

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

VOLUME 1.—NUMBER 15.

In Preserving Our Union, Let Us be Careful to Preserve also Our Civil Liberties.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1866.

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

Jos. M. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 3 CARROLL HALL.

The Advocate is published every THURSDAY MORNING, and furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance. If not paid in Advance Two Dollars will be charged. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at our own option.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square, 3 insertions, \$1; each subsequent insertion 25 cents; 1 square three months \$2.50, six months \$5. Business Cards of ten lines, or less, per annum, \$8. Mercantile and other business men, including the paper:

One-fourth of a column, per year, \$15.00
Half a column, " " 25.00
One column, " " 40.00

HAND BILLS.

A sixth of a Sheet, for 25, \$1.50, for 100 \$2.00.
Quarter Sheet, for 25, \$2.25, for 100, \$2.75
Half Sheet, " " 3.50, " " 5.00

Auctioneering.

WILLIAM BROWN
HAS removed from Uniontown District to Westminster, and, in connection with Mr. CONRAD MATHIAS has opened a Restaurant at the Depot. He wishes, however, to assure his friends that he will still attend to the Auctioneering Business, and will promptly meet all favors in this line.
Jan 3-3m

Come A Running.

HAVING permanently located at New Windsor, and having taken out License as an

Auctioneer.

the undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.
Jan 18-3m

HUGH DOYLE,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

HAS constantly on hand an excellent assortment of the finest French Calfskins, and work made up in the best manner at the shortest notice. Pegged and Sewed work equal to any in the city of Baltimore. Patronage respectfully solicited.
Jan 25-3m

REAL ESTATE and Collecting Agency.

LEVI EVANS, WESTMINSTER, MD.
Office at Mitchell's Store, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

HAVING made arrangements for the prosecution of the business of buying and selling Real Estate, offers his services to the citizens of Carroll county who may wish any business transacted in his line. A large amount of Real Estate always on hand. Persons having property to dispose of will find him the best medium for its sale. Also, all collections promptly attended to.
Feb 7-1f

A VERY DESIRABLE FARM AT Private Sale.

THE Subscriber will sell at Private Sale, a valuable Farm of

123 1-4 ACRES,
situated one mile and a half from Westminster, the Turnpike running through the farm. The land is under excellent cultivation. The buildings are good, and in the best of order. Possession given at once. Terms liberal.

ALSO,
FIVE ELIGIBLE BUILDING LOTS, on Green Street, in rear of Odd Fellows' Hall, in the City of Westminster, Md.
Apply to **LEVI EVANS,**
Real Estate Agent and Collector,
Westminster, Md.
Dec 21-1f

Farm at Private Sale.

I will sell at Private Sale a good little Farm of **90 ACRES,** situated on the Deer Park Road, about half a mile from the Deer Park Chapel. About one half of the Farm is in excellent Chestnut TIMBER, with a Lime Kiln on the place. Well watered, and good Improvements.
Terms to suit the purchaser.
Persons wishing particulars can call on Mr. Burgess Nelson, near the premises, or the Agent in Westminster.
Jan 25-1f

TOWN PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

I will sell at Private Sale, on reasonable terms, a comfortable HOUSE and two Lots, at the Corner of Green Street and the Washington road. The property is in fine order, good Water, and has all the necessary out-buildings.
Possession given 1st of April.
LEVI EVANS,
Real Estate and Collecting Agent.
Jan 25-1f

HOUSE AND LOT AT Private Sale.

Situated at the corner of Union Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. It is a desirable property in the best possible condition. Possession given on the 1st of April. For further information inquire of Mrs. Hayward, on the premises, or to

LEVI EVANS,
Real Estate Agent.
Feb 1-1f

FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT, of half an acre, situated at the West End. The house is a new Frame. Location pleasant. Terms made to suit the purchaser.
LEVI EVANS,
Real Estate Agent
Jan 18-1f

CATTLE POWDERS, all of the most popular makes, for sale at
Feb 22-1f

ACCORDEONS, Music Boxes, &c., for sale cheap at
A. M. Warner's.

NEW COAL AND LUMBER YARD.

GREEN STREET, AT THE DEPOT WESTMINSTER, MD.

HAVING perfected arrangements for carrying on the
Lumber and Coal Business,
on Green street, at the Depot, Westminster, Md., the undersigned takes this method of soliciting the patronage of the public. He will have on hand, and be prepared to sell at all times at the lowest cash prices, a full supply of seasoned 4-4, 6-4, and 8-4

Boards and Plank,
Flooring, Weatherboarding, Siding and Scantling, Shingles, Laths and Pickets, and all other material kept in a

Lumber Yard.

He will also keep for sale Broken, Egg, Nut and Pea COALS, from the well known Shamokin Mines, at the lowest Market Rates.
By prompt attention to business, furnishing the best articles in the Market, and doing all in his power to accommodate customers, he hopes to command a share of public patronage.
EDWARD LYNCH,
Feb 1-1f

TO THE PUBLIC.

A Report having been circulated to the effect that at a recent meeting of the Physicians of this place, the charges were advanced to \$2.50 for Town visits, and \$5.00 for visit in the country, the undersigned deems it due to the public as well as to themselves to state that there is no truth whatever in such report. No such meeting has been held, and no such advance in charges made. The rate of charging is now just what it has been for the past two or three years, and may be stated as follows:
For visits in the Town, \$1.00, except in cases of protracted sickness, or where more than one visit is made in one day; in such event a reduction is made.
For visits into the country under 1 mile \$1.50
" " from 1 to 2 miles..... \$1.75
" " from 2 to 5 miles..... \$2.00
and 50 cents for each additional mile.—Night visits, as heretofore, are double.
FRANIS RUTLER, M. D.
J. W. HEISING, M. D.
J. H. BILLINGSLEA, M. D.
J. L. WARFIELD, M. D.
GEO. S. YINGLING, M. D.
Jan 25-1f

Grove, Shunk & Co.,

Produce Dealers
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

A FEW DOORS FROM THE DEPOT Westminster, Md.

We have formed a Copartnership for the purpose of extensively engaging in the Wholesale Produce Business, and keep a heavy Stock of

FLOUR,
and all kinds of Country Produce constantly on hand.
Also **FARMERS' and GARDENERS' IMPLEMENTS** in great variety.
HARDWARE,
such as Hinges, Leaks,

Chains, Curry Combs, and articles in that line. We have a fine stock of **WINES and LIQUORS,** to which we invite attention of purchasers.

Also the best assortment of **GROCERIES** in Westminster, and desire purchasers to call on us before purchasing elsewhere. All goods at Wholesale or Retail, in quantities to suit.

Having extensive accommodations for carrying on upon a large scale the Forwarding Business Generally, Farmers and Producers will be dealt with upon the most advantageous terms.
WM. P. GROVE,
BENJ. SHUNK,
DANIEL LINK.
Jan 18-3m.

WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after MONDAY, December 11th, 1865—
The Trains will leave Union Bridge at 4:45 A. M. and 9 A. M.
Leave Westminster at 5:40 A. M. and 9:50 A. M.
Leave Baltimore at 9 A. M., 12:30 P. M., and 8:30 P. M.
P. H. IRWIN,
Sup't.
no 50-1f

To Linn Burners.

WANTED to know the rate per bushel at which Linn by the Car Load for Agricultural Purposes can be delivered at Bell's Switch, on the Western Maryland Railroad.
J. H. McHENRY,
Pikesville, Baltimore county, Md.
Jan 25-1f

CURE FOR PILES.

DR. STRICKLAND'S Pile Remedy
has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it Directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.
Jan 18-1f

COUGH NO MORE.

DR. Strickland's MELLIFLOUS Cough Balsam
is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping cough, chronic coughs, consumption, bronchitis, and croup. Being prepared from honey and herbs, it is healthy, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.
Jan 18-1f

[From the Boston Post.]

ANDREW JOHNSON.
"I feel that I can afford to do right—and God willing, I intend to do right—I will do right."—ANDREW JOHNSON.

The people's rightful will shall reign
And factions clamor shall abate,
For Jackson comes to earth again
To navigate our Ship of State.
Deny the stubborn fact who can,
Jackson and Johnson are the same;
The will, the purpose, is the man,
The signature is but a name.

O, yes, great man, thou canst afford
To stand by Truth with all thy might;
Thy principles are in accord
With all who love the sacred Right.

Without regard to rank or race,
Without forgetting what hath been,
Thy broad horizon doth embrace
The rights of all thy countrymen.

'Twere vain extremists to appease,
Or take the poor fanatic's part;
The People's will is thy fair breeze,
The Constitution is thy chart.

Stand firmly then where thou hast been,
Unflinchingly and undismayed,
And all the people, true and good,
Shall be in thy support arrayed.

As the unerring noonday sun
Tells the lone mariner at sea
What course to steer, how far to run,
So shall we all be told by thee.

For principles that never die,
Like true religion in the soul,
Are true as the true sun on high,
And true as the needle to the pole.

The good ship Union then shall ride
Once more in port at quiet rest,
Upon a peaceful prosperous tide
From North & South, from East & West.

"God willing?"—aye, and Heavenly light
Shall beam with constancy on thee;
"I do intend—I will do Right!"
Are words He hears approvingly.

And may He lengthen out thy days,
And give thee strength thy foes to meet;
And guide thee on in all thy ways,
Till Reconstruction is complete.

AN OLD SALT.

ROMANCE ON THE PRAIRIE.

LOVE AND GUNPOWDER—A SPRIG OF NOBILITY AND A FARMER'S DAUGHTER BECOME ONE FLESH.

Several months ago, when the annual slaughter of the innocent prairie chickens commenced, there arrived in this city from the other side of the "big drink," three sprigs of English nobility. They came for the purpose of participating in the chicken slaughter. It's such jolly sport, you know, and then the Governor, or the old boy at home is delighted with a lot of them packed in ice, and all that sort of thing, you know. These young gentlemen have usually a very affectionate way of speaking of their paternal guardian. The three we have mentioned came here by way of Canada, where they had been spending a few weeks among the officers of the garrison at Montreal or Quebec, were not sure which. They belonged to a very upper crust of English society, being the sons or near relatives of titled men, and traveled with trunks valises and portmanteaus, and servants to look after them, without which it seems impossible for an Englishman to leave home. One of them, the youngest of the party, was the Hon. James Alexander Scott, a nephew, we believe, of the Duke of Buccleugh. The names of the others we did not hear. Mr. Scott was just from the University, and one of those good looking, active young men that are often found among the aristocracy of the old country, notwithstanding their faults. That he was worthy of his position in society and a high minded, noble fellow his subsequent conduct here proved.

They remained in Chicago but a few hours, and then having learned where the best shooting was to be procured, they started for the prairie. They had with them tents, camp furniture, horses, dogs, and servants to look after matters, and being fond of sport, were determined to have a good long spell of it. They visited different parts of the State spending a day here and a day there, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. After they had been thus engaged for about two weeks, they struck on a nice spot, in the vicinity of which they found game plenty, and they determined to settle down there for a few days. It was a quiet spot, and a considerable distance from any farm house. Here they remained for a couple of days, when an accident occurred which put an end to their sport, and furnished us the material for writing these lines.

They were out on the prairie after birds, and were standing together congratulating each other on the fine time they were having. Mr. Scott was leaning carelessly on his gun, when, noticing one of his dogs tearing a bird, he called to him. Hearing the call, one of the

other dogs ran to him and affectionately sprang upon him, and in so doing, touched the lock of the gun, and the piece discharged. The whole charge of small shot passed through the fleshy part of the left forearm, inflicting a fearful wound, and laying the arm bare to the very bone. His companions at once ran to his assistance, for he had fallen, and raising him up they rejoiced to find that he was not dead. In accordance with his instructions, his arm was bound up and the flow of blood stopped, and he was then carried to his tent. A servant was sent off to the nearest house, several miles distant, for assistance, and in due time returned with an honest, good natured farmer, named Morris, who brought a carriage for the purpose of conveying the wounded gentleman to the farm house.

Thanking the old farmer for his kindness, Mr. Scott was assisted into the carriage and conveyed to the house, where the women folks had prepared everything they could to make the wounded man comfortable. It was several miles to the residence of the nearest surgeon, and it was after nightfall before he arrived, by which time Mr. Scott was in a low condition on account of the wound remaining so long undressed. In the meantime, however, he had been well attended by the kind people of the house, who did everything in their power to help him, and it was generous, heartfelt kindness, too, for they did not at that time know the rank of the gentleman who had thus become an inmate of their house.

The wound was found to be a severe one, and the unfortunate young man suffered much. It would be tedious to relate in detail all that followed. We need only say that after a few days, and for a time his life was despaired of. A strong, vigorous constitution, however, finally overcame the suffering, and he recovered. Many weeks elapsed before he was able to leave his bed, and even when he had advanced that far towards convalescence it was weeks before he could leave the house where he had been so kindly cared for.

Mr. Morris had a daughter just turned eighteen. If we were writing a love story for the *Liberator* we might here describe all the loveliness this young lady possessed. We might speak of her sparkling eyes, her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips, her glossy hair, and all that sort of thing—but we won't. We only say that she had all those, and more too—she was a genuine rustic beauty—a fair, gentle, unsophisticated country girl, reared away out on the prairie where her father made his home. She was as good, as kind, and as loving as she was beautiful. During all the illness and suffering of the young Englishman, she nursed and helped him. Everything that a woman could do, under the circumstances, she did. In a strange land, far from his friends, and his aristocratic home, the kindness and attention of his young country girl were to young Scott the ministrations of an angel, and as afterwards often said, he believed he never would have recovered but for her sisterly devotion and kindness.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that he gratefully the invalid felt should rise into a stronger feeling. After leaving his bed he had many a long weary hour to while away in that quiet farm house, and his two companions, in compliance with his own earnest request had started one to Canada and the other to England, to satisfy his friends regarding him. He insisted on their going, or otherwise they would not have left him. In those quiet hours in the old farm house on the prairie, the fair and gentle country girl would sit beside that heir to dukedom, the first step below the throne, and hear him talk of his grand old home, his great friends and all the beauties and loveliness of his native land. Constant association with each other soon awoke feelings in their hearts which had never been there before. They loved, and were happy only in each other's society.

The long summer days shortened into the mellow autumn time; autumn fled slowly away and winter approached, and still the young man lingered at that farm house out on the prairie. The old farmer and his good wife saw with made him linger, but they did not tremble for their daughter's honor. They knew the young stranger well now, and were not afraid to trust him. In his manly, honest face, they read his character, and saw that he was not a man such as their daughter might fear. And they were right.

He was one of nature's noblemen. Forgetting all his great family and high blood, he told the gentle country girl how he loved her, he asked her to be his wife, and to go with him to his grand

home away across the sea. At first she hesitated, the happiness was too great to be real, and then she argued with him, and spoke of the difference in their worldly positions, and the feeling such an alliance might produce with his friends at home. He was not to be moved, however, he loved her truly and sincerely, and was willing to forego all for her sake. She consented, and they were married, quietly and happily, in the old farm house away out on the prairie. This was a marriage of love.

A few days ago the happy couple passed through this city, on their way to England. The young nobleman had carried away to his grand home one of the fairest of our prairie flowers. May she be as happy there as she was when first the young man met her—in the old farm house away out on the prairie.—*Chicago Post.*

Jack Horner—His True History.

Who has not heard of this famous individual? Who does not remember of being told in his childhood about Jack Horner? And who has not envied him his good fortune when he "sat in a corner eating a piece of Christmas pie." Put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum; and says, what a pretty boy am I!" Have the children ever inquired who was Jack Horner? Here is the tradition:

When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries, and drove out the poor old monks from their nests the title deeds of the Abbey of Mells—including the sumptuous grange built by Abbot Selwood—were demanded by the Commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, but as the documents were very valuable and the roads infested by thieves, it was difficult to get them safe to the metropolis. To accomplish this end, however he devised the following plan: He ordered a pie to be made—as fine a pie as ever smoked on a refectory table; inside he put the documents—the finest lining a pie ever had since pies were first made he entrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London to deliver it safely into the hands of those for whom it was intended. But the journey was long, and the day was cold, and the boy was hungry and the chance of detection was small. So the boy broke off a piece of pie and beheld a parchment; he pulled it forth innocently enough—wondering how it could have reached there—tied up the pastry and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of the Mells Abbey estate were missing—Jack had put them in his pocket. These were the *Jack Horner's* of the pie. Great was the rage of the Commissioners, heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. Jack kept his secret, and, when peaceable times were restored, claimed the estates and obtained them. Whether Mr. Horner deserves the title of "good boy" bestowed upon him by the nursery lament is more than doubtful—however, that's the story.

A FIRE FOUNTAIN IN THE OIL REGION.—The oil region of Pennsylvania, which has produced many wonderful phenomena, is just now the scene of curious operations. A few days ago a new well suddenly took fire, and a vast body of flame, covering a space of forty feet and mounting to a height of sixty feet, has since defied all attempts to quench it. Persons who have recently visited the place, report that the light from this burning well illuminates the country for five miles around, that the earth is baked for a distance of five hundred feet, and the trees are budding and the grass growing, and that the spectacle is drawing crowds of observers.—But this is not all. At Pithole, last week, while the engines were pumping water from the common wells to extinguish a fire, the flames were seen to grow brighter instead of dying out, and on investigation it was found that the exhaustion of the water in the wells had freed gas and oil in large quantities. These oil water wells are now oil wells, and some comfortable little fortunes have been made by the owners, who, of course, found ready purchasers. These curious phenomena, show that the wonders of the oil region are not yet exhausted.

HOW SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.—The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way: A hen that had gone through a clay mud puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed by one, that wherever the tracks were, the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was that the wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way:—The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar loaves are. The large ends are upwards. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture seeps down through the sugar, and drops through the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

A Ghost Story—Haunted House in Erie.

In all well regulated towns the story of a haunted house is a sensation. The good people of Erie have a haunted house, and are making the most of it.—The *Dispatch* has the following:

We mentioned a day or two since the existence in our midst of a veritable haunted house, or, at least, one which has gained that reputation, whether rightfully or not we leave our readers to judge. We came into possession of the information accidentally. As we are always on the lookout for items, we plucked up sufficient courage to make the acquaintance of the owner of the house and questioned him as to the truth of the report. Although at first very reticent on the subject, he at last invited us to his house to see and hear for ourselves. There were two previous connected with the invitation, however, one of which was that, whatever we should say upon the subject, we should keep his name and the locality of his dwelling inviolably secret; and the other that we should come alone. We begged hard for the privilege of a companion, but he was immovable. "You need not come until ten o'clock or past," said the gentleman, "as you would probably hear nothing that time."

On Wednesday evening, punctual to the hour, we rang at the door, and were ushered into the parlor, where a dim fire was burning in the grate. The gas was turned on, and in another moment our host made his appearance. "I was half hoping you would not come," said he; "I don't like the idea of making the thing public, and besides yourself there are not half a dozen people in the city who have any suspicion of anything of the kind."

We sat for nearly an hour in conversation, and at last began to despair of seeing anything of an extraordinary nature. All at once a child's rocking chair, which stood within a few feet of us, commenced rocking—very gently at first, and then violently. We leaned forward to touch it, when suddenly it removed itself out of our reach and then stopped. At the same moment the gentleman touched our arm and said, "Look in the glass." The mirror to which he called attention was quite large and stood between two windows. Turning towards it, we saw the surface assuming a singular appearance, precisely the same as if one were breathing upon it. "You can see it better with less light," said Mr. —, and he turned the gas down.

If a few moments the indistinct outline of a human arm appeared, small white and delicate, reaching out from the darkness which enveloped it with a sort of entreating beckoning motion. This lasted, perhaps, two or three minutes, and then slowly disappeared.

"You will see no more to-night," said Mr. —. "The manifestations, if one may call them so, always end with that. Some nights they last two or three hours. They come and go without any apparent reason. We first became aware of something singular about the house nearly ten months ago. The noises have been irregular, sometimes making themselves heard every night, and then remaining quiet for months. My wife is a woman of nerve, and we have both become so accustomed to them, that though unpleasant, they do not especially trouble us. We can in no manner account for the phenomena, nor do we try. Sometimes, by the sound of footsteps, one would imagine the room filled. Often steps go up and down stairs without any visible bodies accompanying them. Furniture is changed from one room to another. No injury has ever been done, however, to any article. We think that by paying no attention to whatever it is, the trouble will soon cease. If you care to pursue your investigations farther you are welcome at any time to do so."

So ended our first visit—and, though we were somewhat startled, we were not altogether convinced. We intend to make another trial next week, and, if possible, sift the thing thoroughly. Truly, "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." The confirmation of the *Observer* is as follows:

Determined if possible to solve the mystery, we procured, with much difficulty, information of the locality, and on Tuesday evening, accompanied by the owner and two editorial friends, visited the scene of the "ghostly" visitations. From the representations that had been given to us, we were of course expected to see some very astonishing occurrences, but the things that transpired exceeded all that we had imagined. We can only say, for the present, that they are singular and unaccountable beyond any explanation, and have left upon our memory an impression never to be effaced.

A very learned and compassionate Judge in Texas, on passing sentence upon John Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows: The fact is Jones, that the Court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold, our jail, unfortunately, is in a very bad condition much of the glass in the windows is broken the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable besides owing to the great number of prisoners not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortable therefore, is out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible the Court, in the exercise of its humane compassion hereby orders you to be executed to-morrow morning as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the Sheriff and agreeable to you.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The *Portage (Wis.) Register* announces the death of Joseph Crele, the aged veteran of one hundred and forty one years, which occurred on Saturday the 27th of January, after a brief illness, at the residence of his grand daughter, Mrs. Brisolis, in Caledonia, about four miles from Portage. During the past year Mr. Crele obtained a wide-world notoriety through the newspapers on account of his extreme longevity.—He was born near the city of Detroit, in the year 1725, as shown by the records of the Catholic church of that city and was probably the oldest man in the world.

The most remarkable costume at the recent Tigris ball in New York was that of a foreign lady for whom it was made expressly to be worn on that occasion. The dress was of a soft brown plush, striped like a tiger skin with luminous yellow bands; it was made long, but clasps in the form of a tiger claws fastened it up short enough for dancing. The lady's hair, which matched the tawny stripes, hung in uncombed waves to her waist, and her only ornament was a collar of plain gold about the neck.

The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone in East Tennessee:—"She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years 7 months and 15 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

Josh Billings says he always advises short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister can't strike oil in boring forty minutes, he has either got a poor gimlet, or else he is boring in the wrong place.

A. S. Abell & Co., proprietors of the Baltimore Sun, recovered last week against the Chesapeake Bank a judgment for \$6,159.30, on a deposit of \$3000 in gold coin made in 1861, which the defendant contended was but a regular deposit not to be paid in coin, though it had been entered on the bank book of the plaintiffs as a deposit in coin.

I have finally come to the conclusion that there ain't troth enuff in the world jest now to do business with, and if sum kind of compromise kant be had, the Devil might as well step in and run the consarn at onst.—*Josh Billings.*

Henry Ward Beecher has come out in favor of the veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. He is laboring now for conciliation of the South on Christian principles.

The *Canada Gazette* contains a proclamation officially notifying American fishermen that they cannot use the Canadian shore fisheries after March 17th.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York World* states, on what is said to be good authority, that President Johnson will shortly issue a proclamation declaring that peace has been finally established at the South.

At Boston, a few days ago, two twin children died very suddenly, one in the arms of the mother, and the other in the arms of the father, at nearly the same moment, and without any apparent cause.

General Cass is said to be seriously ill at his home in Detroit, his advanced age leaving but little hope of recovery. Mr. Cass is now in his 82d year.

Forty thousand head of cattle, worth over \$2,000,000, have been victims so far to the cattle disease in England, which is still raging to an alarming extent.

North Carolina had now been brought to Norfolk, and selling at \$30 per hundred by the cargo.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on Thursday to blow up the office of the *West Virginia Journal*, at Charleston, W. V., by a torpedo.

When Echo like a visiting acquaintance? When Echo returns your call. Some men's minds are so badly tumbled that they can't be made up.

St. James' College near Hagers-town, Md., is to be reopened next fall.