

Civilian and Telegraph.

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CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1862.

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Civilian & Telegraph

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W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.
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Baltimore, Md., near the Bridge.

TERMS:
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Six Months, \$1.00.
Three Months, \$0.50.
Single Copies, 25 cents each.
All advertisements under 12 lines charged as square.

Rates of Advertising.
One square of 12 lines, \$1 for three insertions—subsequent insertions 25 cents each.
All advertisements under 12 lines charged as square.

Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, \$5.
Months, one two three six twelve.
One square, 1 25 2 25 3 50 4 00 10 00
Two squares, 2 25 4 00 5 00 9 00 14 10
Three " 3 50 5 00 7 50 12 00 18 00
Four " 4 50 6 00 8 00 14 00 20 00
Quarter col. 6 00 9 00 12 00 18 00 25 00
Larger space for short periods, as per agreement.

Advertisements for Marriages and Deaths in this paper are inserted at a special rate. Nine words are counted as a line in advertising.
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, will be charged \$12 00.
Proceedings of meetings, not of a general character, charged at 4 cents per line for each insertion.
Yearly Advertisements, must contain their advertising to their own business.

Advertisements, cash in advance.
Persons ordering the insertion of legal advertisements will be held responsible for payment for the same when the time for which they were ordered to be inserted shall have expired.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. D. WEISER.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—THOS. G. McCULLOH.
Baltimore and Annapolis—G. THURSTON.
Baltimore—WILLIAM BRICE.
Judge of County Court—JACOB BROWN.
Judge of the Orphans' Court—
MORDECAI W. WILSON,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY.

Business Directory,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

Dr. Geo. B. FUNDENBERG,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE and residence on the corner of Baltimore and George Streets, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cumberland.

DENTISTRY.
DR. HEMMELSHIM, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, near the Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

ANDREWS & SWARTZELDER,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
Books and Stationery, Periodicals,
Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book Binders and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

M. RIZER & BRO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,
South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM B. BEALL & CO.,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.
near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 11, S. Frederick Street, Baltimore, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gent's and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,
Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,
Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Plans Sheet-Iron were always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Repairing of every description done with neatness and dispatch.
CALL AT
J. H. KELENBECK'S,
Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street
July 19, 1860.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,
TAYLOR & CO.,
Iron and Brass Founders,
George's Street, CUMBERLAND, MD.,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and
Mine Cars, Mining Machinery, Furnaces,
Stoves, Grates, Mill-Saws, Flows, Agricultural
Implement, &c.
March 17, 1859—y.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,
WHOLESALE
DRUGGISTS,
and dealers in
Paints, Glass & Oil.
No. 839 Balto. St.,
Baltimore.

BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID
on hand. Orders filled with great care, and at the lowest rates. April 11, '61—y.

Walls! Walls!
A GENERAL assortment of NAILS on hand and for sale by
Nov. 21 WM. R. BEALL & CO.

Flour! Flour!
A LOT of Family and Extra FLOUR just received and for sale by
Nov. 21 WM. R. BEALL & CO.

AMERICAN WATCHES for sale at Factory Prices at [Nov. 8.] S. T. LITTLE'S

MEDICAL HOUSE,

11 South Frederick St.,
Baltimore, Maryland.
Established in order to afford Sound and Scientific Medical Aid, and for the suppression of Quackery.

DOCTOR SMITH
HAS for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, in all their varied and complicated forms. His great success in those long-standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received. Within the last eight years, as they would not admit of relief from private complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which no doubt exceeds that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, no matter how difficult or long standing, their case may be, would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

The afflicted should bear in mind that Dr. S. is the only regular physician advertising, who has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of Diseases.

His medicines are free from Mercury and all mineral poisons; put up in neat and compact form, and may be taken in public or private house, or while travelling, without exposure or hindrance from business, and except in cases of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

Let the unfortunate bear in mind when affliction overtakes them, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not admit of relief from private complaints through exposure and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to moderate in his charges. When ulceration and discolored patches with racking pains, betray to the unhappy patient the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of the danger.

We are called upon every few days to cure Chronic Diseases, which were supposed to have been cured years ago, but instead of which, were only checked, and when into by mercury or copious and therefore seems to be well but in a longer or shorter time, by some slight cause, break out in its worst and most difficult forms, producing ulcers, eruptions, or rashes of the skin, error of the skin, pains or swelling of bones, etc. On account of the number of such which have lately come under my notice, and the immense suffering which a little more timely and judicious treatment would have prevented, I feel it my duty to advise the unfortunate, particularly those who are afflicted with these diseases, to be careful that they are not deceived by the advertisements of quack physicians who make promises which could not be fulfilled even by the most experienced physicians. By no means or improper treatment, the patient is often reduced to a state which makes the case almost hopeless to cure. Therefore, be careful to be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early stage of the disease.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.
Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and most fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the worldly influence of the passions.
How many young persons do we daily behold, whose constitutions and debilitated constitutions, and whose diseases arising from that horrible and devastating vice.
It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion and a train of symptoms, resulting from consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when in reality, they are the consequences of an alluring and pernicious practice alike destructive to the mind and body.

You who have brought this affliction upon yourselves, why embrace the secret to your hearts and vainly attempt to cure yourselves, instead of making immediate application to a skillful physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it inevitable.

Dr. Smith gives his special attention to the treatment of this destructive malady. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receiving directions, sent by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

N. B.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid exposing themselves whether foreign or native, as also the numerous Societies advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up to sell and not to cure, and often do more harm than good, therefore avoid them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."
Address, DR. J. B. SMITH,
No. 11, S. Frederick Street, Baltimore, Md.
No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.
Jan. 1st, 1861.—ly.

Attention Builders!

Sash, Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings and Venetian Blinds,
MANUFACTURED and for sale at B. D. Johnson's Steam Planning Machine, on Centre Street.

Orders received either at the Shop, or at Dr. John J. Bruce's Lumber Yard.
June 30, 1859—ly. H. DAMM.

JAMES S. ROBINSON,
Paper Warehouse,
No. 21 South Charles St.,
A few doors below German-st.,
BALTIMORE.

Keo on hand and has made to order all kinds of PAPER.
Purchased Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock. Sept. 1, 1859—ly.

Lehigh Gas Burning

Cooking Stoves!
THE undersigned has just received an assortment of the above stoves, which he offers to the public at moderate prices. There is a great saving of fuel by the use of these Stoves.
Sept. 15, 1860. JOHN JOHNSON

Poetical.

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY."
BY A. J. H. DEGANNE.

Under the oaks of Sempach
The Switzer knelt in prayer,
And swore upon their sword-bliss
The oath their fathers swore.
Upon the oaks of Sempach
Their father's swords they bared,
And dared the powers of Slavery
Their valiant fathers dared.

Duke Leopold's knights in armor,
Duke Leopold's spearman tall,
With shields of erlappend and lance-points,
Stood up, like a castle wall:
And when the Swissem snote them,
Their angry armor rang,
Like anvils under hammers,
With hearse and sullen clang!

And when the Switzer charged them,
So well they bore the shock,
The mountain-men fell backward,
Like billows from a rock—
Fell back with dead and dying,
Fell back with doubts and fears,
That none might pass the shield-wall,
Or break the hedge of spears!

Behold the fateful moment—
The hour of Freedom's stress!
Then stood forth ARNOLD WINKELRIED
From all the dubious press.
He looked upon the Switzer,
And saw their fear and doubt—
"I'll make a path for Liberty!"
Bold Winkelried cried out.

He turned upon the Austrians,
And flung his arms apart;
He clasped a score of lance-points,
And joined them at his heart.
As bride embraces bridegroom,
He hugged the path for Liberty!
"I make a path for Liberty!"
He said, with dying breath.

And after him the Switzer
Five hundred years have moldered
O'er Winkelried the Swiss:
No slave hath breathed in Switzerland
From that brave day to this.
And as the Lord yet liveth,
I cannot let you pray
Some Winkelried might lift his voice
In mine own land to-day!

Some stern and loyal leader,
To shame our doubts and fears,
And cleave for us the shield-wall,
And break the hedge of spears!
Some hero-man, or emsterling
As lavish time like this—
To make a path for Liberty—
Like Winkelried the Swiss!

Miscellaneous.

A Speech by Parson Brownlow.

'Parson' or more properly patriot Brownlow, delivered another speech in Cincinnati, on the occasion of a meeting of the Pioneer Association:

Mr. Brownlow said:—"My mind has been variously exercised while I have been sitting here. This is not a society of young men and boys, but a society of old men; men who are true to the backbone—loyal, faithful, patriotic men, who, old as they are, would lay down with eager joy a life almost worn out under the beneficent protection of the best Government ever established on God's beautiful earth. They are honest men—none of your mean, pitiful, swindling, God forsaken, rascally demagogues, who have used the strength God endowed them with, to endeavor to overturn His most sacred institution—our Government. I am no candidate for popular favor, I want no office, although I did take a tilt against Isham Harris. (Laughter.) I am not adapted for any office, and as I said before, I don't want one; but I am a Federal, and I believe in a strong Government, one that has the power and the ability and the energy to put down treason, to crush out traitors, and in short, gentlemen, to take care of itself. I think that our present Government is the right kind of a Government, but still not entirely so, inasmuch as it is hardly in earnest enough in the stupendous work it is now occupied in, but I hope and believe that, with God's help and our backing, that the Government will soon put down the most diabolical treason that has ever been seen in any part of the world.

I have fought many battles; religious battles, and every other kind of battles; and I have encountered the devil, Tom Walker, and the Southern Confederacy—(laughter and applause)—and it has gone hard with one to be called after and pointed at so long as a traitor by all the miserable, sneaking, cowardly rascals who have torn and rent this glo-

rious Union apart. My father was a volunteer in my country's army, and my uncle lived and died in the service of his country, and, thank God, their graves are still in possession of the Federals. My mother's relatives also shed their blood at their country's call at Norfolk, and yet I am called a traitor, and by such despicable men as compose the Southern Confederacy.

Mr. Eggleston alluded to the crushing out of my paper. Yes, gentlemen, the office from which came the last sheets in defence of the Union ever published in Knoxville, was cleaned out and converted into a workshop for repairing and altering all the arms stolen by that accomplished thief and runaway, Floyd. All my ambition now is, to go back once more to establish another office; once more to spread abroad the glorious truths of the Union; and once more take from a drawer in my house the flag which so long waved defiantly in the breeze, while these hell-bounds were longing, and yet not daring, to tear down and trample it in the dust.

I would never have taken down that flag, but for the females in my own house, who besought and entreated me to do so, lest the house should be torn down about their ears.

One day a crowd surrounded my house and threatened to tear down my flag; but I warned them that they would have to do it in the face of six loaded muskets, which would be used by men who would never flinch from their duty. They took sober second thought, and marched away, but presently about fifteen came back again, drunker than ever, led by a young officer, who was desirous to tear the d—d thing of a flag down. In the meanwhile, I had left my house and gone to the office, leaving my wife in charge. She came forward and expressed her intention of shooting the first man who attempted to haul down the flag. The officer was slightly scared, and said:

"Madam, you won't shoot, will you?"
"Go on, go on!" shouted the crowd, "she daren't shoot!"

She instantly drew from her pocket one of Colt's revolver's, and cocking it, leveled it at the officer's head.

"Never mind her, she's only a woman," cried the mob.

"By G—d! look at her eye," said the officer, as he made a low bow, scraped the ground, and toddled off, followed by the whole crowd. The gentleman who addressed me, expressed his regret that my paper is stopped and my office is closed, and I reply to him that all my ambition is to go back to Knoxville and resurrect my old paper. To go back with new presses and with new type, and with a soul renewed and revived by baptism in the glorious liberty of the Northern States.

And I also want to go back there and repay a debt of gratitude I owe to about 150 of the most unmitigated scoundrels that can be found on the face of the earth. To liberate a people oppressed and defrauded by the most Satanic conspiracy ever consummated—defrauded and duped by Southern Confederacy bonds—bonds having on one side the full length portrait of Jeff. Davis, and a picture of a lion-roost on the other, bearing these words: "I promise to pay, six months after the declaration of peace between the Southern Confederacy, and the United States of North America, \$50."

Some time since, I stood alone amid 2,000 rebel soldiers, and I said in my address to them: "It is you of the south that are to blame. The North have not precipitated this war on us, it is you who have done it. You complained of an infringement of Southern rights when there was no infringement. You complained of Northern encroachments when there were none, and you have rushed into a war of the most wicked kind, without the shadow of a reason."

But, gentlemen of Ohio, I do not and cannot exonerate the North, and I say in brief to you, that if, fifty years ago, we had taken one hundred Southern fire eaters and one hundred Northern abolitionists, and hanged them up and buried them in a common ditch and sent their souls to hell, we should have none of this war. (Immense applause.) "I am speaking too long. (Cries of 'no! no! no!') "Go on!" "Don't allow that to talk!" But on looking around on this assembly, I notice that time has written its mark unmistakably on the countenances of a large proportion of this audience. Many are growing gray; I am getting old myself, and I know not how soon the span of our existence may be shortened, and the spirit take its flight to realms of eternal joy and happiness or everlasting misery. It behooves us all, then, to see to it, that we are prepared for this change wherever and whenever it may come, and may God, in His infinite mercy, bless and keep us all.

From the New York World.

War and Chemistry.

When Solomon declared there was nothing new under the sun he must have limited his meaning to the moral world, every phase of which is embraced and illustrated by his proverbs to-day as it was three thousand years ago. Or, as to the material world, he may have affirmed that its elements would continue the same, though new future combinations among them might exist. Certainly the wisest of men would have felt his experience enlarged by the foreknowledge of a modern battle, or of a gunboat chasing a railroad train. Yet it is as true as strange that many warlike appliances of this day are but repetitions and improvements of ancient practice. The terrible Greek fire resembles in many respects the Congreve rocket. A combat between iron-clad ships is only a duel of mailed knights, magnified and transferred to the sea, and the steam ram simply a reproduction with a grander motive power, of the beaked triremes of old.

Still the science which is to make war deadly, and the cost which is to make it rare, are yet far from their climax. Attack and defence have an ample range before them, in inventions, for counterpoising development and rival waste. Iron may, by and by, grow obsolete and gunpowder futile, as stone and wooden walls have already ceased to be invincible, and the New York World of a century hence may record such a battle as the recent one in Hampton Roads in terms something like these:

"The conflict between the Rebel electric propeller, the Sulphuric, and the National vessel, the Muratic, has raged during the last fortnight with unabated fury. From the lens-windows of our office observatory its progress is distinctly seen and photographically recorded. Owing to an accident to our calcium, by which its power at a distance beyond two hundred miles was sensibly affected, we lost some of last night's details. The Rebel glass boats, the Uric and Hippuric, are still hovering about the action, though the terrific electric discharge inflicted on the latter a week ago by the Muratic, which stifled and blasted half her crew, has induced them to keep some ten leagues distant, nearly out of range. The Sulphuric has a superior laboratory, and continues to pour floods of acid from her fifty vitrified tubes over the Muratic's decks, but the new platinum hose of the latter gives her a marked advantage in replying. There are signs of deep corrosion in some of the bow plates of the former, and the rudder of the Muratic is rapidly decomposing, having been honey-combed three days ago by a fortunate squirt from the Sulphuric's stern tube. The supply of chemicals, however, in the Rebel vessel is evidently failing, while the tanks of oil of vitriol ordered by Government this morning from St. Petersburg are expected to arrive in time to replenish the fluids of the Muratic."

"P. S.—The gold plated two retort battery, the Nitric, has just galvanized herself into the Roads, and laid the sulphuric close aboard. Her mail is of course impervious. The Uric and Hippuric are crowding all their electricity and running out of the action. Strong magnets have been hoisted at the fort to draw them within range again."

"LATER.—The Nitric has opened with potassium and benzole. A concentrated pour of kakodyle from the Muratic aided her efforts, and the last of the crew of the Sulphuric has just dashed overboard to escape suffocation, leaving her a helpless prize to the National vessels. So perish all the enemies of the Republic!"

Gen. Porter's Balloon Trip.

A correspondent writing from General McClellan's army relates the following incident:

The exciting event of the day has been a balloon reconnaissance by General Fitz-John Porter on a scale of rather larger magnitude than was intended. At 5 o'clock in the morning Gen. Porter took his place in Professor Lowe's balloon. He supposed the usual number of ropes were attached to it, whereas there was only one, and a place in this, as was afterwards ascertained, had been burned by vitriol, used in generating gas. Taking his seat in the car, unaccompanied by any one, the rope was let out nearly its full length—the length is about nine hundred yards—when suddenly snap went the cord and up went the balloon. This was an unexpected part of the programme. The men below looked up with astonishment, and

the General looked down with equal bewilderment.

"Open the valve," shouted one of the men below.

"I'll manage it," responded the General.

Up went the balloon, higher, higher. It rose with great rapidity; its huge form lessened as it wildly mounted into the regions of the upper air; it became a speck in the sky. The wind was taking it in the direction of the enemy's territory. By this time every staff officer and hundreds of others were looking at the moving speck. It is impossible to describe the anxiety felt and expressed for the fate of him, the central object of thought, in that far away moving speck, every moment becoming less visible. It is seen to move in our direction; the countenances of our men brighten with hope. It passes over our heads. Soon it begins to descend, but with a rapidity that arouses renewed apprehension. Quickly a squad of cavalry, led by Capt. Locke, and Lieut. McQuade, of the General's staff, plunged spurs into their horses and dashed away in the direction of the descending balloon. The rest of the story is as I received it from the General's own lips.

While the rope was being played out he had adjusted his glass in readiness for his proposed view of the enemy's territory. A sudden bound of the balloon told him in a moment that the rope had given way. He dropped his glass; heard the call, "Open the valve," made the response given above, and set about looking for the valve. He was sensible of being mighty (the General loves a pun as well as the next one), but was not at all nervous. He saw the wind had taken him over the line of the Rebel intrenchments. Having no wish to drop in among them let the valve take care of itself, and proceeded to take advantage of his position to note the aspect of Rebel objects below. Crowds of soldiers rushed from the woods and he heard their shouts distinctly. Luckily he was above the reach of their bullets, so that he was not afraid on this score. The map of the country was distinctly discernible. He saw Yorktown and its works; York river and its windings, and Norfolk and its smoking chimneys. A counter current of air struck the balloon, and its course was reversed. Its retreat from Rebeldom was rapid. He opened the valve, the gas escaped, and down he came. He could not say how fast he came down, but it was with a rapidity he would not care to have repeated. The car struck the top of a shelter tent, under which, luckily, no one happened to be at the time—knocked the tent into pi, and left him enveloped in a mass of collapsed oil silk.

A STOUT MEDICINE.—A manufactured vender of quack medicines recently wrote to a friend for a strong recommendation of his, the manufacturer's 'Balsam.' In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

"Dear Sir—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them sideways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into firewood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp, and in two days it was cleared off planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach-trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill pond, drew a blister over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in a lottery."

The best way to get help in this world is to help yourself. Show that you need aid and all will turn the cold shoulder; but prove that you can do without folks, and they will beg to give you a lift.

(Dog) ma for the Times—Better un-muzzle the bull dogs of war than hunt with the blood-hounds of peace.

Regret is the purgatory of grief; and only penitential offering and holy prayers can deliver us from it.

No man is wholly intolerant; every one forgives little errors without knowing it.

Wit and Humor.

A Bold Stroke for the Presidency.
Smiggy McGlural's Great Speech.
Phonographically Reported.

Fellow citizens and bunglers—Republicans, Democrats, Douglasites, Lincolnites, Breckonridgites, Lazarusites, Balzobubites and Blatheriskites! I now appear before you this evening, to offer myself as a candidate for the next Presidency. How's that? (Cheers and cries of 'that's gay,' 'big thing.')

Fellow citizens, if you make me your President I will astonish the world with wonder. Canada shall be ours. I will annex Cuba, appropriate Mexico, New Jersey and the balance of creation.—(Cheers.)

Fellow citizens, if you make me your President, all countrymen, all nations shall be welcome to this happy land. Yankee poddling shall be made a legitimate business by special act of Congress. (Applause.) Irishmen, for your sakes I will do away with the punishment for assault and battery, and what's more, I will abolish the potato rot.—('Hoorar! 'Bo gorra, you're the mon,' Cheers.) And for you, the Germans, rivers of lager beer shall flow through the land, the prairies shall be set apart for the special cultivation of material for sour kraut. And your happy songs shall rise to the skies, mingling with the fumes of your meerschaum pipes, until you, in the excess of your delight, shall be led to exclaim, "Ein glass lager, Switzer kase, mit pretzels all the vile." (Cries, 'Aha! Mein Gott! Dat ish goot!' and applause.)

Citizens, Run-uns, Country-men and City-zens, I don't care whether you was brought up on pudding and milk or Bologna sausages; it don't make the difference of a shake of a frog's tail; but, sir, the propositions which I advance here are such which nobody can deny. No, sir. (Cries, 'That's so.' 'That's what's the matter.')

No, sir, not by no means. (A cry, 'You're right, Smiggy McGlural!') Who is that calls me Smiggy McGlural? Let him stand up so that I can look him in the face. Does he deny my assertion? I hope not. I wouldn't trust such a man so far as I could throw a three-year old bull by the tail. (Great cheering.) But to return to my subject.

My hearers this is a great country—it is wide, vast, and in the south-west, unlimited. What is Europe when compared with it? Europe is nowhere—a circumstance—a mere obsolete idea!—In this country we have got faster steam-boats, louder thunder, forkered lightning, higher mountains, greater lakes, taller shangies, steeper cataracts, bigger babies, prettier girls, more money and better fighting men than England dare have! or any other man! (Great enthusiasm, cheers waving of hats, barrin old Ireland. I was descended from her myself, and I won't forget you, Irishmen, when I talk of fighting.)

There's no country in the world like Ireland, when you come to fighting. How are you Bull Run? Well, we'll have Corcoran back soon; then won't we have a jolly old time? Yes, Ireland's the place—that's the country for

Hills, mills and stills,
Cows, mows and rows,
Cottages and cabbages,
Whiskey galore,
And fun evermore,
For dancin' and prancin',
A shillelagh to fight with,
Or a lad to night with,
Where they never say die,
Nor up with a lie,
But would wollop the devil
If he wouldn't be civil.
From the North to the South,
From the East to the West,
From the land of Kilkenny
To the big hill of Howth,
From the ocean outside to the Straits of the Dover,
An Irishman's an Irishman all the world over.

Now, three cheers for me! Hip, hip, hurrah! (Tremendous and long continued cheering.)

A SARCASTIC WIFE.—A husband, who arrived home at a late hour of the night, said to his wife:
"Don't look so cross, love; I have been detained on a committee."
Wife—"I don't like those committees; I suspect that—"

Husband—(interrupting her)—"Just hear that infernal oaterwauling!"
Wife—(sarcastically)—"Oh, that is our tom-cat; he's out on a committee, I guess."

The husband remained silent for the rest of the night.