THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

VOLUME I.—NUMBER 16. In Preserving Our Union, Let Us be Careful to Preserve also Our Civil Liberties. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1866.

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE,

Jos. M. Parke, *Editor and Proprietor*,
No. 3 Carroll Hall.

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1 square, 3 insertions, $1; each subsequent insertion 25 cents; 1 square three months $3.50, six months $6. Business Cards of ten lines, or less, per annum, $8. Merchants and other business men, including the paper:

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The Great Invention of the Age in

HOOP SKIRTS.

J. W. BRADLEY'S New Patent DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or double) SPRING SKIRT.

THIS INVENTION consists of Duplex (or two) Elliptic Pure Refined Steel Springs, ingeniously braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest, most flexible, elastic and durable Spring ever used. They seldom bend or break, like the Single Springs, and consequently preserve their perfect and beautiful Shape more than twice as long as any single spring Skirt that ever has or can be made.

The wonderful flexibility and great comfort and pleasure to any Lady wearing the Duplex Elliptic Skirt will be experienced particularly in all crowded Assemblies, Operas, Carriages, Railroad Cars, Church Pews, Arm Chairs, for Promenade and House Dress, as the Skirt can be folded when in use to occupy a small place as easily and conveniently as a Silk or Muslin Dress.

A Lady having enjoyed the pleasure, comfort and great convenience of wearing the Duplex Elliptic Steel Spring Skirt for a single day will never afterwards willingly dispense with their use. For Children, Misses and Young Ladies they are superior to all others.

The Hoops are covered with 2 ply double twisted thread and will wear twice as long as the single yarn covering which is used on all single steel Hoop Skirts. The three bottom rods on ever skirt are also double steel, and twice or double covered to prevent the covering from wearing off the rods when dragging down stairs, stone steps, etc., etc., which they are constantly subject to when in use.

All are made of the new and elegant corded tapes, and are the best quality in every part, giving to the wearer the most graceful and perfect shape possible, and are unquestionably the lightest, most desirable, comfortable and economical skirts ever made.

WEST'S BRADLEY & CARY, Proprietors of the Invention, and Manufacturers, 97 Chambers, and 79 and 81 Read streets, New York.

For sale in all first-class Stores in this city, and throughout the United States and Canada, Havana de Cuba, Mexico, South America, and the West Indies.

☞ *Inquire for the Duplex Elliptic (or double) Spring Skirt. A & C.*
jan25-3m

Auctioneering.

WILLIAM BROWN

HAS removed from Uniontown District to Westminster, and, in connection with Mr. Cornelius 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.
jan4-3m

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.
jan18-3m WILLIAM DELPHY.

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. jan25-3m

REAL ESTATE and Collecting Agency.

LEVI EVANS, Westminster, Md.,
Office at Mikesell'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.
dec7-tf.

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.
dec21-tf

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 COAL, 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.
feb1-1y

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 deem 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 BUTLER, M. D.
J. W. HERING, M. D.
J. H. BILLINGSLEA, M. D.
J. L. WARFIELD, M. D.
GEO. S. YINGLING, M. D.
jan25-tf

Grove, Shunk & Co.,

Produce Dealers

AND

COMMISSION MERCANTS.

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

FEED,
FLOUR,

and all kinds of Country Produce constantly on hand.

Also FARMERS and GARDENER'S IMPLEMENTS in great variety.

HARDWARE,
such as
Hinges,
Locks,
Chains,
Curry Combs,
and articles in that line.

e have a fine stock of WINES and LIQUORS, to which we invite attention of purchasers.

Also the best assorment 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.
jan18-3m.

WESTERN MARYLAND

RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEENTS.

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 3:30 P. M.

P. H. IRWIN,
no30-tf Sup't.

To Lime Burners.

WANTED to know the rate per bushel at which Lime 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.
jan25-tf

CURE FOR PILES. DR. STRICKLAND'S **Pile Remedy** has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It give 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. jan18-1y

COUGH NO MORE. **Dr. Strickland's** MELLIFLUOUS **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 healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere. jan18-1y

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

How goes the money?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
It goes for rent and water rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps and carpet, hoops and hose,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs, furbelows,
And that's the way money goes.

How goes the money?—Sure,
I wish the ways were somewhat fewer!
It goes for wages, taxes, debts;
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paints, pomade and *eau de rose;*
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how;
It goes for feathers, laces, rings.
Toys, dolls and other baby's things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells and bows,
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Come,
I know it don't go for rum;
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity sometimes,
For missions and such things as those,
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—There,
I'm out of patience, I declare!
It goes for plays and diamond pins,
For public alms and private sins,
For hollow shams and silly shows,
And that's the way the money goes.

A LETTER TO BILL ARP.

[The following capital letter to the now well known "Bill Arp," is from the pen of a gentleman of the same State, and it gives proof that even amid the sufferings of the South, that recuperative power, which extracts humor from human wrongs, will yet assert its ascendancy, and rise above the accidents and chances of war.—Eds. D. B.]

Atlanter, Ga., Dec. 25th, 1865.

Deer Bill. Betsy ses your name ain't Willum, but playin Bill, an' so I addresses you cordingly. She ses she knous, kase she wur with Misses Arp an' seed you named, which wur dun immegiately. Howsumever, thar aint much in a name no how, an' our paster sed, the day he filled his last appintment here, thar warnt nuthin in a name, an' that a rose would smell as sweet by enny uther—thinks I to myself, so would a nigger. I allers wur under the impreshion that Bill wur short fur Willum—that the short one wur intented fur farmiller concourse, an' the tother fur gramaticle writin; but Betsy ses different, an' what she ses ar so.

I'd like the best in the world to see you, Bill. I've got a heap to say. In fact, I'm chock full, an' I want to find sumbody I aint o'feered to talk to. I thaut wunce I'd gist quit thinkin', but its no use tryin' to do that. The ole mersheen *will* run, an' puttin' on the brakes don't seem to do no good. To keep my biler frum bustin', I'm obleeged to talk, but dod, drot it, half the time I'm afeered to raise my safety valve, least sumthin mought jump out what hadn't orter; an' then again, when I do spress my sintiments, I'm skeered half to deth, least I mought be doin it to the rong man.

I tell you what, Bill, times ar either very much alter'd, or else my thinkin mersheen ar very much out o' order.—Sposin it mought be the latter, I've bin a overhaulin it an' tryin' to rekonstruct it. Its got so it don't grind out no idees that's poper nor orthadocks. Afore the war I could allers relie upon it for opinions an' konclusions I knowd wur korrect, but now the durned ole thing's allers a' foolin of me. F'r instance, I used to *know* a nigger wur a nigger—now I'm confident he's only a white man slightly kullerd—an' smells tolible sweet. Agin, I allers labered under the idee that it wur rong to lie an' steel, an' that no honest man would ingage in enny sich kneefarious bisness; but duria the last 5 year I've know'd the honestest sort o' men to do both at wunst. Furthermore, I gist knowed wunce that Massychusits wur a separit, destinck'd an' individual person, that she wur born akordin to the usual laws o' laber, an' as soon as she got big enuff, went to work an' made munny; that she then went into a holesail grocery, produce an' kermision bizness with Messrs. S. & N. Carliner & Co., on condition that ef she, or enny the rest o' the consurn, should git dissatisfide an' want to retire to private life or set up for herself, she could do so whenever she seed fit. But you see I wur rong thar too. I've bin kunvinced o' this mistake ever sence Mr. Wilson kum to Macon.

Talk about States rites! I gosh she ain't got no rites but to stay whar she ar, pay infernal revinew taxes an' behave herself. Ef she does these, she kin be treated like one o' the family, holler hooraw for the Younion, an' have a big eagle to pertect her. By the way, Bill, I don't like the way that ar eagle roosts. She gits on a pole up yander about Washington, turns her hed t'other way, an' that, you see puts us rite immegiately under her t'other eend. I'd like fur Mistur Johnson to alter her persition, fur I've heern it sed that habit ar secon natur, an' I'm afeered she'll git so she won't want to be turned round at all. They say variety are the spice o' life, but as fur as I am konsurn'd, I'd reether not have mine spiced in enny such way.

Well, Bill, the war hoss have ceesed to paw an snort, the smoak of battle have been bin blow'd away by the winds of heving, an' the passin' breeze are no longer tainted with the odor of burnin' saltpetre an' brimstone. We've made up, shuck hands, an' we orter now try to be friendly an' naberly. But thar ain't no harm in lookin' back kamly and sareenly and reviewin' the kauses that fust got us to quarrelin' then set us to fightin.' In the fust place thar newspapers told lies about the way we managed our niggers, an' sed they wur agwine to make us set 'em free; secondly, sum o' thar preechers, instead o' preechin' peece all over the country an' good will to us, preeched nigger sufferins, what didn't, exist; Sharp's rifles, what, unfortunately, *did* exist; an' eternal Aberlish on, what, I'm sorry to say, ar existin' now; an' thirdly an' lastly, thar politishoners, bein' aspirin' an' ambishious, an' seein' "Universal Freedum" already bridled an' saddled, they gist jumped rite astraddle o' him, popp'd the spurs to the creetur, and rode rite into offes. These fellers all acted in konsort, an' they told so menny tails about the poor sufferin' niggers, an' depicted so many heartrendin' seens, that they got all the wimmins' simpachies excited, put 'em all to cryin', an' set 'em all agin us. They gist knowed then they had the thing ded, fur havin konverted all the feelmail sex, (I mean the northern ones) the he ones, which are the ones that do the votin', would foller gist as natural as pig tracks gwine to a 'simmon tree. Thar kards wur now stocked gist as they wanted 'em, so they staked their last red on the President, an' I gosh they raked down the pile. Well, they'd dun swore they wur agwine to take our niggers from us as soon as they wur able now—so what else could we do but gist pack up our duds, move out frum the konsurn, an' go to housekeepin' on our own hook. We'd paid good munny fur our niggers, an' they wur mighty konvenient things to have on a plantashion. They could make cotting an' attend to the stock as well as ennybody; konsequently we didn't want to loose 'em.—Ef Mr. R. Island, Mr. Vermont, an' them t'other fellers didn't want niggers in the House, why, all we wanted wur gist to pay our bills an' go out, takin' our trunks an' body-sarvants with us.—Bill, they hadn't orter objected to this, but they did.

But I'm at the bottom o' my sheet an' must klose. Paper ar mighty scarce an' greenbacks mightier. Ef I kin make a rise, I'll koutinue the above subjeek hereafter. Yours, as ever,

Peter Fing.

P. S.—Betsy's enittin' Bull Run a pair o' stockins, an' wants to know ef she must send 'em by express. We heern Chickahominy wus cutting' teeth' an' that every one of 'em wus sharped gist like Minnyballs. Ar that a fack? Our last one's a gal, an' Betsy thinks thar's nary 'nuther baby in the world like her.

"My Mother, Mother, Mother."

It is said that these were among the last words of the great and lamented Henry Clay.

Mothers, learn here a lesson. Look at your sons and daughters and realize this important truth, that in the nursery is laid the foundation of your child's future life. Instead of teaching them to play the empty headed coxcomb, and *tete-a-tete* a lifetime away in nonsense, teach them the path of true greatness and usefulness. Who are the men who have adorned human nature and reflected a halo of glory upon their country: They are, with few exceptions, those who in infancy learned to clasp their tiny hands and kneel at a mother's side, and dedicated their hearts to the Father of spirits.

A mother's hallowed influence never dies. The boy never forgets the mother's love. Though he may wander far from home, and engage in many vices, yet that mother's voice, soft and tender, that fell upon his ear in infancy, is borne upon many a passing breeze, and whispers, "My son, my son, remember a mother's love; how she has taught you to pray and reverence the God of mercy."

Seventy-five long years have been numbered with the past; scenes, political and national, warm and exciting, had passed away; near fifty years had marked the resting place of that Christian woman, when her noble son, upon the bed of death, is heard calling for "my mother, mother, mother." Sweet words for the lips of one who owned his greatness to the maternal care of a mother's love!

Mothers, do you wish your sons to honor you in the busy conflicts of life, to be ornaments to society, to call upon you in the cold hour of death? Then act to them a mother's part—teach them the way of Virtue, of Morality, and of Religion.

The Cattle Disease in Cuba.—An epidemic of the nature of the cattle disease in England has appeared in Cuba. It is called the *cangrena.*—Large numbers of oxen have died within twenty-four hours after being attacked. When a beast dies the farmers watch the carrion crows and if they do not immediately attack the body, brush and fuel are heaped up, and it is burned. No preventive of this disease is yet discovered. There are always large numbers of green flies about the carcasses and their bite is injurious if not fatal to man.

Eclipse.—On the evening of the 30th of March instant, a total eclipse of the moon will occur. It will begin at five minutes past nine o'clock, will be at its total at twelve minutes past ten, and begin to disappear at fifty-one minutes past eleven. It will be visible throughout the United States.

The Art.—Among the various departments in the Girard College is a complete printing office, where the pupils receive instruction in the "art preservative of all arts" from Dr. Vander Weyde, Professor of Chemistry, who also teaches them the art of type-casting stereotyping, electrotyping, book-binding, photograpny, practical chemistry, and a variety of other sciences.

A Pen-Picture of Abraham Lincoln.

The Hon. W. H. Herndon, of Springfield, Illinois, who was for twenty years the law partner of Abraham Lincoln, recently gave a lecture on the life and character of his illustrious companion, prefacing it with the following remarkable personal description:—

Abrrham Lincoln was about six feet four inches high, and when he left the city was fifty-one years old, having good health and no gray hairs, or but few in his head. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, rawboned, thin through the breast, to the back, and narrow across the shoulders; standing, he leaned forward; was what may be called stoopshouldered, inclining to the consumptive by build.—His usual weight was about one hundred and sixty pounds. His organization rather his structure and function—worked slowly. His blood had to run a long distance from his heart to the extremities of his frame, and his nerve had to travel through dry ground a long distance before his muscles were obedient to his will. His structure was loose and leathery; his body was shrunk and shriveled, having dark skin, dark hair, looking woestruck. The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly, creakingly, as if it needed oiling.—Physically, he was a very powerful man lifting with ease from four to six hundred pounds.

His mind was like his body; it worked slowly but strongly. When he walked he moved cautiously but firmly his long arms, and hands on them like a giant's hands, swung down by his side. He walked with even tread; the inner sides of his feet were parallel. He put the whole foot flat down on the ground at once, not landing on the heel; he likewise lifted his foot all at once, not rising from the toes, and hence had no spring to his walk. He had the economy of fall and lift of foot, though he had no spring or apparent ease of motion in his tread. He walked undulatory, up and down, catching and pocketing tire, weariness and pain all up and down his person, preventing them from locating.—The first opinion of a stranger, or a man who did not observe closely, was that his walk implied shrewdness, cunning, a tricky man; but his walk was the walk of caution and firmness. In sitting down on a common chair he was no taller than ordinary men. His legs and arms were abnormally, unnaturally long, and in undue proportion to the balance of his body. It was only when he stood up that he loomed adove other men.

Mr. Lincoln's head was long and tall from the base of the brain and from the eyebrows—the perceptive faculties.—His head ran backward, his forehead rising as it ran back at a low angle, like Clay's and unlike Webster's, almost perpendicular. The size of the hat, measured on the hatter's block, was seven and a half, his head being from ear to ear six and a half inches, and from the front to the back of brain eight inches. Thus measured it was not below the medium size. His forehead was narrow but high, his hair was dark, almost black, and lay floating where his fingers or the wind left it, piled up at random. His cheek bones were high, sharp and prominent. His eyebrows heavy and jutting out; his jaws were long, upcurved and heavy; his nose was large, long and blunt, having the tip glowing in red, and a little away toward the right eye; his chin was long, sharp, and up-curved; his eyebrows croped out like a huge rock on the brow of a hill; his face was long, sallow, cadaverous shrunk, shriveled, wrinkled and dry, having here and there a hair on the surface; his cheeks were leathery; his ears were large and ran out almost at right angles from his head, caused by heavy hats, and partly by nature; his lower lip was thick, hanging and undercurved, while his chin reached for the lip up-curved; his neck was neat and trim, his head being well-balanced on it, there was the love mole on the right cheek and Adam,s apple on the throat. Thus stood, walked, acted, and looked Abraham Lincoln. He was not a pretty man, by any means nor was he an ugly one. He was a homely man, careless of his looks, plain looking and plain acting. He had no pomp, display, or dignity—socalled. He appeared simple in his carriage and bearing. He was a sad looking man; his melancholy dripped from him as he walked. His apparent gloom impressed his friends and created a sympathy for him, one means of his success. He was gloomy, abstracted, and joyous, rather humorous by turns. I do not think he knew what real joy was for more than twenty-three years. Mr. Lincoln sometimes walked our streets cheerily, good humoredly, perhaps joyously, and then it was, on meeting a friend, he cried, "How d'y," clasping one of his friend's hands in both of his, giving a good, hearty soul welcome. Sometimes he might be seen wending his way to his office, to the court-room, or the railroad depot, with his baggage, looking like a rail in broad cloth. Of a winter's morning he might be seen stalking and stilting it toward the market-house, basket on arm, his old gray shawl wrapped around his neck, his little Willie or Tad running along at his heels, asking a thousand little quick questions, which his father heard not—not even knowing that little Willie or Tad was there, so abstracted was the father. When he thus met a friend he said that something put him in mind of a story which he heard in Indiana, and tell it he would' and there was no alternative but to listen. Thus, I say, stood walked and looked this singular man.

What trade would you recommend to a short man? *Grow*, sir (grocer.)

The Radical Move--New LaWs Proposed.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Knobs of Kentucky, February 2, 1866.

To the Editors of the Enquirer;

How calm and sweet will the time glide on
When the slaves and slavery both are gone!
A Union of colors, a union of races,
No Copper-heads, but all copper faces;
A union and mixture of black and of white,
For this we will lecture, pray, vote, swear and fight.
Now, surely, this land will grow grander and bigger,
When we put in his proper position the American citizen and the African Nigger.
—[Not Shakespere.

It is appearent to every body that our poor old Constitution which has run a long time without needing repairs, is now in such a condition that will not go any longer, and every body wants to patch it. But I think we had better have a new one, (patchwork never suited my taste), and in these a very small affair will answer every purpose. An article or two about white and colored people will cover the whole ground. if there should be a few little matters, such as national or State economy, or foreign relations, or commercial interests and some other unimportant things, they could be left to the President and Congress. It does not make any difference, you know, what they do—whether Constitutionally or otherwise. It is only necessary to require.

1. Every freedman shall have a bureau for himself, with a looking glass on the top, if he wants it.

2. Every freedman shall have a secretary.

3. Every freed boy or girl shall have a wardrobe.

4, Every freed child shall have whatever it cries for.

5. White people whether *free* or not, must behave themselves.

6. All people, of every color, *except red*, must vote.

7. Every free white male citizen of the age of twenty-one hundred years or under, and of sound mind or otherwise, may vote, if he will take the oath that he would be a negro if he could.

This can be set neatly in a framework referring to the course of inhuman events and oramented with a border alluding to the common offense and welfare of Generals, and all that, so that it would answer for a declaration of Independence and a new Constitution.—Now, if all this is not exactly in form and of proper substance it can be placed in the hands of Thaddeus, of Warsaw, Black J. Bobenridge, and some more, and if they can,t arrange it satisfactorily let them call Mr. Oldnick to there assistance, which will insure success.

When the new Constitution is settled I want a new flag. Let us have the next one with strips of red, white and black, and instead of the stars put on *moonshine*. I would rather prefer stripes of white and black alone but the *red* will never come ont of our flag.

If you print this, and it works well and gives perfect satisfaction to every body, you may possibly some day hear again from yours, very respectifully.

OLD K. N TUCK.

Connubial Affection.

In a neighboring town, not long ago, lived Aunt Keziah, an industrious and thriving widow. She had not only kept good her estate, but had increased it much in value, and she loved to refer to it as "the little home that Daniel had left her."

One day the "income man" came along and carried off some of that little hoarded treasure, and she wept as she counted out the bills on which her partner's finger,s had once rested; so sacredly does the heart cling to the memories of the departed.

A few hours afterwards she was at the table kneading bread, and evidently thinking of the lost one, when her niece said:

"Aunty, now you're prosperous and well to do, let's get some pretty tombstones for good uncle Daniel, you know he has got none at his grave."

Aunt Keziah lifted up her doughy hands and emphasized this touching expression:

"Jane, if they *want* anything of Daniel at the judgment, *they can find him without a guide.board.* I tell you he'll be there in time!" And nothing more was said.

[redacted]

There is a boy down East who is accustomed to go out on a railroad track and imitate the steam-whistle so perfectly as to deceive the officer at the station. His last attempt proved eminently successful; the depot master came out and "switched him off."

☞ A newly-arrived John Chinaman in California purchased some ice, and finding it very wet, laid it out to dry in the sun. On going to look for it again he found it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood with larceny. A general riot was the consequence.

A stray contraband from down South was lately inspecting a horse-power in operation, when he broke out thus: "Mister, I has seen heap ob'tings, but I nebber saw before anything whare a hoss could do his own work and ride his self too."

Why is one's father's nose like a well trained child? Because it is always under a parent's eye.

Vaults of the Bank of France.

Of the vast additions to the buildings of the Bank of France, now in progress, and which will afford considerable space to the administration and officers now crowded together, the cellars are the most important part, they being destined to receive, like the old ones, the metallic reserve of the establishments, amounting generally to several hundred millions of francs. The walls of these vaults are of stupendous thickness. On descending the first steps leading to their entrance, the first obstacle we find is an iron door, locked with three keys, one of which is in the hands of the Governor of the Bank, the second is kept by the cashier, and the third by the censor; so that this door cannot be opened without the simultaneous consent of these three functionaries. We thus gain access to a first compartment, containing the funds for current use. The safe kept here is so curiously constructed that if you do not know the secret of its construction the slightest touch anywhere will set a noisy alarm agoing, loud enough to startle all the inmates of the establishment.

The next compartment is circular, and called *Serre;* it cannot be entered without the same ceremonial, and it is fitted up with fire-proof shelves. It contains all the important deeds, notes and papers belonging to the bank, also deposits of private persons. Here the Duke of Brunswick used to leave his jewels previous to going on a journey. Mademoiselle Mars used to send her diamonds there; the *lingot d'or* was deposited in the same place, &c. After the *Serre* came the vaults properly so called, the entrance to which is closed by an iron door secured by several combination locks; it turns on central pivots, like Italian doors. It gives access to a well-hole containing a winding staircase, admitting but one person at a time, and leading to subterranean galleries 420 metres in length. These are filled with iron casks containing lingots and coin, and labelled according to their contents; by way of additional security, the well-hole might be filled up with clay and the vaults with water at a minute's notice if the safety of the treasure were menaced in the slightest degree.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Caution to Sheep Men.

1. Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let them stand or lie in mud or snow.

2. Begin graining with the greatest care, and use the smallest quantity at first.

3. If a ewe loses her lamb, milk daily for a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt.

4. Give lambs a little "mill-feed" in time of weaning.

5. Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it.

6. Separate all weak or thin or sick from those that are strong, in the fall and give them special care.

7. If any sheep is hurt, catch it at once and wash the wound, and if it is fly-time apply spirits of turpentine daily, and always wash with something healing. If a limb is broken, bind it with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells.

8 Keep a number of good bells on the sheep.

9. Don't let sheep spoil wool with chaff or burrs.

10. Cut tag-lock in early spring.

11. For scours, give pulverized alum in wheat bran—prevent by taking great care in changing dry for green food.—*Am. Emigrant Co's Circular.*

Bed Your Stables.

A horse will get tired standing and treading on a hard floor; so will a cow, a sheep, a man. A soft bed feels easy gives rest. And yet we neglect the bedding of our stables to a great extent. Injured limbs and other ailments, especially of the hoof, are the result often of a neglect here, has been clearly enough seen, if he gives the subject a moment's thought. Bed with tan-bark, or shavings. The drier these materials are the better. Every day remove the moistened bedding and replace new.—Such as a floor, well bedded, adds greatly to the warmth of a stable, and thus becomes a fodder saver. The small holes and crevices in a floor with a good bedding upon them, will let little or no cold through, and will drain the stable.—Rather have a ground floor than hard, naked plank.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said he "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing *hemp.*"

An Italian proverb says, "The smiles of a pretty girl are the tears of the purse." The maxim scarcely holds here, as we don't make presents to young ladies.—But the frowns of an ugly woman, if she happens to be the wife of the purse's owner are sometimes efficacious in the direction hinted at.

An editor tells of an acquaintance of his, who, when he laughs, "shakes the room so that even the spiders peep out of their cracks to see what is going on."

A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

Why are naughty children at school like postage stamps? Because you must lick their backs to make them stick to their letters.