CARLISLE MERCURY.

VOL. XIII. CARLISLE, KY., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1879. NO. 2.

CHAN BETICKER

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

MERCURY JOB ROOMS

1879.

PRINTING.

Envelopes.

Wedding Cards

Queensware!

Tinware, Paints, Oils.

Brushes, etc.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Have You the Backache?

OPIUM

Cincinnati

KENTUCKY CENTRAL RAILROAD

BOURBON MARBLE WORKS.

W. A. HILL.

R. M. PARKS,

COAL!

SALT AND

GRAIN.

H. C. Metcalfe,

Exchange Flour Mills,

Grain and Coal.

Maysville Marble Works

HUGH GILMORE.

LUMBER!

THE VA HINGTON MILLS,

MOUNTAIN TIMBER.

CARLISLE MILLS.

OLD TRIED AND TRUE

M. V. BOTAIN, Proprietor.

SMOKE MAGNOLIA DURHAM TOBACCO

$200 REWARD.

LIVERY STABLE

A. J. BATTA, Proprietor.

KIMBROUGH HOUSE,

Large and Elegant Sample Room.

PROFESSIONAL.

N. H. McNow,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Chas L. Lytle,

Attorney at Law.

I. M. CHUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JOHN P. NORVELL,

Attorney at Law.

ROSS & KENNEDY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

And Solicitors in Bankruptcy,

W. B. SEITLE,

Attorney at Law,

MT. OLIVET, KY.

J. W. INSMARY, M.D.

DR. R. C. BURROUGHS,

Physician and Surgeon.

DR. G. W. ADAIR,

Surgeon Dentist,

FLEMINGSBURG

Marble Works

VEGETINE

An Excellent Medicine.

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

For Sale by all Druggists.

F. M. PEALE & CO.,

CITY CASH STORE,

Happy New Year

F. M. PEALE & CO.

TAILORS,

FURNITURE

HOWARD & SIMSMORE.

UNDERTAKING.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!

MARRIED LIFE

DR. BUTTS

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE

THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER

SINGLE LIFE

THE MERCURY.

WILL J. KEHOE,

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE

TIME.

Carlisle and Nicholas County—Permanent Advertisement.

DAILY

HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES

OF THE

TOWN OF CARLISLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM 1825 TO 1830.

Central Hotel,

Get. Front and Second, Maysville, Ky.

Sterling

N AFRICA

Cincinnati Enquirer

WEEKLY

Now is the time to subscribe for

The FREE INGSBURG DEMOCRAT

Its Circulation Rapidly Increasing.

Its Readers Well Pleased.

Only $500, Attends the Effort

in a Democratic Interest.

Summer Down at Sea.

We have met the enemy, and we've got to have a monkey and a patrol line. We have bought a big ball-dog, a banner bath, a barrel of buckshot, a keg of powder, a pair of bow-pistols, a young cannon, related to our lady-guest, loaned our life, joined thirteen lodges, and have a boat load of bricks and the stone battery of public opinion, we are prepared to fight the "shade breed," to dividually or collectively. We have made the universe so long as patience will allow, and we now and henceforth sing the black flag to the breeze and shout: "War! war is the knife! Surrender or get!" We don't care a darned whelk, but one or the other they must do, and they shall do it or we will move upon their works and make it hotter than a horned's nest. In the language of the Cross-eyed Bard of Whistleland, "Let us have peace" unless someone moves on us, and as the sweet singer of Lackadilliz Gulch remarks in his touching ballad, we'll go through you—rank and file—like a dose of salts through a sick goose. We'll give you hy-acinine." As we have got a big gun and a bee on it we are, and as we were the first to "pitch into" the "shade breed," and predicted all this disgraceful" chin-music, we will be last to leave the field, until peace and prosperity is perched upon our banner and the billy goat wags his tail in delight, and then this war in the "shade breed" insues? It means something, and the throwing a greasy boot into the river, the boot may stick in the mud at the bottom, but grease will come to the surface. Why all this wrangling and loosening of lip? Why don't they dwell together in unity as brethren working for the good of our common cause should do? It used to be a kind of "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" concern, but now they are "scratching" each other worse than a bit of cross the bed and long hand-down a flea. It all means something. You don't find men so eager to get office that don't pay 'un a cent, and then fight and free like the devil was among 'em for the honor of position for the "bonah" of the thing. Not much! The truth of the matter is, we believe if Gen'l Every fellow in the "gang" wants to run the machine himself, and the result is it is being run the way Ward's ducks went—hollowed. Such is life. There's a screw loose in that board—a valve is being smelt. The entire body is afloat in the mess, and one or two of them have thrown the oars overboard. While some are cheating themselves into positions others are afraid to resign. It is a disgraceful body as a whole, and while we say there are some good men among them, it is surprising to us that they don't resign—be ashamed to be seen at their meetings. A man is judged by the company he keeps. The whole thing is an evil that ought to be abolished at once, and it will be seen, for a house divided against itself can't stand. It's a case of "lay out." We repeat it, the conduct of its members recently is disgraceful in the extreme. It is high time such foolishness and bickery should be wiped out. If men are so quickjim stand each other for a position of "honah," what wouldn't they do for something that is dearer to them than honah? There's a "pot in the 'flag," and we hold the bag, and, by the ruled Bishy Mcdonal black dog's tail, unlose this "rebellion" is, the "shade breed" is settled pretty soon, and settled to the satisfaction of the people who put 'em there, well hold the black flag, shake that bag, "let out the oak," and show "our colors," and keep it on our banner on the outside wall, beating the inscription, "sinner down or pick," and if they don't do either pretty quick there'll be hell in camp and somebody hurt.

Christmas.

"Christmas was blue at my hand, in all his bluff and hearty honesty; it was the season of hospitality, charity and open-heartedness; the old year was passing, like an ancient philosopher, to hail his friends around him, and amidst the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and manly was the old season and merry were the last four of the numerous hearts that welcomed his coming.

"And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a kind welcome—happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whom pride alone keeps asunder, are brought together by his power, and manifold are the reconciliations that he makes among kindred and friends! How many neighborhood feuds and heartburnings have been quenched by the generous influence of this season! How many dormant sympathies does he call forth in every bosom!

"We write these words now, many days before they can be read, that while, year after, we met on that day, a merry joyous one, we may have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another time.

11. Teach them that the only Were and a plot hatch in the other, is a wrong.

12. Accustom them to make their little wants with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of false-hearing.

14. Teach them to be respectful to their parents.

15. Accustom them to make their little wants with perfect truth.

16. Never allow of false-hearing.

17. Teach them to be respectful to their parents.

18. Accustom them to make their little wants with perfect truth.

19. Never allow of false-hearing.

20. Teach them to be respectful to their parents.