

Sentinel  
Ames

# THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

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## THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor,  
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## The Death of the Old Year.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.  
Full deep doth lie the Winter snow,  
And the Winter winds are wearily sighing;  
Toll ye the church bell and the slow  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.  
Old year you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lies still he doth not move;  
He will not see the dawn of day;  
He hath no other life above,  
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,  
And the New Year will take them away.  
Old year you must not go;  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er;  
To see him die, across the waste,  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.  
Every one for his own,  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes, over the snow  
I heard last now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker and it burns  
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands before you go  
Old year, we'll be dearly rue for you!  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,  
Alack our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone.  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

## ON SKATES.

Minnie — is a dear friend of mine — sassy, plump, bright eyed, rosy-cheeked, and just eighteen. She is a charming little darling, and as full of fun, frolic and mischief as any blooming divinity that ever wore kid gaiters and made a jealous man invest in arsenic or prussic acid. Minnie is very fond of skating, and prides herself on being able to execute the most difficult figures that were ever traced by a pair of steel runners on ice.

One evening last week I called on Minnie, and as the papers were very enthusiastic about the prospects for a capital skating season, that was the only topic on which she would consent to speak. Before leaving, she made me promise to accompany her next day to the Fifth Avenue Pond, and I spent an hour after I reached home rapping the rust of my skates and studying a little book of instructions to skaters.

Now, I am not an expert at skating, but I fancy that I can stand on a pair of skates as steadily as any man who has not been on the ice more than three times. I have no difficulty in standing on them, but when it comes to striking out, then I must confess that I am likely to become nervous, and unwilling to risk much for the gratification of boys.

But I promised to go with Minnie to the pond, so, screwing up my courage I called for her next morning, and proceeded to the place agreed upon. After fixing Minnie's skates on her pretty little feet (I have made a study of fixing on skates, and can do it perfectly), I strapped on my own, and straightened myself very cautiously for a start. Minnie had been curvetting around while I was securing my skates, and when she saw that I was ready, she skimmed away as lightly as a swallow, and told me to follow.

I began to feel rather uneasy, as the ice seemed to be unusually smooth and slippery, and the skates would not remain steady; but it would not do to let Minnie think I could not skate, so I struck out boldly with my right foot, and then rested.

sequently it produced a slight shock—Minnie was about fifty yards ahead, and as I did not wish to trouble her about my mishap, I managed to rise on one knee and get the right foot on the ice again. She seemed to miss me, for she turned her face to the point she had started from, and as she did so I bent over and pulled vigorously at the strap of one skate.

I guess Minnie knew what was up, for she turned back, and looking at me very archly, asked if I fell.

"Fall! Oh, no," said I. "This confounded strap got loose; that's all."

"Oh! is that all?" and she said this I saw something in her eyes that told me she knew I was fibbing.

"Well, get up and take my hand—Do you see that bench near the lower corner? Now, we'll both start for that."

I knew Minnie could start for it, and reach it, too; but my confidence was considerably shaken by the rest I took, and I said I would rather try it alone, until I could assure myself that the skates were all right.

"Very well, follow me," said Minnie, and off she went, describing curves on the ice with each stroke from right to left; I mustered courage and started after her, sawing the air with my hands, and calculating on the result of a collision with a stout woman who was approaching at the rate of about ten miles an hour. I had passed over about thirty feet of ice—not with bold strokes, as Minnie did, but warily on the right foot, using the left as a lever to propel me forward.

The stout woman passed between me and Minnie, and I was about to return thanks for my deliverance, when I became sensible of an inclination on the part of one foot to get as far as possible from the other. This was rather embarrassing, for when the feet do not work harmoniously, particularly on the ice, there is danger of a fall. I made a desperate effort to harmonize my feet, and while struggling to overcome the tendency of my body to gravitate toward the ice, I became conscious that Minnie was looking at me.

And it seemed to be a cruel, tantalizing look, without a spark of pity in it.

"Why, Fred," said she, "what's the matter? Why don't you come on?"

Then she started toward me, doubtless to help me out of my difficulty; but I was determined to acquit myself creditably, so waving her aside with one hand and grasping the air with the other, I struggled with my departing feet, and then sat down on the back of my head. Minnie was quite close to me when I sat down, and as I extended my feet, somewhat suddenly, it is true, my skates struck hers, and in a minute I was aware that something soft was resting on me.

When the back of your head strikes the ice, your eyes close suddenly. I opened mine in an instant, and looked toward my feet to see what was resting on me. I saw some curls, furs, a bal-moral skirt and a pair of skates that did not look like mine.

It was Minnie. The sudden contact with my skates had caused her to fall, and she took the liberty of making a cushion of my body.

Minnie was soon on her feet again, and though her hair was slightly disordered, she looked very pretty, for she was blushing.

"Fred," said she, "I think we had better go home. The skating is not good to-day."

"Oh, no! I am enjoying myself capitally."

## Bill Arp Addresses his Constituents.

[From the Metropolitan Record, N. Y.]  
The Metropolitan Record, of New York, has been so fortunate as to engage that very respectable and highly humorous Georgia gentleman, Mr. Bill Arp, as a contributor to that paper.

The following is his first contribution: *Respectful People:*

I address you on this occasion with a profound admiration for the great consideration and the nice discrimination which caused you to honor me by your votes with a seat in the Senate of Georgia. For two moments and inspiring weeks the Legislature have been in solemn session, one of whom I am proud to be which. For several days we were engaged as skouts, making a sort of reconnaissance to see whether Georgia were a State or Injun territory—whether we were in the old Union, or out of it—whether me and my fokes and you and your fokes were somebody or nobody, and lastly, but by no means leastly, whether our poor innocent children, born durin the war, were all illegal and had to be born over again or not. This last pint are much unsettled, but our women are advised to be calm and serene.

My friends, our aim has honestly been to get you all back into the folds of the glorious old Union. Like the prodigal son, we had nuthin to live on, and feelin lonesome and hungry, have been bowin and serapia and makin apologies for five or six months. We have been seen standin afar off for weeks and weeks, but darn the cat do they kill for us. They know we've got nuthin, for they eat up our substance, and as for puttin rings on our fingers, we couldn't expect it until they bring back the jewelry they carried away. I cannot say, in the language of the poet, that our labor has been a labor of love, for we've had monstrous poor encouragement to be shore; but we had all set our heads towards the stars and stripes; and we jinitly determined that, come wool come no, sink or swim, survive or perish, thunder or listen, we'd slip back, or sneak back, or git back somehow or somehow else, or we'd stay out forever and ever amen and be hanged to em, so called, I golly.

Up to this time it has been an up hill business. The team was a good one and the gears all sound and the wagon greased, but the road—ere perhaps the roughest, rottenest corduroy in the world. It's pull up and skotch, and pull up and skotch, and ever and anon the skotch slips out and the tung cuts round and away we go into the gully. Andy Jonsin is the driver, and he says, "Go slow," and he hollers "Wo! wo!" and loses the road, and then we have to go back to the fork and wait till he blazes the way. He seem to be doin his best, but then there is Sumner and Satan and Stevens and Davis and other like gentlemen, who keep hollerin at him and crackin his whip and confusin his ideas, so that sometimes we don't know whether he's goin on or haw-in. My friends, about them fellers, I don't know what I ort to say. If you do, or if anybody does, I wish they would say it. I don't encourage cussin in nobody, not at all, but if you know of a man that can't be broke of it durin his natural life, it must be well to hire him by the year. If there is in all history a good excuse and a proper subjct, it is upon them hartless, soulless, boweless, gizzardless, fratricidal, suicidal, parasitical, distasteful, abominable, contemptible, disgusting individuals. I sometimes think of em till my brain gits sorter addled, and I feel like becoming a volunteer convict of the Lunatic Asylum. Charity inclines me to the opiopny that old Sumner are crazy. I think he has been gittin worse ever since he took Brooks for his brain, and it do seem like the world have proved contagious. If they have, Peace it must be the Peace that all understandin for we cant get it in these regions. They cant see the poor nigger but didnt see the Union but didnt keer for it. By double teaming on and we git in up, but dont want our niggers and dont want our Union, and its skedule to pleas em both. I finished peopl ever under the most hardest war to wind my records. Sumner, Sappan are still a fussin and at the everlastin nigger-vote and make laws, and deny, and want to prohibit from doin the same thing for cum! Jerusalem! where is the sin man? They say its all a nigger not to vote in Conmentus there aint but a few of em

thar; and its all wrong for em not to vote in Georgy becaus theres a heap of em here, and they talk Logik and Retorik amazin to prove how it is. Well haint I got a whole passel of sense like sun, but as shore as I'm two foot high a nigger is a nigger I dont keer whar you smell him, and a vote is a vote I dont keer whar you drap it. I golly! they cant git over that.

The truth is, my feller-sitzens, I sometimes feel like we didnt hay no Government. I felt that way sorter when Mr. Gibson appinted me a commitee on the State of the Republic. When the Sekretary read out my name all mixed up with the Republik, I felt that I was obliged to renig. I renig nastigstikally to my feet, says I, "Mr President I beg to be respectfully excused sur, if you please. If there is any Republik on this side of Jordis I cant persueve it at thik time with these speks. Thar was a place in Old Virginy called Port Republik, but Mr. Rebel General Stonewall Jackson wiped out its contents generally in 1863, and I havent since heard of it in Northern literature. I have heard of a skrub consarn over about Washington they call a Republik, but sur, it are likely to prove the grandest imposture that ever existed on a continent of freedom. I suppose, sur, it are to be moved to Boston or the infernal regions in a few days and I want nuthin to do with it. Excuse me, sur, but I must insist on being respectfully discharged." I took my seat amid the most profoundest and tumultuous silence ever seed, and Mr. Gibson remarked that he woudnt impse the Republik on no respectable man again his wishes. He then transferred me to the Finants Committee, and sed he hoped we would take immediate action for the State had no money, as well as himself, and board was high and eat seteras frequent. This may not have been his exaktual langwidge, but is angling toward it. I bowd my head and sed, "Ditto, except that I don't eat seteras." Forthwith I telegrafd various gentlemen for a temporary loan, but they woudnt lend a dollar until Mr. Jenkins were norgarated, for they wanted his name to the note. Thinks, says I, there's a tap lost about the wagin. If we are to lose our borrowy money in Augusty. If we aint a State its none of our business to borrow it at all. If Andy wants to run the machine his own way, let him pay his own expenses. What in the dickens is a Provision Government for, if it aint to get up provisions and provide for a feller generally. I made up my mind that perhaps we had heed humoria Andy about long enuf. We had as much right to a Governor as Alabama or South Callina. He wants us back about as bad as we want to get back; and a little badder, perhaps, and he needent put on so many unnecessary airs about this Senator business. If he fools with us much we wont elect nobody—I golly; we'll take the studs and go backwards. I forthwith returned to the Capitol, and stretcht forth one of my arms, says I, "Mr. Gibson, sur, I'm your friend; I'm the friend of your wife and children; but of Mr. Jenkins aint norgarated soon the State will collapse; a bright and glorious star will be obliterated from off the striped rag, and the President will lose about nine supporters in the Federal Congress. I move, sur, that of we cant git our Governor at once like a sine qua non, we break up in a row and depart for Mexico. It took like the small-pox, and were carried tumultuously.

KISSING.—Dov. Jr., closed a sermon on kissing with the following quaint advice:

"I want you my young sinners to kiss and get married, and then devote your life to morality and money making—Then let your homes be well provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes and brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, faith, flour, affection, cider, sinerity, vinegar, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Do not drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately, go about your business after breakfast—lounge a little after dinner—chat after your tea, kiss after quarreling; then all the joy, the peace, and the bliss the earth can afford, shall be yours, until the graves close over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world."

A white coachman, while waiting for his load of colored freight, who were at a ball in Bridgeport, Conn., was requested to walk inside. The coachman did so, but found the air so heavily laden with perfume that he was about to retire, when he was suddenly informed that several ladies requested that he would leave the room, as he smelt so of the stable.

## An Exciting Chase and Capture of a Horse Thief.

On Monday morning last, at about four o'clock, a fine horse belonging to Mr. Samuel Hempstead, hotel proprietor at Equinunk, Penn., was taken from his stable. Mr. Hempstead discovered his loss about an hour and a half afterward, and immediately set about making preparations for the capture of the thief.

Owing to the fact that the mate of the stolen animal was lame, Mr. H. was obliged to go about a mile to a neighbor's to secure a horse, which fact delayed him an hour longer, thus giving the pursued about two and a-half hours the start.

Taking the State road, which route he learned by inquiry and the horse's tracks the thief had taken, he proceeded as rapidly as possible toward Cochection, various points getting information as to the passing of the stolen horse and rider. At the Widow Mitchell's, a distance of about fourteen miles from the point of starting, he learned that the thief had passed only a few minutes previously, and soon afterward he was pursued by seeing the object of his pursuit proceeding along the road some distance ahead of him. At this point he thought it best to get his revolver ready for action, having taken the precaution to load it before starting, but naturally enough, he had in his haste left the weapon behind him. He then got off his horse, cut a stout shillalah by the side of the road, threw off his overcoat, and, remounting, resumed the chase. Taking advantage of the curves in the road at that point, Mr. H. managed to get within a few rods of the thief before his approach was discovered, when the latter immediately put spurs to the stolen horse and attempted to secure his safety by flight. His animal not being a match for the one ridden by Mr. H., however, he was shortly overtaken, and a well aimed blow from the club sent him reeling over the horse's head. This movement, so frightened Mr. Hempstead's horse that he became nearly unmanageable, and it was not until carried several rods farther that the latter was enabled to dismount. He immediately returned to the spot where the thief had fallen, and found that the young man had managed to regain his feet, and was making his way into the woods immediately by the side of the road. The chase was then resumed on foot, Mr. Hempstead soon overhauling his man, and by another well-directed blow knocking him senseless, in which condition he remained until his hands were securely tied behind his back, and his pockets thoroughly searched. In the latter were found a loaded pistol, a number of keys, a gold watch and various other articles. He had on his person two entire suits of clothes. The thief was then tied upon the stolen horse, Mr. Hempstead resumed his place in his own saddle, and with his prisoner took up the line of march for Equinunk. There a hearing was had before Esquire John D. Lord, the prisoner was bound over to next Court and placed in the custody of Constable Edward Fulkerson, who, on Tuesday, brought him to Honesdale and lodged him in jail.

Upon being questioned, the prisoner gives his name as Charles Hammond, and states that he hails from Orange county, N. Y. He farther states that he had two accomplices who were to meet him near Cochection, one named William Carpenter and another whose name he could not give. He is a well dressed young man, and claims to have been recently discharged from the army.—*Honesdale (Pa.) Herald.*

THAD. STEVENS.—The acknowledged position of this individual as the leader of the Republican majority in the House of Representatives, reminds the Lancaster *Intelligencer* of an incident in his early political history, which gives a complete clue to the character of the man. In 1833, it says, at the capitol of Pennsylvania, he whipped his party followers into the wicked measures of attempting to set aside the elections by the people and scid upon the Commonwealth a minority Legislature. There were three honest members of the same party with Mr. Stevens who refused to carry out these treasonable practices, namely, Messrs. Butler and Sturdevant, of Luzerne county, and Montelius, of Union county. The latter testified before the committee of investigation that he told Mr. Stevens his "conscience would not permit him to sanction these corrupt proceedings."

"Conscience, indeed," said Mr. Stevens, "throw conscience to the devil, and stand by your party." When the Congressional authorities at Washington follow such a leader, we may well exclaim, "God save the Commonwealth!"

The total losses by fire in the United States during the past year amounted to over forty three million of dollars, against about twenty-eight and a half millions the previous year.

## The Virginians.

Hon. Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, in a speech delivered at Hackensack, N. Jersey, recently, paid the following tribute to the Virginians: "I dare speak one kind word for the oppressed in the very teeth of the oppressor. Since Adam took possession of Eden no part of his heritage has given to man such an hundred years of history as that of Virginia, beginning with the public life of George Washington, and ending with the surrender of the armies of General Robert E. Lee. The great orator, Patrick Henry, whose spirit lighted up the first great revolution, and whose mild, sweet voice called armies up the valleys, and down from the mountains, to defend New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts from the invader's hoof, was a Virginian—George Washington, who led those armies, was a Virginian. Thomas Jefferson, whose great soul encompassed the world, and lifted its light upon a benighted age to teach it liberty, was a Virginian. James Madison, who envinored our rights by a flame of living fire, which the most illustrious period in the past and present century preserved unharmed, all that was sacred in life and precious in hope—the Constitution of the United States—was a Virginian. John Marshall, whose luminous mind, guided by immutable justice, gave being to a most profound and comprehensive judiciary—the bulwark of American institutions, the marvel of mankind—was a Virginian. Henry Clay, whose commanding majesty of soul drew after him, whithersoever he went, one full half of the whole moral and intellectual power of America, who did obedience to his name, was a Virginian. The Lees—Richard, Henry, Arthur, Francis, Lightfoot, Lighthorse Harry, and his son, Robert E. Lee—were Virginians. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the great military genius of the Western Hemisphere, born on my own native Monongahela, was a Virginian. The Courts, Legislatures, and forums and pulpits of every State in the Union, and every Government on the Continent, have been adorned by Virginians. Their blood, shed in noble defence of liberty, has reddened every valley, and their bones have bleached on every mountain from Bunker Hill to the City of Mexico."

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Shortly after the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauty around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry around us; we are excited at some short living disappointment. The streams bear us up, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens to its home till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

FRAUDS ON THE REVENUE.—The attention of the Revenue Department has been called to the frauds which have for a long time and are still being perpetrated in N. Y. in the matter of cigar stamps. It is stated that parties continue to flood the market with bogus stamps, selling them at \$2 per thousand, and then procuring the confiscation of the goods stamped with their forgeries; thus getting full pay both as Government informers and Government cheats.

Some one, who has been keeping count, says that the radicals have introduced into Congress no less than forty amendments to that "covenant of death and agreement with hell," as the Abolitionists term the United States Constitution. This instrument will eventually suffer more from the raids made upon it by the radicals of the North, in their sneaking way, than from the manful efforts of the late Confederates.

The PEOPLE PAY THE TAXES.—Among the appropriations made by the board of supervisors of Buffalo, N. Y., for their own expenses, are items for three packs of cards, two cribbage boards, one cheque board, and one set of chequer men.

In Lyndon, Vt., an audience mobbed a spiritual "medium" for inability to raise the spirits.

What is better than carrying an umbrella in a rain storm? Staying at home.

Leopold, King of Belgium, died on the 9th of December.

## The Wheel of Death.

Thursday the Provost Marshal's office in this city died, and its remains were by the auctioneer strewed over the city. Sheriff Solberg purchased, after much competition, the original drafting wheel from which so many victims of Abolitionism have been called forth to do and die, and presented it to us to become a part of our museum of curiosities, now numbering about two hundred articles, from a piece of the table George Washington ate on the night he was married, to the wheel of death, whose redness has bleached and whose terror has gone!

It is a round tin box of twelve quart capacity, turning by a crank or axis, and looks well in its new company. It is proper it should rest from its labors in this office. We remember how it used to strike terror all through this section. And we remember how anxious crowds have waited around that little memento of dark times in hopes that from its mystic depths the name of the editor of this paper would be drawn. But through all the turns of this "wheel of misfortune" we bore a charmed life, and other names were called.

This little box has sent noble men to death. It has filled hospitals—filled graves—filled every district with suspense. It has been silently turned in this city when crowds, in breathless silence, stood waiting the call, and when in a thousand homes were women in agony till they knew whom their loved ones were taken or left. It has called old men from their graves, as careless, lazy and drunken officials filled it with the names of the dead as well as the living. It has called many a tear from its front of bitterness, it has widowed many a woman, orphaned many a child, dragged many a horse, cow, or field of grain to market.

We will care for it now. It is a little, insignificant machine, but, backed by the people, it was a power in the land. And as we lived to see its rise, progress and death, so shall we live to write the obituary of those who made it necessary, and who gloated in their tinsel over the power they had and the terror it created. People have no fear of such contrivances now, nor do they greatly fear or respect the ones who, in such wooden dignity and arrogant assumption, sat behind them, calling victims in and turning sorrow and agony forth upon the land.

The old wheel now sits in the sanctum, garrisoned by a pair of foils owned by John Wilkes Booth; by a part of a uniform worn by Jeff. Davis when the lover of Colonel Taylor's daughter at Prairie du Chien; by a copy of the New England Courant, printed in 1723 by Benjamin Franklin himself; by a jack-knife Mr. Lincoln carried when a rail-splitter; by a pile of implements of war, trophies of battle-fields, and other articles, useful or worthless, as the case may be.—*Breck Pomeroy.*

Webster as a Fisherman.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, who seems to have been the fisherman of boats and tackle for fishermen, writes from Little Falls, on the Upper Potomac, a few miles above Georgetown, as follows, respecting one of his regular patrons: Foremost among these fishermen was Daniel Webster, when Secretary of State. He used to come here always early in the morning, and accompanied by his private secretary. He liked the fresh morning air as much as any man I ever saw, and when he talked to me freely about fish and fishing, I could believe he had been in the business all his life. He was always liberal, and where other men would give me one dollar for a morning's sport he would give me ten. And for an old man, as he then was, he was a good fisherman. I remember well the day he caught the biggest rock fish. I had taken him in one of my boats to the "cutting rock," and as we swung across the roaring waters the great man clasped his hands like a child. The fish weighed sixteen pounds, and gave him much trouble, and as I gaffed the prize and he knew it was safe, he dropped his pole to the bottom of the boat, jumped to his feet, and gave a yell, a regular Indian yell, which might have been heard in Georgetown.

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