JNO. W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
The Republican Citizen.

Office on Court Street, midway between Patrick and Church Streets, (West Side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

THE CITIZEN is published every *FRIDAY MORNING*, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be required.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID, unless at the option of the Editor.

The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 48. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1870. NO. 42.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN
The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (tf), and charged for accordingly

JOB PRINTING

Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

John T. McCrery
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick, Md.
Office on Court Street, opposite the Court House. may 29 pd

J. U. Dennis,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLER AT LAW, Frederick City, Md.
Office—On Court Street.
may 29 1y-pd

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

J. E. R. Wood,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery. Office on Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, and lately occupied by Hon. John A. Lynch, Frederick Md.
Bounties, Back Pay, Pensions &c., promptly collected. jan17-1y

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy. No 21 Market street, Frederick Md.
nov15 tf

Joseph M. Palmer and James W. Pearre
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office on Court street.
oct13, 1865—1y

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

Dr. James I. Smith,
HAVING permanently located, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity. When not professionally engaged can be found at his office on Patrick street, a few doors East of J. Tregellas & Co.'s Store.
sep17 1y E

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. S. LEROY SWORMSTEDT,
130 *West Fayett St., Baltimore.*
CAN be consulted by letter. Personal attendance if required.
dec13 tf

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McShery, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2. T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E 3t

Dr. James Hogg,
DENTIST.
Office and residence East Patrick street, near Carroll, Frederick City Md.
may22 6 m

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

Surveying.
THE undersigned will resume, to a limited extent, his old business of surveying land. Can be found for the present at the Dill House, Frederick city.
ian24 tf THOMAS H. ONEAL.

Apple and Peach Trees.
THE subscribers have on hand and for sale a large number of APPLE AND PEACH TREES, also GREEN HOUSE PLANTS and GARDEN SEEDS in great variety at reduced prices, to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.
MORRIS & CURTISS,
Nursery and Greenhouse, East Fourth st.,
mar6 tf Frederick city, Md.

75. Ninth Arrival. 75.
GREAT BARGAINS!
GREAT BARGAINS!
Goods to be sold at Panic Prices!
IMMENSE arrival of New Goods, bought at panic prices, and to be sold at panic prices. Great variety in
Bonnets, Hats, Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Woolens, Balmorals, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Notions, Fancy Goods and Trimmings,
such as Fringes, Satins, Velveteens, Velvets, Silks, Buttons, and thousands of other articles. Also, the largest stock of
Furs, Furs, Furs!
this side of New York. Remember, all of which will be sold at *Panic Prices*, at
HENRY GOLDENBERG'S,
dec3 75 N. Market street.

Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
THE next Session of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH, (15th.)
☞ Applications for admission should be made to
WM. D. COOKE, Principal,
aug20 tf E Frederick city, Md.

NEW TIMOTHY SEED.
50 BUSHELS Prime New Frederick County Timothy Seed, just received and for sale at lowest market rates, by
WINEBRENNER & SHIPLEY,
nov5 144 North Market Street

Medicinal.

NEW DRUG STORE.
JOS. B. GARROTT,
APOTHECARY AND DRUGGIST,
No. 16 South Market Street,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Soaps, Perfumery, Fancy and Toilet articles, &c., &c. Having recently fitted up his Store and purchased an entire new stock of Drugs of the purest quality, notifies the public that he is prepared to supply them with every article generally found in an apothecary establishment, and will spare no pains to keep a well selected stock constantly on hand, he has a fine assortment of Patent Medicines, Flavoring Extracts, &c., &c. He has been actively employed as a druggist for a number of years, and shall take special pains to compound Physicians' prescriptions accurately, and as moderate in price as the times will afford. All orders from the country will receive prompt attention. He hopes by the exercise of every available effort to share a liberal patronage of the public. Respectfully, JOS. B. GARROTT,
oct1 6m pd Frederick City, Md.

CONSTITUTION and Gettysburg Waters, at KEYSER & Co's.
JADWIN'S Subduing Liniment, at KEYSER & Co's.
HORSE POWDERS of all kinds, Sylcurk's Nixon's, Stonebraker's, Foutz &c., at KEYSER & Co's.
FAHRNEY'S Blood Searcher, at KEYSER & Co's.
HAIR Brushes, Combs, &c., at reduced prices, at KEYSER & Co's.
TOOTH Brushes in great variety, at KEYSER & Co's.
GARDEN Seeds of all kinds, 5 cents per paper, at KEYSER & Co's.
MEDICINES of all kinds, at reasonable prices, at KEYSER & Co's.
feb19

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.
Clothes Washed and Bleached without Wear, Tear or Labor, by the "Cataract Washer and Boiler."
This Boiler outwardly presents the appearance of an ordinary Washboiler, on the inside near the bottom is a partition so constructed that water may freely pass down through it, but by no possibility can pass upward. Across each end is constructed a conducting chamber leading from the bottom nearly to the top of the boiler. The clothes to be washed are placed in the Cataract Washer as if it were an ordinary boiler, and water poured over them until it is about half full, when the water at the bottom reaches the boiling point, it rises through the conducting chambers at the ends and pours over the clothes, a vacuum is thereby created at the bottom which is filled by the water rushing down through the clothes. A constant circulation is thus kept up and increases in rapidity as the fire becomes hotter, until the velocity is truly wonderful; thus, washing clothes perfectly clean by a simple law of nature, and accomplishing, without injury, what wash boards and Washing Machines do imperfectly, with great wear and tear. This Boiler can be used upon any cooking stove or range. No person who has used one would willingly do without it. Persons can be supplied with these Boilers by calling upon the subscriber, who can be found at Mr. N. J. Wilson's, on East Patrick Street, Frederick.
Prices range from $7 to $12, according to size. I will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. E. M. BOSLEY.
june18

Notice.
THE undersigned, and all persons who may hereafter associate with them, having been incorporated under the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, by the Hon. John A. Lynch, one of the Associate Judges of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, under the style and name of "THE FREDERICK COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY," for the purpose of insuring houses, barns, merchandise, and other property against loss by fire; hereby give notice that they are prepared to receive applications for insurance.
This Company is organized exclusively on the mutual principle, and the advantages expected to be derived therefrom are many. The money paid for insurance will be kept at home, better facilities afforded for the satisfactory adjustment of losses, more convenient in cases of repairs, sales and transfers, and certain to secure the lowest practicable rates of insurance.

James Gambrill,	John Loats.
Val. S. Brunner,	Lawrence J. Brengle,
C. Keefer Thomas,	Jno. T. Worthington,
John C. Hardt,	Lewis S. Clingan,
Benj. F. Brown,	Outerbridge Horsey,
E. Louis Cramer,	Thomas Gorsuch.

sept3 tf

Notice.
THE FREDERICK COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, recently organized in this City, commences business under the most favorable circumstances, and is now issuing policies daily.
The design of the Directors is not to make money, but to meet the apparent demands of the community. All parties insuring have an equal voice in the management of the affairs of the Company and participate in its advantages. The low rates of insurance prescribed by the By-Laws, and other favorable conditions guaranteed, must commend it to the favor and patronage of the public.
Any communication addressed to either of the undersigned in relation to the business of the Company, will command prompt attention.
THOMAS GORSUCH, Pres't.
EZRA L. CRAMER, Secretary.
nov19 tf

NOTICE.
WE take this method of announcing to our friends and the public generally, that having recently fitted out our establishment at considerable expense, and engaged the services of workmen of the highest order, we are now prepared to furnish all the different articles of Soap (that can be obtained in the larger Cities,) at prices and quality that cannot be surpassed. Give us a call and be convinced.
J. K. HOGG & BRO.
feb5 East Patrick street, near Carroll.

J. DAVIS BYERLY,
(successor to J. Byerly.)
HAVING again returned to Frederick, and purchased the Old Gallery, No. 29 N. Market street, is prepared for the
PHOTOGRAPHIC BUSINESS,
in all its branches. He hopes by strict attention to business and endeavoring to please," to merit a continuance of the patronage so long extended this Gallery. All are respectfully invited to give him a trial.

NOTICE.
I have this day disposed of my right and interest in the Photograph Gallery, No. 29 N. Market street, to my son, J. Davis Byerly, to whom I can fully recommend my old patrons. Thanking my friends for their kind support in the past, I am respectfully,
mar 27 J. BYERLY.

FORK and Shovel Handles. For sale at ten cents each, by
oct 8.—U. E. A. G. QUYNN.
TOE CALKS.—Just received a lot of Toe Calks, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, for sale low by A. G. QUYNN.
BUTCHER KNIVES.—Wilson's best Butcher Knives, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
SLEIGH RUNNERS.—Oak, Ash, and best Red Oak Sleigh Runners, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
SLEIGH BASKETS—For sale by A. G. QUYNN.
SLEIGH BELLS.—Neck, Body, Martingale, Strapped and Loose Bells, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
nov19 E U

Notice.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle before the 1st of July next. All bills against me will be paid on presentation
may28 HUGH McALEER.

READ.
For anything in the Book, Stationery Magazine, Newspaper and Music business, call at or send to HENDERSON'S Old Established Cheap Book Store.

THE CARRIER'S ANNUAL ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS OF
The Republican Citizen.

'Tis cold, cold, cold!
And the wintry winds are bold,
As they howl and storm
O'er the lifeless form
Of the year that's dead and cold!
Yes, dead and cold and gone,
And the ages are rolling on,
And year by year they tell their tale,
And bring their seasons without fail,
And pause not as they onward go
O'er spring's sweet fields, or winter's snow,
And trample 'neath their restless feet
Alike the bitter and the sweet;
Dethrone the brightest hopes that start
To life within the human heart,
And in the desert of despair
Plant trees that choicest fruitage bear.
Yes, the year is dead and gone,
And the ages are rolling on,
And still we hear the funeral bell
Moan sadly over life's farewell,
And in the grave is hid away
The forms that once were blithe and gay;
And men still laugh, and men still sigh,
And flowers bloom, and flowers die,
And trees with beauteous green are crown'd,
And wither'd leaves lie on the ground;
Still glows the sky so bright and warm,
Still gathers in its might the storm;
Here life begins and there it ends,
And friends are foes and foes are friends;
And love its pleading tale doth tell
That's echoed by the marriage bell;
And love, that seemeth sweetest bliss,
Betrays us with a Judas kiss;
And still we doubt, and still believe,
And by the banks of memory grieve,
While the ages are rolling on,
Unheeding the year that's gone:
And the wintry winds are bold,
Oh, 'tis cold, cold, cold!

I have checked my rein,
But I'll start again,
For your Carrier lad
Should not be sad
As he sings his New Year's strain.
So now I'll start around the town,
And see what's there, and jot it down;
'Tis not so often that I can speak,
As it happens only once a year,
But the editor "blows" week after week,
Sometimes quite low, and then with a shriek,
And again he thunders loud and clear,
Fearless alike of foes or friends,
So his own good sense his course commends.
With sober earnestness around
Our lovely city, mountain crown'd,
I walk, and feel a native pride
To see that with the onward tide
Of life and business and trade
The order of her march is made.
"Our city fathers," who command
From us allegiance, wisely planned,
And wrought with renovating care
To rescue from the rust and wear
Of years our city, and to-day
We see no maggots of decay
Defiling it, but everywhere
Improvements, well approved, appear.
Where Carroll's stream our streets divide
New iron bridges, firm and strong,
Unite the banks and scorn the tide
Of rain and flood that flows along;
And art a wider channel made
Than nature gave; but, oh, the crime
Committed (!) when in dust was laid
The house of Whittier's lying rhyme.
Far better that the floods should come
And deluge over half the town; (!)
Far better that in every home
Should sobs be heard for loved ones down
Beneath the waters angry flow, (!)
Than Barbara Fritchie's home should stand
No more, to be a "loyal" show
For "loyal" fools throughout the land,
Who swallow down their loyal throats
A LIE OF LOYALTY that came
From one who surely took his notes
Of him who stirs the lake of flame.

I am not in love,—
This I can prove,—
But I can't refrain,
As I sing my strain,
From speaking of our city's pearls—
I mean its charming, lovely girls,
Sweet jewels that we dearly prize,
And win the worship of our eyes.
For beauty, grace and loveliness,
For lending succor in distress,
For that superior excellence
Which blends in purity and truth,
And for a bright intelligence,
And all that's beautiful in youth,
No town excels our city's pearls:
Its lovely, bright-eyed, laughing girls.
How pinched and small must be the heart
Of bachelors who will not part
With pipes, tobacco, and the lone
Sad moments that are round them thrown—
Who journey onward, buttonless,
Without a smile or sweet caress,—
When they could lead a joyous life
By halving troubles with a wife.

'Twas a grand, wild fight
When we met the might
Of the mongrel bands
On our altar lands
At the ballot box.
As firm as the rocks,
When the waves all meet
And lash their feet,
Stood the democratic lines that day;
Though a wily foeman sought to play
With the noble truths that lay impearl'd
In their hearts, and on their flags unfurled.
From the mountains down to the farthest shore
Where the Bay waves round old Worcester roar,
The ranks of our armied hosts were seen,
Confronting on every village green
The files of the thick-lipp'd mongrel breeds,
Who sought to implant New England creeds
In our soil, and thus debase the name,
That we won 'mid the Revolution's flame.

Those were mighty words
Midst the conflict heard:
A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY! How they stirred
And thrill'd the hearts of the young and old
With resistless force, as they grandly rolled
From rank to rank; and all day long
Our firm embattled legions—strong
With the life of truth and liberty,
And strong in their hate of tyranny—
Fought on, and when the day was done
We cheer'd for our glorious victory won!

But, gentle friends, perhaps too long
Has flowed the numbers of my song;
So promising the CITIZEN
Shall weekly be your lighthouse when
The stormy night of tyranny
Closes around your liberty,
I'll cease your favor to beguile
By praying Heaven's sweetest smile
And wealth of happiness may cheer
And bless you all throughout the year.

January 1st, 1870.

THE STRANGE GUEST.

In a little post town among the Highlands of Scotland, far away from any great city there lived, a few years ago, a woman much respected and well beloved, though of lowly and humble fortune—one Mrs. Jean Anderson. She had been left a widow, with one son, the youngest and last of several promising children.

She was poor, and her industry was taxed to the utmost to keep herself and her son, who was a fine clever lad, and to give him the education he ardently desired. At the early age of sixteen, Malcolm Anderson resolved to seek his fortune in the wide world, and become a sailor. He made several voyages to India and China, and always like the good boy that he was, brought home some useful present to his mother, to whom he gave a large portion of his earnings.

But he never liked a seafaring life, though he grew strong and stalwart in it, and when about nineteen, he obtained an humble position in a large mercantile house in Calcutta, where, being shrewd, enterprising and honest, like most of his countrymen, he gradually rose to a place of trust and importance, and finally to a partnership. As his fortune improved, his mother's circumstances were made easier. He remitted money to secure to her the old cottage home, repaired and enlarged with a garden, and lawn; and placed at her command annually, a sum sufficient to meet all her wants, and to pay the wages of a faithful servant or rather companion; for the brisk, independent old lady stoutly refused to be served by any one.

Entangled in business cares, Mr. Anderson never found time and freedom for a long voyage and a visit home; till at last, failing of health, and the necessity of educating his children, compelled him to abruptly wind up his affairs and return to Scotland. He was then a man somewhat over forty, but looking far older than his years, showing all the usual effects of the trying climate of India. He was gray and somewhat bald, with here and there a dash of white in his dark auburn beard; was thin and a little bent, but his youthful smile remained full of quiet drollery, and his eye had not lost all its old and cheerful sparkle by poring over ledgers and counting rupees.

He had married a country woman, a daughter of a Scotch surgeon, and had two children, a son and daughter. He did not write to his mother that he was coming home, as he wished to surprise her, and test her memory of her sailor boy. The voyaga was made in safety.

One summer afternoon, Mr, Malcolm Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at a little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor clothes and then walked out alone by a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane dear to his young, hazel-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage. He stopped for a moment on the lawn outside to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her sitting alone at her spinning wheel, as in the old time. But alas! how changed!—Bowed was the old dear form, once so erect, and silvered locks so brown, and dimmed the eyes once so full of tender brightness, like dew-stained violets. But the voice, with which she was croonin softly to herself, was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years ago.

At length he knocked and the dear remembered voice called to him, "Coom ben!" (come in.) The widow rose at sight of the stranger and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed voice somewhat gruff he sank down, as though wearied, saying that he was a wayfarer, stranger to the country, and asked the way to the next town. The twilight favored him in his little ruse; he saw she did not recognize him, even as one she had ever known. But after giving him the information he desired, she ask him if he was a Scotchman by birth.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "but I have been away in foreign parts many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, although she was very fond of me before I went to sea."

"Ah, mon! it's little ye ken about mithers gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added: "And where has ye lost the Scotch fra your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."

"An, then it's likely ye ken something of my son, Mr. Malcom Anderson.

"Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember.—"There may be many of that name in Calcutta, but is your son a rich merchant, a man about my age and size, with something such a figure head?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow proudly, "but he is younger than you by many a long year, and begging your pandon, sir, far bonnier. He is tall and straight wi' hands and feet like a lasse's; he had brown, hair sae thick and glossy, and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the snow, and big blue een, wi' a glint in them, like the light in the evening star. Na! na! ye are a guid boy, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman's son."

Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to leave, but the hospitable dame staying him, "Gin ye hae traveled a' the way from India, ye maun be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margery, come down, and let us set on the supper."

The two women soon provided quite a tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it, Mrs. Anderson reverently asking a blessing. But the merchant could not. He was only hungry for his mother's kisses, only thirsty for her joyful recognition; yet he could not bring himself to say to her. "I am your son." He asked himself, half grieved, half amused, "Where are the unerring natural instincts I have read about in novels."

His hostess, seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest anything he would be likely to relish. "I thank you, madam," he answered, "it does seem to me that I should like some oat meal porridge, such as my mother used to make, if so be you have any."

"Porridge?" repeated the widow.—"Ah, he means paritch. Yes, we hae a little left from our dinner. Gie it to him, Margery. But mon, I guess it is cauld."

"Never mind, I know I shall like it," he rejoined, taking the bowl, and beginning to stir the porridge with his spoon. As he did so, Mrs. Anderson gave a start, and bent eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in her chair with a sigh, saying, in answering to his questioning look:

"Ye mind me o'my Malcom, then; just in that way he used to stir his paritch—gieing it a whirl and a flirt. Ah! gin ye were my Malcom, my poor laddie!"

"Well, then, gin I were your Malcom," said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scothish dialect, and in his own voice; "or gin your braw young Malcom were as brown, and bald and grey and bent as old as I am, could you welcome him to your arms and love him as in the dear auld lang syne? Could you, mither!"

All through this touching little speech the widow's eyes had been glistening, and her breath coming fast; but at that word, "mither," she sprang up with a cry, and tottering to her son, fell almost fainting on his breast. He kissed her; kissed her brow and her lips, and her hands; the big tears slid down his bronzed cheeks, while she clung about his neck and called him by all the dear old pet names, and tried to see in him the dear old young looks. By and by they came back, or the ghosts of them came back. The form in her embrace grew comelier; love and joy gave it a second youth, stately and gracious, the first she then and there buried dead in her heart a sweet, beautiful, peculiar memory. It was a moment of solemn renunication, in which she gave up the fond maternal illusion she had cherished so long. Then, looking up suddenly into the face of the middle aged man who had taken its place, she asked:

"Where hae ye left the wife and bairns?"

"At the inn, mother. Have you room for us all at the cottage?"

"Indeed I have—twa good spare rooms wi' large closets, weel stocked wi' linen I hae been spinning or weaving a' these lang years for ye baith and the weans."

"Well, mother, dear, now you must rest," rejoined the merchant tenderly.

"Na, na, I dinna care to rest till ye lay me down to take my lang rest.—There'll be time enough between that day and the resurrection to fauld my idleness. Now 'twould be unco' irksome. But go, my son, and bring me the wife—I hope I shall like her; and the bairns I hope they will like me."

I have only to say that both the good woman's hopes were realized. A very happy family knelt down in prayer that nigh, and many nights after in the widow's cottage, whose climbing roses and woodbines were but outward signs and types of the sweetness and blessedness of love and peace within.

Parson Hezekiah Crabtree, in some of his camp meeting sermons, used the following eloquent historical event:

"Wasn't thar Moses, the strongest man in the world, struck dead by a thunder bolt in the hands of Samson on the top of Mount Ararat, for slaying an Egyptian at the foot of the Pyramid of Jehovah, in Athens, on the banks of the river Jordan in the land of Egypt?"

August Lessman, a German, was struck in the head with a four pound weight by a negro, at Wilmington, N. C., recently, and fatally hurt. A son of the injured man shot at the negro, but missed him. The negro escaped; the son was arrested.

The Mysterious Joker.

At a country store not far from Chicago there was the usual crowd of town and country folks loafing around, sitting on nail kegs and the counter, smoking villainous tobacco and expectorating in every direction.

And then there entered a sedate individual, with a countenance ministerial in its gravity, and with a short coat in which were side pockets. He leaned over the counter, called for some article, and gave his whole soul to its examinations.

Then entered another person, also a stranger. He was young, sprightly and jolly. His countenance was brimming with humor. He greeted the crowd with a jolly "How are you hosses!" in a way that, at once, prepossed every hawbuck in his favor.

He was restless as a monkey. First he begged a quid. Then he took the plug and jack knife and tossed them over and under, catching them and throwing them with one hand. Then he made a smutty remark or two; and by this time he was the observed of all the crowd.

Except one. The ministerial gentleman who was leaning over the counter gave no sign. He never once looked around.

The jolly youth caught sight of the grave man, and gazed at him with a quizzical expression. Then he picked up a piece of paper, and in pantomine pinned it on the tail of the grave man's coat. Whereat, there was much suppressed horse laughing in the crowd.

And now the young joker spied a little piece of white string hanging from the pocket of the other. Approaching him on tip-toe, with many a wink to the rustics, he took hold of the string and carefully drew it forth.

With it came a parcel wrapped in twine.

Swiftly the joker unwound the twine and a covering of white paper. Inside was a common business card folded together through the middle. Within it laid a three cent piece! This, the joker, with a grin, handed to a by-stander, then quickly refolded the little parcel, and replaced it in the other's pocket.

And now the joke was getting so broad and funny that many of the hilarious spectators were tickled nigh into convulsions. Finally, attracted by the laughter, the grave man looked around. He found himself the centre of all eyes. He was confused. He thrust his hands behind him. He glanced over his person. Then he put his hands in his pockets, and in withdrawing them, there came out—quite accidentally, of course, the little parcel. It fell on the floor. He stooped and picked it up.

"What you got done up so well?" inquired the joker, with a smile at his grinning auditory.

"Oh nothing," aswered Gravity, confusedly.

"Nothing? A heap of pains you take to wrap up nothing."

"Well, then, if you must know, I have got a three cent silver piece in there, which I wrapped up for my little boy."

"A three cent piece! Haw! haw! haw!" said the joker, and "haw! haw! haw!" said the crowd.

"Yes, sir, a three cent piece, upon my honor," and he was about to put it back in his pocket.

"Hold on, mister," said the other. "you can't play that, you know, I'll just bet my life you hain't got any three cent piece in that parcel."

"Young man you're a fool, and I'll just teach you a lesson. I don't bet as a general thing, but I'll bet you $100 that there is a three cent piece in that paper."

"I'm your man," said the joker. He pulled out his wallet and counted out $15. "See here," said he, "I've only got $15; I'll just bet you that,"

"An hundred dollars or nothing," said the other, as he laid out five $20 bills on the counter.

The joker was nonplussed. Then a bright idea struck him. He turned to the crowd. "Say, boys, let's pool in and make up a hundred and then divide. Serve him right to beat him."

The boys pulled their pocket books. A five here and a ten there soon swelled the $15 to $100. The joker held the stakes. And then the serious man undid the parcel. He opened the folded card. One corner of it was split, and within the split was a three cent piece.

The joker handed over the stakes and followed him.

And a solemnity like unto that of a sad funeral fell upon the faces of the assembly.

For several days after, two gentlemen from Chicago enjoyed themselves. They belonged to the order of confidence men, and they were in funds. They had just returned from a six hours' trip in the country.—*Peliuto, in Chicago Sunday Times.*

The Committee on Banking and Currency of the lower house of Congress have been instructed "to investigate the cause that led to the unusual and extraordinary fluctuations in the gold market of the city of New York, from the 21st to the 27th of September last, with power to send for persons and papers."—Fisk, Gould, and Corbin, who is the President's brother-in-law, may therefore expect shortly to be called upon for a pleasure trip to Washington at the expense of the tax-payers.

Stokes wants Tennessee reconstructed. That's only because Tennessee reconstructed Stokes at the last election by giving Mr. Senter more majority than Stokes had votes. There's no reconstructor so hearty as your direfully defeated demagogue.

Nine Thousand Millions for White Slavery.

Commissioner Wells, in his report to Congress, estimates the cost, to the people of the United States, of turning Sambo loose, at over *nine thousand millions of dollars!* After giving these staggering figures, he says:

"This was the cost of the destruction of slavery—the cost of compromise—the cost of the unfaithfulness of those who founded this nation to the idea by which the nation lives. What does it measure? It is substantially a thousand millions a year for nine years; or, at the wages of five hundred dollars a year, the labor of two millions of men exerted continuously during the whole of that period. It is five times as much as the slave property of the country was ever worth. It is a sum which, at interest, would yield to the end of time twice as much as the annual slave product of the South in its best estate."

Rather say this was the cost of turning the negro out into unproductive idleness—into pauperism, crime and barbarism. Or, it was the cost of impoverishing the white man, and overthrowing his liberty and civilization. Or, it was the cost of fixing a party of swindlers, thieves and superhuman vagabonds in power. But this High Priest of Grant's negro party sneers at "the unfaithfulness of those who founded this nation"—that is, its Washington, Jefferson, Hancock, Ellsworth, Patrick Henry and Lee. These are the "unfaithful" men, while such incomprehensible dolts or rascals as old John Brown, Thad. Stevens, Wendell Phillps, Ben. Butler, and Ben. Wade, are *faithful* ones. God help us! The Constitution which dates from Washington, these men hate. The system of government established by those whose blood achieved the liberty of this country, is swept away for a system projected out of the brain of such creatures as Sumner, and the defunct assassin and horsethief of Ossawatomie.

And, what now, have we to show for the nine thousand millions, or more properly nine hundred thousand millions, which have been stolen from the people to carry on this infernal party? Why, we have about three millions of idle, vagabond negroes, sliding back into their natural barbarism—a million of graves of murdered white men—a debt of four thousand millions on the neck of of this generation—a military despotism in the place of the free system of self-government which we enjoyed before the birth of this negro party—a fool and a drunkard for President—a set of swindling vagabonds for Congress—and nearly one-half of the white men of the country ruled over by negroes. These are the net results of the war. No sane creature but a devil can rejoice at such results. Then look at the starving, one-armed and one-legged soldiers, who throng in every street, and think of the perishing thousands of their wives and children, and add that to the beneficent fruits of the war. Add, also, the universal demoralization and prostitution which have fallen upon us like a cloud out of hell, since the war. Add our ruined commerce and the pauperism which is shuttting down like a pall ot death upon the whole land. To the whole, add the universal knavery which stamps all the business affairs of the country; and, even then, we shall get only some faint glimpses of the incomputable misery which the war has brought upon us. But Commissioner Wells and his crew of furious imbeciles are dancing in the midst of all this ruin. While they dance, they fling back their serpent hisses at the "unfaithfulness" of Washington and all the noble band of patriots who founded this government. Their's is the dance of fiends. Their joy is more like the mad revelry of devils than like the happiness of rationtional beings. And the people, the deluded, the deceived, the disheartened people, sit stupidly dreaming of some sort of deliverance by-and-by, without any great effort on their part to throw off the yoke they so passively receive upon their necks. They seem to believe in redemption, but they know not when, nor how. Alas! poor dolts, redemption was never born of stupidity, nor of popular indifference. The High Priest of negro radicalism spits in the face of your fathers, and you have not yet smitten the mouth of the impudent wretch. His head is on his shoulders. So are the heads of all the traitors to liberty and civilization on their shoulders. All the conspirators against the country are as full of life as they are of treason. Nothing makes them afraid, because the Democratic party has neither sagacity nor pluck in its management. It proposes to fight bayonets with votes, when voting is not allowed. It proposes to overcome fraud and force by resolutions timidly drawn and hesitatingly passed. It plainly says to the conspirators; "We know what you are doing—you are determined to keep every man out of Congress who cannot be made a tool of your treason. You are even going to destroy the Supreme Court, so that it cannot impose any restraint upon your actions. You do not mean to allow any voting in one-half of the States, which is not done precisely as we order it. But, take care now, for we give you good and timely warning, that we shall never counsel the people to do anything but humbly to try to vote. If they are not allowed to do that, we advise them to sit down passively under the yoke of eternal despotism. So take care, now, how you caryourselves." This is about the amount of the segacity and pluck of the management of the Democratic party. And that is the reason why such fellows as Commissioner Wells dare to *blatherskite* about "the unfaithfulness of those who founded this nation." It is all because of the "unfaithfulness" of the leaders of the Democratic party.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

NEW ENGLAND JUSTICE.—At the present term of the Caledonia county (Vt.) court, a pauper, seventy five years old, sued the county for damages for wrongful imprisonment. He had been confined in a dungeon for a long time; the only good food furnished him being thin gruel, and this for refusing a poll and dog tax in the town of Lydon On the trial it was proved that the papers for his imprisonment had never been made out; that he was not bound to pay the taxes, as he did not live in Lyndon and never had owned a dog. The jury however, with these facts before them, gave him but two hundred dollars damageas.

A girl of sixteen, near Montreal, recently took arsenic to whiten her complexion. None could question her success as she lay in her coffin the following day.

Much in Little.

Libby Prison, in Richmond, Va., is now a sumach factory.

Maine papers are discussing whether a Sunday-school in Bangor, which requires the constant presence of two policemen to preserve order, is a success.

When our clocks are a little fast we always set them right at once. Poeple ought to do as much for their fast sons and daughters, but they generaly let them run.

On a certain evening, recently, some tobacco grinder spit on a young girl's dress in Pottsfield, Pa., and now the ireful father offers $50 reward for the arrest of the nicotian squirt.

An injured man in Dayton, Ohio, caught his wife just on the point of eloping with a handsome man. He took a demoniac vengeance by locking up all her good clothes and then telling her to go.

Well, well! What will a girl kill herself for next? Miss Nolan, of Oxford, Ind., actually strychnined herself to death last week because her father had purchased her a dress which did not suit her.

The sixteen-year-old girl of Lafayette, Ind., is a decided improvement on the current damsels of the time. A fellow insulted her on the street, and seizing a brickbat, she knocked him senseless.

An industrious miner in the Mariposa region made $10,000 in a week, and lost it in one night at the gaming table. Another man says: "I had $17,000 in dust on Monday morning, and when Saturday night came, I had to borrow four bits to buy a loaf of bread with—every cent gone!"

A petition is in circulation among the working women of Boston, asking the city government to aid them in some way to keep off starvation, which many of them are now suffering from. They complain that, times being dull, the city's money could be applied to them at a better advantage than spending it for a new city park.

Farmers in different parts of Maine taking warning from the severity of last winter, which was the most fatal to stock ever known in Maine, have disposed of the greater number of their sheep and lambs, intending to keep only a few through this season. The low price of wool is also discouraging to sheep culture.

A New York bachelor saw a nice young woman helping a blind man across the street, and forthwith was introduced, wooed and married the girl. She told her lady friends all about it, and the consequence is that a new society has been started called "The Young Ladies' Humanitarian Association for Helping Blind Men Across the Street."

The reduction of letter postage between this country and Great Britain and Ireland to six cents per half ounce, took effect on and after January 1, 1870. This is one-half the late rate, and only one-quarter that which has existed for many years prior to last January. The postage must be prepaid under the new rate, as all letters not prepaid, or insufficiently paid will be charged double postage at destination.

Our latest importation from Great Britain seems to be a gang of prize-fighters, who, having their functions suspended in that country by the police, naturally come to this "land of liberty" to mash muzzles, knock nobs, rattle ribs, draw claret, and do sundry and divers acts to illustrate an advancing civilization. We bespeak for them an attention by our police, not less close and watchful than that from which they have fled.

At Fort Levenworth, Kansas, as the gun for reveille and evening roll-call is fired each day, a dog belonging to the post, and known as "Artilery Jack," takes his position beside it, superintends the operation of loading and firing with the most assiduous attention, and when the match is applied, leaps with a yelp through the smo