JOHN W. BAUGHMAN,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE

REPIBLICAN CITIZEN.

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The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 45. FREDERICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 4, 1867. NO. 41.

Professional.

E. LOUIS LOWE,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
Counseller-at-Law,
No. 56 Wall Street, and 59 Pine Street,
june22 NEW YORK.

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
Attorneys-at-Law,
And SOLICITORS in CHANCERY.
One or them can be always found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16 U

GEORGE A. HANSON,
Attorney at Law,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE IN EAST CHURCH STREET corer of Middle Alley, at the resi dence of its father.
dec 15 1865—tf

JOSEPH M. PALMER
AND
JAMES W. PEARRE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE on the corner of Court and Second Streets near the Court House, Frederick City, Md. [oct. 13 1865.—1y.

WILLIAM J. ROSS,
AND
CHARLES W. ROSS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
OFFICE on Record Street, in the rear of the Court House.
aug25—t

JOHN RITCHIE,
Attorney-at-law,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Frederick City, Md,
Has removed his office three doors north in Court steet. april20 2m pd.

Dr. H. W. DORSEY,
HAVING located in New Market, offers his professional services to its citizens and those in the vicinity. Residence, East end of town, nearly opposite to Mr. Johnzy Barber's. may11-6m E U

Dr. A. Y. McCORMICK,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity. He hopes to be able to merit a share of the public patronage. Office No. 58 West Patrick St., nearly oppsite F. T. Rhode's City Bakery where he can be found at all times unless professionally engaged.
April6.—

DR. EDWARD NELSON,
DENTIST.
OFFICE on Market Street, between Church and Patrick Streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Saving's Institution. [aug25

DR. LLOYD T. MACGILL
DENTIST,
No. 14 South Market St.,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
mar16

NOTICE:
THE undersigned has associated himself with Geo. F. Webster, Esq., as Real Estate Broker but will also still continue to attend promptly to all claims placed in his hands for collection.
WORTHINGTON R. JOHNSON,
No. 1 West Patrick st.,
may11 Frederick.

SURVEYING.
THE undersigned announces that he will give his attention to Land Surveying in any portion of the county. From long experience he hopes to be enabled to execute faithfully all business entrusted to him. Can be found at all times at the law office of Jno. A. Lynch, Frederick city. A. FEARHAKE, Jr.
may18 6m

WANTED.
THE ver highest prices paid by the subscriber, for
U. S. Compound Interest Notes, Gold, Silver, etc-
Notes, Judgments, Legacies, &c., purchased. Careful attentention given, and advances made upon collections generally
JNO. SIFFORD,
At his old stand, W. Church St., Frederick.
April6—

TO THE VOTERS OF
Frederick County.
IN response to the call made upon me thro' the public prints, and to the solicitations of numerous friends, I am induced to offer myself for our consideration as a candidate for the NEXT SHERIFFALTY, and respectfully solicit your support. Should I be elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office in a humane and impartial manner.
N. B. CLABAUGH.
sept 7, 186 tf.

Sheriffalty.
GREATFUL for the kind feelings manifested toward me during the late canvass, I again offer myself to the consideration of the Voters of Frederick County for the next SHERIFFALTY, and respectfully solicit your support H. F. STEINER.
November 7, 1865.

To the Voters of
FREDERICK COUNTY.
AT the request of numerous friends I announce myself as a candidate for the next SHERIFFALTY, and respectfully request your support
WORHINGTON R. JOHNSON.
aug10

To the Voters of Frederick Co.
In answe to the call made upon me through th newspapers, and at the earnest solicitation of many friends, I now announce myself as a candidate for SHERIFF and respectfully solicit your suppot.
NATHAN O. NEIGHBORS.
sep 28 tf

To the Voers of Frederick County:
GENTLEMEN:—I announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff at the ensuing election, and respectfully solicit your support.
oct19te PETER GOODMANSON.

GO TO HENDERSON'S
FOR YOUR
CHILDREN'S SCHOOL BOOKS.
ALL the Books in general use in all the Schools of the county, at the lowest prices. School Stationery in every variety. Remember the place—A. HENDERSON'S No. 62 North Market Street, sign of the "Big Book." sep

NICE Fresh Cranberries, at
TABLER & KELTY'S.
dec.7

INSURE YOUR LIVES
IN THE
OLD DAN DUVAL.
ALL Policies taken out before Jan. 1st will participate in the Jan. dividend. Dividend for several years past 50 PER CENT. I shall visit Frederick on the 12th & 13th & will be pleased to meet any and all of our members at the sub agency I will also give any information at my disposal to all persons interested in Life Insurance.
E. B. DUVAL, Gen. Agent.
N. B.—By the above it will be seen that Mr E. B. Duval of Prince George's county, our General Agent will visit us the 12th & 13th inst. G. BANTZ, Sub Agent.
dec7 E.

ELECTION,

NOTICE is hereby given that an Election of nine Directors of the Frederick County National Bank, will be held at the Banking House on the second TUESDAY, and Eighth day of January, 1867, between the hours of 10 a. m., and 1 p. m., to manage the affairs of said Association for the twelve months then first ensuing.
A. B. HANSON,
dec 7 4t President.

ELECTION NOTICE.

First National Bank
OF FREDERICK.
DECEMBER 5th, 1866.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Election for nine Directors, for the First National Bank of Frederick, will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, the 8th of JANUARY 1867, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., and ending at 1 o'clock, p. m., to serve for twelve months. THOS. MARKELL.
dec 7 Cashier.

Election Notice.

Farmers' & Mechanics' National Bank of Frederick,
DECEMBER 6th. 1866.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That an Election for twelve Directors for the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Frederick, will be held at the Banking House, ON TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1867, between the hours of 10 A. M., and 12 M. to serve for the ensuing twelve months. J. WM. BIRELY.
dec14 Cashier

1866. Fall Arrival 1866.
OF
BOOTS, SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Trunks,
Carpet Bags, etc.
THE subscriber takes pleasure in notifying his friends and the public generally, that he is just receiving from the Eastern Cities a full stock of Goods in his line, and is determined to sell them at extremely low prices. His assortment of
Men and Boys' Work
cannot be excelled in quantity, variety and durability, the greates portion being made to his own order, are of a superior quality to goods ordinarily sold here. His stock of
LADIES' WORK
embraces all descriptions usually found in a first class Shoe Store.
Misses and Children's Work.
In this line we defy competition—the quality of the work being unsurpassed.
HATS AND CAPS.
A full line of these Goods, the style, quality and price guaranteeing them quick sales.
TRUNKS AND CARPET BAGS.
Every description of these Goods, direct from the manufacturer, the largest assortment, and at reduced prices.
The subscriber, ever mindful of past favors, acknowledges his indebtedness therefor, and earnestly solicits a continuance of similar favors from a generous public, pledging himself to give them good Goods at prices as low as the lowest.
Z. JAMES GITTINGER.
oct19 No. 28 N. Market St.

NOTICE OF
Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that on this 3rd day of November, 1866, the partnership heretofore existing between Drs. M. & D. C. Martin, Dentists, is by mutual consent dissolved. Either party is authorized to collect debts due the late firm.

Dr. M. MARTIN will continue to occupy the rooms occupied by the late firm, where he will be happy to see his old friends and the public generally, who wish his professional services. Teeth inserted from one to an entire set. Terms moderate.

Dr. D. C. MARTIN has taken rooms on the second floor of the same building, where he will be glad to wait upon all who may stand in need of his professional services.—Teeth inserted from one to an entire set.—Teeth extracted by Gas. Terms moderate.
DR. M. MARTIN,
nov16 6mos DR. D. C. MARTIN.

1866. 1866.
FALL and WINTER.
H. Goldenberg,

TAKES pleasure in informing the Ladies of Frederick and vicinity that he has just returned from New York, with one of the largest
STOCK OF GOODS
ever before exhibited in Frederick, comprising all the latest Novelties of the season. In
MILLINERY GOODS
I have Velvet, Silk, Straw and Crape Bonnets, Flowers, Ribbons, Frames, etc. In Hats, all the very latest styles, such as the Gladiator, Ristorie, Queen Emma, and other styles. My
Cloth Cloak and Wrapping Department
is full in all its branches, from the lower grades up to the very finest, and made up by one of the largest Houses of N. Y. City.
FURS, FURS, FURS.
A full supply from the commonest Cooney up to the finest Minks, in Victorines, Pillorines, Collars, Muffs and Cuffs.
Dress Trimmings and Cloak Ornaments.
The largest stock ever exhibited before in Frederick, comprising the latest Novelties in Bugle Ornaments, Silk Cord and Tassels, and the latest styles of imported Buttons—My stock in Kid Gloves, Hoop Skirts, Handkerchiefs, Needle work, Hosiery, Balmorals, Ladies' Merino Vests, Lace Veils, Netts, Fans and Fancy Goods, is full. I have added to the above business, that also of
BLACK SILKS,
in which I have some great bargains.
Having bought all these Goods at Auction and Importing Houses, I am confident they will please, as regards style and price.
Give me a call and be convinced.
H. GOLDENBERG,
oct26 75 N. Market St.

Magazine and Newspaper Agency.
At Hendersons.
JANUARY Number of all the leading Periodicals, ready in a few days.
Now is the time to subscribe. We furnish all the monthly Magazines at Publisher's prices, which we mail promptly to subscribers same day they are issued. Send your orders to HENDERSON'S
Book and Stationary Store, 62 Market St.
dec 7

Carrier's Address.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

KIND PATRONS,
'Tis another New Year's morning,
And your Carrier boy again
Strikes the pulses of his heart-strings
Till they echo with a strain
Worthy of his annual calling,
And the thoughts he would convey,
As they troop across his bosom
On this happy New Year's day.

Let us then be retrospective,
And look back upon the past,
Dwell a moment with the stirring
Scenes that could not always last;
Look across the wide Atlantic,
On the shores of Europe gaze,
Where the armies of three nations
Met in battle's lurid blaze.
There the Prussians and Italians
'Gainst the Kaiser did unite,
And his train'd and steady columns
Melted fast before their might,
For the dreadful "needle rifle"
Pour'd so fast its leaden rain
Midst the Kaiser's gallant cohorts
That his thousands soon were slain.
Austria lost some fair dominions;
Lovely Venice, long estranged,
Joined again her own Italia,
And the map of Europe changed.

Science hath her brilliant triumphs
And has conquer'd doubts and fears,
For the great Atlantic Cable
Now connects two hemispheres,
And our friends so lately foreign,
Are our neighbors now, I ween,
For we say to them "good morning,"
Though the ocean roll between.

Thou art now redeem'd from thraldom,
"Maryland, my Maryland,"
And the heart with joy is thrilling
O'er the downfall of that band,
Whose vile hatred and corruption,
Aided by some hireling knaves,
Forged the chains upon thy people,
Making them scarce less than slaves.
From the bay up to the mountain
Ridges, rising grand and high,
Can be seen the Old Line's banner,
Catching beauty from the sky,
And the halo that adorns its
Folds of beauty is the same,
When o'er victory it hovered
'Mid the Revolution's flame.
Though amidst the storms of passion
For awhile our bark was tost,
And upon the shoals of faction
Many feared we would be lost,
God and Liberty were with us,
And 'tis glorious to tell
That our vet'rans under Howard
Not in vain for Freedom fell.

But our heads are bow'd in sorrow,
And our hearts are filled with pain,
When we think our Southern brethren
For their freedom look in vain—
That the war-cry for the Union,
Bellow'd loud from Northern heights,
Was an instrument to crush them,
And deprive them of their rights.
Fallen South! How great her ruin,
Blight and sadness ev'rywhere;
Scarce a home in all her borders
But contains a "vacant chair."
Lovely Southern maidens waited
Not to twine the victor's crown
For her warrior children's foreheads
When they laid their armor down,
For they came from bloody battle's
Dreadful sacrifice and cost
With their hopes forever blasted,
And their all—save honor—lost!
With her hillsides draped in mourning,
And her valleys desolate—
With her children's hopes all withered,
By the breath of war's deep hate,
And her mothers sadly wailing
For their children gone before,
Tell me, wild and fierce fanatics,
Would you have them suffer more?
Why pursue them with your vengeance,
And attempt to cloud their fame?
Would your peace and honor brighten
Could you bring upon them shame?
Ye who helped to crush her people,
And upon them brought distress,
Barter not to win their favor
By a show of friendliness;
Hand to them the Constitution,
Formed and framed by gallant sires,
And it's sacredness they'll cherish
And defend thro' battle's fires.

But your Carrier has permitted
Other subjects to beguile
His attention rather lengthy,
Of himself he'd sing awhile.

When the Spring in queen-like beauty,
Robes the land in loveliness,
And the trees in wood and mountain
Bud and don their leafy dress,
And the birds from southern climate
Hasten with unwearied wing,
Back, and bring us a renewal
Of the songs they sweetly sing;
And the sun in radiant glory
Mildly glances from on high,
As his chariot wheels in silence
Roll across the trackless sky,
And the flowers bloom around us,
Seeming messengers that tell
Of that Land of love and beauty
Where the white-robed angels dwell,
With a heart of lively gladness,
Weekly does your Carrier boy
Leave the CITIZEN to cheer you
With its words of hope and joy.
Not when morn'g suns are beaming
Over hill-sides bright and glad,
And when skies are only lovely
Are his visits always made,
But when summer suns are beating
Hot and dry upon the plain
And the valley is as thirsty
As the desert for the rain;
Or when clouds in massive volumes
Roll athwart the darken'd sky,
With its thunders pealing louder
Than an army's battle-cry,
While the lightnings flash in anger,
And in torrents fall the rain,
Till the streamlets run as rivers
And the waters drown the plain;
Or when wintry winds come sweeping
Fiercely from the frigid zone,
Sealing up the rills and fountains,
As they pass with hollow moan,
And the snow-flakes from the cloud-banks
Cover earth and fill the air,
Bringing joy to many bosoms,
And to many, cold and care—
With a soldier's watchword—duty,
Does your Carrier boy press on,
From his trials ne'er retreating
While his task remains undone.

But 'tis time my song were ending
Lest you weary with its strain,
And the chords that would be pleasant
Fall with lassitude and pain,
Though I fain would linger with you
Could the measure of my rhyme
Equal in its vivid beauty
Homer's of the olden time.
May no shadows close around you,
Bringing sorrow's fitful strife,
But the sun of hope and gladness
Shine upon your path through life,
And prosperity attend you,
Yielding well its solid cheer,
Is the blessing I would leave you
On this glad and bright New Year.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—I saw some weeks since a request in your paper for a cure for rheumatism. Not having seen an answer, I take the liberty of sending you the following prescriptions, which I know from experience to be effectual remedies:

1st. Take pure alcohol and rub the part affected briskly with it some minutes. Then wrap flannel around it, and outside the flannel wrap a piece of oil silk. This must only be taken off night and morning, in order to have the alcohol applied. Very few applications will cure the disease. Both the flannel and oil silk must be worn very loose, in order not to stop the circulation of blood. Cotton batting is a good substitute for the oil silk and flannel, and is more convenient to wear. A still better remedy, if the patient is strong enough to bear it, is a large Spanish fly blister, six inches by nine, to be applied as follows.—If the rheumatism is above the waist, put the blister on the arm above the elbow. If below the waist, put it on the leg, as near the ankle as possible. This is to prevent the disease going to the heart. After wearing the blister twelve hours, take it off; let it discharge; then put on a hot ground flax seed poultice; this poultice must be renewed night and morning for three days, after which, a dressing of simple cerate or hogs lard on linen, with oiled silk or flannel outside, will heal the part rapidly.—*Country Gent.*

Men, for the most part, do not know how to find the honey in the things of this world. You would never suspect where the honey of a flowers is; or if you did, too coarse is your hand to be thrust in to get it. But the insect buries itself in the flower, and then, with a prehensile instrument, far reaching, searching the cells for the honey, and draws out the hidden stores. Its very fineness gives to it what your coarseness withholds from you. We are not fine enough to find the joys that are hidden in man of the relations of life in this world.

"Sally Mander safe!" said Mrs. Partington, as her eyes fell on an advertisement. "Do tell me, Isaac who this Sally Mander is, and what she's been doing that they've got her safe."

"I don't know what she's been doing," said Ike, "but I guess she's a sister to Jerry."

"Jerry who, Isaac?"

"Why, Jerry Mander," said Ike, as he resumed his work by the window catching flies.

The tobacco crop of Missouri this year is estimated at 1,215,000 hogsheads.

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"The gaunt wolf,
Scenting the place of slaughter, with His long and most offensive howl did Ask for food."

It was a night of 17—. We had been to a fine quilting frolic about four or five miles from our settlement of four or five log houses.—'Twas rather late, about 12 o'cl'k, I should guess, when the party broke up. There was no moon; and a dull, gray shadow of haze hung all around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their dull light, as they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason, and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters, and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl,—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart, so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent, that everybody loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose-leaf. No wonder that Harry Mason loved her, boy though he was, for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine rising its dark full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deep, deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years; but the surface was frozen strongly enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a long howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling through the arms that were close to my own, as a sudden cry burst from all of us: "The wolves! the wolves!"

Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of your caged, broken-down show animals which are exhibited for six-pence a sight, and children half price, but a fierce, half starved wolf of the forest, howling and hurrying over the barren snow, actually mad with hunger? There is no one of God's creatures which has got such a frightful, fiendish look as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another, and another howl; and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us.—We all turned right around, and looked in the direction of the sound. "The devils are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies. And so in fact, they were, a whole troupe of them, howling like so many Indians in a pow-wow. We had no weapons of any kind, and we knew enough of the nature of the vile creatures who followed us, to know that it would be useless to contend with them. There was not a moment to loose; the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree! let us climb this tree!" I cried, springing forward to a low-boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last one on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamation among us, and such a feeling of calm thankfulness at our escape. The night was cold and we soon began to shiver and shake, like so many sailors on the topmast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs—no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great glowing eyes starting up in the trees in which we were seated.—And then their yell—they were loud and long and devilish.

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of the tree cracking as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us; and in a moment afterwards a shriek went through my ears like the pierce of a knife. A light form went down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone!"

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not, and I stirred not, for the whole at the time was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there were cries and shudderings around me; perhaps I joined them; and there were smothered groans, and dreadful howls underneath! It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive! The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became ravening mad with the taste of blood.

When I came fully to myself—when the truly horrible dream went off, and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sisters, which were clinging around me, and, could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the ravening animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that an attempt at rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth and weak constitution and frame were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hand firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the dark wrangling creatures below with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the thick cold night—below the ravenous wild beasts, lapping their bloody jaws and howling for another victim.

The morning broke at last, and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited till the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl down from our resting place. We were chilled through, every limb was numbed with cold and terror, and poor Mason was delirious and raved wildly about the things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains around the tree; two or three long locks of dark hair were trampled in the snow.

We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence.—They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance, and my brothers have oftentimes told me that at first view we all seemed like so many crazed and brain-sickened creatures. They assisted us to reach our home. Harry Mason never recovered from his dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, his friends, anon muttering to himself about that horrible night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard, before age had whitened a single hair of his head.

For my part, I confess that I never entirely overcome the terrors of the melancholy circumstance I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like a shadow; and even now the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feelings of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century ago, I passed a night among the wolves.

A Capital Story.

Some years since an eccentric old genius, named Barnes, was employed by a farmer westerly from the Penobscot river, Maine, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly of sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found, one morning upon going to work, that the well had essentially caved in, and was full nearly to the top. So, having the desire which men have, of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well. At length, breakfast being ready a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided to first eat breakfast, and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what would be said and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophy, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done.—The minister at once gave his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation of sin, and in the day of resurrection it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to the family, or the town to disinter him, when he was effectually buried, and therefore coincided with the minister.

His wife thought that as "he had left his hat and frock, it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes," and so it was decided to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed to parts unknown. After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went) at the door of the old farmer, for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him, as to his mysterious re-appearance, &c., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it quietly, and at length informed them that, on finding himself buried, he waited to be dug out again, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and had the day before succeeded, for, his ideas being very much confused, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river.

No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

Can the Supreme Court be 'Packed?'

A leading Radical organ, alarmed by the late decision of the Supreme Court adjudging the military tribunals, which domineered over our liberties during the war, unconstitutional, advises Congress to pack the Court, as iniquitous sheriffs sometimes pack juries, or as STANTON used to organize his military commissions. The journal in question has sharpness enough to see that all the Radical legislation will go for naught, unless the Supreme Court can be demoralized or circumvented. '*Surely*,' it exclaims, '*there is reason for Congress to look well to this Court before it procedes another step in reconstruction.*' This is a just and sagacious observation, for nothing can be more incontrovertible than that all the Radical schemes will be defeated if an independent tribunal of last resort remains to declare unconstitutional laws null and void. The method which the Radical organ proposes for packing the Supreme Court with party parasites is thus explained:

"But still the Constitution, as its framers had foreseen this difficulty, provides the remedy. There shall be one supreme court, and such other inferior courts as Congress may, from time to time, ordain and establish. The Constitution establishes the Supreme Court and provides that its judges shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and shall hold their office during good behavior; but the number of these judges is left to the discretion of Congress. Thus, by increasing or diminishing the number of the judges, the Court may be reconstructed in conformity with the supreme decisions of the war. In any event, it may be inferred that a court largely composed of judges handed down from Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan, and having little or nothing to do with the war, and still living in the atmosphere of the Dred Scoot decision, is not adapted to meet the issues decided by the war, nor the demands of the great revolution under which the soverign people of the United States regard that Dred Scott decision as a mark of empiric shame and disgrace. As the Court now stands, away behind the war we hold that there is good reason to fear that its judgments yet to come in regard to the doings of Congress, during and since the war, including the abolition of slavery and the creation of our present national debt, if not provided for in season, may result in a new chapter of troubles and disasters to the country."

The desperate advice here given is of some value as a recognition of the difficulty, but futile as a means of extrication. The expedient recommended will be equally vain whether Congress attempts to reduce or to increase the number of judges. As to reduction, how can it be so managed as to weed out the Conservative and retain the Radical judges? The truth is, none of the existing judges can be legislated out of office at all. By the Constitution, they hold during good behavior, the impossibility of displacing them being the guarantee of their independence. An act was passed at the last session reducing the number of associate justices from ten to six; but the method was, by directing that no new appointments should be made to fill vacancies until the prescribed diminution is accomplished. This is the only way the Court can be reduced without a plain violation of the Constitution.

As to an increase, with what face could Coorgess, after declaring, by the act of last winter, that the number of judges is at present too large, repeal that act from barefaced partisan motives, and direct the appointment of more? But we should be loath to build any hopes on so frail a foundation as the supposed sense of shame, or regard for consistency, of the present Congress. That body can, if it pleases, pass an act enlarging the Court, but it cannot take from the President his power to appoint the judges. If the Senate should reject all his appointments, the Court would remain the same as now, and all the Radical schemes be frustrated; but if it should confirm them, the Court would be enlarged by the addition of new judges as independent and faithful as those forming its present majority. With this insurmountable obstacle in prospect, Congress will not incur the gratuitous disgrace of attempting to pack the Supreme Court.

Hints to Farmers.

What Hoes to Use.—In planting or hoeing corn, use the ordinary hoes in general use. Neither India rubber hose nor cotton hose would be of any account in a cornfield; no more would one of Hoe's eight-cylinder presses.

How to Hold the Plow.—Don't try to hold it out at arm's length. You can't do it.—If you haven't a plow of your own get out an attachment on your neighbor's who owes you. Any justice will tell you whether you can hold it or not.

How to keep Corn.—The best place to keep corn is in a good corn-house, though some prefer to keep it in the system—in the juice. If they don't keep corn they keep corned.

Fences and Fencing.—Good fencing is essential on a farm. Get a good "fencing master" to learn you. You can't repair a worm fence by taking vermifuge. Neither can you cut a good whitewash brush out of brush fences.

To make your Stables Warm in Winter.—Set fire to them.

To Drain Lands.—Drink whiskey, and spend all your time at the village tavern.—This will drain you of all your land in a short time.

To Make Stone Fences.—Equal parts of whiskey and cider. This is the reciprocal stone fence; the more you lay of it the more it will "lay" you.

Easy Way to Draw Saw Logs.—Draw them on a piece of paper with a crayon pencil. After a little practice you will be able to "draw" the largest kind of saw logs with ease.

Pork.—Packing thread is of no use in packing pork. In curing hams the time varies. Hams that have got trichina can't be cured at all.

GOOD NEWS.—What better news to the afflicted than to inform them of a remedy that is going to restore them to health? Have you the Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Are your digestive organs debilitated or your nervous system affected? If so, at once resort to the use of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and you will be completely and permanently cured. For sale by druggists. They contain no Whiskey.

Look on this Picture.

In January, 1784, immediately after the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, Congress passed the following:—

"*Resolved, unanimously*, That it be, and it is hereby *earnestly recommended* to the legislatures of the respective States, to provide for the *restitution of all the estates, rights and properties which have been confiscated belonging to real British subjects.* * * * And, it is also hereby earnestly recommended to the several States to reconsider and revise all their acts and laws regarding the premises, so as to render the said laws or acts perfectly consistent; not only with justice and equality, *but with that* SPIRIT OF CONCILIATION WHICH, ON THE RETURN OF THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE, SHOULD UNIVERSALLY PREVAIL."

There is just this difference between our forefathers and the Mongrel revolutionists. The former were honest men the latter knaves and scoundrels—at least, nine-tenths of them. The Mongrels do not want "the blessings of peace," except they can have them with the assured success of their party power. They would rather keep the country in uproar for a century, and deluge it with blood knee-deep than to have any peace that did not secure the perpetuation of their party power. "We have got hold of this government," said a prominent Abolitionist of this city, in 1861; "and by G— we don't intend to give it up!" That expresses the entire object and purposes of the Mongrel leaders.

They see if the southern States once more get into Congress, with the northern Democracy added to them, their days of misrule, will soon end. Hence they want *perpetual disunion*. They were tickled almost to death when they succeeded in driving the South out of Congress in 1861, for they at once passed their black tariff, and put the entire labor of the country under bonds to the New England manufactures. They then got up the war to keep them out under the lying, scoundrels pretence that they wanted them back! They carried it on in the most wicked, wanton barbarous manner, solely to exasperate the southern people, and prolong the fight. But yet no sooner did the southern States offer to return to the Union, than these purjured wretches said they should not! To expect such abominable and Heaven-defying monsters to be governed by the sublime and noble principles of humanity which actuated our forefathers after their glorious struggle for liberty, would be as rational as to expect demons to have the gentleness of angels. No, in all the annals of national crimes, none can equal the villainy of ostensibly carrying on a war to compel people to submit to the Constitution and the laws, and then turning squarley around and refusing to abide themselves by the very Constitution which they sacrificed thousands and thousands of lives, they said, to preserve! Judas, Cataline, and Benedic Arnold, Havnau the woman whipper, Gibbs, the Pirate, and Probst, the child murderer will be saints on the calendar beside these men.—*N. Y. Day-Book.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—"The women folks" have had a fine time during the past week in ventilating their ideas at Cooper Institute, on female suffrage. Mrs. Stanton, Miss Mott, and other *shemales* have waxed wroth at the men for their barbarity in refusing them like rights with themselves. The only wonder that strikes us is, that these female monsters did not abuse the Creator for not *making* them *like* the men. If they expect like rights, of course, it logically follows that they ought to be *like* the men in all respects. The Creator would not have made them different had He not intended them to occupy a different sphere. The same rules that apply to different races or species of men also apply to the different sexes. Each sex, each race, has its own natural position in society, corresponding to its organism, and is no more in slavery in that position than white men are in slavery when fulfilling the laws of their creation. However, one wise Democratic editor, we observe, declares that woman suffrage is inevitable, and we presume he stands ready to surrender to Mrs. Elizabath Cady Stanton without a whimper. Well, if negroes are to vote, it does not make much matter who votes. Indeed, the sooner the farce of voting is then played out, the better. Let us welcome a despotism or fight.

FATAL RESULTS OF A RAT BITE.—A most revolting instance of maternal neglect occurred in the neighborhood of the Old Market a few nights since, whereby a negro infant lost its life from rat bites. On the evening in question the mother of the child went below stairs to participate in a negro ball, leaving her offspring in the sleeping room above. Shortly afterwards the screams of the infant attracted attention, and upon examination it was found that the helpless child, who was only a few weaks old, had been attacked by rats and bitten horribly about the mouth and nose. Restoratives were administered and the little creature soothed to sleep, after which the mother again rejoined the bachanalian party, where she remained till the ball broke up without further interruption. On entering her room, at the close of the festivities, she was greeted with a sight of the most sickening character. There lay upon a pallet the child cold in death with half its face eaten away, its hands gnawed to the bone and one of its ears entirely gone. Such instances of culpable neglect on the part of negroes are not of unfrequent occurrence.—*Richmond Times, Dec.* 18.

MASTERLY INACTIVITY.—The New Orleans *Bee*, closing a review of the constitutional amendment and the demands of the North, says:

"We see no other policy open to the southern people, with respect to national politics, but a masterly, inactivity pursued to the bitter end with a resolute patience behind which, as behind an impregnable wall, they may address themselves diligently to all matters that concern their material prosperity."

That is the policy. Stand still. Be as brave in this policy, as unyielding and as resolute as ever Stonewall Jackson was in battle, and the victory over the real disunionists and rebels will yet be won.

The Dayton, Ohio, *Empire* of Friday last, makes, editorially, the following statement:

"But a few days since we were assured by a very respectable and intelligent gentleman, a citizen of New Haven, Conneticut, that there are now hanging on the walls of "Beast" Butler, at Lowell, two magnificent pictures—'Christ on the Cross' and 'Mary at the Sepulchre,' we think he stated—painted, evidently, by some great master, which are certainly of $1,000 value each. They were plundered from one of the elegant mansions of New Orleans—the mansion of one of the wealthiest gentlemen of the South—which Butler confiscated and appropriated to headquarter purposes and as a receptacle of stolen goods. Our informant was a correspondent at New Orleans when these pictures were shipped, and saw them on the vessel in the harbor."