Civilian and Telegraph.

"UNION AND LIBERTY—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

VOLUME XXXVII. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1864. NUMBER 41.

Civilian & Telegraph,
IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Morning,
By O. F. MATTINGLY.

TERMS $2 00 per year, invariably in Advance.

PUBLICATION OFFICE ON BALTIMORE STREET, IN McKAIG'S THREE STORY BLOCK, AND IMMEDIATELY OVER HEBB'S DRY GOODS STORE.

☞ No Paper discontinued until all subscription accounts are settled.

Book and Job Printing
OF ALL KINDS—SUCH AS
BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, MANIFESTS,
BILL-HEADS, PAY-ROLLS,
CHECK-ROLLS,
BLANK FORMS, BUSINESS CARDS,
BALL TICKETS, &c.,
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Civilian and Telegraph.

☞ A supply of Magistrates' and Constables Blanks—Deeds and Declarations, &c., always on hand.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The undersigned have agreed on the following rates for advertising, which will be strictly adhered to:

One square one insertion	$1 00
One square two insertions	1 50
One square three insertions	2 00
One square one month	2 25
One square two months	3 25
One square three months	4 00
One square six months	6 00
One square twelve months	8 00
Two squares one month	3 25
Two squares two months	4 25
Two squares three months	5 00
Two squares six months	7 00
Two squares twelve months	10 00

☞ Ten lines or less to constitute a square.

☞ All legal advertisements will be charged according to the above rates, and the party sending the same will be held responsible for the payment thereof.

One fourth of a column, three months	$10 00
One fourth of a column, six months	15 00
One fourth of a column, twelve months	20 00
Half of a column, three months	15 00
Half of a column, six months	20 00
Half of a column, twelve months	25 00
One column, three months	20 00
One column, six months	30 00
One column, twelve months	40 00

Persons carrying on business within the city of Cumberland will be charged as follows, including the paper:

One fourth of a column, per year	$15 00
One half of a column, per year	25 00
One column, per year	35 00

They will have the privilege of changing their advertisements for two dollars additional to the above rates. The advertisements must be strictly limited to their immediate business.

Present contracts will be faithfully complied with.

Business Cards, including paper, 3 months, $4; 6 months, $6; 12 months, $8.

HANDBILLS.

One eighth of a sheet, 25 copies, $1 50; 50 copies, $2 00; 100 copies, $2 50; every addtional 100, 75 cents.

One quarter of a sheet, 25 copies, $3; 50 copies, $4; 100 copies, $5; every additional 100, $1 50.

Half Sheet, 25 copies, $5; 50 copies, $8; 100 copies, $10; every additional 100, $3.

GEO. T. KNODE, Union.
O. F. MATTINGLY, Civilian and Telegraph.
THE ALLEGANIAN.

Cumberland, June 20, 1864.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. D. WEISEL.
Clerk of the Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—GEO. W. HOOVER.
Sheriff—BASIL T. GARLITZ.
State's Attorney—GEO. A. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—JAMES CHISHOLM, Jr.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—J. B. H. CAMPBELL, DOUGLAS PERCY, A. M. L. BUSH.
County Commissioners—CHARLES RIDGELY, ELIJAH FRIFNO, JOHN BELL, J. H. STALLINGS, J. L. TOWNSHEND.
Tax Collector—S. L. TOWNSHEND.
Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

Business Directory.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY.
TAYLOR & CO.,
IRON AND BRASS FOUNDERS.
George Street, Cumberland, Md.
MANUFACTURERS OF
STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS, RAILROAD AND MINE CARS, MINING MACHINERY, FURNACES, STOVES, GRATES, MILL-IRONS, PLOWS AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.
Jan. 1, 1864.

CALVERT IRON AND NAIL WORKS.
J. HOPKINSON SMITH,
25 South Charles Street, Baltimore.
Railroad Spikes, Hook-head and Countersunk.
Wrought Iron Chairs, all patterns.
Rivets—Boiler and Tank—a full assortment.
Horse and Mule Shoes.
Boat and Ship Spikes.
Bridge and Car and Truss Bolts.
Jan. 1, 1864.

FRESCO PAINTING.
FREDERICK, MD.
H. F. DERBRING,
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. 1 1864—tf.

LUMBER! LUMBER!
JOSIAH WITT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Lumber
Mechanic street, Big Spring Lot, Cumberland, Md.
Contracts filled at short notice for Lumber, Shingles, and Laths. Oct. 8, '63—y.

DR. G. J. BEACHY,
DENTIST,
Office on South Centre street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty,) a few doors below Baltimore street. Jan. 1, 1864.

R. I. MORRIS,
Baker and Confectioner,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND AMERICAN FRUIT TOYS, GROCERIES, CIGARS, &c., &c.
Three doors east of Post-Office. jy '64.

A. J. BOOSE,
Dealer in
Salt Fish, Groceries, Provisions,
MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN,
Canal Basin. jy.64.

DENTISTRY.
DR. HUMMELSHINE, DENTIST,
Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store.

WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.
Baltimore street, near the Depot.

JOSEPH SPRIGG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CUMBERLAND, MD.
jy. 64.

DR. W. H. McCORMICK
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Cumberland and vicinity. His office is on South Mechanic Street, a few doors below Brady & Startzman's Store and opposite the Cumberland City Bank. April—1y.

HUMBIRD & LONG,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic Hardware.
Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.

POETRY.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

I.

O, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
O, the strange, oppressive stillness
Ah! Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone for evermore!

II.

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning,
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We shall hear it never more
On our mirth forsaken floor.

III.

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without the sunshine;
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have gone before
With the Shepherd evermore!

IV.

O, the weary solemn silence
Of a home without the children!
O, the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children!
Ah! the longing for the children,
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone for evermore!

MISCELLANEOUS.

VAGARIES OF MODERN COURTSHIP.

Many of the peculiarities of modern love and courtship are made public and revealed in the frequent appeals to newspaper editors for the decision of knotty questions, which, though apparently simple, no doubt, greatly puzzle the young inquirers who are just learning the lesson of life. The columns of the New York *Ledger* and other papers which devote a portion of their space to answering the inquiries of correspondents, show through what a wide range of topics extend, but nearly all are hinged upon the great central epoch of life—matrimony. The bashful lover comes to the editor for some ray of hope or promise in the future, and to inquire by what magic means he may gain the affections of the young lady in whose presence he has that tongue-tied, fish-out-of-the-water feeling which he regards as the infallible indication of rising love, and which forever prevents him from making the speech which he has carefully committed, and rehearsed in private. The modest maiden who thinks she has been too long passed by for others no better than she, writes to inquire if it was right that George should "go" with another girl having "gone" with her, and doubtless experiences great satisfaction at being told that she is fortunate in getting rid of one so fickle. It is noticeable that contented people whose course of true love runs smooth seldom or never figure in these columns. It is only in what they are pleased to call moments of "soul-darkness" and "heart-despondency" that youthful lovers breathe forth their utterances like this. "Despair"—the very signature speaks unutterable woes—writes that—"A young lady has behaved very ill to me. I have kept company with her for two or three years; every one considered us as engaged, and besides she has often told me she loved me. And yet, as we were walking out together the other evening, she told me she thought our love was all nonsense, and that we had better give up all thoughts about it. Now, she has given me a great deal of encouragement in times past, and I think a great deal of her, and it seems as though it would kill me if I should have to give her up." In the only light in which "Despair" could look at it, his situation was truly deplorable, but the unprejudiced giver of advice at once explains that the young lady only meant to hint that the despairing lover had been altogether too slow, and that if he could go with her two or three years without making a marriage proposal after she had confessed that she loved him, it was no wonder that she began to think his love was all nonsense.

A "gushing" young man, whose ardent affections will undoubtedly hurry him into speedy matrimony, says: "there is a young lady whom I love with all my soul, with a love amounting almost to idolatry. The only drawback is, she so cold, and does not display that affection when we are alone, which I think would be characteristic of her love.—She asserts that she loves me as she never will love again, and says that her coldness is something which she cannot help. Do you not think that a little effort with practice would dispel these cool actions?"

How different the disposition of this young man from that of "Lena," whose lover, she says, is engaged to five other young ladies beside herself, *but it is the soul of honor in everything else.* She is willing to take her chance among the other expectant brides, and will be greatly triumphant if she can secure the prize. "Lena" would not be pleased with answers, of the writers, whose letter is before us, who thinks that he was laughed at the other evening on making his first appearance in society at a large and fashionable party. He says: "I knew very little of the customs and habits of such in aristocratic gathering. I have been laughed at a great deal since, but for what I cannot imagine; so, I will tell you as far as I remember exactly what transpired during the evening, in the hope that you can tell me 'where the laugh comes in.' I entered the parlor, and was taken up and introduced to the lady of the house. Instead of just speaking one or two words and leaving, I remained a short time near her, when she quickly introduced me to a young lady by her side. Her introduction was made very quick, as if she wished to get rid of me. Well, I invited the young lady to dance the first dance with me, which she did. We then promenaded until the next dance, which she did, after which we commenced to promenade as before. I at last began to feel as though I had been keeping her too long, as a great many in the room smiled every time they saw us pass; yet I was at loss to know what to do, when suddenly the lady of the house brought another young lady up, and introduced me, taking number one away. By this time, I assure you, I felt so embarrassed I could hardly stand, and after saying a few words to the young lady I left her with her friends and came home." A great many young men on first going into society don't know what to do with their hands, but this young gentleman had a young lady put upon his hands and didn't know how to get rid of her. He knew that he was retaining her company longer than either desired, but unable to drop her in a graceful manner, he was compelled to remain until some one kind person relieved the young lady, and put him in additional embarrassment by placing another under his charge. Whether people were really laughing at him, as he says, may be very much doubted. "I know they were talking of me," says Snob, in the play, "for they laughed consumedly." And many a young man, when in company, has passed a gay group almost unnerved by a consciousness that he was the object of the mirth, when even the fact of his presence was not noticed. The young man whose letter is quoted above is the representative of a large class whose ideas of their own importance are greatly beyond the general estimate of the community, and will only learn wisdom by increase of years and an experience of their own weakness. Could it be any but a conceited puppy who would parade such a story as the following, and ask for advice upon it? "Ohio says that as he was 'going home' with a girl from singing school, not long since, she remarked, in reply to an observation of his that he 'thought it was a resplendent night,' that she thought he was a resplendent goose. This remark," says Ohio, touched me very nearly, and I asked her for an explanation, which she peremptorily refused to vouchsafe, saying that she thought what she had said was so plain that it required no explanation; and explain she would not, did not, and to this day has not. Now, sir, what do you say to such conduct on her part? Would I not be warranted, under the circumstances, in discontinuing my visits to the young lady until such a time as she shall see fit to explain the remark as to my being a respelendent goose?"

Advice upon etiquette and the minor morals is always pleasant to read, though seldom followed, and as it should be rather for exceptional cases than to meet the common exigencies which all soon learn how to encounter, we select a few of the most extraordinary specimens of this species of counsel which we have noticed. Two ladies asked a gentleman the time; he being busy told them to take out his watch themselves and look, and they inquired if it would not be improper in them to do so. "Certainly it would," is the reply. Some young lady must have felt much relieved at being told by our moralist that "a girl is under no obligation to answer letters addressed to her by strange men, whether they be in or out of the army." The young men who remain at home will be pleased with the assurance that the soldier boys cannot set up an indisputable claim to the attentions of all the young ladies in the land.

"Seventeen" is informed that she ought not to make advances, either in writing or otherwise, to any man what-ever, even though it is leap year. But the practice of advertising for lovers is now so prevalent that it is doubtful if she will heed the advice. The limitations upon the privilege of kissing are very ably discussed by several correspondents. Nobody seems to uphold or defend the promiscuous kissing which many practice, while one editor expressed the opinion that "no lady should allow a gentleman to kiss her until after marriage." A rule so stringent as that would, of course find no favor with either sex, and, after discussing the right of a young man to kiss a young lady whose affections he has engaged, one correspondent puts the case in a practical way that few could answer his inquiries with truth and consistently advocate the restriction he opposes. "I would say," he writes, "to any married man who agrees to your doctrine, 'Did you ever spend any time in the society of her who became your wife before the day of marriage? If so, did you then hold the opinion that you now advocate? Did you ever take a sleigh-ride on a pleasant night in a cutter only large enough for two, and have to pay close attention to keep the robes around some one? Did you ever stroll through pleasant groves by moonlight, and find your arm encircling a slender waist, almost unawares? And lastly, when taking your leave at half past eleven o'clock P. M., did you take a parting glance at the dark brown curls that clustered so finely, and look into the brown eyes that looked so lovingly into yours? Did you do all this and remain true to your doctrine? And did you think of anything improper or did she for an instant suppose that you did?" He might also have asked, Were you ever at a Sanitary Fair where a young lady, with attractions as above, had kisses for sale at a dollar each? Justifiable kissing must be the verdict in all such cases.

It is not surprising that Young America should still cling to this antedeluvian pastime? Everything else that has the taint of "old fogyism" upon it is rejected. In the costume, diet, and occupation of man and woman, great improvements have been made since the time of Adam; but our youths and maidens, in their honey-suckle days, must amuse themselves as did the "grand old gardener and his wife" in the years before the flood. If any one has an improvement to suggest let him announce it, and the experiment shall be tried.

USEFUL MAXIMS.

True Moral courage is the diamond pin which may unite poetry and mildness with a world-braving stoicism.

The source of the best and holiest, from the universe up to God, is hidden behind a night, anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer as a warmer climate adds strength to poisons and species.

The hypocrite in religion kneels, like the first rank in a regiment, only that he may take better aim at some one who stands opposed to him.

A guest is often the plaster and cement of two quarreling married halves, because shame and necessity compel them to be courteous to each other.

Women are fond of deferring; men of going ahead. With the former we gain by exhibiting patience; with the latter, as with public functionaries, by impatience.

The liberty of the man must draw for support on that of the youth; a creeping child of genius can never become anything better than a cringing official on all fours.

A bright thought pierces the dark drizzle of nature and of the soul, resolving itself into a white mist again into a glittering dew, and the dew may fall on flowers.

The evening is the time for social delight. The fountains of pleasure, like many springs in nature which stop in the daytime, bubble up in the bosoms of companions at nightfall.

The more vigorous and elevated a man is, the higher tenderness he is capable of; as on high trees, the fruit rounds itself into a milder and sweeter form than on low ones.

How holy is the joy and the pain of pure, unspotted music! Its jubilee and its sounds of woe are not for any one circumstance in life, but for life, for existence itself; and nothing is worthy of its tears but eternity.

Vast Armies and Their Movements.

There has been vast armies and grand movements in ancient times. Here is a record of some of them: Sennacherib, the Bible tells us, lost in a single fight 185,000 by the destroying angel. The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots, in all, 1,000,000 men and 2000 chariots. The army of Trerah, king of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war.

Sesostris, king of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots; 1491 before Christ.

Hamilcar went from Carthage, and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2000 ships and 3000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 men were slain. Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2200 years before Christ, led against the Bactrians an army of 1,700,000 foot, 1,700,000 horses, and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men building Babylon. She took 100,000 prisoners at Indus, and sank 1000 boats. A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000, strong was buried up in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind. When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,614,610, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, &c., in all numbering 5,283,220. So say Herodotus, Plutarch and Isocrates.

It is customary in some churches for the men to be placed on one side and the women on the other. A clergyman, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice.

A woman immediately rose and, wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said, "Obsetre, at least, your reverence, it is not on our side."

"So much the better good woman, so much the better," answered the clergyman, "it will be the sooner over."

DELAYS.—Fortune is like the market, many times, if you stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion—as it is the common verse—turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginning and onset of things. Dangers are more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men that forced them; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall fast asleep.

"MR. SMITH," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?"

"No sir: I held the candle for a man who did."

"Ah, the Court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throwed a light on it."

WHO SUPPORT McCLELLAN AND PENDLETON?

I. Every Tory and anti-Liberal journal in the British Isles is a bigoted, noisy, violent champion of our Rebel slaveholders, insisting that their Confederacy must and ought to triumph over the Union—that "the South" can never be subdued, and never should be. *Every one of these journals advocates and hopes for the success of McClellan.*

II. Every Imperial, anti-Republican journal issued in France, together with the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, the Imperial organ in New York City, is a champion of our Slaveholder's Rebellion, of Southern independence, and of the election of McClellan. They evidently consider the last of these desiderata the condition or complement of the two former.

III. *Millard Filmore*, who in 1856 volunteered the assertion that, in case of a Republican triumph in the pending Presidential Election, the South would break up the Union and be justified in so doing, is out for McClellan.

IV. *Richard W. Luthers* who, about the time of her secession, wrote that, whenever South Carolina should call on him to do so, he was ready to fight in her service, is an active and paying McClellanite.

V. *Henery Grinnel*, who has been quoted without contradition in the Richmond journals as heart and soul with the slaveholding Rebels, is an active and prominent supporter of McClellan.

VI. *Robert Patterson*, who, in flagrant defiance of his orders, turned his army away from fighting or holding Jo. Johnston's Rebel force on the Shenandoah near Winchester, marching it back toward Maryland and so allowing Johnston to hurry his troops to join Beauregard at Manassas, and thus defeat the Union army at Bull Run, is a zealous supporter of McClellan.

VII. *Gen. Fitz John Porter*, who was Gen. Patterson's Chief of Staff, and who has since been found guilty by a Court Martial of treasonable disobedience of orders and refusal to fight at the second battle of Bull Run, whereby Gen. Pope was defeated, and who was therefor cashiered from the Army, is a thick-and-thin supporter of McClellan.

VIII. *George W. Woodward*, who declared while Secession was in progess, that he wanted any line of separation of the States run North of his State (Pennsylvania) and who last year pronounced filling the Union armies by draft unconstitutional, is a zealous supporter of McClellan's election.

IX. *Horatio Seymour*, who in 1861, proposed to a friend that the State of New-York should adopt the Montgomery Constitution and so join the Southern Confederacy, is stumping our State for McClellan.

X. *Rodman M. Price*, ex-Governor of New Jersey, who wrote a public letter to L. W. Burnett, of Newark, urging that Ner Jersey should secede from the Union and join the Southern Confederacy, is stumping day and night for McClellan.

XI. *C. Godfrey Gunther*, Mayor of this City, has vetoed the Common Council's recent resolve to illuminate our City, (New York) on account of the great Union victories, in a message surcharged with Copperhead malignity and thinly disguised sympathy for the Rebel cause. He presided at the great McClellan Ratification in Union Square.

XII. Thousands of open, active Rebels, many of whom have served in the Rebel armies, are now at home in Kentucky or Missouri, under the folds of the Union flag.—Every one of these, while still a Rebel, will vote (if permitted) for McClellan; while every one who has his "rights," and wants the Union to triumph over the Rebellion, is for Lincoln and Johnson. And so with the thousand of Southern refugees and fugitives in this and other Northern cities.

Fellow citizens! we speak what we do know, and what you also may know if you will drop into any place of popular resort and sit quietly till you hear some one whose talk betrays his sympathy with the Rebels and his hope and trust that they may yet triumph, and you will soon hear him blowing for McClellan and cursing the President for not keeping him longer at the head of the Union forces. (*We can hardly forgive him for keeping the Great Unready there so long.*) And wherever, from Lapland to Australia, you find a man who wishes success to the Slaveholders' Rebellion, there you have a man who favors the election of George B. McClellan.

If you like that company, go in! The Union cause can do without you.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION.—Chambers *Journal* says:—"The ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is an ascertainable fact that, in proportion to an increased amount of population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People nowadays have something else to do than talk; not only do they live in such a hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read; if they go to the seaside, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the field with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over pages: on the tops of mountains, in the desert, or within forests—everywhere men now pull printed sheets from their pocket, and in the earliest, latest, highest occupations of life they read. The fact is incontestibly true, that modern men and woman are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race.—Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety; according to which the perusal of volumes reckon as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century."

POLITTICAL ITEMS.

CHURCH OV THE NOO DISPENSASHEN,
Sept 15, 1864

The follerin sam ov hoomilashes and agony will be chanted in every church in my diocese all day, every Sundy, until the Confedrits win a victory:

A double barreled whale!
A cry uv anguish!
In the vally and shadder sit we!
Job hed biles, but he scraped hisself with a oystershell!
Naman wuz a leper, but he doved into the Jordan and cum out ez good as noo!
Sampson had his hare shingled and waz weak as watered whisky, but it growd agin and he bustid his enemies!
We hev biles and are rotten with em, whar the comfortin oyester-shell?
We have leprussy, but what's the Jordan to jump into?
Our hare is short, and thars whar our enemies hov got us, but whar's the Restorative to make it grow agin?
Job, and Naman, and Sampson, altogether wuzn't ez bad off ez we is.
We kin throw in Lazzayrus with the sores, and the dogs alickin uy them, and then give em 50 in a 100 and beat em.
Fer we nominatid MickLellan and Pendleton, at Sheeago, and wun is a war man and tother is a piece man.
The ox and ass is yoked—their heds and tails together.
And the teem is pullin riggeruly, but instid of going forerd, its going round and round.
Whale! oh my people, fer the ticket wuzn't war enuff, and Cass hez bolted!
Gnash yer teeth! oh ye saints, for the tickit wuzn't peace enuff, and Vallandygam hez bolted!
We tried 2 ride two hosses, goin in 2 different direckshuns, and we fell to the ground.
And both hoses, turned on us and kicked us
And MickLellan hez no chance—he won't hev the given of the post offices. Wale!*
And Sherman took Atlanta, and chawed up Hood! Whale!
And Lee wants the Weldon road, but he can't git i Whale.
And governor Morton took the revolvers from the peace men uv injeany. Whale!
And the draft won't be resisted, and the provo-marshels will hey whole skins Wale!
Wale! fer Maine and Vermont, which wuz tired ov the war and was a goin fer MickLellan hev votid ablishn with a looseuis
Wale! for our rulers oppress us. They let their men vote in the army, but won't let our men vote in Kanady! Wale!
Wale! fer the ablishnists shall hold the orffses, and we shall be numbered among the outs! Wale!
Wale! fer in the fucher I see no way uv livin but by work!
Why wuz I born in 2 sich a world! Why wus whisky created ef you can't git it without a price? Why wuz orfises establisht ef them can't get em ez wants em the most?
MickLellan buriep his thousands in the swamps uv the Chickahominy—he hath buried his tens of thousands under the platform he kicked over.
The ablishnists jeer us, and flout us—they wag their heds at us sayin', "Go up bald hed!"
And we hev gone up!

PETROLEUM V. NASHBY,
Pastor uv sed church, in charge.

*In korious—al2gether.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Singular Issue of A Wedding Ceremony.

One of the most singular illustrations of the well-known aphorism, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," occurred, we are informed, in Antrim a short time ago.—The clergyman, in the course of the service, asked if any one present knew of any just cause or impediment why the aspirants for matrimony before him should not be joined in that holy estate. The query was responded to by a young gentleman in the body of the church, who protested that he had just reason to forbid the bans; and requested permission to put a question to the bride. This was accorded him, and in a manly voice he asked her if she had not, some two years since, pledged her troth to him. The fair *fiancee* hung her head and answered, "Yes;" and while her intended husband, in concert with the entire assemblage, gazed in utter bewilderment on the scene, the fickle fair one put a climax to the proceedings by adding—"And I will keep my word!" Instantly seizing her former lover by the arm, she swept with him in majesty from the church, and entering one of the carriages which had driven the party to the sacred edifice, drove off at locomotive speed with her recovered swain to the residence of her mother, leaving the poor fellow in the church to ruminate over the inconsistency of fickle woman.—*N. Eng. Whig.*

EMPTY NIGHTGOWNS.—Since the advent of General Logan's splendid corps at Huntsville, the rooms in the principal hotel have been in demand. A beautiful and accomplished actress had been staying at the Huntsville Hotel, and in about a "minute and a half or two minutes" after she had vacated her room, the gallant General O. was assigned to it by the landlord. The general, on examining his bed previous to retiring, found a most snowy *robe de nuit* neatly folded under his pillow, marked in delicate characters with the name of the fair owner. The chambermaid was called and asked by the General, holding the garment in his hand:—

"Do you know Miss Lottie Hough?"

"Yes," answered the chambermaid.

"Then carry this to her with my compliments, and say General O. is not in the habit of sleeping with empty nightgowns."

SMALL TALK.—Said a bed-bug to a mosquito, whom he chanced to meet the other evening on an expedition,—how is it that you manage to extract so much more of life's current than myself, when I can bite as severely as you can? How can you explain?' '*For particulars, see small bills,*' quoth the mosquito, with dignity.

DETERMINATION.—Never go back. What you attempt, do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

A chap from the country, who visited the city, "to see the 4th of July," entered one of the hotels and sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter he remarked that "he didn't care 'bout readen now—he'd wait till after dinner."

YOUR MOTHER.—Children ought to love, obey and honor their parents. Let your mother, in particular, who, in your tender years, has the more immediate charge of you, be on earth the most sacred object of your affections. Let her be your friend and chief confidant. Conceal nothing from her; but make her acquainted with the company which you keep, the books which you read, and even the faults which you commit! Happy is the son, and particularly the daughter, who are not afraid to communicate to their mother their most secret thoughts. Whilst they remain thus artless and undisguised, they are free from danger. Children obey your parents in youth; but whenever you are no longer under their care, let not your reverence abate. If by the providence of God you should rise above them in the world, grow not ashamed of them. While they are bending under the infirmities of old age, still continue to treat them with respect as well as affection.

ETERNITY has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present; unborn, undecaying and undying,—the endless chain composing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe! Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, was in a tavern, lying on a sofa, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing awhile, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him,

"Has the stage come?"

"Stage, sir! stage" said the fop; "I've nothing to do with it, sir."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly; "*I thought you were the driver?*"

TEACHER.—"Come right here, you young scamp, and get a sound spanking."

Scholar—"You ain't got no right to spank me, the copy you just set me says so."

Teacher—"I should like to hear you read that copy over to me."

Scholar—"You shall. [He reads.] "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's," and so forth, and when your spanking me, you ain't aiming at no such end.

A FELLOW at the race-course was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap, whom the inebriated individual had run against. "Why, sib—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you? Yes, Jim, yes." "Well, well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an old wagabond of a judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

SOME wretch of a joker perpetrates this outrage: "If a woman were to change her sex, what religion would she be? *A he then!*" To which a lady, with more wit and point, replies: "And to convert an artless woman into a heartless one, there only wants a '*he!*'"

PAT FINEGAN, of Maine, bolted from his vixen of a wife with whom he could get no peace. Being accosted *en route* by an acquaintance with: "Well, Patrick, they say you are going for the war." "No, no" said he; "I am going for peace!"

"MISS," said a gentleman, proffering his arm and umbrella to a lady in a shower, "permit me to be your beau." "Thank you for your politeness," was the reply, "and as I have plenty of fair-weather beax I will call you my *rain-beax.*"

"COME here, my lad," said an attorney to a boy about nine years old. "A case is between the devil and the people; which do you think will be more likely to gain the action?" The boy replied: "I guess it will be a hard squeeze; the people have the money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

IF YOU had a daughter called Julia, and wanted her to catch a female servant, how would you word the order so as to pronounce the name in full of one of the most celebrated Roman Emperors? Julia seize her!

A DASHING and fashionable widow says she thinks of suing a gentleman for a breach of promise, so that the world may know that she is in the market.

OLD SOFFY, who has been married some time, has been heard to say that a woman, so deaf that she can't hear thunder, may make others hear it.

THE families of some of the Indian tribes in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea, and gossip more than ever.

HE who seeks to increase the quantity of his lands by unjust suits at law, will probably soon find himself as groundless as his suits.

It might be impossible to put the multiplication table into rhyme, but we have all heard of the rule of three in *verse*.

THE marriage of a flaxen haired girl to a silver haired man only shows that silver can buy flax.

THE music of good many performers should be like the famous music of the spheres—never heard.

LESSON! what is it? A gross insult to your breakfast, and a libel upon your anticipated dinner.

CUFFEE, is that the second bell? "No massa, dats de second ringing ob de fuss bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis hotel."

There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad but it may be better. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

"Stockings I can do without so long as I wear fashionable dresses," said a village belle somewhat straightened in her financial resources, "but a bosom pin and kid gloves I must have."