THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 7. In Preserving Our Union, Let Us be Careful to Preserve also Our Civil Liberties. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

WESTMINSTER MD. THURSDAY JANUARY 10 1867.

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE,

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

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jan4-1y

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no26-3m

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nov 8-3m

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Insure NEW LIFE in the debilitated, and *Restore the Sick to Perfect Health.*

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Two Little Pairs of Boots.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying.
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day, I was disposed to scold:
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be,
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid,
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night,
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day!

We, mothers, weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of those little ones.
Let each of us beware;
For what would our firesides be to-night,
If no little boots were there.

Mrs. S. S. Perry

THE SKY.

[We warn our readers that they will get giddy before they reach the end of this article. It is by Mons. Flammarion, whose recent work on the inhabited worlds other than Earth is one of the most successful books of the Parisian season. We have rarely read anything so interesting.]

To form an accurate idea of the sky, we must, in the first place, form an accurate idea of the earth, and conceive the ball on which we live as suspended in space without any support, except as a soap bubble which floats in the air. Of a truth the earth is even more isolated than a soap bubble floating in the air, for the soap bubble really rests on the strata of air, while the earth rests upon no fluid, no strata, and is independent of every sort of support. I may be asked—But then if the earth is thrown like a cannon ball into space, why dosen't it fall? I answer: Fall—where? They may reply: Fall down space. My response is: But what do you call "down space!" Down is a relative idea. Form a clear idea of the terrestial globe suspended in complete isolation in infinite space, and you will at once see there is no such thing as up or down in the universal frame. Examine the question. Here is the globe in space. It measures three thousand leagues in diameter. You are some five or six feet high. Your stature compared to the size of the earth is consequently less than the space of an ant walking around a ball of the size of St. paul's church, London.

Suppose you walk around this globe in every direction, as an ant might do on an immense cannon ball. This globe is a load stone and it is its attraction which fastens you invincibly to its surface. Now whatever may be the point of this globe wherever our feet rest, you will always call *down* below your feet, and up the space above your head. You may successively place yourself at every point of the globe without exception, all of them will necessarily be *down* to you, and the corresponding point of space overhead will always be up to you. At the North Pole the South Pole will be your *down*; at the South Pole you may consider the North Pole *down*. It is consequently nothing but a matter of position so far as you are concerned—it is not absolute reality.

Two observers placed at the extremities of the same diameter will have *up* reciprocally opposed; two others, placed at the extremities of a second diameter intersecting the first diameter at right angles, would call *up* two points perpendicular to the former; and so on, were the whole globe covered with observers, each one would call the portion of space overhead *up*, so that the whole space which environs the globe would be *up* for the population of the earth.

Such is the sky. This word no longer expresses anything but the up relative to our position, that is, the indefinite space which environs the earth.—If the observer himself does not change his position, the vertical point, nevertheless, changes every instant for each of us, for the globe turns on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Consequently there is no such thing as absolute up or down in the universe, and therefore there is neither right nor left, nor any absolute position.

The earth is a sphere isolated in space, and the space extends *infinitely* in every direction and all around it.—*Infinitely!* Let us try to ascertain the exact signification of this word. Suppose you determine to measure this infinity, and so set out from the earth as your point of departure, and move in any direction. Very well; what ever direction you may take, you may go in a straight line and never rest one second—you may fly as swift as light itself, which moves at the rate of seventy thousand leagues a second, or you may go still more swiftly, if you can conceive such velocity, and—mark what I say—you may keep up this rate of speed for years, for centuries, for centuries of centuries of centuries—you will never, never, never attain the limits of this immense, this *infinite* track of space!

As you speed on the abysses will close over you, other abysses will open in front of you, and this constantly, forever and forever, without end, without pause, whatever may be the ages upon ages you spend in your flight. Infinity will still yawn its measureless depths before you, though you were to exhaust all time, though you were to identify yourself with eternity. In reality your long and immeasurable flight would be precisely the same thing as if you had never stirred from your present position of absolute repose; for you would not be one s ngle step nearer infinity.

Consequently, were we for an instant to consider this earth as the only globe in this infinite space which environs it on all sides, and were we to suppose that it could fall, like a ball in an abyss, the earth would fall, fall, fall for centuries of ages, and would constantly continue to fall forever without once reaching the bottom, though it were to fall through all eternity. After falling for a thousand centuries it would continue to fall for a thousand centuries without being one inch nearer the bottom of the infinite abyss. It would absolutely be the same thing as if it remained in repose.

Around this earth lies a light down like that we see on beardless boys, or on a tender peach before a rude hand has seized it. This is the azure atmosphere which surrounds the earth—Clouds are cradled in it at an insignificant altitude. The concave form we observe in this apparent dome is nothing but the result of perspective. We, poor microscopic creatures, live at the bottom of this down, and sky-blue is nothing but this atmosphere itself.

When we rise towards the upper edge of our atmosphere by ascending mountains or sailing in a balloon, this blue color disappears, and we see that space is colorless. A visit of a few seconds to the moon's surface would convince us still more thoroughly that the blue color of the terrestial sky belongs exclusively to this atmosphere. The moon is deprived of air, and during its interminable days—which are fifteen times longer than ours—instead of this beautiful azure dome which is over our heads, it has nothing but an immense, black, lugubrious space in which shines the sun, a moon with varying phases, the earth and a multitude of stars.—The solar system is suspended in equilibrium in space. What sustains it?—Nobody knows. Is it in repose? No, it gravitates, or what is the same thing, it falls, it falls into the infinite abyss. It falls at a velocity reckoned at two leagues a second, or seven thousand leagues an hour. Whether it falls in a curved, sinuous or straight line, it can fall through all eternity, as we have demonstrated, without danger of touching bottom.

Wonders of the Telegraph.

The annihilation of time and space by the telegraph, now that it reaches nearly half around the globe, is so astonishing that men have to reflect to take in its full meaning. The New York *Independent* gives the following as an illustration: "On Monday July 30, Mr. Field received a message of congratulation from Mr. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the projector of Suez Canal.—It was dated at Alexandria, in Egypt, the same day, at half past one P M., and received in Newfoundland at half past ten A. M. Let us look at the globe, and see over what a space that message flew. It came from the land of the Pharoahs and the Ptolemies—it passed along the shores of Africa, and under the Mediteranean Ocean, more than a thousand miles, to Malta—it then leaped to the continent of Europe and shot across Italy, over the Alps and though France, under the English Channel, to London—it then flashed across England and Ireland, till from the cliffs of Valentia it struck straight into the Atlantic, darting down the submarine mountain which lies off the coast, and over all the hills and valleys which lie beneath the watery plain, resting not till it touched the shore of the "New World." In that morning's flight it had passed over *one-fourth* of the earth's surface, and so far outstripped the sun in his course that *it reached its destination three hours before it was sent!* To understand this it must be remembered that the earth revolves from west to east, and when it is sunrise here, it is between 8 and 9 o'clock in Alexandria, in Egypt, and when it is sunset here, it is nearly nine o'clock in the evening there."

There is a story current of Senator McDougall, of California, that having highly over-estimated his capacity for refreshment, he found himself in the gutter, and was accosted by a policeman, who, shaking him roughly, desired him to get up. "Do you know who I am?" thundered the Senator.—"No" said buttons. "I'm a great man," said Mc-Dougall, "Can't you see I'm *Sewered?*"

A leveller perceiving two crows flying side by side, said: "Ay, that is just how it should be; I hate to see one crow over another."

"Bobby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that hole in your trowsers?" "Oh! go along old woman, our folks are at the sewing circle, working for the heathen."

A Letter from Victor Hugo on the Struggle in Crete.

M. Victor Hugo has written a letter, of which the following is a translation, in reference to the revolutionary contest in Candia: "A ury re ches me from Athens. In the city of Phidias and Æschylus an appeal is made to me—my name is pronounced. What am I to deserve such honor? Nothing but a vanquished man. And who are they who call to me? The vanquished. Yes, heroic Candiotes, the fallen of to-day, you are the victors of the future.—Persevere. Even if you are prostrated, you will triumph. The protestation of a dying agony is a power.

It is an appeal to God, who crushes—what? Those mighty ones who are now against you, those coalitions of blind force and stubborn prejudice, those armed antique tyrannies, have as their principal attribute a remarkable facility of making shipwreck. The tiara is on the poop, the turban on the prow, the old monarchical ship is leaking. It is at this very hour foundering in Mexico, in Austria, in Spain, in Hanover, in Saxony, at Rome, and elsewhere. 'Persevere! You vanquished? Impossible. The insurrection suppressed is not a principle destroyed.—There are no more *faits accomplis*; there is only Right. Fact is never completed. Its perpetual incompleteness is the opening which is left to Right.

Right cannot be submerged. The waves of events pass over it. It reappears. Drowned Poland floats on the surface. For 94 years European policy has torn this corpse, and the world has seen its soul floating above the *faits accomplis*. Greeks of Candia, you have right on your side, and you have also reason. Why a Pasha should exist in Crete is beyond comprehension. That which is true of Italy is true also as regards Greece. Venice cannot be restored to the one without Crete being restored to the other. That which is there a resurrection cannot be here a sepulchre. But in the meantime blood is flowing, and Europe permits it. She gets accustomed to it. To-day it is the Sultan's turn to exterminate a nationality.

Is there a Turkish divine right venerated as the Christian divine right?—Murder, robbery, violation, are at this moment sweeping over Candia as, six months ago, they dashed over Germany. That which would not be allowed to Schinderhannes is allowed to policy.—To have the sword in hand and quietly to witness these murders, this is called statesmanship. It would seem that religion is interested in what the Turks are quietly doing—the cutting of Candian throats—and that society would be shaken if, between Scarperto and Cytherea, little children were not put to the sword. There the ravaging of crops and the burning of villages is useful.—The motive which explains and tolerates these exterminations is beyond our penetration.

Alas some of the humiliations of men whom a long exile had made stupid (I am one of them) is that they cannot comprehend the great reasons of the present assassins. Never mind. The Cretan question is henceforth clear. It will be solved, and solved like all the other questions of this age, in the sense of deliverance. Greece complete, Italy complete—Athens at the head of one, Rome at the head of the other—this is what we—France—owe to our brothers. It is a debt that France will acquit; it is a duty that France will discharge.

When? Persevere.

Victor Hugo.

Hauteville House, Dec. 2, 1866.

"Where's the Nigger?"

A Radical sheet, the Tamaqua *Journal*, says:

We have had the Republican victory; now where's "the Nigger?"

Where's the Nigger? Can't you see him, feel him, smell him? The Bellefonte *Watchman* explains it all, and makes it wholly satisfactory. For instance:

"Go to your store, and you get from eighteen to twenty-five cents worth of nigger in every yard of muslin you buy; from ten to fifteen cents worth of nigger in every yard of calico your wife and children use; from six to eight dollars worth of nigger in each barrel of flour your family consumes; twenty-five cents worth of nigger in each pound of coffee you purchase; from eight to twelve cents worth of nigger in every pound of sugar you buy to sweeten it; you'll find a small bit of nigger in your box of matches, and considerable nigger in your plug of tobacco. You can eat nothing, wear nothing, see nothing, taste nothing, or have nothing, that is not more or less affected by the miserable niggerism that has controlled the country ever since the Black Republican party got it by the throat.' Now you see it!

Dumas, the younger, sat the other night at the last representations of *Rodogune* by M'lle. Georges.

"I do not like to see an old woman die," said one of the spectators.

"Especially when the death is not real," remarked the witty Dumas as quick as light.

"This, we must remember, is the fall season," said Mr. Quilp, as he gracefully bumped his nose on the ice yesterday, to the amusement of some saucy shop-girls who tittered audibly.

"Sure," said a sanctimonious Irishman of a priest who was given to secular pursuits on the Lord's day, "Sure, an' that man is a mighty sinner, is he—for it's meself that has seen him *break the Sabbath every day of his life!*"

Circulate Democratic Papers.

Much has been said in relation to the circulation of Democratic papers, but we have seen nothing more to the point or more truthful than the remarks upon that subject contained in the following article, which we copy from an exchange. Its words are peculiarly applicable here as well as elsewhere:

The constant iteration of the cry "Circulate Democratic papers," has, we believe, done some good. We believe that a more general conviction now exists among Democrats generally that it is their duty to aid in circulating sound papers, and in discouraging the circulation of unsound ones, than at any former time. But we are also convinced that in this respect we are still far behind our opponents. They will rarely ever touch or read a Democratic paper, and while this is carying bigotry too far, yet Democrats often err in exactly the opposite extreme. For some trifle they will be induced to subscribe for a paper that will poison the minds of their children, and make them inveterate abolitionists. It is no more than justice to say that every man who now publishes a Democratic paper, does a self-sacrificing work, and taken as a class, we know of no truer or more patriotic men than the Democratic editors of the Northern States. As a body they are far in advance of the politicians, who, in many instances, are a dead weight upon them. We say, therefore, that if there is any class of men who deserve well of Democrats, it is, taken as whole, the Democratic editor. We urge, therefore, that Democrats generally, should try to understand the difficulties under which their editors labor, and when they see what advantages the Abolition press have over them, they will feel like taking hold and aiding them with material aid in their unequal fight.

As the New Year approaches, let systematic efforts be made to give a wide extension to Democratic journals. Active Democrats should commence early making out lists of those who ought to, and probably will, take (if called upon) a good Democratic local paper. Let it be the business of some one to see his Democratic neighbors, and urge upon them the necessity of sustaining their papers. Democrats must be doubly vigilant, if they would perpetuate their principles and save republican institutions from complete overthrow and their children from the crushing taxation of a moneyed aristocracy and a monopolist's despotism.

☞ Deacon A——, while passing through his lot the other day, stooped down to tie his shoe. A pet ram, which the boys had tamed, among other things was taught to regard the posture as highly offensive. He instantly pitched into the old gentleman's undefended rear, and laid him full length in a mud hole. Picking himself up, the deacon discovered the cause of his overthrow standing in the calmness and dignity of a conscious victor. His rage was boundless, and he saluted him with the energetic language,—

"You d——d old rascal!"

At that moment he caught a glimpse of the benign face of the "minister," peering through the fence, and he instantly added.—

"If I may be allowed the expression."

Many of the recent settlers in Montana, fearing the severe winter weather, are leaving. A correspondent of the Idaho *Times* says: I have every reason to believe that as many as eight hundred souls left Montana daily for the last six weeks, and no doubt many left who will wish themselves back next spring. To winter in Montana is not dangerous; to be there early is sometimes of untold advantage.

An Irish gentleman called on an eminent singing master to inquire his terms; the master said that he charged two guineas for the first lesson, but only one for as many as he pleased afterwards. "Oh, bother the first lesson," said the applicant, "let us commence at the second."

A lady seeing a man in the gutter, said she was afraid he was dead. Pat, who had been near enough to smell his breath, exclaimed: "Faith, and I wish I had half his disease."

A singular innovation was made at a funeral in Paris the other day. Instead of laudatory discourse in honor of the individual interred, one of his friends read extracts from a newspaper article in his praise.

"Bob, is that dog a hunter?" "No, he's half hunter and half setter; he hunts bones when he's hungry, and 'sets' by the fire when he is satisfied."

A counsel being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

An illiterate character has originated the following conundrum: "What is the difference between Ag, the Communite, and a certain learned professor?—The Canaanite was Ag as was, the professor, Ag-as-is."

Fair weather friends are not worth much; but wet weather with umbrellas to lend are friends indeed.

Solomon advises the sluggard to go to the ant, but the shiftless in our day generally go to their uncle.

"I have not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.