Democratic Advocate.

VOL. IV. WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1868. NO. 5.

ATTORNEYS.

R. B. NORMENT,
Attorney at Law,

HAVING located in the City of Westminster, Office on Main Street, two doors west of Court, respectfully informs the citizens of Carroll, and adjoining counties, that he will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him, both before the Courts of this State and the Departments of the General Government at Washington D. C.

Practices in the Courts of Bankruptcy.

REFERENCES.

Rev. J. T. Ward and John Smith, Esq., Westminster.

Charles Abbott, Esq. and Dr. Thomas Feinour, Baltimore.

Samuel Norment, Esq. and Rev. U. Ward, Washington, D. C.

B. F. M. Hurley, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, Frederick City, Md. nov14-1y

ISAAC E. PEARSON Sr. ISAAC E. PEARSON, Jr.

I. E. PEARSON & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

WILL promptly and carefully attend to all kind of business in any of the Courts in this State. Office opposite P. H. Henry's City Hotel, Main Street, Westminster, Md. dec12-1y

JOHN E. SMITH. WM. A. MCKELLIP.

SMITH & McKELLIP,
Attorneys-at-Law & Solicitors in Chancery,

HAVING formed a partnership in the practice of law, will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.

Office on Main Street, a few doors East of Court Street. dec5-1y

James A. C. Bond,
Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery.

ALL business entrusted to my care will have proper attention. dec12-1y

WM. M. MERRICK. J. J. BAUMGARTNER.

MERRICK & BAUMGARTNER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

HAVE associated to practice their profession in the several Courts in Carroll county. Their Office is at the residence of Mr. Baumgartner, in Westminster, Md. Mr. Merrick will be in Westminster during the Term of the Courts, and at such other times as business may require—he may also be consulted at his Office, No. 29 Saint Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland. nov28-tf

ABNER NEAL,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office at the Court House.

HE will attend especially to obtaining Decrees for the settlement of estates of deceased persons &c. Deeds, Wills and all Instruments of Writing prepared. Charges moderate. dec5-tf

WM. P. MAULSBY. CHAS. B. ROBERTS.

MAULSBY & ROBERTS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND BANKRUPTCY.

Having associated themselves in the practice of Law in Carroll county, they will attend promptly and carefully to all business entrusted to their charge. Mr. Maulsby will visit Westminster whenever business requires it. Office *directly opposite Court House.* jan4-1y

A. D. SCHAEFFER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Office on Main Street a few doors East of Court Street. Can be consulted in the German language. All claims against the United States and State, for Pensions, Back Pay and Bounties, promptly collected. dec5 tf

CROUT & REIFSNIDER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

WE have formed a copartnership in the practice of Law in the Courts of Carroll and Howard Counties, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to our care. Particular attention paid to Collections and procuring Decrees for the sale of Real Estate.

Also, Applications filed for Back Pay and Bounty due heirs of deceased soldiers.

Office adjoining the residence of CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER. no30-tf

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Wm. S. Shipley

OFFERS his professional services to the the citizens of Westminster and vicinity. OFFICE—adjoining Farmers' and Mechanics National Bank, lately occupied by Dr. J. L. Warfield. After 9 P. M. if not professionally engaged he can be found at the residence of his father, adjoining the Catholic Church. ap9-6mo

Dr. Danl. S. Coonan,
(Lately with Dr. Thos. W. Wells, Hampstead,)

OFFERS his professional services to the residents of Westminster and vicinity. Office and residence Littlestown Road, a few doors above Union Street. dec26-6m

COPARTNERSHIP.

DRS. F. BUTLER and W. K. FRINGER having this day associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, offer their professional services to their friends and the public in general.

DR. BUTLER having been a long time engaged in an extensive practice in Obstetrics and Surgery, feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who may be in need of medical assistance.

DR. FRINGER's office at the residence of Mr. Lewis Trumbo, East End; and DR. BUTLER's at his residence at the West End, Westminster. jan23-3m

NOTICE.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that the Accounts of the firm of Hering & Billingslea, may be found with Dr. Hering at the Union National Bank of Westminster. All bills unpaid on the 1st of July next, will be placed in the hands of a private Collector for the purpose of closing the affairs of the Copartnership.

J. W. HERING, M. D.,
J. H. BILLINGSLEA, M. D.
ap16—tf

$5,000 For $6.

MARYLAND CO-OPERATIVE AID ASSOCIATION will issue Life Policies of $5,000 for $6.

DR. B. MILLS,

Agent and Medical Examiner, Westminster. will give all information in regard to the above Association. Also receive applications for Policies. oct 22—tf

A. B. McLAUGHLIN,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
—AND—
DRAUGHTSMAN.

Room over Lynch's Office at the Depot. feb27-3m

INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA
FROM GERMANY, in 1835.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
and
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The greatest known remedies for

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

Read the following symptoms, and if you find that your system is affected by any of them, you may rest assured that disease has commenced its attack on the most important organs of your body, and unless soon checked by the use of powerful remedies, a miserable life, soon terminating in death, will be the result.

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

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

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence they are the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are to be advisable.

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

CONSUMPTION.
Thousands of cases, when the patient supposed he was afflicted with this terrible disease, have been cured by the use of these remedies. Extreme emaciation, debility, and cough are the usual attendants upon severe cases of dyspepsia or disease of the digestive organs. Even in cases of genuine Consumption, these remedies will be found of the greatest benefit, strengthening and invigorating.

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

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

These Remedies are the best
Blood Purifiers
ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood.

Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you.

THE COMPLEXION.
Ladies who wish a fair skin and good complexion, free from a yellowish tinge and all other disfigurement, should use these remedies occasionally. The Liver in perfect order, and the blood pure, will result in sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks.

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

Thousands of letters have been received, testifying to the virtue of these remedies.

READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania
PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 16th, 1867.

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

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1866.

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

From REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

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

Price of the Bitters, $1.00 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $5.00.
Price of the Tonic, $1.50 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles.

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

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

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

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

October 1, 1868—1y 2am

Select Poetry.

The Night Before Christmas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stiring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas would soon be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whipped and he shouted and called them by name.
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen;
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder! on Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As the leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top, the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
So I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack;
His eyes, how they twinkled, his dimples, now merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly!
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

A Seasonable Story.

THE DIAMOND RING.

It was the night before Christmas.

Dark and over-clouded, with white gusts of driving snow, and raw air, which insinuated itself into every fold of the most voluminous wrappings. A night which was uncomfortable enough to the rich, but dreadful to the poor.

Mr. Almayne did not observe the little blue-nosed boy, crouching in the angle formed by the blilliantly illuminated plate glass window, as he sprang from his carriage and went slowly across the pavement into the bright, thronged shop. How should he?—But little Ben Morrow's eyes, eager with the sickly light of starvation, took in every detail of the rich man's equipage, and his purple fingers clasped one another tighter, as he looked.

"Oh!" he thought, "how nice it must be to be rich—to have cushioned carriages, and big red fires, and mince pies every day! Oh! I wish I were rich!"

And Ben shrank closer into his corner, as the wind fluttered his thin, worn garments, and lifted the curls, with freezing touch, from his forehead.

Nor did Mr. Almayne observe him again, when he entered his carriage, drawing on his expensive fur gloves, and leaning among the velvet cushions, with a sigh scarcely less earnest than little Ben's had been.

The child's ideal of "big red fires" would have been quite realized if he could have seen the scarlet shine that illumined Mr. Almayne's luxurious drawing-rooms that night, glowing softly on gilted tables, alabaster vases, and walls of rose and gold. While just before the genial flame, the pale widower sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green and amethyst light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude!

"I wonder what made me think of home just then," he murmured, idly tapping his foot upon the velvet rug. "I wonder what alchemy conjured up the old house under the walnut trees, and the broken bridge, where the willow branches swept the water—the bridge where little Clara Willis used to sit and study her lessons, while I angled vainly for the fishes that never would bite! How lovely she was, that golden-haired girl, with her blue-veined forehead, and her dark, downcast eyes! I was very much in love with Clara Willis in those boy and girl days. I should like to know on what shore the waves of time have cast her little barque—it is not often that a person one has known in lang syne vanishes so entirely and utterly from one's horizon. Poor Clara—what glittering air-palaces we built in the future—how solemnly we plighted our childish troths? And when I came back, with the "fortune" on whose golden colonades our fairy castle of happiness upreared its pinnacles—she was gone. And Mary was a good wife to me, and a true—but she was not Clara Willis!"

As the thought passed through his brain, he instinctively glanced down at the finger upon which he wore the betrothal gift of his dead wife—the ring was gone!

"Lost—it can't be *lost*," he murmured to himself, trying to think when and where he had last observed it. "Can it have dropped from my finger without my knowledge? I must notify the police at once, and have it advertised! Poor Mary's ring—I would not lose it for twice its value, and that would be no mean sum!"

It was a narrow and murky little street, with here and there a dim lamp flaring feebly through the white obscurity of driving snow, but little Ben Morrow knew every one of its warped flag-stones by heart, and ran whistling down the alley-way of a tall, weather-stained building, undaunted by wind or tempest.

"See, sis, what a jolly glove I've found!" he ejaculated, diving suddenly into a narrow doorway and coming upon a tiny room, only half lighted by a dim kerosene lamp, beside which sat a woman busily at work. "Hallo! is the fire out!"

"Wrap this old shawl around you, Ben," said the woman, looking up, with a smile that partook more of tears than mirth, "and you won't mind the cold so much. Every coal is gone, and I can't buy any more until I am paid for these caps. Did you sell any matches?"

"Not two papers," sighed the boy. "I was so cold, Clara—I *couldn't* go round to the houses!"

"Well, never mind, Benny," she said, cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dear—we'll keep each other warm. Oh, Benny, I *should* like to have given you a nice whole coat for Christmas!"

"Don't cry, sis," said the boy, leaning his head against her knee. "Didn't you give your shawl for a comforter, only I lost it that windy day. You're just as good and sweet as you can be, Clara, and I love you just as well as if you were my whole sister instead of only half a one!"

She smiled through her tears.

"What was it about a glove, Ben?"

He sprang suddenly up as if remembering.

"A gentleman dropped it in the street. I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to catch up. Isn't it nice, sis?"

"Very, Ben."

She drew the fur glove abstractedly on her chill hand, and looked at the rich, dark fur.

"Why, Ben, what's this?"

For her touch had come in contact with something in the little finger of the glove, and she drew it out. Even by the dim light of the lamp she saw the myriad sparkling fascets of a diamond ring!

"The gentleman must have drawn it off with his glove," she said, while Ben stood by, in open mouthed surprise and delight.

"Ben, this is very valuable—we ought to return it to the owner at once.

"But how can we, if we don't know who he is?"

"It will be advertised, dear; every effort will be used to recover so valuable a jewel. To-morrow morning you must ask the newsman to lend you a paper for five minutes, and we will look at the advertisements."

"Sister," said Ben Morrow, under his breath, "is it very valuable? is it worth a hundred dollars?"

"More than that, Ben—why?"

"Oh, Clara," he sobbed, burying his face in her lap, a "hundred dollars would be so nice? I wish it wasn't wrong to keep it!"

Clara did not answer—she only smoothed down her little brother's tangled curls, and he never knew how hard it was for her to keep back her own tears.

Mr. Almayne was walking impatiently up and down his long, glittering suite of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his portly footman presented himself, like a respectable, motionless statue in the doorway.

"Well Porter."

"There's a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir, about the advertisement."

"Ask them to walk in, Porter."

Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet chairs and Wilton carpet.

"They're very shabby and muddy, sir."

"Never mind, show them in."

Porter departed, by no means pleased, and in a minute or two threw open the door and announced:

"The young person and the little boy!"

"Be seated," said Mr. Almayne, courteously, "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Morrow's sister was wrapped in a worn shawl, with a thick, green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove, and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the lost ring.

"My brother found it, in this glove, last night, sir," she said, in a low, timid voice "The initials—M. A.—correspond with your advertisement, so we brought it at once to the street and number specified."

Mr. Almayne opened his pocket-book.

"I have promised a liberal reward," he said, taking out a fifty dollar bill.—"Will this be sufficient?"

Clara Willis threw back her veil.

"We are very poor sir," she said, "but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty. Thank you, all the same. Come Benny!"

Henry Almayne's cheek had grown very white as he saw the golden braids and clear blue eyes of his sweet first-love beneath her faded black bonnet.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, "Clara Willis! is it possible that you do not know me!"

She turned at his wild exclamation, and gazed fixedly at him, with dawning recognition.

"Are you—can it be that you are Henry Almayne?" she faltered, only half certain of the correctness of her conjecture.

He took both her hands tenderly and reverently in his; if she had been a duchess, the action could not have been more full of courtly respect.

"Clara do not go yet," he said pleadingly. "Let me unravel this strange enigma of our two lives! Oh, Clara! if this Christmas Day has indeed brought me the sunshine which never yet irradiated my life, I shall bless it to my dying day!"

The low sun flamed redly the west, before Mr. Almayne's carriage—the very one which Benny had so ignorantly admired the night before:—was summoned, to carry Clara and her brother, for the last time, to their squalid home. For ere the New Year dawned above the wintry earth, Clara was married to the man who had courted her under the green willows that over hung the wooden bridge, ten weary years ago. It was a very short engagement—and yet it was a very long one!

And little Benny Morrow, basking in the reflected sunshine of his half-sister's happiness, found out what it was to be rich!

"IS HE RICH?"—Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point, as virtue is to vice? And yet, how often is wealth considered a better recomendation for a young man than virtue. How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter, this; "Is he rich?" Yes, he abounds in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? "Is he rich?—Yes "his clothing is purple and linen, and he fares sumptuously every day," but can you infer from this that he is virtuous? "Is he rich?" Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean but do not riches sometimes "take to themselves wings and fly away!" And will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah, beware! The gilded bait sometimes covers a bearded hook. Ask not then, 'is he rich?' but 'is he virtuous?' Ask not if he has wealth, but has he honor? And do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

No man who has been consistently true and sincere has failed to win the confidence and favor of other men. No man in whom truth and sincerity have been wanting has ever long possessed their confidence and favor.

We have all heard of golden weddings, silver weddings, etc., but the latest thing in this line is a molasses candy wedding. This occurs when the first baby gets old enough to lick.

When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it recalls, but the first day of immortality.—*Madame de Stael.*

Heaven gives enough when it gives us opportunity.

Select Poetry.

WAITING WINTER.

BY ALICE CARY.

The rust is over the red of the clover,
The green is under the gray,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Is flying away and away.

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
The glow and the glory done,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Flying the way o' the sun.

In place of summer a dread new comer,
His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendor instead of the tender
Daisy, and the dashing dews.

But oh, the sweetnest, the full completeness,
That under his reign are born!
Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
And wheat and millet and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory,
Maple and oak and thorn;
And rising and falling his winds are calling,
Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower,
That comes when the day is dome,
With warmth a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together
Color the woods so gay,
We must remember the chill December
Has turned his steps this way,

And say, as we gather in the house together
And pile the logs on the hearth,
Help us to follow the light little swallow,
E'en to the ends of the earth.

Our Olio.

The Ocean and Some of Its Products.

The ocean bed is supposed to be as diversified as the solid earth, and maps have been prepared exhibiting the character of the submerged land at different localities. The most thorough soundings have been those made in the Atlantic ocean, which show it to be a long trough or gash extending probably from pole to pole. The division commonly made between the different oceans is a purely imaginary one, as they are in fact one large body of water, different portions of which are known by different names. The regular swelling and sinking of this vast fluid mass, called the tide, is caused by the combined influence of the sun and moon, and is supposed to originate in the southern polar seas, and thence to roll around the globe. The attraction of the moon is threefold that of the sun, owing to its greater proximity to the earth; and the ocean is so constantly and strongly drawn to the point over which that satellite stands as to rise toward it, forming an accumulation of water, while, at the same time, a sort of secondary swelling takes place on the opposite side of the globe. The intermediate points are left at different stages of low tide, according to their distance from the watery elevation. Although the sun exercises an influence far less potent than that of the moon, it still produces a visible effect upon the waters and modifies their movement.—When the sun and moon stand directly in a line, the combined attraction of the two raises the tidal wave to the greatest possible height, and causes the spring tide, which occurs every full and new moon; while when they stand at right angles to each other, the effect is partially counteracted, and the result is a low tide. As the moon passes on, the tidal wave follows her, always about three hours in the rear, flooding the different shores as it rolls by, and rising to a greater or less height according to the varying character of the coasts and other controlling circumstances. In the South Sea islands the tides scarcely reach the height of twenty inches, while the highest tide known, which occurs in the Bay of Fundy, attains forty, fifty, and even sixty feet. The ocean covers more than seven-tenths of the surface of the globe, and contains a much larger number of living creatures than can be found on dry land. The minute beings, visible only with the microscope, which exist in its waters are alone sufficient to form the subject of a separate science. Lowest in the rank of animal life stands the sponge, a creature which has been known from antiquity, and whose nature has always been a subject of dispute. For some time it was classed by naturalists among vegetable productions, and only recently has it been assigned a place in the animal kingdom. It is undecided even yet whether each sponge is a single individual, or a congregation of minute creatures living together in a community like that of the coral polypi. The most important sponge fisheries are those in the Grecian Archipelago and on the shores of Syria, although the commodity is also obtained from the Red Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and to some extent along the whole Mediterranean coast. The sponge has become so valuable as an article of commerce, that the fisheries have been nearly exhausted in order to supply the demand; and unless artificial cultivation is resorted to, it is probable that the sponge will soon entirely disappear. The poorer qualities are found in shallow water and torn from the rocks by means of three-forked harpoons; but the finer kinds, which grow at a depth of from twelve to twenty fathoms, and brought up by the divers, and have to be carefully detached from the rock by means of a knife. Closely allied to the sponges are the corals, whose rank in the order of creation was for a long time equally undetermined. The plant-like appearance of the majority of corals caused them to be classed among vegetables; and Peyssonnel, the first to discover their animal nature, was met with such indifference and irony, that he became discouraged and retired to the Antilles, where he spent the remainder of his life as a naval surgeon. Subsequently the naturalists who had opposed his theory became convinced of its truth, and introduced it into established science. Coral was found to be a stony structure composed of the calcareous cells of innumerable little creatures called polypi, whose abodes formed a compact mass, and whose shells, when the living animal within died, became a foundation for the homes of their successors. The polypi increase by budding, the young creatures springing from the sides of the older animals, and there remaining fixed to grow and harden. Although the single animals are exceedingly minute, they increase in such immense numbers that they soon fill a large space, and numerous islands have been formed by the slow and constant upward growth of the coral until it has reached the surface. Then the constant action of the waves breaks off large portions of the mass from one place to pile it upon another, and brings drift wood to be detained by the obstacle and make a foundation for the solid earth which finally accumulates. As it is impossible for the coral animals to exist in very deep water, it was at first difficult to account for their rearing islands from the bottom of the ocean. The first supposition was, that they built around the craters of extinct volcanoes; but the latest theory advocated by Mr. Darvin, attributes the fact to the gradual subsidence of the bed of the ocean in certain localities According to this supposition, the corals must begin their structure at a time when the ground upon which they build is sufficiently near the surface to suit the necessitics of their existence. Gradually the slow growth of the coral keeping pace with the equally slow alteration in the bed of the ocean, the dead portions of the mass sink, leaving the coral always in a favorable condition. When the foundation becomes stationary, the little creatures finally attain the surface and cease their labors. The coral fisheries are situated chiefly in the Mediterranean, where the red coral, which is considered the most valuable, grows in great banks. An engine, as it is called, composed of two bars of wood and a network of lines, is let down over a coral bank from the side of a vessel, and dragged along the bottom of the sea until it catches in the rocks upon which the coral grows. It is then raised by a violent exertion on the part of the crew, tearing up blocks of stone together with the coral, which is collected and cleansed before it is handed over to the jeweller. Pearls are the third great product of the ocean for which regular fisheries have been established, the most important being those in the Bay of Bengal, Ceylon, and other parts of the Indian ocean. Here the pearl oyster is procured by divers, who sink to the bottom with the aid of large stones, and remain there for about 30 seconds gathering all the shells within reach. The work is exceedingly severe, and the men are frequently devoured by sharks. The search for pearls always ends at noon, when a gun is fired, and all the boats return to the shore, in order that the load may be examined and cared for by daylight. The shell-fish are piled together, and the heap is left for about ten days, by which time the remains become entirely decomposed. The shells are then easily opened, the round pearls, which are found in the body of the oyster, are collected, and the valves of the oysters, which furnish nacre or mother-of-peal are cleansed and sold by the cask. The pearls are sifted to separate the different sizes; the smaller ones are sold by weight and the others singly, according to their value. The nacre and the pearl are formed of essentially the same material, but the nacre is deposited over the whole shell in layers, while the pearl is the result of an effort on the part of the oyster to free itself from the irritation of some foreign substance which has penetrated within its valves. As the animal is incapable of ejecting any intruder, such as an unwelcome grain of sand, it renders it less obnoxous by depositing around it the smooth and lustrous substance which is so eagerly sought for by man. The Chinese are so well acquainted with this fact, that they force the oyster to form pearls, by thrusting small figures of tin between the valves, and then returning the creature to the water, whence it is fished up in the course of a few years, and a pearl is extracted retaining the shape of the tin. There is but one kind of oyster which possesses the power of producing pearls to any considerable extent, although they can occasionally be found in other species of oysters, and even in mussels.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—Saturday night is one of the most anxiously looked for of all the week. How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a look of hate, how many a promise has been broken, how many a heart has been wrecked, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber. A week is a life. A week is a history. It marks events of sorrow or gladness which people never heard of. Go home to your family, man of business. Go home to the chair that awaits you. Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your books with complex figures, your dirty shop, your busy store! Rest with those that you love, for God only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you. Forget the world of cares and battles with life that you have furrowed the week. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping-stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

"Doctor, whenever I lean my head on my arm, in this way, it pains me terribly. What *shall* I do?" "Stop leaning your head on your arm, in that way, madam!"

When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has sufficient grounds.

The Pen of Heaven.

The day grows yet more solemn. Its solemnity reaches its highest point and culminates in the momentous issue of judgment. It is the day of God's settlement with a world that has had a long credit. It is the winding up of this earth's bankrupt estate. It is closing of an open account that has been running on ever since the fall. It is the day when the balance is struck, and our fate is heaven or hell; and by the manner in which we walked in these statutes, and kept these statutes, and kept these judgments, and did then, our destiny is determined.

The most common action of life, in every day, every hour, is invested with a solemn grandeur when we think how they extend their issues into eternity. Our hands are now sowing the seed for that great harvest. We shall meet again all we are doing and have done. The graves shall give up their dead, and from the tombs of oblivion the past shall give up all it holds in keeping to be witness for or against. Oh! think of that, and in yonder hall of the Inquisitions, see what its effect on us should be! Within those blood-stained walls, for those atrocious cruelties Rome has yet to answer, one is under examination. He has been assured that nothing he reveals shall be written for the purpose of being used against him.—While making frank and ingenious confession, he suddenly stops. He is dumb—a mute. They ply him with questions, flatter him—he answers not a word. Danger makes the senses quick; his ear has caught a sound; he listens; it ties his tongue. An arras hangs beside him, and behind it he hears a pen running along the pages. The truth flashes on him. Behind that screen a scribe sits, committing to the fatal page every word that he says, and he shall meet it again on the day of trial.

Ah! how solemn to think there is such a pen going in Heaven, and entering on the book of judgment all that we say or wish, and all we think or do.—Would to God we heard it! What a check! and what a stimulus! Are you about to sin, how strong a curb! If slow to duty, how sharp a spur! What a motive to pray for the blood that blots out a guilty past, and for such grace as in time to come shall enable us to walk in God's statutes to keep his judgments and do them. "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."

BE GENTLE AT HOME.—There are few families we may imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for politeness. A husband, father or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken.

It is shameful that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen in society; and nothing can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

"I WILL!"—We like that strong, robust expression. No one, having uttered it in sincerity, was ever a mean, crying man. The pigmies of the world did not trouble him, although they rose in masses to pull him down. He speaks, and the indomitable prevails. His enemise fall before him. He rides forth a conqueror. Would you be great?—Would you be distinguished for your scientific or literary attainments? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with "I will" breathing from your lips and and bursting from a great heart, you can not but prevail. Show us the man that never rose higher than a toadstool, and whose influence died with his breath, and we will point you to a groping, cringing wretch, who trembles at the approach of a spider, and faints beneath a thunder cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and if your thoughts are directed in right channels you will startle the slumbering universe.

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such ever succeeded we would be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting, and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions; as have you. Don't fall into the error of supposing that they will respect you less for maintaining it, or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, in spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the vacillating, irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows me up."

Love, the toothache, a cough and tight boots, are things which cannot long be kept secret.