The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, if paid in advance. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

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Of Ten Lines or less will be inserted three times for One Dollar; Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, Three Dollars; Six months, Six Dollars; One Year, Ten Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

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Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

COUGH 10 MINUTES
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.

CURE for PILES.
DR. STRICKLAND'S
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has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

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DYSPEPSIA.
DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with antacids and carminatives to strengthen the digestive and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. Jan. 20, 1866—y

PROSPECTUS OF
The Cosmopolite.

ON the first of January we commenced the publication in the City of Baltimore of a
MONTHLY LITERARY MAGAZINE.

There is no publication of this character now issued South of New York City, and the closing of the war has left a large portion of the people of the country with no literary representative.

The Cosmopolite will be devoted to Literature, Art, Review, Scientific Papers and General Reading, and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

All matter not original will be carefully selected from the newest and best of the English, French and German publications; and its Editors will spare no effort or expense to make it rank with the *very first* Magazines of the country.

As its name imports, we have established The Cosmopolite upon a sectional basis. We hope to make it the organ of general literature alone, and will be unaffected by any [illegible]

HARRY MCCOY. WM. I. RASIN.
McCOY & RASIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 66 South St., Baltimore.

PROMPT attention paid to the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. All orders for the purchase of Farming Implements, Seeds, Groceries, &c., promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865—y.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 21, 1865—y

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS, WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.
TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally*,
No. 93 Light Street Wharf.
☞ Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.
Refers to November 4, 1865—y

W. B. HINES. W. H. WEST.
HINES & WEST,
No. 90 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Hay, Potatoes,
Onions, Apples, Dried Fruits, Eggs, Fish, Cattle, Wood, Hoop-Poles, &c., &c.
April 1, 1865—tf

SHEURBOK, WOODALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain & all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 124 Light St. Wharf,
Opposite the Wharf of Slaughter's Steamboat Line,
BALTIMORE.
☞ All consignments are thankfully received and promptly attended to.
February 10, 1866—y(21.

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, Agent,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. MERRILL, Agent,
214 West Baltimore Street,
Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. Keyworth,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

☞ The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

FOR SALE.

THE HOMESTEAD PORTION of the
MILLER'S FARM,
Containing 196 Acres,
of which 175 Acres are arable,
Balance in Wood and Marsh.

Pleasantly situated on Swan Creek, within full view of the Chesapeake Bay, adjoining Swan Point, noted for Oysters, Fish and Ducks. Convenient to Churches, School, Steamboat, Stores and Shops.

The Lawn, beautifully Shaded,
running down to the water, where Lime, Grain and all the products of the farm can be landed.

Dwelling
OLD BUT VERY COMFORTABLE.
OUT BUILDINGS
Sufficient for the Farm, with two Pumps of Water.

The Land lays nicely:
rolling, well watered, light, and susceptible of improvement equal to any in the County.

No Stiff Land on the Farm.

Would make a splendid FRUIT FARM. Mr. Yosiell will show the place to any one wishing to examine the same.

☞ For terms and other particulars, apply on the place or by mail.
W. R. CONSTABLE.
Rock Hall P. O., Kent County, Md.
January 13, 1866—6m.

LAND SURVEYING.

THE subscriber will Survey Lands upon short notice. Land laid out and divided, and all the branches of a practical Surveyor promptly executed.
June 24, 1865—tf. E. F. PERKINS

COAL OIL
At 90 cents a Gallon!

SUGAR and BREAD BOXES for sale by May 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

A prime article, at March 3, 1866. H. W. VICKERS' Cheap Corner.

The Poet.

My Father.

BY GEN'L. HENRY R. JACKSON OF GEORGIA.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light,
There are the wan sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone,
Upon the narrow couch of rest,
I knew not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thy rifle hid upon the wall,
Thy books—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth—

And thought, while countless ages fled,
The vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread—
Effaced the footsteps from the sand—
And blasted in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its life to thee—
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree—

Then, Father! for her sake and thee,
Gushed madly forth the scalding tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly—
Those tears have gushed in latter years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone, above the stars with you!

Farmers' Column.

Rules for Management of Cows.

Never buy a cow from a dairyman, for if he is a good manager he will sell only his poor animals.

To determine which cows are best for keeping, try their milk seperately, and weigh the butter, for sometimes a cow may give much milk and little butter and *vice versa*.

Cows should run dry six weeks before calving—if milked closely toward calving, the calves will be poorer.

A cow newly come in, should not drink cold water in cold weather, but moderately warm slop. Calves intended for raising, should be taken from the cow within a few days, and they will be less liable to suck when old. Feed them first with new milk for a time, then skim milk, then sour milk, taking care that all changes are gradual, by adding only a portion first; add gradually a little meal.

Calves well fed and taken care of, with a quart or two of meal daily in winter, will be double the size at two years they would have attained by common treatment.

Heifers thus treated may come in at two years old, and will be better than neglected animals at three, and one year of feeding saved.

Hearty eaters are desirable for cows, and they may usually be selected while calves. A dainty calf will be a dainty cow.

Heifers should become accustomed to be freely handled before calving and drawing the teats. They will then not be difficult to milk. Begin gradually, and never startle them.

In milking cows, divide the time as nearly as practicable between morning and evening, especially at times of early grass, that the udder may not suffer.

Persons who milk should keep the nails cut short; animals are sometimes hurt with sharp nails, and unjustly charged with restlessness.

Old cows should be fattened at fifteen years. The dairyman, therefore, who has fifteen cows, should raise a heifer calf every year to supply the vacancy; if the herd is thirty cows, he should raise two calves, &c.

Heifers dried up too early after calving, will always run about the same time in after years; therefore, be careful to milk closely the first year, until about six weeks before calving.

Spring cows should come in while they are yet fed on hay, and before they are turned to grass, which will be more likely to prevent caked bag and milk fever.—*Annual Register.*

Waking Grandma.

A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says: I asked a little boy last evening—

'Have you called your grandma to tea?'

'Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to waken her. I didn't wish to *holler* at grandma, nor to *shake* her, so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her.'

Do we find anything more sweet, delicate and lovely than this in the annals of poetry? Can conventionality improve upon such politeness, spontaneous in the heart of a six years' boy?

☞ Mrs. Partington says that the coalporters may say what they like about religious tracks but she thinks, in her opinion, that there's no tracks so suggestive of solemn thoughts as railroad tracks.

France Before the Great Revolution.

An account of a tour in France, Holland, and the Netherlands, made in 1773, by Admiral Sir George Collier, then thirty-six years old, and a post captain, has been published in England by the admiral's grand-daughter. It abounds in noteworthy passages illustrative of old Paris and customs of society before the days of the great Revolution. Old Paris had reason to be proud of the condition of its river. Said the tourist in 1773:

"The river Seine runs through Paris, but is navigable only for small boats. It is about one-third the width of the Thames at London bridge. They mention a *bon mot* of Foote's when he was there—that, on being asked by a Parisian who had hardly ever been out of Paris whether he had such a river in London. "No," replied Foote, "we had such a one, but we stopped it up, (alluding to the Fleet ditch;) at present we have only the Thames." The Frenchman, not understanding his drift, remained highly charmed at the superiority of the Seine, and probably defended his idea of its great importance ever afterward."

Those were the days when there was almost no sewerage in Paris, and the filthy Seine water was drank by a people living in foul air. But the Parisians used umbrellas, and Captain Collier thought the fashion so exceedingly useful that he wondered the people in London did not adopt it. About French fashions he writes:

"That capricious and whimsical goddess, Fashion, has nowhere a more arbitrary sway than in Paris, on which account many a Frenchman's wardrobe constitutes the greatest part of his fortune. For fashion has ordered them to change their sort of clothes no less than four times a year; so that if they have only two changes for each quarter, they cannot have less than eight suits for the twelvemonth. The first of June, whether the weather is warm or not, they put on their summer clothes, which are silk; on the first of September they doff in their autumn suits; on the first of December in winter clothes; and the first of March in their spring velvets, &c. The whim of change extends even to their linen; and the man who should unfortunately be seen in a pair of point ruffles in summer, or Mechlin lace in winter, would be shunned and avoided by the *bon ton* as much as if he had the plague.

"Nothing can exceed the fondness of the Parisians for English articles. If you go into a shop they will assure you, on producing the commodity you want, that it is "veritable Anglois," by way of excellence, though possibly at the same time there is not the least similitude. Things that come from Germany, and watches made at Geneva, have many of them English marks. I saw snuff-boxes with the words "made in London," in the inside of the lids."

The oil lamps in the streets of Paris had an advantage over those of London in the concave tin reflectors behind the wick. But Paris only lighted its lamps when there was no moon. Here is another sketch of the bygone—bygone except in the matter of espionage:

"The police of Paris is certainly admirably regulated, and the streets are so that people can go at any hour of the night without danger of being molested. The lieutenant of the police employs innumerable spies, who are in all dresses, from the shoe-cleaner on the Pont Neuf to the croix de Saint Louis. He knows of all strangers who come to Paris, and generally in a day or two after their arrival, the business which brings them there, or else sets spies to watch their motions: many of the lackeys are also in his pay. Watchmen do not go about crying the hour with a candle and lantern, to show thieves where they are, but two of the *guet* silently walk together with muskets on their shoulders, and come by surprise on such as are in the streets late, who, if they cannot give a good account of themselves, are kept in custody to be examined next morning.

"Besides the *guet*, there are parties of archers on horseback, who ride sometimes in the streets, but generally along the roads; so that no one ever hears of a robbery being committed; though I confess, one reason of not hearing may be that they never put those sort of things in the Paris Gazette—the only newspaper allowed to be published."

Here is a short, clear description of the barbarous execution of criminals by breaking on the wheel:

"I saw four men broke on the wheel for murder in the Faubourg St. Antoine. A scaffold was erected about ten feet high, with a wheel, something like a coach wheel, at each corner, but without railing round. The unhappy wretches were expected at four o'clock, and an amazing concourse of people was assembled to see the execution; but it was seven before they appeared. They were on foot, and walked very slowly, surrounded by the *guet* with muskets and fixed bayonets: the executioner and his valet attended them. He was dressed in a bag, sword, and laced hat, and was the first who mounted the scaffold, taking off his hat and sword and laying them on one side. One of the criminals followed, accompanied by a friar, who kneeled, prayed with, and confessed him. The executioner's man then ascended the ladder, bringing with him something like a stick wrapped up in green cloth. The poor wretch being confessed, the friar retired and the two executioners began stripping him of all his clothes but his drawers; after which they assisted in placing him on two pieces of wood, like a St. Andrew's cross, which lay horizontally on the scaffold, and to which they fastened him. The executioner now drew out of the green case a flat, thin, iron bar, seemingly about an inch broad, and a yard and a half long. On his being fastened, the friar again came up and kneeled down at his head for about two minutes, after which he descended the scaffold. The dreadful moment now approached. It was impossible for one's feelings not to be tremblingly alive; even the multitude was affected, and waited the event with awe and silent attention. The executioner advanced and gave two quick strokes of the bar upon his left arm above and below the elbow, the same on his left thigh and leg, then on his right leg and thigh, and finished with his right arm. The *coup de grace* was soon after given, which consisted of three hard blows with the bar upon the stomach, which immediately dispatched him; till then, his groans and yells were terrible.

The other three were executed in the same way; but, as it grew dark, the last two suffered by torchlight, which added to the solemnity of the scene."

Curiosities of the Heart.

The heart is the first organ that makes its appearance in the animal organism.—The first trace of it is discovered about the end of the third week of embryonic life, when it presents itself a red spot—a more central point, as it were—from which sundry yellow filaments are shooting forth. This is the germ of that "fearfully and wonderfully made" instrument, the human heart, accompanied by its principal blood-vessels.

"This organ," says Galen, "is the root of all the entrails and members of the body, and the very fountain of life, and of all innate and vital heat." The heart, according to the fancy of the Peripatetic philosophers, is in a human body, as the first intelligence in the universe, and as a kind of monarch in its own little world. The substance of this muscular structure—for such it is emphatically—is very compact and strong, in order that it may be able to resist the tremendous strain destined to be put upon it, especially by impatient people, and the better to preserve the vital heat, and the spirit which, as another quaint writer remarks, "would soon breathe out and vanish away from it, were it of greater variety and softness."

I propose to present a few of the many curiosities found in this little cabinet, at the death of its owner.

On dissecting the body of John Pennant, of London, October 7, 1637, his heart was found to be globular instead of the usual form, and broader than it was long. The right ventricle was of an ashy color and wrinkled, and like a leather purse in appearance. It was entirely empty, and the fluid usually found in its covering (the pericardium, as it is called in anatomical language) was entirely dried up. The left ventrical was three times as large as the right, and seemed as hard as stone. On opening it there was found a fleshy formation wrapped in various folds, like a serpent, the body whereof was as white as the human skin, slippery and transparent, and apparently painted. It had legs and arms of a flesh color, and nervous fibres were discernable. The body of it was hollow, but otherwise solid, and "a gut, or somewhat analgous, subservient to the uses of nature," was found in its cavity. This is given on the authority of a London physician, from whose Latin narrative it was translated.

We have the account of a man who died suddenly after having experienced the usual symptoms of heart disease, to whose right ventricle a worm was attached. It was black in color, and was dead. Its shape was "like to those worms found in wood."

A noted thief was subject to palpitation of the heart. He was put upon the fatal wheel as a punishment, and as soon as life was extinct his body was quartered, and his heart cut open when yet warm and palpitating. In its right ventricle there were found three stones as large as peas. They were of an ashy color, were somewhat elongated, and weighed about a drachm in the aggregate.

Stones similar to the above named were found in the heart of the Emperor Maximillian II, who was also subject to like premontory symptoms.

In the heart of an Italian, who died in Paris while studying medicine, there was found a single stone weighing several drachms. It was as large as a nutmeg, nearly black in color, and round in form. He had been violently ill for about a year.

An old anatomist, named Columbus, in dissecting the body of Cardinal Gambara Brixianus, at Rome, found a tumor in the left ventricle of his heart, which was hard, and as large as a hen's egg. In another bishop's heart pieces of a fleshy growth, as large as a man's fist, were found within the right ventricle, near the orifice of the vena cava. They were firmly united.—He had died suddenly.

When the body of Pope Urban the Eighth (2614) was opened for the purpose of embalming it, the left ventricle of his heart revealed the presence of a piece of bone in the form of the letter T. It is worthy of remark that in the gall bladder five stones were deposited of the size of a filbert.

The heart of a man who died at Copenhagen of consumption was found to be as large as that of a medium sized bullock. Before it was opened the left ventricle felt harder than usual, leading to the suspicion that some bony substance had formed there. This was confirmed by the discovery at the root of the aorta of a bone resembling somewhat the figure of the heart, and spongy in its nature.

The heart of a Roman student was found wanting in the pericardium. He was subject to fits of syncope, in one of which he died.

The body of a noble Roman was found practically and almost literally heartless. That organ had dried up. Its covering alone was discoverable on dissection.

At Venice a thief was executed whose heart was found to be covered with hair. The same was the case of Aristomenes, the Messenian, whose heart was cut out by the Athenians, on his recapture as a prisoner of war, in order to make sure of his not escaping a second time. The Greeks recorded of Hemogenes, the learned rhetorician, that his heart was not only hairy, but larger by far than common. Leonidas the "noble-hearted" leader of the immortal Spartan band at the famous Straits of Thermopylæ, being killed in the engagement with the army of Xerxes, the latter, in revenge, caused his heart to be torn out, when it, also, was found to be covered with hair like the hearts just mentioned.

The same is true of the heart of Lysander, the Lacedæmonian leader under whom the Spartans overcame the Athenians.—History gives him the reputation of a "stale-hearted man" in both senses of the phrase. The statements in this paragraph indicate that hairiness was quite a frequent abnormal characteristic of the heart among the ancients.

Zuinglius was slain while fighting valiantly against the Swiss, in 1531. His body was cut into four pieces by the enemy, and cast into the flames with the purpose of obliterating all traces of it. But when, three days afterwards, some of his friends visited the place, hoping to recover his ashes alone, they were surprised and overjoyed to find his heart untouched by the flames, although of the rest of his body was wholly consumed.

In the reign of Queen Mary, when Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was brought to the stake, he first thrust his right hand into the fire, because with it he had signed his recantation. It was consumed first, and then the rest of his body. But his heart, like that of Zuinglius, remained whole.

I have before me notes of several cases going to show the wonderful resistance of the heart to the mortal tendency of wounds contrary to what is the general popular belief on the subject—for the notion commonly accepted is that if the heart is pierced in the least, death must ensue, and that instantly. But more than one must suffice. It is related by Parry. A nobleman, in a duel, was wounded so deeply that the point of the sword had entered the very substance of his heart, and yet he used his weapon vigorously for a good while (I quote literally,) and then walked two hundred paces before he fell. After his death the wound was found to be a breadth of a finger, and a great quantity of blood was found in the thorax.

Baron Dupuytren, the great French surgeon, has reported the case of a man who received a stab on the left side of his chest, November 5, 1821. He was brought to the Hotel Dieu, the symptoms under which he labored did not lead to the suspicion that he had received a wound of the heart at all. He died on the 15th, of cerebral disease. On inspection of the body, it was found that the left ventricle was wounded about the middle, and a little to the right, its cavity having been penetrated in a transverse direction. The wound was three lines and a half across and one line from above downward. The external fibres of the heart separated the most, and the opening diminished gradually, so that the internal fibres were in contact, and closed the wound.

In the opinion of Dupuytren, injuries of the heart are not necessarily fatal.—But Taylor, in his extensive work on Medical Jurisprudence, states his belief that with one exception only, there is no case on record in which a person has recovered from a penetrating wound of the cavities of the heart.

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 others 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 *Regent* 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 ingots 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.*

☞ An inveterate old bachelor says ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the lookout.

The Radical Mayor—New Laws Proposed.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

KNOWS OR KNAVES, Feb. 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 sections, a union in creed,
No Copperheads, but "Union" in our faces;
A million and carcasses of black and of white,
For loss are will become pure, cease swearing and fighting,
Now, every day that I will grow grander and happier,
Universal love in its proper spirit in the American Union reigns and the African Negro.

[Love Shakspeare.

It is apparent to every body that our poor old Constitution which has run a long time without needing repairs, is now in such a condition that it 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 me, [illegible], and in these times a very small stair 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 something 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 year before.

4. Every freed child shall have whatever it asks for.

5. White people, whether free or not, must believe these laws.

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

7. Every true 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 ornamented with a border alluding to the common welfare of Generals, and all that, so that it would answer for a declaration of Independence and a new Constitution. Now, it all has to run exactly in form and of proper substance it can be placed in the hands of Thaddeus, of Warrenton, Block, Hubert, Sumner and some more, and if they can't arrange it satisfactorily let them go.

I am, sir, yours, &c., &c., &c., for the abolition of negro slavery and for the universal establishment of negro equality.

When the new Constitution is settled I want a new flag. Let us have the next one with stripes of red, white and black, and in the stars put on *mosaic*. I wouldn't rather [illegible] and black alone but the red will never come out of one 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 respectfully,

OLD RIP VAN TUCH.

"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 sometimes a life-time 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 bowed to sleep their tiny heads and nestled at a mother's side, and nestled 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 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, have 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 owed 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.

☞ Small boy, on tip-toe, to his companions: "Sh—stop your noise, all of you."

Companions—Hello! Tommy! what's the matter?"

Small boy—"We've got a new baby—it's very weak and tired—walked all the way from Heaven last night—mustn't be kicking up a row round here now."

☞ The abolitionists called Democrats "copperheads" because they did not support the "Government," or President Lincoln, whom they considered the Government. Would it not be well to call all those who do not support President Johnson now, "Abolition Copperheads."

☞ It is stated that fifty dollars have been offered for the pen with which President Johnson signed the veto message.

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