reply; "though I am at a loss to conjecture what can have brought you here."

"You are a wealthy man, Mr. Hathaway, and every year increases your possessions. May I ask what is your object in accumulating so much property?"

"This is a very singular question, sir," said the merchant, who began to entertain doubts as to his visitor's sanity, "very singular. I suppose I am influenced by the same motives that actuate other men—the necessity of providing for my physical wants and so contributing to my happiness."

"And this contents you? But your gains are not all devoted to this purpose. This last year, for example, the overplus has amounted to five thousand dollars."

"I know not where you have gained your information," said Mr. Hathaway, in surprise. "However, you are right."

"And what do you intend to do with this?"

"You are somewhat free with your questions, sir. However, I have no objection to answering you. I shall lay it up."

"For what purpose? I need not tell you that money, in itself, is of no value.—It is only the representative of value. Why then do you allow it to remain idle?"

"How else should I employ it? I have a comfortable house well furnished—should I purchase one more expensive? My table is well provided—should I live more luxuriously? My wardrobe is well supplied—should I dress more expensively?"

"To these questions I answer 'No.' But it does not follow, because you have a good house, comfortable clothing, and a well-supplied table, that others are equally well provided. Have you thought to give of your abundance to those who are needy; to promote your own happiness by advancing that of others?"

"I must confess that this is a duty which I have neglected. But there are almshouses and benevolent societies. There cannot be much misery that escapes their notice," said Mr. Hathaway.

"You shall judge for yourself."

The stranger commenced unwrapping the package which he carried under his arm.—It was a small mirror, with a veil hanging before it. He slowly withdrew the veil, and said: "Look!"

A change passed over the surface of the mirror. Mr. Hathaway, as he looked at it intently, found that it reflected a small room, scantily furnished, while a faint fire flickered in the grate. A bed stood in one corner of the room, on which reposed a sick man. By the side of it sat a woman, with a thin shawl over her shoulders, busily plying her needle. An infant boy lay in a cradle not far off, which a little girl, called Alice, whose wasted form and features spoke of want and privation, was rocking to sleep.

"Would you hear what they are saying?" asked the stranger.

The merchant nodded acquiescence.—Immediately there came to his ear the confused noise of voices, from which he soon distinguished that of the sick man, who asked for some food.

"We have none in the house," said his wife. "But I shall soon get this work finished, and then I shall be able to get some."

The husband groaned. "O that I should be obliged to remain idle on a sick bed, when I might be earning money for you and the children. The doctor says that now the fever has gone, I need nothing but nourishing food to raise me up again. But, alas! I see no means of procuring it.—Would that some rich man, out of his abundance, would supply me with but a trifle from his board. To him, it would be nothing—to me, everything."

The scene vanished, and gradually another formed itself upon the surface of the mirror.

It was a small room, neatly, but not expensively, furnished. There were two occupants—a man of middle age, and a youth of a bright intellectual countenance which, at present, seemed overspread with an air of dejection.

Mr. Hathaway, to his surprise, recognized in the gentleman Mark Audley, a fellow-merchant and, formerly, intimate friend, who, but a few months before, had failed in business; and, too honorable to defraud his creditors, had given up all his property.—Since his failure he had been reduced to accept a clerkship.

"I am sorry, Arthur," said he to his son, "very sorry that I could not carry out my intention of entering you at college. I know your tastes have always led you to think of a professional career; but my sudden change of circumstances has placed it out of my power to gratify you. It is best for you to accept the situation which has been offered you, and enter Mr. Bellamy's store. It is a very fair situation, and will suit you as well as any."

"I believe you are right, sir," said Arthur, respectfully, "though it will be hard to resign the hopes that I have so long cherished. I met Henry Fulhant to-day. He was in my class at school, and is to enter college next fall. I couldn't help envying him. How soon will Mr. Bellamy wish me to enter his store?"

"Day after to-morrow, I believe—that is, with the beginning of the year, New Year's Day being considered a holiday."

"Very well; you may tell him that I will come at that time."

The scene vanished as before—a change passed over the surface of the mirror.—Again the merchant looked, and to his surprise, beheld the interior of his own store. A faint light was burning, by the light of which a young man whom he recognized as Frank Durell, one of his own clerks, was reading a letter, the contents of which seemed to agitate him powerfully.

The scene was brought so near that he could, without difficulty, trace the lines, written in a delicate female hand, as follows:

"*My Dear Son:*—You are not, probably, expecting to hear from me at this time.—Alas! that I should have such an occasion to write. At the time of your father's death it was supposed that, by the sacrifice of everything, we had succeeded in liquidating all his debts. Even this consolation is now denied us. I received a call from Mr. Perry, this morning, who presented, for *immediate payment*, a note given by your father, for fifty dollars. Immediate payment! How, with a salary barely sufficient to support us, can you meet such a charge? Can any way be devised? Mr. Perry threatens, if the money is not forthcoming, to seize our furniture. He is a hard man, and I have no hopes of appeasing him. I do not know that you can do anything to retard it; but I have thought it right to acquaint you with this new calamity.

Your affectionate mother,
MARY DURELL."

The young man laid down the letter with an air of depression.

"I scarcely know how to provide for this new contingency," said he, meditatively.—"My salary is small, and it requires the strictest economy to meet my expenses. I might ask for an advance; but Mr. Hathaway is particular on that point, and I should but court a refusal. But to have my mother's furniture taken from the house—the whole amount would hardly cover the debt. There is one resource; but, alas! that I should ever think of resorting to it. I could take the money from the till, and return it when I am able.—But, shall I ever be able? It would be no more nor less than robbery. At all events I will not do it to-night. Who knows but something may turn up to help us?"

The young man blew out lamp, and left the store. The picture faded.

"I will show you another picture, somewhat different from the others; it will be the last," said the stranger.

The next scene represented the interior of a baker's shop. The baker—a coarse-featured man, with a hard, unprepossessing aspect—was waiting on a woman, thinly clad in garments more suitable for June than December. She was purchasing two loaves of bread and a few crackers. There was another customer waiting his turn. It was a gentleman, with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Make haste," said the baker, rudely, to the woman, who was searching for her money to pay for her purchases; "I can't stop all day; and here's a gentleman that you keep waiting."

"O, never mind me; I am in no hurry," the gentleman said.

"I am afraid," said the woman, in an alarmed tone, "that I have lost my money.—I had it here in my pocket; but it is gone."

"Then you may return the bread; I don't sell for nothing."

"Trust me for once, sir. I will pay you in a day or two. Otherwise my children must go without food to-morrow."

"Can't help that. You shouldn't have been so careless."

The woman was about turning away, when the voice of the other customer arrested her steps.

"How much money have you lost?" he inquired.

"It was but half a dollar," was the reply; "but it was of consequence to me, as I can get no more for a day or two; and how we are to live till then, Heaven knows."

"Perhaps that will help you to decide the question," and he took from his pocket a five dollar bill, and handed it to her.

"O, sir," said she, her face lighting up with gratitude, "this is indeed generous and noble. The blessings of those you have befriended attend you!"

She remained to make a few purchases, and then, with a light heart, departed.

The last picture faded from the mirror; and the stranger, wrapping it up, simply said:

"You have seen how much happiness a trifling sum can produce. Will you not out of your abundance, make a similar experiment?"

The stranger disappeared; and Mr. Hathaway awoke to find his dream terminated by the chime of the New Year's bells.

"This is something more than a dream," said he, thoughtfully. "I will, at all events, take counsel of the mystic vision; and it shall not be my fault if some hearts are not made happier through my means before another sun sets."

When the merchant arose on the following morning, it was with the light heart which always accompanies the determination to do right. He was determined that the salutation of "A Happy New Year" should not be with him a mere matter of lip-service.

"I believe," said he to himself, "I will go and see my old friend, Mark Audley. If his son, Arthur, is really desirous of going to college, what is there to prevent my bearing the expenses? I am abundantly able, and can dispose of my money in no better way."

As he walked along with this praiseworthy determination in his heart, his attention was drawn towards a little girl who was gazing with eager, wistful eyes into the window of a neighboring shop, where were displayed in tempting array some fine oranges. He thought—nay, he was quite sure—that in her he recognized the little girl who figured in the first scene, unfolded the evening before by the mysterious mirror. By way of ascertaining, he addressed her in a pleasant tone.

"Your name is Alice, is it not?"

"Yes sir," said she, looking up surprised and somewhat awed.

"And your father is sick, is he not?"

"Yes, sir; but he is almost well now."

"I saw you were looking at the oranges in that window. Now I will buy you a dozen if you will let me help you carry them home."

The purchase was made; and the merchant walked along, conversing with his little conductor, who soon lost her timidity.

Arrived at the little girl's home he found that he had not been deceived in his presentiments. It was the same room that he had seen pictured in the mirror. The sick man was tossing uneasily in bed when Alice entered.

"See, papa," said she, joyfully; "see what nice oranges I have for you; and here is the kind gentleman who gave them to me."

The merchant, before he left the humble apartment, gave its occupants a timely donation and made New Year's Day a day of thanksgiving.

Mr. Hathaway soon found himself at the residence of his friend Audley, who gave him a warm welcome. "This is indeed kind," said he. "The friendship that adversity cannot interrupt is really valuable."

Mr. Hathaway now introduced the object of his visit, asking: "What do you mean to do with Arthur? He was nearly ready to go to college, was he not?"

"He was; and this is one of the severest trials attending my reversed circumstances, that I am compelled to disappoint his long cherished wish of obtaining a college education."

"That must not be," said Mr. Hathaway. "If you and Arthur will consent I will myself pay his charges through college."

"Mr. Hathaway," said Mr. Audley, in a glow of surprise and pleasure, "this offer evinces a noble generosity on your part that I shall never forget. You must let me tell Arthur the good news."

Mr. Audley summoned his son, and pointing to Mr. Hathaway, said: "This gentleman has offered to send you to college at his own expense."

The eyes of the youth lighted up; and he grasped the hand of his benefactor, saying, simply: "O, if you but knew how happy you have made me!"

"I do not deserve your thanks," was the smiling reply. "I have learned that to make others happy is the most direct way to secure my own happiness."

Mr. Hathaway took his way to the store. Arrived there, he sought out Frank Durell, and requested him to step into his office, as he wished to speak to him in private.

"Your salary is five hundred dollars a year, I believe," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Frank Durell, somewhat surprised.

"I have come to the conclusion that this is insufficient, and I shall therefore advance it two hundred dollars; and, as a part of it may not be unacceptable to you now, here are a hundred dollars that you may consider an advance."

"Sir," said Frank Durell, hardly believing his senses, "you cannot estimate the benefit I shall derive from this generosity. My mother, who depends upon me for support, was about to be deprived of her furniture by an extortionate creditor; but this timely gift—for I must consider it so—will remove this terrible necessity. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

"You are quite welcome," said the merchant kindly. "In future consider me your friend; and, if you should at any time be in want of advice or assistance, do not scruple to confide in me."

"At least," said the merchant, thoughtfully, "I have done something to make this a 'Happy New Year' for others. The lesson conveyed in the dream of last night shall not be thrown away upon me. I will take care that many hearts shall have cause to bless the vision of THE VEILED MIRROR."

THE DRAFT.

On the eve of the election the people were assured by the leaders of the Abolition party that Woodward's election would necessarily be followed by *another draft*; and this statement, made in the most positive manner, probably aided in defeating him. The election had scarcely closed and the victory of the administration been announced, when lo! Abraham Lincoln issues his proclamation for a draft of 300,000 more men. The election of Curtin has not, therefore, helped the people of Pennsylvania much in this respect, as we do not think it will in any other. There was a chance of bettering the condition of things by the election of Woodward—there was none whatever of doing so by electing Curtin, and yet he was elected.—By and by the people will open their eyes to the falsehoods and follies, the corruption and wickedness of the Abolition party, when neither the patronage of the President nor the greenbacks of Mr. Chase can save them from defeat—until then we must bear patiently the evils that are upon us.

In regard to the new draft, we hope that all loyal men and particularly the very loyal men of the party in power, who have not yet done any fighting, will be ready to bear their portion of the burden of the war. —*Patriot & Union.*

MR. WINTHROP ON THE WAR.

In an address, delivered a few days ago in Boston, before some charitable association, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop took occasion to say a few words in behalf of the Constitution and the policy of conciliation. His high character as a statesman and as a patriot gives peculiar value to his views, and we commend his measured and moderate language to the attention of his old political associates. After alluding to the services of the Boston mechanics in the Revolution, he continued:

"Of all the mighty and marvelous engineery, to the invention or to the operation of which the Mechanic mind or the Mechanic arm has ever contributed, the Constitution of the United States is still the master-piece. (Great applause.) For, sir, when I speak of the Constitution, *I speak of the Union, which was its direct and designed result. There could have been no effective and permanent Union without that Constitution. There could have been none at that day. There can be none at this.* True, Mr. President, it is no simple machine. It is somewhat complex in its construction. It has wheels within wheels, which may sometimes get clogged, and sometimes be thrown out of gear. And, like everything else of merely mortal mould, it is not proof against such wanton and wicked attempts to obstruct its operation, and destroy its checks and balances, and overthrow its entire organization, as those from which we are now suffering. *Yet, taken for all in all, tested by its practical operation for more than threescore years and ten, the world has seen nothing wiser or nothing so wise or so good; and the most earnest efforts and the most fervent prayer of each one of us should be that it may come out safely from the great trial to which it is now subjected, and be once more restored to us in all its original proportions, and in all its matchless symetry.* (Prolonged applause.) I do not forget, Mr. President, that this restoration must primarily be accomplished by force of arms. There is no alternative, and no substitute, at this moment, for hard blows in its defence. [Applause.] We must fight, and fight on, and woe unto us if we do not fight with all our might against those who are striving to break up this great machine of Free Government." (Great applause.)

What a contrast between these words and the vulgar brawling of Vice President Hamlin or Senator Wilson! Not less statesmanlike are his opinions in reference to the policy which should direct our arms.—Upon this point he eloquently said:

"Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I am not one of those, if any such there be, who believe that nothing besides hard blows is required for the restoration of our beloved Union. A reinforced and triumphant army is the first thing, and should have the foremost place in all our thoughts and efforts. But it is not the only thing.—I have always been of the opinion that a just, generous, conciliatory policy should accompany our advancing hosts, or at least follow close behind them. Do not imagine, my friends, that I am going to discuss that policy here. A dinner table is no place for dogmas: But the ladies will pardon me, perhaps, for venturing on a few words of illustration. You all know that there are revolving in the firmament above us what are supposed to be the fragments of a once brilliant and beautiful planet. Year after year, and month after month, the searching gaze of modern science has discovered another and still another of the members of what may have been a once glorious Union, but which by some process of secession or disruption has been broken into almost insignificant pieces. The Asteroids, as they are called, which have thus far been detected in their hiding places, already outnumber, more than two-fold, I believe, the stars of our national flag. Now, it happened, sir, that a few weeks only before the original bombardment of Fort Sumter, it became my duty, as one of an Examining Committee, to visit that admirable Observatory at Cambridge, which was so long under the charge of your late honored Vice President, Mr. Bond, and which is still under the direction of his worthy and accomplished son, and there the ominous announcement was made to us, in the annual report of the Director, that while several new Asteroids had been observed, *Concordia* was missing from its accustomed place in the heavens, and had eluded the most diligent search of the great refractor. Again at the close of another year, on visiting the Observatory in the fulfillment of a similar duty, I did not fail to inquire whether *Concordia* had yet been found. 'Not yet, not yet,' was the reply'; and, for aught I know, it may be missing still. Now, sir, I am no superstitious believer in the signs of the sky, or in the influences of either planets or comets. There is One that 'sitteth on the circle of the Heavens, above all stars, who shapes our ends, and controls the destinies of nations as well as of individuals. But we may at least extract a moral from this celestial mystery. It is not only from among the glittering orbs of light above us that *Concordia* has of late been missing. It had been most unhappily driven from its place among the stars which emblazon our national banner, and from among the States which those stars represent, long before this abhorrent rebellion came to a head. *And it must somehow or other be won back again, and reinstated in its old position of authority and influence over us, or, let the success of our arms be as complete and triumphant as we all hope it will be, we can rely on no permanent restoration of the Union and Peace.* [Applause.] This is one of the great wants of the times, symbolized in the heavens, felt and realized on earth. We must prepare the way for bringing back the old spirit of fraternity and harmony out of which the Constitution and the Union first sprang into existence, or, though they may be rescued for the moment by force of arms, they will soon be again in jeopardy. Would to Heaven that the inventive genius and mechanic skill with which our land abounds, and of which I see so much around me at this table, could contrive an engineery adequate for accomplishing *the great end of diffusing harmony throughout the land, and of reawakening in every heart something of that old spirit of concord, of mutual regard and respect, and of common pride in a glorious history, which animated our fathers.*" [Applause.]

Were our rulers animated by such sentiments—were the Government conducted in the spirit which formerly actuated our public men—the restoration of the Union would be an easy task; but, so long as we have as our rulers the miserable fanatics to whom, as Postmaster General Blair said, "The history of our country from Washington's time to the present day is a pestilence," and who have no other thought than to wreak a pitiable revenge upon the whole people of the South and the whole Democratic party of the North, it is the height of madness to hope that they will ever permit a reconstruction to take place. The same spirit of malignant hatred gives tone to the Administration papers, that has done so much to embitter the people of the Southern States and to divide those at home. To them, Mr. Winthrop, though employing very guarded terms, administers this deserved rebuke:

"Sir, it is in the power of the loyal press of the loyal States of this country, while it urges and stimulates, as it ought unceasingly to urge and stimulate, by every appeal to interest, obligation and patriotism, the discharge of our first great duty, that of reinforcing our army and navy to the utmost practicable extent, and with the utmost practicable dispatch, so that we may be able to strike a vigorous and crushing blow upon the hydra-headed rebellion, wherever it exists, yet so to deal with the questions of the future, so to abstain from wanton irritation and utupertion, so to abandon all savage threats of indiscriminate and wholesale vengeance, as to prepare the way or at least to leave the way open, for ultimate restoration of fraternity and concord without which all the successes of our armies and navies will prove vain and worthless. We must not forget that he who overcomes by force overcomes but half his foe. There is an old maxim that we should so deal with our friends, as not forgetting that they may one day become our enemies. The reverse of that maxim is not less wise, and is more Christian—that we should so deal with our enemies, as remembering and hoping that they may soon once more become our friends. Sir, if the press of the loyal States could be conducted in such a spirit, and if all our pens and tongues could be similarly inspired, both towards enemies at home and neutrals abroad, we might well feel a confidence that the day was not far distant when the old Constitution, for which the mechanics of 1788 struck so decisive a blow, might once more be restored over the land; and when our flag might have a star for every State, and our country a State for every star." [Great applause.]

No one unblinded by passion can hesitate to give his assent to these words; but our great mistake has been to suppose that the men who have all their lives hated the Union—who thank God that they labored for years to destroy it—and who, if consistent, must still abhor it, are the proper counsellors to devise means for its restoration. It is as if one who had partially effected assassination should be called in as physician. If the Union is to be restored, it can only be by the men who have loved and venerated it—by the Guthries, the Winthrops, the Fillmores—not by Salmon P. Chase and Wendell Phillips.—*Age.*

MR. CHASE'S BANKING SCHEME.

We invite the special attention of our readers to the following extract from Mr. Gallatin's remarks on the new banking scheme of Mr. Chase. The name alone of the author would command respectful perusal, even if it were not known, that its present inheritor can boast a reputation, in financial learning, by no means inferior to that of the former great Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The brief extract we append is a lucid and masterly exposition of the mischief inflicted on the country by the miserable blundering of our present "Minister of Finance:"

"Among all the deplorable consequences of increasing the prices of commodities, by this proposed increase of paper money through the new banks, none is so injurious to our national wealth as the transfer of our public debt into the hands of foreign capitalists at the most extraordinarily low prices. Persons not conversant with financial affairs are shamefully deceived and misled on this question. Because the stocks of the United States are quoted at or above par, no matter what may be the price of gold and other commodities, they consider our financial policy to be founded upon the wise teachings of experience. Now, for example, let us take a case, similar to those which occur every day on the street, and in the New York Stock Board. We will suppose gold to be at fifty per cent. premium, as it has been more than once within a year, and a capitalist residing in London or Paris wishes to buy one thousand dollars worth of our Government stock—'five twenties.' This stock is at par in our paper money, one hundred dollars of 'greenbacks' being worth one hundred dollars in 'five twenties.' The capitalist has sent one thousand dollars in gold (or bills of exchange payable in gold) from London or from Paris, and this sells in New York for about fifteen hundred dollars in greenbacks; there being a slight charge for expenses; so that every thousand dollars sent from other countries, when gold is at fifty per cent premium in New York, buys about fifteen hundred dollars of our Government stock, bearing six per cent. interest in gold; and in reality Mr. Chase gets less (in real value) than one thousand dollars for his fifteen hundred of stock, because his issues of paper money have increased the prices of every thing so much that the fifteen hundred dollars he would have received in paper, in the example just referred to, would buy far less in commodities than the thousand dollars under a specie currency. He pays interest on fifteen hundred dollars annually in gold, being ninety dollars a year, although he has received in real value only one thousand dollars. In this way every foreign capitalist, when gold is fifty premium, gets our Government securities at about sixty-six cents on the dollar, so that his capital yields him more than nine per cent. interest, while our poor people, as well as all persons having fixed incomes, are made to pay fifty per cent. more for the necessaries of life, and our own capitalists are compelled to pay fifty per cent. more than foreigners for our own national securities. To impoverish a nation, and discourage the labor and savings of its people, no system is so effectual as this of paper money; and it is this system, so ruinous to the nation and the people, which we are requested to render active and efficient by admitting its engines into the Clearing House, that they may destroy and supplant the specie-paying system upon which our New York city banks are founded, and establish upon its ruins that of the notorious John Law, which has exploded in every country which has tried it, leaving a succession of awful warnings and admonitions, which are to be read in almost every chapter of the history of nations, during the last and present centuries."

How We Slaughter Each Other.—We have now in the United States at least two hundred and thirty-five general hospitals for the use of the soldiers, containing about 80,000 patients. To show on what a large scale our battles have been fought, as we do everything else, it seems that during four months of 1862, there were treated at our hospitals 20,933 cases of gunshot wounds. The wounded of the whole British army in the Crimean war were only a little over 12,000, and their entire hospital accommodations in the three years would not have sufficed for the wounded at either of the battles of Shiloh, Antietam, or Gettysburg.—*Sunday Mercury.*

☞ The Confederate government has dismissed all British Consuls from the Confederacy—the immediate cause being that the Consul at Mobile took too high ground for a Confederate army.