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BY
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Business Directory,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN
Foreign & Domestic Hardware
Corner Baltimore and North Mechanic St.' Cumb'd. Md. ly.

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Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
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Jan. 1864 Cumberland, Md.

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September 17, 1863

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Lonaconing, Md.
Jan 7.—6m

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Foreign and American Fruits Toys, Groceries, Segars, Tobacco, &c., &c.
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Iron and Brass Founders,
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Manufacturers of
Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery, Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.
March 17, 1859—y.

Civil and Mining Engineer and Surveyor.
THE subscriber is again in the 'COAL FIELD,' ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care. Will
Open Coal Mines,
and put the same in thorough working order or
FURNISH PLANS, AND MAKE ESTIMATES AND PLATS OR MAPS,
the parties may require.
WM. BRACE.
Address, Post Office, Cumberland, Md., or Hale Swartzwelder's Book Store.
Jan. 28th, 1864—1y.

Fresco Painting!!
FREDERICK, MD.
H. F. DEBRING
respectfully informs the citizens of Cumberland and vicinity that he is prepared to ornament CHURCHES, HALLS, PRIVATE RESIDENCES, &c., in fresco, encaustic and oil colors in the most artistic styles. Best references given as to the ability of the above as named. Orders promptly responded to.—Terms cheap and all work warranted.
Jan. 14 1864—tf.

HOME AGAIN!
Dr J. W. EWING
respectfully informs his old friends and the public, that he has again returned to his old stand in Cumberland, Baltimore st., opposite the Post Office, where he is associated with Mr. G. B. M'Laughlin in his old business—the photographic art. Being prepared to execute all kinds of work in the finest style of the art, no pictures allowed to leave the gallery unless of the best quality.
Husband wife, parent, child, brother, sister friend, all who love some dear distant or departed friend, what would you not give to gaze again upon the features of the last loved one. Come then while you have the opportunity and get good pictures at low prices, the value of which will be incalculable to your friends years to come. Remember "delays are dangerous."
Dec. 10, 1863.

GOLD AT PAR.
Prices at the old Cheap Rates.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST received from the best Established Manufactures and importers, a VERY EXTENSIVE STOCK OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.
WATCHES,
And one of the FINEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF THE LATEST STILES OF
Jewelry and Fancy Goods,
EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.
Citizens and strangers are invited to examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing. We defy competition. One price only
TERMS CASH.
All goods sold by us we guarantee
SAMUEL T. LITTLE.
Baltimore Street Cumberland, Md.
November 12, 1863.

Calvert Iron and Nail Works.
J. HOPKINSON SMITH.
29, South Charles St. Baltimore,
Nail Road Spikes, Hook Head and Countersunk Iron Chairs, all patterns.
Boiler and Tank—a full assortment.
Mule Shoes.
Ship Spikes.
Car and Truss Bolts.
1863—1y

DYSPEPSIA
AND
DISEASE RESULTING FROM
DISORDER OF THE LIVER.
AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLA D'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
THE GREAT STRENTHENING
TONIC,
These Bitters have performed more Cures! HAVE AND DO GIVE BETTER SATISFACTION!
Have More Testimony!
HAVE MORE RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE TO VOUCH FOR THEM!
Than any other article in market.
We defy any One to contradict the Assertion,
AND WILL PAY $1000
To any one that will produce a Certificate published by us, that is not Genuine.
HOOFLANDS GERMAN BITTERS!
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach.
OBSERVE the following SYMPTOMS: *Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:*
Constipations, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swiming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Visions, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depressions of Spirits.
REMEMBER,
THAT THIS BITTERS IS
NOT ALCOHOLIC,
CONTAINS no RUM or WHISKEY,
And can't make Drunkards,
BUT
IS THE BEST TONIC
In the World.
READ WHO SAYS SO:
From the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
I have known Hofland's German Bitters favorably for a number of years. I have used them in my own family, and have been so pleased with their effects that I was induced to recommend them to many others, and know that they have operated in a strikingly beneficial manner. I take great pleasure in thus publicly proclaiming this fact, and calling the attention of those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended, to these Bitters, knowing from experience that my recommendation will be sustained. I do this more cheerfully as Hoofalands's Bitters is intended to benefit the afflicted and is "not a rum drink."
Yours truly, LEVI G. BECK.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, and Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.
Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.
I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, an for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of those bitters at the begining of the present year, was followed by evident relief and restoration to a degree of bodily mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.
J. NEWTON BROWN, Philada.

From the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Pastor of the 10th Baptist Church.
Dr. Jackson:—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines medicines but regarding the practice out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some case it may jall; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cause.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth below Coates Street, Philadelphia.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Germantown, Penn.
Dr. C. M. Jackson:—Dear Sir:—Personal experience enables me to say that I regarded the German Bitters prepared by you as a most excellent medicine. In cases of severe cold and general debility I have been greatly benefitted by the use of the Bitters, and doubt not they will produce similar effects on others.
Yours truly, WARREN RANDOLPH,
Germantown, Pa.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Hedding M. E. Church, Philada.
Dr. Jackson;—Dear Sir;—Having used your German Bitters in my family frequently, I am prepared to say that it has been of great service. I believe that in most cases of general debility of the system it is the safest and most valuable remedy of which I have any knowledge.
Yours, respectfully, J. H. TURNER,
No. 726 N. Nineteenth Street.

From Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Kutztown, Berke County Pa.
Dr. C. M. Jackson;—Respected Sir;—I have been troubled with Dyspepsia nearly twenty years and have never used any medicine that did me as much good as Hoofland's Bitters. I am very much improved in health, after having taken five bottles.
Yours with respect,
J. S. HERMAN.

PRICES.
Large Size [holding nearly double quantity,] $1.00 per Bottle—half doz. $5,00
Small Size—75 cents per Bottle—half dox. $4,00.
Beware of Counterfits!
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.
Should your nearest druggist not have the article do not put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed by express.
Principal office and Manufactory,
No. 631 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
JONES & EVANS
Successor to C. M. Jackson, & Co.
PROPRIETORS.
For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States
Feb 4 1864—1y.

POETRY.

[FROM THE CLIPPER.]

Water! Oh, Give me a drink.

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

BY GEN. W. H. HAYWARD.

It was early dawn; an almost broken-hearted widow mother was on the battle-field of Gettysburg, looking among the dead and the dying for her only son—The sun was about to rise, when from a secluded spot she heard the mournful sound. 'Water! oh, give me a drink before I die!" The voice she knew; she started and with the little remaining strength reached the spot; it was her only son; frantic she ran for water; she kneeled over him and placed the cooling beverage to his lips, but alas! too late, he was dead.

The early dawn was breaking
On Gettysburg's sad plain,
When a broken-hearted mother
Was wandering mid the slain,
Seeking for her only son,
Who in the dreadful fray
Had fallen with the wounded
In the carnage of that day.

The glorious sun was rising
In grand ur. peace and power,
But heeding not its beauty
In the anguish of the hour,
She bent her wearied footsteps
Toward a lonely dell,
Where for our glorious Union
A soldier fighting fell.

She heard a moaning sound,
A stifled, feebled cry,
"Water! oh give me a drink,
Before I faint and die."
The voice too well she knew,
Frantic she turned to run:
Oh, God! the dreadful sight—
It was her wounded son.

Some water quick she placed,
With kisses to his lips;
Alas! too late, his eyes are closed,
He gasping, drying sips;
And kneeling, praying o'er him,
In agony she cried—
One look, my son, my son!
In his mother's arms he died!

Our flag I see proudly waving,
Shouts of victory I hear,
For my country I have given
All on earth I hold most dear.
The world has no more pleasures,
In peace now let me die,
I cannot live without him,
In one grave let us lie!

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY REVENGE.

We met in the beginning of the action, I and my enemy, Richard Withers—he on foot, I mounted. It matters not why I hated him with the fiercest wrath of my nature. The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and the details, while most painful to me, would be of trifling interest to you. Suffice it that our feud was not a political one. For ten years we were the closest intimates that the same studies, the same tastes, and the same arms could make us. I was the elder of the two, and stronger physically; comparatively friendless as the world takes it, and had no near relatives. Young, solitary and visionary as we were, it is hard to make you understand what we were to each other. Up to this period of our estrangement, working together, eating together, sleeping together, I can safely say that we had not a grief, not a pleasure or a vacation that we did not share with almost boyish single heartedness. But one single day changed all. We rose in the morning dear friends and lay down that night bitter foes. I was a man of extremes; I either loved or hated with the strength of my heart. The past was forgotten in the present. The ten years of kindness, of congeniality, of almost womanly kindness, were erased as with a sponge. We looked each other in the face with angry searching eyes—said but few words (our rage was too deep to be demonstrative) and parted. Then in my solitude I dashed my clenched hand upon the Bible and vowed passionately: I may wait ten years, Richard Withers! I may wait twenty, thirty, if you will but sooner or later I swear I shall have my revenge!

And this was the way we met.

I wonder if he thought of that day when he laid his hand upon my bridle rein and looked up at me with his treacherous blue eyes. I scarcely think he did, or he he could not have given me that look. He was beautiful as a girl: indeed, the contrast of his fair, aristocratic face with the regular outline and red curving lips, to my own rough dark exterior, might have been partly the secret of my former attraction to him. But the loveliness of an angel if it had been his would not have saved him from me then. There was a pistol in his hand, but before he had time to discharge it, I cut at him with my sword, and as the line swept on like a gathering wave, I saw him stagger under the blow, throw up his arms and go down with the press. Bitterly as I hated him the ghastly face haunted me the long day through.

You all remember how it was at Fredericksburg. How we crossed the river at the wrong point, and under the raking fire of the enemy, were so disastrously repulsed.

It was a sad mistake, and fatal to many a brave heart. When night fell, I lay upon the field among dead and wounded I was comparatively helpless. A ball had shivered the cap of my right knee, and my shoulder was laid open with a sabre cut. The latter bled profusely, but by dint of knotting my handkerchief tightly around it, I managed to staunch it in a measure. For my knee I could do nothing. Consciousness did not forsake me, and the pain was intense; but from the moans and wails of men about me I judged that others had fared worse than I. Poor fellows! there was many a mother's darling suffering there. Many of my comrades, lads of eighteen or twenty, who had never seen a night from home until they joined the army, spoiled pets of fortune, manly enough at heart, but children in years and constitution, who had been used to have every little ache and scratch compassioned with an almost extravagant sympathy—there crushed and dying, huddled together—some where they had weakly crawled upon their hand and knees—and never a woman's voice to whisper gentle consolation. It was pitchy dark, and a cold miserable rain was falling upon us, the very heavens weeping over our miseries. Then through the darkness and drizzling rain, through the groans and prayers of the fallen men about me, I heard a familiar voice close to my side:

'Wate.! water! water! I am dying with thirst—if it be but a swallow? For God's sake give me some water!'

I recoiled with dismay. It was the voice of my enemy; the voice of Richard Withers. They were once very dear to me, those mellow tones; once the pleasantest music I cared to hear. Do you think they so softened me now? You are mistaken; I am candid about it. My blood boiled in my veins when powerless to withdraw from his detested neighborhood. There was water in my canteen. I had filled it before the last ball came. By stretching my hand I could give him a drink, but I did not raise a finger.—Vengeance was sweet I smiled grimly to myself, and said down in my secret heart:

'Not a drop shall cross his lips through he perish I shall have my revenge.'

Do you recoil with horror? Listen how merciful God was to me

There was a poor little drumer boy on the other side, a merry, manly boy of twelve or thirteen, the pet and plaything of the regiment. There was something of the German in him; he had been with us from the first, and was reckoned one of the best drummers in the army. But we will never march to the tap of Charley's drum again. He had got a ball in his lungs, and the exposure and fatigue, together with the wound had made him light-headed. Poor little child! he crept close to me in the darkness and laid his cheek upon my breast. May be he thought it was his own pillow at home; may be he thought it, poor darling his mother's bosom. God only knows what he thought, but with his hot arm about my neck, and his curly head pressed close to my wicked heart, even then swelling with bitter hatred of my enemy, he began to murmur in his delirium, 'Our father who art in Heaven.'

I was a rough bearded man, I had been an orphan for many a long year; but not too many or too long to forget the simple hearted prayer of my childhood—the dim vision of that mother's face over which the grass had grown for twenty changing summers. Something tender stirred within my hardened heart. It was too dark to see the little face, but the young lips went on brokenly:

'And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trepass against us.'

It went through me like a knife—sharper than the sabre cut, keener than the ball. God was merciful to me, and this young child was the channel of his mercy.

'Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

I had never understood the words before.—If an angel had spoken it could scarcely have been more of a revelation. For the first time the thought that I might be mortally wounded that death might be nearer than I dreamed of, struck me with awe and horrow. The text of a long forgotten sermon was in my ears; it is appointed for all men to die and after death the judgment

Worse and worse. What measure of mercy could I except, if the the same was meted out that I had meted unto my enemy. The tears swelled into my eyes, and trickled down my cheeks; the first I had shed since my boyhood. I felt subdued and strangely moved.

The rain was falling still, but the little head upon my breast was gone. He crept away silently in the darkness. His unconscious mission was fulfilled, he would not return at my call.

Then I lifted myself with great effort. The old bitterness was crushed, but not altogether dead.

'Water—Water!' moaned Richard Withers in his agony.

I dragged myself closer to him.

'God be praised!' I said with a solemn heart. 'Dick, old boy, enemy no longer. God be praised! I am willing and able to help you. Drink and be friends.'

It had been growing lighter and lighter in the east and now it was day. Day within and day without. In the first gray glimmer of dawn we looked into each others ghastly faces for a moment, and then the canteen was at Richard's mouth and he drank as the only fevered can drink. I watched him with moist eyes, leaning upon my elbow and forgetting the bandaged shoulder he grasped me with both hands.

Blood stained and pallid as it was, his face was ingenious and beautiful as a child's.

'Now let me speak,' he said panting. 'You have misjudged me, Rufus. It was all a mistake: I found it out after we parted. I meant to have spoken this morning when I grasped your rein, but——but——'

His generosity spared me the rest.

The wound my hand had inflicted was yet bleeding in his head; but for the blind passion of the blow it must have been mortal. Was vengeance so sweet after all? I felt something warm trickling from my shoulder. The daylight had gone again—how dark it was!

'Forgive me, Dick,' I murmured groping about for him with my hands. Then I was blind—then I was cold as ice—then I tumbled down an abyss, and everything was blank.

'The crisis is past—he will recover,' said a strange voice.

'Thank God! thank God!' cried a familiar one.

I opened my eyes Where am I? How odd everything was. Rows of beds stretching down along narrow hall, bright with sunshine, and women wearing white caps and peculiar dresses fitting to and fro with noiseless activity, which in my fearful weakness it tired me to watch. My hand lay outside the covers: it was as shadowy as a skeleton's. What had become of my flesh? Was I a child or a man? A body of a spirit? I was done with material things altogether and had been subjected to some refining process and but now awaked to a new existence. But did they have beds in the other world? I was looking lazily at the opposite one, when some one took my hand. A face was bending over. I looked up with a beating heart. The golden sunshine was on it—on the fair, regular features, and the lips and kindly blue eyes.

'Dick!' I gasped, 'where have you been all these years?'

'Weeks, you mean,' said Richard, with the old smile. 'But never mind now. You are better dear Rufus—you will live—we shall be happy together again.'

It was more a woman's voice than a man's, but Dick had a tender heart.

'Where am I? I asked still hazy. 'What's the matter with me?'

'Hospital, in the first place,' said Richard. Typhus, in the second. You were taken after that night at Fredericksburg.

It broke upon me at once. I remembered that awful night—I could never, never forget it again. Weak as a child, I covered my face and burst into tears. Richard was on his knees by my side at once.

'I was a brute to recall it,' he whispered remorsefully; 'do not think of it, old boy—you must not excite yourself. It is all forgotten and forgiven.'

'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?' I prayed from my inmost heart.

'Those words have been in your mouth day and night, ever since you were taken,' said my friend.

I lay silent cogitating

'Tell me one thing,' I asked, are we in the North or South?'

'North—in Philadelphia,'

'Then you are a prisoner,' I said mournfully, recalling his principles.

'Not a bit of it.'

'What do you mean?'

Richard laughed.

'I have seen the errors of my ways. I have taken the oath of allegiance. When you are stong enough again we shall fight side by side.'

'And the wound in your head?' I asked, with emotion, looking up at his bright handsome face.

'Don't mention it; it healed long ago.'

'And the drummer?'

Richard bowed his head upon my hand.

'He was found dead upon the field. Heaven bless him! They said he died praying with his mother's name upon his lips.'

'Revere him as an angel.' I whispered, grasping him by the hand. 'But for his dying prayer we had yet been enemies.'

Garibaldi Relics.

The duke of Sutherland's carriage, in which Garibaldi entered London, is little better than a wreck. The spokes are shattered, the sides loosened, the linings torn and spoiled, the box nearly, and the rumble quite broken from the body. It is a wonder how it reached Sutherland House, the people being almost crazy to obtain a relic of the heroe's triumphal entrance. This may be very complimentary to Garibaldi, but the duke, who lost a carriage, hardly relishes it.

GENERAL SHERMAN having asked the superintendent of a construction train what time it would take him to replace the bridge near Resaca, and having been told that it would take at least four days, replied: "Sir, I give you forty-eight hours, or a position in the front ranks before the enemy!" The bridge was completed in forty-eight hours.

A Costly Trick.

A Canadian paper gives an account of a prosecution for an intended marriage. The prisoner had procured a colleague to play the role of a clergyman, and in this way duped a young woman. He was found guilty and sentenced to three years' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of his accomplice, the pretended minister.

Speculation and Combination to Keep up the Prices of Food.

There have been during this War many combinations to advance the prices of different articles of food; but probably, the most unblushing and wicked, is that which has sent up the price of beef to figures that place it beyond the means of persons with moderate incomes, to purchase. There is no necessity for those prices. It is nothing more than the result of speculation and combination among a few persons who have control of the Eastern markets, and complete command over the graziers. In speaking of the operations of these Shylocks, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:

They can, by their heavy operations, keep back the number of cattle coming to market, compel the butchers to pay whatever they choose to ask, and the public suffers in the end by the imposition of inordinate prices. These men are the Steenbergens of 1864. They obtain their facilties in the same manner that Steenbergen did when the Bank of the United States was in flourishing operation, and they may, by public resolution, be broken down as thoroughly as he was. So long as the public is determined to buy beef, whatever the price, the schemes of these intriguers will succeed.

But let there be a concert of action on the subject among housekeepers, and the monopoly can be broken down so disastrously to those who sustain it, that the lesson will be remembered for years. It is a simple resolution not to buy beef until it comes down to a reasonable price. Two or three weeks general agreement upon this point would bring as much confusion to the speculators as a mnorian.—They cannot hold their stock if there is a suspension of the consumption of meat; their cattle would soon "eat their heads off," and bankruptcy would menace them so clearly that they would have to give in. Another benefit would also be attained. Beef is to other meats a regulation. Mutton, veal and pork are going up with the advance in beef, and poultry has attained a figure which is enormous. Reduce the price of beef and all other fresh provisions must come down also.—The subject is really one which appeals to the pockets of every one. An anti-beef eating league is as necessary as the "convenant" against importations which the ladies are endeavoring to establish.

The buthers, who suffer all the blame from immediate consumers, are not so much the blame. It is true that they have not stood out against the monopoly as they should have done. They held a National Convention some months since with the design of remedying this very evil. But for some reason the movent came to nothing, and the butchers are today as much in the power of the cattle monopolists as they ever were. The butchers must have their own profits upon the slaughtered cattle, and those profits are nearly the same whether beef is dear or cheap. It is to their interest to attract customers, and they can command them more readily when they can sell their meats at low prices than when they must charge great ones. They would sell much more if they could sell cheaply, and they would make more money. Beef-eaters, upon you rests the responsibility of the imposition to which you have so long submitted. Resolve to forego your self gratification for a few weeks, and you will do a service to yourselves and to every one who suffers by the monopolies of the markets.

We endorse the advice of our cotemporary, and urge upon our citizens to stop the use of beef until the speculators are forced by public action, to become honest. We can expect no abatement of the evil while we patiently submit to the enormous imposition of the cattle monopolists. Let us form at once, an "Anti-Beef Eating League."

Our Shoddy Aristocracy.

Touching our soldiery it may be remarked that 'the First Families of Philadelphia' are not always as decorous or as different to them as their gallantry, sacrifices, and manly worth should prompt. A case in point is presented by a correspondent, for the accuracy of which he vouches, and it is as follows:

A short time ago in our loyal city of Philadelphia, a largely dressed female answering to the description of an F. F. V., hailed a Vine street car.—Just as it stopped to take her aboard, a Union soldier stepped out of the same car. On entering several seats were vacant, and the would be lady inquired in a very sharp tone.—

'Where did that soldier sit?'

No answer.

Again but in a more shrill tone than at first, the same question was put—

'*Where did that man sit?*'

Still no reply from any one of the passengers, the car going ahead, the lady still unseated, when the same question was spit out between her teeth—

'*Were did that man sit?*'

An honest Hibernian quietly seated near the unhappy female, and no doubt being desirous of relieving her in some slight degree, replied—

'Faith ma'am he sit on his *en d* and he took it away with him'

What the rest of the occupants of the car did, I do not know, but one gentleman left as quickly as possible, and the above information through him was too piquant to be long kept p secret.

AN Indian sharpshooter belonging to a Michigan regiment said he liked fighting the rebels when we whipped them.—In the battle of the Wilderness he said, "we whip them most; first they whip us same, then we whip them good."

Fort Life—Prayer-Meetings.

A friend who is stationed at Port Livingston, writes as follows:

Fort Livingston is about seventy miles from New Orleans. It is situated at the mouth of Batavia Bay, on the Gulf of Mexico; mounts seventeen guns on its ramparts, and has eight casemates. It is built of brick, and is a very pretty place to live in, especially in war time.—I can appreciate stopping here during hostilities, as I served my apprenticeship in the Army of the Potomac. The fort is garrisoned by Company C, First Heavy Artillery (colored) As I see Congress has passed an act putting them on a level with the U. S. Regulars, we might call them First U. S. Heavy Artillery People may say what they please about colored soldiers, but for attaining discipline and drill they have but few equals.

We have negro prayer-meetings every evening. I went to one the other night, and was much interested. The men have fitted up the cook-house for a chapel, and when the congregation enter they wear long faces and bare heads.

The evening I was there old Zeno Manuel, a soldier, and formerly a slave, commenced the exercises.

'Loff us pray,' he said.

Some one in the audience laughed.

'Who's dat laffin?' roared Zeno.

'It's a dat d—d nigger Nace Moore,' some one replied.

'Clar him out!' cried Zeno, and out Moore went, and the services proceeded without further interruption.

Send me a package of UNIONS, and all your publications, for they are greatly esteemed in the army. Even the colored troops love reading, and those who cannot read love to be read to

ANN HAS COME.

The other day a Dwight School boy astonished his amiable mother by rushing into the house and shouting:

'Mother, mother, Ann has come!'

'Mercy on me!' cried the old lady, fearful that some visitor had arrived, who was destined to make a long stop of it; 'where is she?'

'Right out here. Any one can see her.'

The old lady rushed to the door and looked up and down the street, but saw no one that she was acquainted with.

'What do you mean, you good-for-nothing boy?' cried the old lady.

'*Ann-iversary!*' yelled the imp, and disappeared round the corner. He didn't eat much supper that night—at least at home.

Pulpit Peculiarities.

A clergyman was once travelling on board a western steamboat, when among the passengers was a man who took great pains to make known that he was opposed to religion, denouncing Christ as an imposter, and all forms of religion, as delusions. He was a man of ability and education, and a great wit, and his remarks seemed to have quite an influence on his hearers: The clergyman refrained from saying anything for a time, but finally determined to silence him. Asking the skeptic if he believed in the immortality of the soul, he received as an answer.

'No—I have none.'

'Do you believe in the existence of a God?'

'No.'

'Then, sir,' replied the clergyman, "I have heard of you before.'

'Heard of me?'

'Yes, and read about you.'

'Read about me? I was nor aware that I was published. Pray where?'

'In the Psalms of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'

At this unlooked-for turn in the argument there was one general burst of laughter and hurrah, at the expense of the atheist, who, confound, and being unable to rally at being thus unexpectedly called a fool, moved away to another part of the boat. During the remainder of the voyage, the wiseacre was silent upon religious subjects; but occasionally some one of the passengers would tease him by slily observing, 'I have heard of you before.'

A Long Nose.

A Monmouth, Maine, correspondent writes:

Kibby is blessed with a bright little niece about five years of age, and he is also the owner of a very long nose, which rather disfigures his face. This little niece and her mother recently made Kibby and his wife a visit, and as the latter had just come into the possession of a wonderful smart baby (whoever saw a baby that was not smart, allowing the parents to be the judges,) the little girl was greatly exercised to know where they got it, and, to quiet her mind, she was informed that "it was dug up from under a stump in the pasture."

"Did they dig up Uncle Kibby from under a stump in the pasture, when he was a baby?" she asked

"She answered in the affirmative.

"*But I should thought they would have hit his nose before they got to him!*" was the childlike reply.

Retreat of Johnson's Army.

The Atlanta Register, speaking of the retreat of Johnson's army, says:

A distance of eighty miles has been traveled—our army moving at its leisure before the enemy, repeatedly offering him battle, which was invariably declined; and after enduring so much and having so much to discourage it is to-day as well organized, as resolute, as hopeful, and even more powerful than it has been at any previous time. Retreats are generally disastrous to the morale of the best of armies, and when we find that the condition of our army is so gratifying, we find admiration in our hearts for the great mind that conducted the movement, and gratitude for the noble army whose endurance has been so well and so creditably tested.

☞ The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

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Wit and Wisdom.

A PREACHER'S word should be law only when it is gospel.

MANY a woman would rather have a tubercle in her lungs than a pimple on her nose.

WITH faint hands we hold the drained cup of joy, which, when empty weighs heaviest.

THE EXCESSES of our youth are drafts upon age, payable with interest some years after date.

THE TRULY great are humble, as those ears of corn and boughs of trees that are best laden, bend lowest.

THE MAN who has good judgment in perfection is master of his companions without letting them see it.

TO BE in company with one who has no opinion but your opinion, is as bad as being caged with a macaw.

IT'S ODD how folks will force disagreeable knowledge upon us—crab-apples that we must swallow and defy the stomach-ache.

THE blooming of the renovated earth is the best balm for sorrow over that lie under it; graves are better hid by blossoms than snow.

As the best tempered sword is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous to their inferiors.

A MAN thanks you the less for presents the more inclined he is to give presents of his own; the beneficent is rarely a grateful person.

A CASE of starvation in the streets of London is called by a high-toned English paper, death "from a morbid antipathy to the workhouse.'

WRITE your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contract with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

WHEN you are trying to sleep, it is not pleasant to hear two dogs, half a mile apart discussing a dogmatical difference of opinion.

AN Irish girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the priest, "Good morning-daughter of the Evil One,' meekly replied, "Good morning; father.

MR. JONES called upon the gentleman who advertised to restore oil paintings and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

A young married couple may well be content with a mere martin's box of a house if it will hold two—or so; no matter how humbly furnished if there is hope in it.

A beautiful woman is like a great happiness, and has no right to cover herself with a green veil, or any similar abomination.

A man with a lookingglass under his arm met a boy, and thought he would be witty at his expense. 'Here boy!' said he; 'just come and look in this glass and you will see a monkey.' 'Ah! indeed,' said the boy; 'how did you find that out?'

Solitude, says Seneca, makes us love ourselves, conversation others The one to comfort, the other to heal; the one allays, the other whets new vigor. Nothing pleases always, and therefore God who built us for labor, provides us also with refreshments.

AN OHIO captain named Lewis, wounded in Virginia, has just been married in a Washington hospital, and his wife begins her honey-moon by nursing him.

A French marquis lately charged Queen Victoria with imbibing too much liquor. He also said that the Prince of Wales was drunk about half his time. The marquis must have been under the influence of the "rosery" when he made the assertion.

SINGULAR DEATH.—A little boy in Johnstown, Pa., a son of Mr. Geo. W. McDowell, died on Saturday last from the effects of poison received in eating locust blossoms.

Boiled Turkey.

Put the turkey into a kettle of water, from which the child has been taken.—Cover it close, and put it over the fire; when the scum begins to rise, skim it.—Simmer slowly for half an hour, then take it off, and keep it covered close in hot water; if of middling size, the confined steam will cook it enough in half an hour, and keep the skin whole, tender, and white. Put it over the fire again, just before it is to be sent to the table.—Serve with oyster sauce in a boat. You may, if you choose, stuff the craw, after trussing it, with bread-crumbs, chopped oysters, a little mace and salt moistened with egg, serving up the turkey, and proceeding precisely as above directed.

The explanations is regard to General Sigel's defeat are so far satisfactory that we don't see how he could have done more than he did, with the number of men under his command.

☞ One of the fashionable colors in Paris at the present moment for ladies is called "Havana tobacco," perhaps out of a delicate compliment to the weed they indulge in.

☞ A young man employed in a factory at Granby, Vt., recently attempted to kiss one of the female employees, during which he received a kick which dislocated the knee joint.

☞ A bride's veil worn the other day at a Paris wedding it is said was worth four thousand pounds.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity depends on foot;
Religion is not theory, but act.

STILL RAGING.—The coal speculation.