THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domstic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

VOLUME XXV. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1869 NUMBER 52

Hoofland's German Bitters

YOU ALL

HAVE HEARD OF

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in

1825.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different preparations now from the many Bitters or Tonics in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

Are known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.* Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of **C. M. Jackson** *on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.*

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7 50.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended, and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,

Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, the order to get the genuine.

may5ly.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two dollars per annum, invariably in advance

JOB PRINTING
Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks	$2 50
One square, three months	6 00
One square, six months	10 00
One square, nine months	15 00
One square, twelve months	18 00
Two squares three weeks	5 00
Two squares, three months	8 00
Two squares, six months	12 00
Two squares, nine months	16 00
Two squares, twelve months	18 00
One-fourth column, three months	15 00
" " six months	25 00
" " nine months	30 00
" " twelve months	35 00
One-half column, three months	20 00
" " six months	30 00
" " nine months	35 00
" " twelve months	40 00
One column, three months	30 00
" six months	45 00
" nine months	55 00
" twelve months	75 00

Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.

All legal advertisements will be charged by the line, and must be paid in advance of publication.

Notices of the appointment of Administrator's and Executor's; also Attachment Notices and Road notices, two dollars and fifty cents, in advance.

Advertising done at published rates, and payment required in advance, in all cases.

TIN WARE, COPPER WARE,

AND

Sheet Iron Ware, Stoves, &c.

Place of business at the old stand, oppsite the Jail.

WILLIAM ROSE,

HAS just received, and will sell at reasonable prices, a first class stock of the wares enumerated above. Mr. Rose is a capital workman, and will manufacture for you any wares desired, not found in his shop.

Give him a call before looking elsewhere. He can and will please you.

apr23,'67. WILLIAM ROSE.

Professional Cards.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,

HAVING resumed the practice of Medicine, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

(Office on Main treet,)

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

feb26,

J. R. MORRIS....J. B. DRIGGS....C. C MECHEM.

Morris, Driggs & Mechem,

Attorneys and counsellors at Law,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

WILL attend to the practice of Law in Monroe and adjoining Counties. Special attention paid to the collection of doubtful claims. Room formerly occupied by Amos & Spriggs—Bloomer House corner.

dec1 6m6.

J. O. AMOS, Notary Public. ..... J. P. SPRIGGS, Pros. Attorney

AMOS & SPRIGGS,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Licensed Claim Agents,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

OFFICE—Up stairs in the old Bloomer House.

April 26, 1865.

JACOB T. MORRILL,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Clarington, Monroe, County O.

WILL promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Compromise and amicable adjustment always first sought, and litigation used only as the last resort. Oct. 31, '60.

Great Battle in Washington!

The Capitol in Ruins!!

THE above is not true; but it is true that I have bought W. W. Jordan's Tin Shop, and am now prepared to furnish everything usually kept in a first class Tin Shop, from a Cooking Stove down to a Tin Whistle.

SPOUTING

Put up on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed. Terms—CASH.

june23m6. W. M. ALEXANDER.

MARBLE WORKS.

NICHOLAS WAGONHEIM

Is prepared to furnish

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES,

Head-stones, and all articles usually manufactured in first class Marble establishments, at the lowest cash prices.

Persons desiring to purchase will find it to their interest to call. Place of business two doors South of Postoffice, Main street, Woodsfield, Ohio. jan14y.

UNION HOUSE,

(Southeast of Public Square,)

SIMON DORR, : : : Proprietor.

HAVING recently taken charge of this House, the Proprietor has refitted and refurnished it throughout in a manner calculated to make it one of the most desirable stopping places in this part of the State.

Guests will find the best accommodations at this House, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable

The Stables are commodious, and the travelers' horses receive the best attention.

sep1y.

THE STAR HOTEL,

(On the corner East of Main Cross St.)

Henry Minsterman, : : : . Proprietor.

THIS House has been thoroughly renovated and repaired. Having superior facilities, everything will be done to make the guests comfortable.

The table is always supplied with the best the market affords. Good rooms and clean beds for travelers and regular guests.

Good stables are attached to the House. Every effort will be made for the comfort of the patrons. Boarders taken by the day, week, month or year.

sep1y.

Poetry.

FONTENOY.

[1745.]

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English columns failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary,
As vainly through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed,
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye.
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try;
On Fontenoy! On Fontenoy! how fast his general's ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.
Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire—moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above, they rose and kept their course,
With steady fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grew their ranks,
They broke, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.
More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground,
Bomb-shell and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been as Waterloo—
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement true.
"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes,
How fierce the looks these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day.
The treaty broken, ere the ink where with 'twas wrote could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all was staked on him alone,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.
O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets,"—"charge!"—like mountain storm rush on the fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind,
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley crashes from their lines, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke;
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenach!"
Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled.
The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead,
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dashed in upon their track,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes—the exiles stand—the field is fought and won!

The Boston Transcript having called for a rhyme for velocipede, has received specimens from thirteen ambitious individuals, none of which strike us as being very happy. Here is the best:

"You wish to rhyme velocipede?
The mother lets the bossy feed,
The swallow skims the mossy mead,
The baby likes to toss a reed,
The apple bears a glossy seed,
The reindeer takes a mossy feed,
The mule results from cross o' breed,
The donkey pines from loss o' feed,
Let these not make you cross to read."

"Mamma, do you know how I get into bed so quick?" "No, my darling, how do you?" "Why, I put one foot on the bed, and then holler 'Rats!' and scare myself right in."

A drunken man, having vomited into a basket containtng goslings warming by the fire-place, exclaimed in consternation, "My God, wife, when'd I swaller them things?"

A sick man who was making a hideous howl excused himself because the doctor had ordered him to take port wine and bark.

A revenue officer charged Noah with brewing beer in the ark, because he saw a kangaroo going on board with hops.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation. "Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"But they don't suit me," said Barbara coolly tying her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Earnest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign he is a coward.—There is little Fritz, the tanner, he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely."

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give these fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another. "I will, mother," said she at last.

That evening Earnest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door. "You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Earnest," she replied, I've been thinking of what you said the other night, when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

Earnest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mould. They say Recmond the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that your bed to-night?"

"Earnest laughed. "Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember, no one sleeps in that part of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay there all night," said the imperious Miss Barbara, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

"I vow it."

Earnest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through the dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Earnest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the center of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise quite empty.

Earnest stretched himself in the coffin. "Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a good fit," said he. The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the gunsmith alone in dark. Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping-room. "Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you to before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber, where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare to sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you away from your post, you will not ask me to marry you in vain."

"You give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?"

"Nothing."

"Are these all the conditions you offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose voluntary stare at Earnest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness and the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara," he asked.

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I vow to satisfy you, Barbara"

"I have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room and go to your rest, Barbara. You will find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as he required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber.

Barney had been sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed to him as if he could hear low, suppressed breathing not far away; but he pursuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeeked as if famine was upon them and they smelled flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if, somebody was behind him, and he put his chair against the wall and sat down again.

He had been hard at work all day, and, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start but saw nobody near, though in the center of the room stood a white figure. "Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the very first words that came to his tongue. The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet The spectre came nearer, pressing him into a corner, "The devil take you!" cried Barney in his great extremity.

Involuntarialy he stepped back. Still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer and extending both arms. The hair started upon Barney's head; he grew desperate, and as the gleaming arms, would have touched him he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping and beating and kicking, more outraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little, and while pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, big Barney!"

Looking around, they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much, they released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Earnest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he turning over in his coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

Conservation of Flowers.

The following is a very simple way to keep flowers in a vase fresh for a long time:

Put a tablespoonful of powdered charcoal into the water which is to receive the flower-stalks. The charcoal will settle immediately on the bottom of the vase, and the water will remain limpid. This done, it is not necessary to renew the water or the charcoal for several days. The flowers will keep their freshness and their perfume, and will look and smell as fine as those just brought in from the garden.

Useful Hints.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore crapes.

Ribbons of every kind should be washed in cold suds and not rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will stop the crack of a stove,

Half a cranberry, it is said, bound on a corn will soon kill it.

Hog Cholera.

A writer in the Stock Journal recommends the following as a preventive of this disease: Flower of sulphur, six pounds; sulphate of iron, six ounces; cinchora, pulverized, a pound. Mix well together in a large mortar; afterwards give a tablespoonful to each animal, mixed with a few potato peelings and corn meal, three times a day. Continue this for one week, keeping the animal in a clean, warm, dry place, and not allowing too many together.

Simple and Perfect Cure for Burns

Take essence of peppermint and whisky, in proportion of one part peppermint and three of spirits, and apply with cloths, and it gives perfect relief instantly. Peppermint and sweet oil is equally good, put on with cotton. This should be always at hand, whenever there is danger from such accidents, as it acts like a perfect charm.

To Take Mildew Out of Linen.

Wet the linen which contains the mildew with soft water; rub it well into the linen; lay it out on the grass in the sunshine, watching to keep it damp with soft water. Repeat the process the next day, and in a few hours the mildew will entirely disappear.

Rock Cakes.

Mix together one pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half pound of currants, and three eggs; a teaspoonful of mace and candied lemon peel are a great improvement. Drop with a spoon upon flat tins.

A rival to "blind Tom" is said to be found in the person of Ellen Jones, a negro girl eighteen years old, born in Hinds county, Mississippi. She does not know a single note, and cannot spell the simplest word. She was a house servant and as such was allowed to play on the piano. She can play any piece, however difficult, after once hearing it, and her performance is spoken of as little short of marvellous, combining accuracy of touch and brilliancy of execution.

St. Petersburg is crazy over Patti. At her first appearance she was recalled fifteen times after each act, seventy boquets of camelias, costing there about $70 each, were thrown to her, during the *entre acte* she sat in the Emperor's box and all the nobility crowded to see her, and after the performance she had to slip out by the Minister's entrance to avoid an enthusiastic crowd that was waiting to carry her off in triumph.

Interesting to Wool Growers.

The following interesting letter was handed us by Mr. JACOB ROEMER, and thinking it would be of considerable interest to numerous wool growers of Eastern Ohio, we give it a place in our columns with pleasure:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1, 1869.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed is a sample of combing wool grown in Illinois, and is worth 50a53c to-day in our market in the unwashed condition. The demand for these wools is increasing so rapidly that it will be impossible for the American farmers to supply enough of them for years to come.

Three-quarter blood wools are now grown in excess of the wants of the country, and soon California and Texas will raise enormous quantities of this quality, and probably cause a further reduction in the price. If our farmers in the present wool growing sections wish to raise wool at a profit, they can do so quite easily and with but light expense in making the change.

Let them buy of the Canadian farmers young Leicestershire bucks, at a cost of $8 to $10 each, and cross them with their medium and coarse wool ewes, and they will produce sheep valuable for mutton, and bearing the wool which is most wanted and sure to command a high price.—These sheep will be hardy, but they should be sheltered from the storms in winter and fed on turnips and other roots rather than corn, that the wool staple may be strong and lustrous.

Our quotations for fleeces are as follows: Fine, 53a60c; three-fourths bleached and medium, 52a53c; coarse, 50a52c; combing washed, 65c. Yours truly,

JUSTUS, BATEMAN & Co.

The New Scheme Against Mexico.

The Journal de Paris, of January 28, has the following:

A rumor was current a few days ago that Count de Girgenti was proposing to undertake an expedition to Spain. The report was at once denied by the official telegraph of Madrid; but at present we know pretty well how it arose. A Mexican, Gen. Taboada, has been for some time enlisting Spanish officers for a monarchial enterprise in Mexico. About 300 had been enrolled with the consent of the provisional government, and they were said to have obtained a two years furlough. The funds at the General's disposition are stated to amount to $20,000,000, and 1,600 men are announced as only awaiting the arrival of those officers to take up arms in favor of the Count de Girgenti, who would become King of Mexico. The place of departure is supposed to be Gibraltar, where each person engaged would receive an advance of $200. Santa Anna is understood to be the author of the affair. We have no occasion to add that we publish these details under all reserve and merely to keep our readers aware of a piece of news which circulates in diplomatic circles.

We notice by the Dayton Ledger that Judge Parsons, of Miami County, who figured in the trial of Brown, the murderer of Bolmeyer, (formerly editor of the Dayton Empire,) died in the Lunatic Asylum at Dayton, a few days ago. The murder was committed in Montgomery County, but Brown, fearing he would get his deserts there, had the trial moved to Miami County. And it is a remarkable fact that every one of the jurymen who acquitted him on the plea of insanity, became either insane themselves, or met with unnatural deaths; and Judge Parsons (who presided at the trial) comes in last, and fills the measure.

PRIZE SPELLING.—A prize of two dollars was recently offered to any member of the Connecticut Teachers' Institute who would write and spell correctly the words in the following sentence: "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harnessed peddler attempting to gauge the symmetry of a peeled onion, which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard, regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of cornelian hue." Thirty-eight teachers competed for the prize, but not one was successful.

A curious fact in connection with the practical working of the Atlantic Cable Telegraph is that messages sent from London *to-day* arrive in New York *yesterday*—*Scientific American.*

An excellent cure for dyspepsia is to give a hungry dog a piece of meat, and chase him till he drops it.

A richly-dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No, ma'am," said the innocent. "I've got potatoes."

When a gentleman steps on a lady's train the lady should turn round and say politely: "I beg your pardon, sir," and the gentleman should bow and say: "I accept your apology, madam."

A marriage has been arranged between the Prince of the Asturias and a daughter of the "Duke de Madrid." The Prince is very young, and his bride elect is not yet born. It is sad to imagine the blight of young affection in case she should happen to be a boy.—*Boston Post.*

Josh Billings writes that "Philosophers aul agree that the milk is put into the koker nut, and then the hole is neatly plugged up, but who the fellow iz who duz it, the philosophers are honest enough, for a wonder, to admit they kant tell."

A Maine paper relates that a country member of the Legislature, seeing a quantity of boxes in the rotunda of the State House at Augusta, to be used in sending away documents, asked an old stager what they were. "Shoe-boxes, I presume." "What," said the member from Cranberry Center, "we don't draw shoes, do we?"

On Tuesday evening Mr. Kistler, of Monticello, Ind., was granted a divorce from his wife. On Wednesday evening he took his departure from Monticello, and on Thursday evening his wife was a happy bride.

A little "nig" in New York tried to burn up his poor old parents because they threatened to have him arrested and punished for stealing. He set their bed on fire when they were sound asleep, but happily the old folks woke up before they were entirely burnt to a crisp.

"He Done His Level Best."

Mark Twain puts forth the following touching epistle, which he claims to have received from a friend in California:

Mr. Mark Twain:

DEAR SIR: The within man, which I've sot to poetry under the name and stile of "He Done His Level Best," was among the whites men you ever did see, I judge; and 'taint every man which knowed him as can find it in his hart to say he's glad the pore cuss is busted and gone home to the States. He cum here in a yearly day, and was among the handies men at raising hold of anything cum along you most ever see.

Preachin' was his natural gate, but he wan't a man to stick at anything, widdle his thumbs be cause he didn't happen to be any thing goin' on in his own special line. No, sirree! He'd wander forth and stir up sumthin' to suite hisself. His last acks wos to go his pile on kings, and calkerlaten to fill; but he faled to fill, when there was a flush against him. So naturally, you see, he went under. So bein', as you may say, cleened out, he struck the home trail—cheerful but flat broke. I knowed this talented man in Arkansaw, and if you will presente this here umble tribute to his abiliteas you would greatly oblige his onhappy friend.

SIMON WHEELER.

Was he mining on the fil,
He done it with a zest;
Was he leading of the choir,
He done his level best.

Was he preaching on his beef,
He'd tramp from east to west,
And north and south in cold and heat,
He done his level best.

He'd yank a sinner out'——,
And land him with the blest;
Then snatch a prayer, 'n waltz in again,
And do his level best.

He'd drink and dance and shout and pray,
And howl and shout and jest,
And lie and steal—all one to him—
He done his level best.

Whate'er this man was set to do,
He done it with a zest;
No matter what his contract was,
He done his level best.

Execution of Whalen.

OTTAWA, Feb. 11.—Whalen, the murderer, was hung to-day. No Fenian demonstration.

Before his execution Whalen said: "I beg pardon for any offense I may have committed; I forgive all parties who have injured me, and I ask forgiveness of any one that I may have injured. God save Ireland, and God save my soul."

It is rumored that he left a written paper in his cell, the contents of which are unknown.

RICHMOND, Va, Feb. 11.—In the United States District Court, to-day, the District Attorney, under instructions from the Attorney General, in accordance with President Johnson's proclamation, entered a *nolle prosequi* in both indictments against Jefferson Davis, and in those against Lee, Wade Hampton, Breckinridge, Longstreet, Pryor, Seddon, Wise, Mahone, Early, and thirty others.

On motion of Robert Ould, the court ordered that the sureties on Davis' bail bond be discharged from farther custody.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15—In the Supreme Court to-day Chief Justice Chase in delivering his opinion decided that gold contracts must be satisfied with coin. Where the kind of currency is not mentioned, then legal tenders are as lawful in such connection. Messrs. Davis and Swayne gave their qualified consent, but Miller dissented in a great measure from the opinion.

MADRID, Feb. 15.—The arrests of Carlists continue in this city and different parts of the country.

Regiments of regulars and large numbers of volunteers daily offer their services to the Government for the suppression of the revolt in Cuba.

ATHENS, Feb. 14.—The new Ministry have issued instructions to the military and naval officers, countermanding the recent orders for warlike preparations.

READING, PENN, Feb. 12.—At the city election to-day William H. Gornand, Democrat was re-elected Mayor, over Hon. John Pringle Jones, by 146 majority.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, a young man recently settled over the Park street Church in Boston, startled his staid parishioners the other Sunday by inserting a petition in his prayer that the Lord would also "bless those middle aged females in the congregation whose youthful hopes had been disappointed."

Gen. Sampson Mason, one of the pioneers of Ohio, died at Springfield, Ohio, on the 1st. Mr. M., with the single exception of Thomas Ewing, is the last of the political men who occupied prominent positions in Ohio politics in the last generation. He was a member of Congress in 1834, '40 and '42.

There is a man in Maine, the owner of a piece of crinoline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door and saw it all; and as long as he has the spirit of a man remaining, he will peep on such occasions.

"The times are so hard I can hardly manage to keep my nose above water," said a husband the other day to his wife, who was importuning him for a new dress. "No," she replied, with some asperity, "but you manage to keep it above *brandy* and water easy enough."

"What! are you drunk again?" "No, my dear, not drunk, but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

The revolution in Bolivia has been completely suppressed. Some of the leaders have fled to the Argentune Republic, but one of them Col. Lozada, had been captured and shot by Melgarejo.

Savannah is now the busiest Southern seaport on the Atlantic. There were eighty-five vessels in port there one day last week.

A dispatch from St. Paul, Minnesota, says: "No new failures are reported; but money is closer than at any previous period for ten years."

First Gun for 1869.

The Ohio Statesman calls its rooster from his retirement to illustrate the first Democratic victory of the year. The Statesman says:

The following gives the particulars of the first battle of 1869, to fill the vacancy in the Senatorial District of Coshocton and Tuscarawas, occasioned by the death of Mr. Stambaugh.

Mr. Harmount, the Senator elect, is one of the best men in the District, and in honoring him, his constituents honor themselves:

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., Feb. 10, '69.

Editor Ohio Statesman:

DEAR SIR—Our special election, yesterday, for Senator, to fill out the unexpired term of Hon. D. W. Stambaugh, deceased, resulted in the election of Simpson Harmount, Esq., by about 1400 majority in the district. Tuscarawas gives Harmount 735 majority and Coshocton over 600 over bolters and Radicals. This is the first gun in Ohio for 1869.

Yours truly,

TUSCARAWAS.

ANOTHER DISPATCH.

By a telegram from the Hon. F. W. Thornhill, received at a late hour last night, we learn that Harmount's majority in the district is 1483, being a large Democratic gain.

FOR FUN.—A clever gentleman, and something of a wag withal, fell a victim to the wiles of John Barleycorn," recently, and became "seasick," if the Hibernianism may be allowed, so that he had to anchor in a fence corner and "have." Holding on to a rail, he poured forth a promiscous cascade "tremenjus to behold" A sympathizing friend, while passing, feelingly inquired, "Hallo, whats the matter? are you sick?" The victim turned upon him a look in which was concentrated a perfect avalanche of reproachful contempt, and blurted out between intervals of his copious upheavals—"D—n you, d's-e r-po-se I-Im p-u-puking for fun?"

How To Restore Specie Payments.

There are but two ways to restore specie payments, and all the palaver in Congress upon the subject may be reduced to this proposition: Specie payments must either be forced by a reduction of the circulation or we must grow up to that state of things by a natural course—by the growth of the country in population, trade and wealth. There is no middle course. The first would paralyze business, arrest the progress of the country, bankrupt every debtor, and bring universal distress. The second would carry us on insensibly to a specie basis without a shock to trade or a disturbance of values; for in a few years the population and business of the country will be so increased as to make the present volume of currency barely equal to the demand. Which plan will our business men and the people prefer, and should statesmen adopt?

THE VOTE OF GEORGIA.—The vote of Georgia was to be counted if it was not wanted, and not to be counted if it was worth while to count it. Old Ben Wade got this idea into his head and it filled him up, so that the size of the idea shows exactly the capacity of the President of the Senate. Butler exhausted even the tilt-hammer tactics in his effort to drive in another idea, but it was of no use.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the Minister of the United States at London, has informed the Secretary of State that he has received official notification that the restrictions imposed by the Orders in Council of the fifteenth of September, 1868, and the 19th of October, 1868, upon the importation of hay into the United Kingdom from any port of the United States, were removed by an Order in Council of the 15th ultimo, revoking those above referred to.

"Mack" writes to the Cincinnati Enquirer of suffrage in the District of Columbia: "As the case now stands, a negro protege of the Freedmen's Bureau can vote after fifteen days' residence, but an Irishman or a German must have lived in the city five years and fifteen days before he can exercise the same prerogative."

A monument to Robinson Crusoe is to be erected on the island made famous by him.

A revolution has broken out at Quito, the capital of Ecuador, and Espinosa, the President, has been overthrown without bloodshed. Garcia Moreno, an ex-President, has secured the Executive chair.

A Southern paper, disgusted with Washington affairs, says "brutal vulgarity and vulpine trickery stand arm in arm upon the apex of the pyramid of disgrace and ruin which replaces the noble structure of the Federal Congress as it existed in its former glories." The New York Times thinks they have but a narrow footing to stand upon, and hopes they will soon tumble off.

Singularly enough and very appropriately the report of Governor Brownlow's recent illness and the proposition to widen Hell-gate were published on the same day, and in the same columns, in the New York papers.

The body of William Penn lies in a little church-yard scar