

Civilian and Telegraph.

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CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1863.

NUMBER 24.

Civilian & Telegraph

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Every Thursday Morning.

W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.
GEO. W. HOOVER, Publisher.
Office in Second Story of Brooks' Block,
Baltimore, St., near the Bridge.

TERMS:
TWO DOLLARS per annum, strictly in advance, \$2.50 if not paid, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year.
Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Rates of Advertising.

One square of 10 lines or less, one insertion, \$1.—subsequent insertions 25 cents each.
Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, \$5.
MONTHS. ONE TWO THREE SIX TWELVE.
One square, 1 25 2 25 3 50 6 00 10 00
Two squares 2 25 4 00 5 00 9 00 14 00
Three " 3 50 5 00 7 50 12 00 18 00
Four " 5 00 6 00 8 00 14 00 20 00
Quarter col. 6 00 9 00 12 00 18 00 30 00
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Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths 10 cts. per line for first insertion—subsequent insertions, 5 cts. per line. Nine words are counted as a line in advertising.
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, will be charged \$12 00.
Proceedings of meetings of a general character, charged at 4 cts. per line for each insertion.
Yearly advertisements must conform to their advertising to their own business.
ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING, 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.
INSOLVENT NOTICES, cash in advance.
PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.
ALL JOB WORK, cash.
The losses we have sustained compel us to adopt this course. It will be strictly adhered to in all cases, and no advertisement will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—HON. D. WEISEL.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESELY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
State's Attorney—THOS. G. McCULLOH.
State's Attorney—C. B. THURSTON.
Surgeon—WILLIAM BRACE.
Direct to County Comm'rs—JACOB BROUW.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
JAMES RAUWINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY.

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

R. I. MORRIS,
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Foreign and American Fruits,
Toys, Groceries, Sengars, To-
bacco, &c., &c.
THREE DOORS EAST POST OFFICE
April 9, 1863.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST, Corner of
Baltimore and FREDERICK STREETS, over Reed's
Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug
Store, Cumberland, Md.

M. RIZER & BRO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in
Cabinet Furniture of a kinds,
South Liberty St., near Reel's Foundry.

WILLIAM B. BEALL & CO.,

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

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-Irons, Plovers, Agricultural
Implement, &c.
March 17, 1859-7.

JOSEPH SPRIG

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Jan. 1863. Cumberland, Md.

THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, being well
known as a writer, would offer his services
to all requiring LIBRARY AND. Will furnish
Addresses, Orations, Essays, Presentations,
Acrostics, and prepare matter for the Press—Obitu-
aries; and write Poetry upon any subject—
Address—FINLEY JOHNSON,
Nov. 26, 1862. Baltimore, Md.

Insolvent's Notice.

George Nelson (ORDERED, this 23d day of
March, 1863, that George
Nelson give notice to his cred-
itors, and endorse and sureties, that the 2d
Monday of October next is fixed for the said George
Nelson to appear in the Circuit Court for Allegany
county, to answer such interrogatories as his
creditors, endorse and sureties may prop-
ose or allege against him; and that a copy of
this order be published in some newspaper
printed in the city of Cumberland once a week
for three successive months prior to the second
Monday of October next, as such notice.
Test—H. RESLEY, Clerk.

CARY'S Cough Cure, for Coughs, colds, &c.

Try it. Agency at
W. BEALE & CO.
O'LEINE, Irish Bleaching, German and Toll-
ing, for sale by
W. M. R. BEALL & CO.
CORN Starch, Farina, Macaroni, New, for
sale by
W. M. R. BEALL & CO.
GUITARS, Violins and Flutes for sale at the
Book Store, under the St. Nicholas Hotel,
March 19. W. M. ANDREWS.

NEW BOOKS, Military Works, just received

at the Book Store under the St. Nicholas,
March 19. W. M. ANDREWS.

Watts' Nails!

A GENERAL assortment of NAILS on hand
and for sale by
W. M. R. BEALL & CO.
Diary's; Diary's; Diary's!

JUST received another supply of Diaries

for 1863. HALE'S SWISS BIRD-
Jan. 22. Under Belvidere Hall.

Poetical.

Our Country's Call.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

AIR—"SCOTS WHA HAE," ETC.
Men who plough your granite peaks,
O'er whose head your Eagle shrieks,
And for aye of Freedom speaks,
Hear your Country's call
Swear, each loyal mother's son,
Swear "Our Country shall be ONE!"
Seize your sword, or bring your gun,
Bayonet and ball!

For the land that bore you—Arm!
Shield the State you love from harm!
Catch, and round you spread, the alarm!
Hear and hold your breath!
Hark! the hostile horde is nigh!
See! the storm comes roaring by!
Hear and heed our battle cry—
"VICTORY OR DEATH!"

Sturdy landmen, hearty tars,
Can you see your Stripes and Stars
Flouted by the three broad bars,
And cold blooded fear?
There the rebel banner floats!
Tyrants, vanquished by your votes,
Spring, like bloodhounds, at your throats,
Let them bite your steel!

With no traitor at their head,
By no braggart coward led,
By no hero caught a bed,
While he dreams of flight;
By no "Young Napoleons,"
Kept at bay by wooden guns,
Shall our brothers and our sons,
Be held back from fight!

Like a whirlwind in its course,
Shall again a rebel force,
Jackson's foot or Stuart's horse,
Pass our sleepy posts,
Roam, like Satan, "to and fro,"
And our Laggard let them go?
No! In thunder answer "No!"
By the Lord of Hosts!

With the Lord of Hosts we fight,
For His Freedom, Law and Right—
Strike for these and his all-right
Shall with Victory crown
Loyal brows, alive or dead,
Crush each crawling Copperhead,
And, in bloody battle tread,
This rebellion down!

Talk of "Peace," in hours like this?
'Tis Iscariot's traitor kiss!
'Tis the Old Serpent's latest hiss!
Foil his foul intrigue!
Plant your heel his head upon!
Let him squirm! his race is run!
Now to keep your Country one,
Join our Union League!

Written for the Civilian.

'Tis True that Love with all its
Charms

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis true that love with all its charms,
Around its heart doth twine;
But, oh, thy smiles to me recall
The hour when they were mine,
And now to me they bring despair,
As does the morning sky
Unto the wretch, who knows that he
'Ere nightfall has to die.

The heart can hold a memory
Of deep and bitter wrong,
Untold by look—and secret kept,
From pleasure's giddy throng;
So bows my own beneath the weight
Of sorrow's tyrant sway,
And though I smile—yet have I grief
Which wear my life away.

Miscellaneous.

Making Love to his Daughter.

Among all the jokes that have been got
up at masquerade balls in the gay circles of
Paris, we know of none better than the one
played off on a distinguished academician,
who was mystified during the whole evening
by his daughter, whom he left sick at home,
and was far from supposing to be so near
him. It may be thought strange that a father
should not recognize his child, but, though
passing strange, it is true. Besides the young
lady appeared that night in a character un-
usually new to her, that of a coquette; no
wonder that he did not recognize his modest
quiet daughter in the lively flirt who tor-
mented him incessantly. The poor man could
not for the life of him imagine who the
lady could be; so young, apparently, yet so
well acquainted with all the incidents of
his early life, who adored his favorite au-
thors, and flattered him so skillfully, not only
in his taste, but in every whim. The
academician was in the seventh heaven. He
was a young widow, well looked upon by
the fair, and he saw nothing ex-
traordinary in his having produced an impression
in his unknown character; the only thing that
surprised him was the exact conformity of all
his tastes, opinions, studies and prejudices to
her own. The night flew away fast in con-
versation. Towards the close of the ball,
the gentleman invited his fair unknown to
supper. Of course the invitation was accept-
ed, the lady stipulating only that she should
not remove her mask. Another wonder.—
She knew exactly what dishes he liked, and
what was his favorite wine. At the close of
the supper, the gentleman politely offers to
escort the lady to her residence. "No, no,"
says she, "I am determined to remain to-
day. But I will wait on you home." The car-
riage stops in front of his house, he takes

A Well Deserved Back-Handed Compliment.

Dan, Voorhees, of Indiana, the cop-
perhead of Vallandigham, it seems is a
native of Butler county, where that species
of reptile has recently made its ap-
pearance in considerable force. On the
occasion of the late Bitternut Conven-
tion in Butler, he was brought back to
the land of his nativity as 'a second
Daniel come to judgement.' It was sup-
posed that he would attract the curious
natives and would be lionized by his
relatives there, quite as much as though
he were the identical Dauid of old. But
it was no go, as the following in-
stance of cold shouderism demon-
strates.

J. C., a banker of that city, is a near
relative of Voorhees. The two were
boys together, and gambled over the
hills and valleys of old Butler in her
'Dimmocratist' days. One Peter—not
so renowned as Peter the Great, or Pe-
ter the Hermit, put ambitious distinction
among the butternuts, undertook to
pay the part of Master Merriam, and
show off the distinguished Dan. Enter-
ing the bank they found Jo. busily en-
gaged counting his 'green backs.'

Peter—"Mr. C. allow me to introduce
to you the Hon. Mr. Voorhees of Indi-
ana." Whereupon Daniel extended his
hand across the counter.
'Jo—straining himself to a little
more than his usual height—"Dan Voor-
hees, of Indiana?"
'Yes sir"—replied Daniel.
'Then I know a d——d sight more
about you than I want to know. Don't
want to extend my acquaintance with
you at all sir. And Joseph turning his
back to the distinguished, resumed his
'greenbacks.'

Somewhat wilted, Dan, after a brief
pause says, 'Well Peter, I reckon we
might as well go.'
'Jo—Certainly, gentlemen, at your
earliest convenience.'
The loyal boys of Old Butler have
unanimously decided that 'Jo.' is fairly
entitled to wear the Union belt.

The Soldier's Mania for Coffee.

Coffe is the soldiers luxury, deprived
of which he imagines himself the worst-
used individual that he is capable of con-
ceiving. On a march, for convenience
sake, the coffee and sugar are mixed to-
gether. Every man carries his tin-cup
or can for making his coffee, and he
would as soon think of leaving his mus-
ket as the cup wherein to make his cof-
fee. The new regiments come out very
well supplied with cups, but the old sol-
dier disdains buying a cup, and man-
ufactures a much better one for himself.
Taking one of the cans in which fruits
and vegetables are preserved (and which
every sutler has a full assortment of,) he
cuts the top entirely out, and with a
piece of wire cut from some abandoned
or destroyed telegraph line, he makes it
a handle and his coffee pail is complete.

The moment a halt is made, the sol-
dier commences making his coffee. So
water from his canteen or a neighboring
brook or spring is soon boiling briskly,
over a little fire of glowing embers—
Upon this boiling water he pours his
coffee and sugar, and the time the cof-
fee has settled to the bottom and the
beverage is ready for use. Coffee-drink-
ing is a passion with soldiers which
amounts to a mania. A five minutes
halt on a march, and a soldier must
have his coffee. If he strays off the
road to some of the 'hospitable mansions'
(?) by the road side, his first request is
to be allowed to make a little coffee in
the fire-place; and on halting for the
night, no matter how tired he may be,
he cannot by any possibility spread his
blanket until he has enjoyed his cup of
coffee. It is productive of much of the
diarrhoea of the camp, but taken in rea-
sonable quantities, such an effect would
rarely be produced. Attempts have been
made to substitute tea for coffee, but
with no success. Soldiers think more
of their coffee than all the rest of their
rations. They do not like tea; and
though, when issued in lieu of coffee,
they will use it, yet they grumble not
a little at the substitution.—Medical
Reporter.

One evidence of the prosperity of the
country, in spite of the war, is, that the
amount of the pork, bacon and lard ex-
ported this year is sixty-one and a half
millions of pounds greater than the ex-
ports of the year before. The total
amount of the above articles exported
was two hundred and sixty-two millions
of pounds.

'My wife, said a wag the other day,
'have never calling me honey last night.
'Indeed, how was that?' 'Why she called
me old beewax.'

Gentlemen walking the streets with
canes or umbrellas, should carry them on
their shoulders, for then they may get an
opportunity of putting out the eyes of per-
sons behind them.

'Luck!' cried a self-made man, I
never had any luck but by getting up at five
every morning, and working as hard as I
could.

'There are, I believe,' says the late
Hugh Miller, few things more terrible than
the unwanted anger of a good-natured man.'

If men would follow the advice they
so gratuitously give to others what a re-
formation would be effected in the world?

Gold is tried by touchstone, and men
are tried by gold.

Little Charlie's Hymn.

A little boy was amusing himself by sing-
ing Sabbath Hymns. As his infant voice
was warbling—
'Oh do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.'
He suddenly stopped, and fixing his large
blue eyes upon his mother, who sat near,
engaged with her sewing, he asked very ear-
nestly, "Is Jesus your friend ma?" Struck
by his earnestness, and the singularity of the
question, from so young a child, the mother
pondered long upon it, till her spiritual tears
were aroused, and she rested not till she had
assured herself that Jesus was indeed her
friend.

Then little Charlie, as though his mission
were ended, lay down sweetly in the arms
of the death angel. He was not afraid to
pass through the dark valley, for Jesus was
his friend, and had gone through before, and
he could leave his dear mother for Jesus
would take care of her now. And so Char-
lie said his little prayers, closed his soft blue
eyes, and entered the City whose Builder and
Maker is God.

But Charlie's mother has never forgotten
his brief and innocent life, nor the love he
bore the Saviour, and how it was through
him she first became assured that she was
the one of God's children, thus exemplify-
ing the truth of His word, "And a little child
shall lead them."

Little children who read this, is Jesus your
friend? Do you feel that whatever He does
is right, whether he lays you on a bed of
sickness, and takes your earthly friends and
enjoyments from you, or from all the joys of
earth bids you select Him as the one alto-
gether lovely? The smallest child has a
mission; if only to teach us gentleness and
humility. Be gentle, be kind, live for your
God; and some day you will meet little
Charlie and that divine friend in Heaven.
Little Pilgrim.

Busy Place.

They have a little town 'Out West,' which
appears to have been overlooked by Dickens
and English travelers, and which is 'all sorts
of a stirring place.' In one day they re-
cently had two street fights, hung a man,
rode three men out of town on a rail, got up
a quarter race, a turkey-shooting, a gander-
pulling, a match dog-fight, had preaching
by a circus rider, who afterward ran a foot-
race for apple-jack all round; and, as if that
was not enough, judge of the court, after los-
ing his year's salary at single-handed poker
and whipping a person for saying he didn't
understand the game, went out and helped
to lynch his grandfather for hog-stealing.

Time to Prune Trees.

It is not an easy task to satisfy orchard-
artists what season is the best for pruning
apple trees.
Many consider the time a matter of
indifference, contending that one season is
as good as another.
A story is told of an old minister, who
once announced to his hearers that on the
following Sabbath he would tell them his
people what time to trim apple trees.—
The announcement had the desired ef-
fect, drawing out a large congregation.
At the close of his service he announced
that the time for his hearers to trim ap-
ple trees was when their tools were sharp.

Trees pruned after the leaf fully ex-
panded are less likely to send forth suckers
than those pruned earlier.
Trees pruned, or browsed down by
cattle, in the latter part of summer,
manifestly received injury.
Trees that are trimmed by the snow
splitting off twigs and branches, heal
over and repair the damage with remark-
able vigor, proving that winter is not an
unfavorable time for pruning.

We have long practiced pruning in
March, because it is a season of leisure,
and have never perceived any injurious
results.
Years of the most careful observation
has proved to us that the sap will never
weep out of the living wood at an apple
tree, at whatever season it may be cut.

DELIGHTFUL RECREATION.—An exchange
paper satirizes the reports recently made in
the New York papers of the late prize fight
as follows:
At the first round Coburn administered "a
rib-roaster," followed up with a "smasher"
on the nose; on the second round he gave
McCoolle "a heavy one on the left cheek";
and on the third round he "put in a wraller"
on the left cheek, starting the crowd from
his nose," at which there was tremendous cheer-
ing by three thousand delighted wa-vandons
who had gathered for this fancy sport. He
went on till McCoolle was all blood and
scars, without eyesight, or ability to stand up.
Delightful recreation!

A man who addressed a stranger by mis-
take apologized by saying, "I was mistaken in
the person. Many a married couple might
make the same apology to each other.

Buchanan is called, in a late number of
the New York Independent, 'the (unnamed)
father of the whole tribe of copperheads.

A company for the manufacture of type-
setting machines, is said to have been char-
tered by the Massachusetts Legislature.

We notice a work called 'A Key to the Re-
bellion.' Uncle Sam has smashed the book;
We care nothing about the key.

The head of Gen. Jackson is to adorn the
new two cent postage stamps for drop let-
ters.

ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

AN EASTERN STORY.

Rabbi Akibo, compelled by violent
persecution to quit his native land, wan-
dered over barren wastes and dreary
deserts. His whole equipage consisted
of a lamp, which he used to light at
night in order to study the law; a cock,
which served him instead of a watch, to
announce to him the rising dawn; and
an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking be-
neath the horizon, night was fast ap-
proaching; and the poor wanderer, now
not where to shelter his head, or where
to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued and
almost exhausted, he came at last near
to a village. He was glad to find it in-
habited, thinking where human beings
dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and
compassion; but he was mistaken. He
asked for a night's lodging; it was re-
fused. Not one of the inhospitable in-
habitants would accommodate him; he
was therefore obliged to seek shelter in
a neighboring wood.

'It is hard, very hard,' said he, 'not
to find a hospitable roof to protect me
against the inclemency of the weather;
but God is just, and whatever He does
is for the best.'

He seated himself beneath a tree,
lighted his lamp, and began to read the
law. He had scarcely read a chapter,
when a violent storm extinguished his
light.

'What?' exclaimed he, 'must I not be
permitted even to pursue my favorite
study? But God is just, and whatever
He does is for the best.'

He stretched himself on the bare earth,
willing, if possible, to have a few hours
sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes,
when a fierce Wolf came and killed the
cock.

'What new misfortune is this?' ejacu-
lated the astonished Akibo. 'My com-
panion is gone! Who, then, will hence-
forth awaken me to the study of the law?
But God is just; He knows best what is
good for us poor mortals.'

Scarcely had he finished the sentence,
when a terrible Lion came and devoured
the ass.

'What is to be done now?' exclaimed
the lonely wanderer. 'My lamp and
my cock are gone; my poor ass too is
gone, all is gone! But, praised be the
Lord, whatever He does is for the best.'

He passed a sleepless night, and early
in the morning went to the village to
see whether he could procure a horse or
any beast of burden to enable him to
pursue his journey; but what was his
surprise not to find a single person alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had
entered the village during the night,
murdered its inhabitants, and plundered
their houses. As soon as Akibo had
sufficiently recovered from the amaze-
ment into which this wonderful occur-
rence had thrown him, he lifted up his
voice and exclaimed—
'Thou Great God, the God of Abra-
ham, Isaac and Jacob, now I know by
experience, that poor mortal man is
short-sighted and blind, often consider-
ing as evils what is intended for his
preservation. But Thou alone art just,
and kind, and merciful. Had not the
hard-hearted people driven me, by their
inhospitality, from the village, I should
assuredly have shared their fate. Had
not the wind extinguished my lamp, the
robbers would have been drawn to the
spot, and have murdered me. I perceive,
also, that it was Thy mercy which de-
prived me of my two companions, that
they might not, by their noise, give notice
to the banditti, and tell them where
I was taking my rest. Praise be Thy
name for ever and ever.'

Painful but Laughable.

I remember, one day in making my
hospital rounds, a patient just arrived
presented and amputated forearm, and
so could scarcely restrain a broad laugh,
the titter was constantly on his face.
'What is the matter? this does not
strike me as a subject of laughter.'
'It is not, doctor, but excuse me; I
lost my arm in so funny a way that I
still laugh when I look at it.'
'What was it?'
'Our first Sergeant wanted shaving,
and got me to attend to it, as I am cor-
poral. We went together in front of his
tent, I lathered him, took him by the
nose, and was about applying the razor,
when a cannon ball came, and that was
the last I saw of his head and my arm.
Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so, but
I never saw anything so funny before.'

This occurred during the siege of Fort
Erie.—Notes of an Army Surgeon.

"CAPITAL."—The Poughkeepsie Press says:
'The best capital for a young man is a
capital young wife.' It is at least, a sort
of capital that is generally "productive"—a
point always considered in making invest-
ments.

The Charleston rebels claim to have taken
the 'Devil' in the late engagement. The
Devil has always been on their side.
Prentice thinks that President Lincoln has
knocked too many men into 'cocked hats,'
and too few out of them.
Louis Napoleon has been visiting Nance.
What will Eugenie say?
The only way to trim Semmes' Jacket—
Send a Clipper to do it.
Brigham Young and his wives just fill five
rows of seats in the theatre at Salt Lake
City.

Summary of Events for May.

- May 1. Occupation of Chancellorsville, Virginia.
- " Battle of Port Gibson, Miss.
- 2-3 Battle of Chancellorsville and capture of Fredericksburg Heights.
- " Col. Grierson arrives at Baton Rouge.
- 3. The rebels retreat from the Nansmond.
- " Capture of Col Straight's forces near Rome, Ga.
- 4. Gen. Sedgwick retreats across the Rappahannock.
- " Skirmishing near Chancellorsville.
- 5. Gen. Hooker recrosses the Rappahannock.
- 6. Battle of Clinton, Miss.
- " Capture of Alexandria, La.
- 9-10 Bombardment of Ft. Hudson.
- 12 Battle of Raymond, Miss.
- 14. Battle of Mississippi Springs.
- " Capture of Jackson, Miss.
- 15. Battle of Carrsville, Va.
- " Warrenton, Miss. destroyed.
- 16. Battle of Chaupion Hill, Miss.
- 17. Battle of Black River Bridge, Miss.
- 18. Capture of Haine's Bluff.
- 20. Battle of Aupisa, Miss.
- 24. Battle of Gum Swamp, N. C.

BRAZIL AND THE REBEL PRIVATEERS.—
The correspondent of the New York
Merchants' Exchange writes from Per-
nambuco as follows:
'The Brazilian authorities have dis-
placed the commander at Fernando de
Noronha for allowing the Alabama to
commit depredations in Brazilian waters.
'The new commander who was sent
to the island protested against the Ala-
bama remaining there, and ordered her
to leave in a few hours. Unfortunately
he had no vessel of war to enforce his
orders.
'Every satisfaction in the power of
the Brazilian authorities to give had been
tendered to the American Consul.
'It was supposed at Pernambuco that
the Alabama sailed south on the 29th of
April.'

TRIAL OF A CITIZEN OF MARYLAND.—A
court martial, of which the Hon. J.
Holt is Judge Advocate and Gen Ripley
is President, has been engaged in
trying John H. Waring, a wealthy citi-
zen of Prince George county Md., on
the charge of harboring and supplying
rebel officers at his house. The Hon.
Reverdy Johnson is counsel for the de-
fence. The evidence closed on Satur-
day.

LYNCH LAW IN MISSOURI.—One of
those rough episodes which mark new
settlements occurred in Atchison, Mo.
on the 23d. Two men, for attempting
to rob a man, kill his wife, hang his
son, and who savagely beat an old man
for concealing money, were summarily
tried and sent to jail—the jail was at
once opened and the rogues hung by the
populace.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR TEMPLE.—
Hon. William Temple, late Congress-
man elect, whom rumor would have
killed some months ago, expired, at
Smyrna, Delaware, on Wednesday eve-
ning last. He was elected Governor of
that State in 1846, and was succeeded
by Governor Thorp. He was a gentle-
man of much ability and experience in
public affairs, and his loss will be felt
in Delaware. A special election is to
be held to fill the vacancy occasioned by
his death.

THE Boston Transcript says that
United States Marshal Keys, of that dis-
trict, has seized two hundred and seven-
ty-one shares of the capital stock of the
Southern Steamship Company as subject
to confiscation and forfeiture to the U.
States, for that the said owners of said
stock have, since the 16th day of July,
1862, been engaged in rebellion against
the United States.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A fire occurred in
Cincinnati on the night of the 26th destroy-
ing property valued at \$34,000. There were
in the buildings 6000 bales of hay.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM.—It is reported that
Gen. Bragg telegraphed to Jeff. Davis as to
what he should do with Mr. Vallandigham.
Davis replied that if Mr. Vallandigham
would take the oath of allegiance to the
Southern Confederacy, to receive him, and
if not to send him back.

DEAD.—Mr. John Taylor, who was re-
cently violently assaulted by Samuel Kid-
well, in Spaldings' district, Prince George's
county, Md., died a few days ago from the
wounds then inflicted.

GEN. JACKSON'S GOLD SNUFF-BOX.—The
gold snuff-box which was presented to
Gen. Andrew Jackson by the common council
of New York, in 1819, has been deposited
by Gen. Ward W. Burnett in the State Library
at Albany.

The following is a copy of a bill pos-
ted on the wall of a country village:
A lecture on total abstinence will be
delivered in the open air, and a collec-
tion will be made at the door to defray
expenses.

A gentleman bragging of having
killed a panther whose tail was three
feet long, Brown observed that the
animal died seasonably, as the tail was long
enough not to be continued.

Whistling women are, among some
people, as much detested as crowing
hens; the old couplet runs thus:
'Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to fearful