Civilian and Telegraph.

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

VOLUME XXXVII. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1864. NUMBER 42.

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 additional 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. KNORR, 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 L. 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 FRIEND,
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, ETC.

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. 5, '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, ETC., ETC.

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. HUMMELSHIME, 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 & Stautzman's Store and opposite the Cumberland City Bank. April4—1y.

HUMBIRD & LONG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Hardware.

Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets

POETRY.

TAKE OFF THY SWORD, McCLELLAN!

TAKE off thy sword, McClellan,
Take off thy coat of blue;
Strip quickly from thy shoulders
Those starry badges two;
You are no more a soldier,
You've changed your base again;
On Peace's platform standing
The garb of war is vain.

When first we met, McClellan,
You led a hero band;
A grand devoted army
Was then at thy command.
The finest on the planet,
It longed to meet the foe;
It needed but a leader,
To strike the crushing blow.

And then, how full, McClellan,
You filled a nation's eyes?
When e'er thy name was mentioned,
We felt our courage rise.
We thought you were a saviour
Sent to our country's aid,
To bring us back the Union,
The same our fathers made.

Where are they now, McClellan,
Those heroes whom you led?
A cry of anguish answers,
"Alas they're with the dead."
They sleep in peace eternal,
Those true devoted braves;
The only peace you conquered,
The peace of soldiers' graves!

Alack, alack, McClellan,
Our faith was hard to shake;
We trusted long your promise,
That you would Richmond take;
Till back you staggered, leading,
Your back toward the foe,
With columns torn and bleeding,
And banners drooping low.

But now you hold, McClellan,
Another high command,
Again a force is mustered,
And you lead on the band.
And is that force enlisted
To fight the Union's wars,
And plant on Richmond's hill tops,
The flag of stripes and stars.

Alas, alas, McClellan,
A craven crew you lead,
"Peace" glistens on their banners
While yet our soldiers bleed.
They basely cry "surrender,"
Ere the Union is restored,
They kiss the feet of traitors,
And throw away the sword.

Have you no shame, McClellan?
Have you forgot the past?
Have you so long led freemen,
To herd with slaves at last?
Alas, alas, McClellan.
It seemeth so to be,
When you raise the flag of traitors
And drop that of the free.

Take off thy sword, McClellan,
Take off thy coat of blue,
Strip quickly from thy shoulders
Those starry badges two;
You are no more a soldier,
You've changed your base again,
On Peace's platform standing,
The garb of war is vain.

—*Missouri Democrat.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

IS THE WAR A FAILURE?

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION declared that the War against the Rebellion had proved a Failure. They put this forth as "the sense of the American People;" and on the strength of this declaration, they demanded that "*immediate efforts to be made for a* CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES!"

Is this true? Is the War in which we have poured fourth our blood and treasure,—in which thousands and tens of thousands of our sons and our brothers have laid down their lives,—A FAILURE? Look at the facts:

When the rebels began the war they held everything South of the Ohio River and the Pennsylvania line, except the City of Washington,—and that City their Secretary of War declared they would take within three months. They held the State of Missouri, running up far North of the Ohio line, and the whole of the vast territory South of the line of Kansas. *Where are they now?* They have lost the States of Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, more than half of Alabama and Georgia, all the Territories, and the last ghost of a chance of ever taking Washington! *Does that look like* "FAILURE?"

When the rebels began the war they had seized and captured, by treachery, every fort and military post along their Atlantic seaboard, except Fortress Monroe; every one on the the Gulf of Mexico, and all on the Mississippi River. Our glorious Army and Navy have taken from them every one of these forts except those that protect Charleston harbor, and every seaport except that and Wilmington. *Does that look like* "FAILURE?"

When they began the war they had 1,063,850 square miles of our territory in their possession; now they have only 345,666. Then they numbered 12,121,314 of inhabitants; now they number only 5,553,241. Then they counted four millions of slaves within their dominions. Our Armies have set free, or withdrawn from their control, at least half this number, and have shaken the accursed institution to its very foundations. *Does this look like* "FAILURE?"

They began the war with a million of fighting men—slaves tilling their fields and allowing all their able-bodied whites to rally around the rebel standard. They had splendid officers educated at our expense, troops thoroughly drilled in preparation for this rebellion, arms and munitions of war stolen from our arsenals, navy yards treacherously seized from us in which to fit out pirate craft to prey upon our commerce, the aid and comfort of foreign nations, and everything needed to enable and encourage them to wage a long, costly and bloody war. We have destroyed nearly every one of their armies, used up the whole of their available fighting material, exhausted their supplies of arms and of food, captured their guns, destroyed their privateers, seized their fortifications, driven them back upon the Gulf, and brought them at last to the very verge of military ambition. *Does this look like* "FAILURE?"

Does this look as if the struggle was so utterly hopeless as to compel us to demand "*immediate* efforts for a CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES?" Are we reduced to *that* extremity?

What say those who know most about it? Take the testimony of the men who have been in the field, at the head of our armies, through all this long and bloody contest. Ask them if *they* think the war has proved a FAILURE? Read the

TESTIMONY OF GENERAL GRANT:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CITY POINT, VA., Aug 16, 1864.

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE,—*Dear Sir:* I state, to all citizens who visits me that *all we want to ensure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North.* The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges and forming a good part of their garrison for entrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. *They have robbed alike the cradle and the grave to get their present force.* Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them the end is not far distant if we will only be true to ourselves. *Their only hope now is in a divided North.* This might give them re-enforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, while it would weaken us. With the draft quietly enforced, the enemy would become despondent and would make but little resistance. *I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election.* THEY HAVE MANY HOPES FROM ITS EFFECTS. They hope a counter revolution; *they hope election of a peace candidate.* In fact, like Micawber they hope for something to turn up. Our peace friends, if they expect peace from separation, are much mistaken. It would be but the beginning of war, with thousands of Northern men joing the South because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have "peace on any terms," the South would demand the restoration of their slaves already freed. They would demand indemnity for losses sustained, and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave-hunters for the South. They would demand pay or the restoration of every slave escaping to the North.

Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

Does that look like failure? When General Grant tells you that the Rebels have "their last man" in the ranks—that their fighting population is exhausted—that all we need is to *hold on* and remain united, and the end is sure and close at hand—is there any reason for the disgraceful surrender which the Chicago Convention demands? When Grant, who has fought more battles and won more victories than any other General in the war, tells you that the last hope of the Rebels is in the election of the Peace Candidate for the Presidency—that they are absolutely hopeless of success from any other quarter, is it not perfectly clear that success is within our grasp?

Does this look as if the war had been a FAILURE? Does this look as if an immediate "CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES" were necessary?

Every General in the service tells precisely the same story. Here is an extract from a letter of an officer who was with Anderson at Sumter when the Rebels fired upon it and thus began the war—who was afterwards taken prisoner, and spent some months in the Rebel States. Read this:

TESTIMONY OF GEN. SEYMOUR.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS, Aug. 15, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR:—You ask for my impressions of the present condition of the Southern Confederacy, and you shall have them. For the benefit of our cause, I wish they might be impressed upon every soul in the land, that the confidence begotten of my three months' observations in the interior of the South might be shared by every man who has the least connection with the responsibilities of this struggle. And I am sure that these opinions are not peculiar to myself. *Every one of the fifty officers just exchanged, will say the same*—every one of our men, whether from the jails of Charleston or the pens of Macon and Andersonville, will confidently tell the same story.

The rebel cause is fast fading from exhaustion. Their two grand armies have been re-enforced this summer from the last resources of the South. From every corner of the land *every old man and every boy capable of bearing a rifle has been impressed, willingly or unwillingly, and hurried to the front.* Lee's army was the first so strengthened—it was at the expense of Hood's.

There is certainly no small proportion of the Southern people (despite the lying declarations of their journals—as we had good occasion to learn) that not only favors the progress of our arms, but that daily prays that this exterminating war may very soon be brought to a finality by our complete and perfect success. They have had too much of despotism—not enough of the triumph promised them. Many intelligent Southern gentlemen do, indeed, express strong hopes of their ultimate independence, *but such hope is not shared by the masses.* Disappointed from the first in not having been acknowledged by foreign powers—more bitterly disappointed in their general expectation that Northern cowardice or dissension would secure their ends—*but a single chance remains, and that is in the result of the next election for President.—If a Democrat succeeds Mr. Lincoln, they profess to feel sure of negotiation and their Confederacy. They believe a Democrat will be elected.* In Mr. Lincoln's re-election they see only subjugation, annihilation—for the war must then continue, and continuance is failure and ruin.

In military affairs it is an excellent rule never to do what the enemy desires; is it not equally true in politics?

Certain it is that the only remaining hope of the South lies in Mr. Lincoln's defeat.

What weakness, to think we cannot conquer the South. Behind the James, only boys and old men are to be seen, while here, men buy and sell as, in the olden days of quiet, and regiments of able-bodied citizens crowd the streets of our cities. There is but one course consistent with Northern safety or honor. Let the people awake to a sense of their dignity and strength, and a few months of comparatively trifling exertion, of such effort as alone is worthy of the great North, and the rebellion will crumble before us.

There are some who speak of peace!—Of all Yankees in the South ron most scorns those who do not fight—but are glad enough to employ them, as they do their slaves, to perform their dirty work. Peace for the South would be sweet indeed; for us, except through Southern subjugation, that anarchy and war forever. The Pacific, the Western, and the Eastern States, would at once fall assunder. The South would be dominant; and the people of the North would deserve to be driven afield under negro overseers, to hoe corn and cotton for Southern masters.

But no faint-hearted or shortsighted policy can set aside the eternal decree of the Almighty who has planted no lines of division between the Atlantic and the Western deserts—between the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico—that signify His will that we should be separated: and unless so separated, peace is a delusion, and its advocacy a treason against the wisest and holiest interests of our country.

And I am, very truly, yours,

T. SEYMOUR, Brig.-Gen. U. S. V.

Mr. W. E. D., Jr., New York.

Does that look like FAILURE?

There is not a single General in the field, who believes that the war is a failure, or that the way to Peace lies in a "cessation of hostilities." Every one of them knows and says that the only road to Peace and the restoration of the Union lies through a vigorous prosecution of the War. Read what General Sherman, the gallant soldier who has just taken Atlanta, says on that subject in a letter to the Mayor of that city. Here is the

TESTIMONY OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, ATLANTA, GA., September 12, 1864.

We must have peace, not only at Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. *To stop war we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and Constitution, which all must respect and obey.* To defeat these armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and *those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out.* I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices than any of you to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does, and must assert its authority wherever it has power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of Union. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the national government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I, and this army, become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may. We don't want your negroes or your horses, or your houses or your land, or anything you have, but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and if it involves the destruction of your improvements we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers, that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters the better for you.

I repeat, then, that by the original compact of government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia which have never been relinquished, and never will be; that the South began war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, custom-houses, &c., &c., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or title of provocation. I want peace, and I believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect an early success.

Yours, in haste,
W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General."

Does *that* look like FAILURE?

One more piece of evidence, and that shall come from the noble-hearted Democrat who was the first to proclaim, at the very outset of the war, "If any man dares pull down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." At Sandusky, Ohio, on the 26th of September, Gen. Dix made a brief speech in acknowledgment of a serenade. Read the

TESTIMONY OF GEN. DIX:

"Fellow-citizens: I am very thankful to you for the honor you have done me. As I arrived here late, to-night, am engaged in public business, and shall depart at an early hour in the morning, I know you will excuse me if I limit what I say to a simple acknowledgment of your kindness and courtesy.

"I will say one word, however, on the subject which lies nearest the heart of every loyal man—I mean the rebellion. It has been my conviction from the beginning, that we *can have no honorable peace until the insurgent armies are dispersed,* and the leaders of the rebellion expelled from the country. [Loud cheers.] I believe that a cessation of hostilities would lead inevitably and directly to a recognition of the insurgent States; and when I say this, I need hardly add that I *can have no part in any political movement of which the Chicago Platform is a basis.* [Renewed cheering and applause.] No, fellow-citizens, the only hope of securing an honorable peace—a peace which shall restore the Union and the Constitution—lies in a steady, persistent and unremitting prosecution of the war; [great applause] and I believe the judgment of every right-thinking man will soon bring him to this conviction.

"With these few remarks, and renewing the expression of my thanks for your kindness, I bid you all good night."

AMERICANS! Read these declarations of your Generals in the field, and then decide whether the Chicago Convention was right or wrong in pronouncing the war a FAILURE?

ADAM was fond of his jokes, and when he saw his sons and daughters marrying one another, he dryly remarked to Eve, that if there had been no apple, there would have been no *pairing.*

HOW TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

The greater part of our population are waiting till they can afford to have a pleasant home, forgetting that they can at no time afford to have any other. We take the color of our daily surroundings, and are happier, more amiable, stronger to labor and firmer to endure, when those surroundings are pleasing and in good taste. To possess these important qualities they need not be expensive. True beauty is cheaper than we think.

The first charm of a home, within and without, is thorough neatness, and this is the result of habit, not outlay. It is often cheaper than filth. Paint the house if you can; if not, whitewash; but in any case let it be in thorough repair. Let there be no loose shingles or dangling clapboards or gates hanging by a broken hinge. These hints favor thrift as well as taste. Let the house be sufficiently shaded. This will pay in comfort, wear of furniture and lack of flies. If you cannot afford green blinds, you can always afford a green tree or two, that costs nothing but labor and patience, and will shelter you from the sun in summer and the wind in winter.

Plant vines of some kind about your premises; they are indispensable to grace; they show that nature takes kindly to your home and has thrown her arm around it. You need not resort to costly climbers; woodbine and clematis may be had for the gathering, and grapes and hop-vines may be so trained as to combine beauty and profit. Let your turf be smooth and firm as velvet, and enforce the death penalty upon weeds with an unsparing hand. No man, rich or poor, can afford to raise weeds. They choose the richest spots, where flowers, or fruits, or vegetables might grow, and send abroad their seeds as missionaries of evil into every nock and corner. Ill-kept places always have their vegetable Five Points, where sin and misery are mimicked in pigweed, burdock and nettles. A very few flowers will suffice; a monthly rose in the window, a morning-glory over the doorway, a bright border between your kitchen garden and the street; these add to the picture just those touches of color that makes it pleasant to the eye. With half a dozen cheap and common kinds, your wife will take care that something is always in bloom.

But flowers are gross feeders and if you keep no domestic animals, you fancy, perhaps, that you have no manure. You were never more mistaken. Every human dwelling is a centre of fertilizing agents, mostly wasted as times go, rich enough to make the whole plot around it blossom like the rose. Tell the soil that you have nothing to give it! Give it what you have and it will laugh in your face. The suds from the laundry is a store of liquid wealth. Never waste a drop of it in drains or sewers. It is a floating currency promising to pay roundly in grass and vegetable and fruit. Invest it in your home bank, which never suspends payment. These grassy slopes are greenbacks, whose issue is as good as gold. Carpet sweepings are manure in a concentrated form. Dug into your flower borders they weave a richer pattern than the one from which they were worn. Those old bones that deform the premises, if buried beneath the grape vine, will be "health to the bones" of all your friends. Old boots and shoes, those most unsightly wrecks, are the favorite food of the raspberry and all its palatable kin. Tainted brine, if such unhappily is yours, is a treasure for the plum trees and the asparagus bed; slacken lime with it, and it will make a rich dressing for any garden soil. Every household should have its compost bed, be it only an old packing box, where woolen rags, bits of paper, apple pearings, refuse of vegetables, slops from the kitchen, chips and saw-dust are storing up the elements of a glorious growth. Let not yours be one of the homes where all these bright possibilities arrive only at "burning instead of beauty." We have named but a part of the fertilizers of every household. Generally speaking, whatever is offensive to sight or smell is urging the appeal to our revolted tastes.—Bury me, and I'll do you good.—*Springfield Republican.*

OCTOBER.—With dyed garments of crimson and sandals of gold the prophet walks once more upon the hills, and proclaims the feast of the year to the inhabitants of the earth. The orchards are mighty tables bending under the weight of the great banquet which October has piled upon them. The air is delicious nectar, which we can quaff without measure or price.

Then there is the wonderful architecture and painting of the sunsets; the white embroideries of mists scanned with gold, upon the hills; the stately splendors of the trees as the frost flushes them into their last glory: and the tender, serene, solemn light, that has a parting in its smile, not exactly sad, but yearning and tender as the last smile of one who goes home to heaven.

"October!" It is the farewell of the year—its "Finis" of beauty. Beyond it lie decay and death, but the face of October is not one that mourns, it is a face which says, serene and victorious, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do!"

Oh, reader, if our lives fall into autumn, may their last days be calm, serene, rejoicing like October's!

WHY is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great deal of bustle about a little waste.

LAW is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

AN Amazon, out West, in describing her runaway husband says: 'Daniel may be known by a scar on the nose, where I scratched him.

A Mother's Hand.

In one of the fierce engagements with the rebels near Mechanicsville, in May last, a young lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot shattered by a fragment of shell that, on reaching Washington after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his sufferings alone. Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had become anxious for the welfare of her son, had come to Washington. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him until morning. One sat by his side fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulsations which forbode sad results. But what woman's heart could resist the pleading of a mother then? In the darkness, she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: "That feels like my mother's hand! Who is this beside me? It is my mother; turn up the gas, and let me see my mother!" The two faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace, and the fondness pent up in each heart sobbed and panted and swept forth its expression. The gallant fellow just twenty-one, his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, and he was told by tearful friends that it only remained to make him comfortable said "he had looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now," and died as gallantly as though falling under the enemy's fire on the field of battle.

How to Tell a Lady.

Two women shall get into an omnibus, and though we never saw either of them before, we shall select the true lady. She does not titter when a gentleman handing up her fare knocks off his hat, pitches it away over his nose; nor does she receive her "change" after this (to him) inconvenient act of gallantry, in grim silence. She wears no flowered brocade to be trodden under foot, nor ball-room jewelry, nor rose-tinted gloves; but the lace frill around her neck is scrupulously fresh, and the strings under her chin have evidently been handled by dainty fingers. She makes no parade of a watch if she wears one; nor does she draw off her dark neatly fitting glove to display pretentious rings. Still we notice nestling in the straw beneath us, such a trim little boot, not paper-soled, but of an anti-consumption thickness; the bonnet upon her head is of plain straw, simply trimmed for your true lady never wears "a dress hat" in an omnibus. She is quite as civil to the poorest as the richest person who sits beside her, and equally regardful of their rights. If she attracts attention, it is by the unconscious grace of her manner, not by the ostentation of her dress. We are quite sorry when she pulls the strap and disappears? if we were a bachelor we should go home to our solitary den, with a resolution to become a better and a—married man.

THE best pleasures—those which sweeten life most and leave no bitterness behind—are cheap pleasure. What greater pleasure can man enjoy than the sense of being free and independent? The man with his fine house, his glittering carriage, and his rich banquets, for which he is in debt, is a slave, a prisoner, forever dragging his chains behind him through all the grandeur of the false world in which he moves.

A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus:

"Charlie, my dear, wont you have some more beans?"

"No," was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant cherub.

"No!" exclaimed the astonished mother "No what?"

"No beans," said the child.

"DID you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Ees, sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! what do you mean?" "Why, while I wur in the room he axed me where my hat wur, and I'm blessed if it were not on my head all the while."

WHAT is that which a man may have, never possessed, and yet leave behind him? A will.

WHICH is the most powerful, the earth or the sea? The sea, of course, it has such heaps of *muscles.*

WHY is an unserviceable gun like an office holder? Because it kicks mightily when it is discharged.

TRUE love is nourished by showers of adverse fortune as the roses and violets by vernal rain.

IT may be very well to go your own way, but you had better first see that you have a way to go.

"Bob, how is your sweet-heart getting along?" "Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't call any more."

WHY are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies and hook their dresses.

How an old maid eyes a single gentleman! She looks at him as she does at a dog in dog-days—wondering whether he intends to bite.

How Gen. Grant First Entered the Service for the War.

Never was the quotation, "Man proposes, but God disposes," more strikingly exemplified than in the following anecdote of Gen. Grant:

At the commencement of the rebellion an Illinois representative called upon Governor Yates, to recommend to him Mr. Grant as a fit person for some military position. The Governor had received applications from some men over six feet in heighth and of muscular frames, and therefore curiously eyed the small man attired in homespun, that stood before him as an applicant. He then asked his grounds for making the application.

"I was educated at West Point," said Grant, "at the country's expense. I served in Mexico, and when I went out to Oregon, I thought I had returned to the country an equivalent for my education, so I resigned. The country is now in trouble, and I wish to serve her in her need."

Governor Yates had no appointment for him, and he therefore left. A short time after this occurrence, the Governor was very much distressed in regard to the raising of the quota of the State. He had plenty of offers for officers' positions, but he personally did not know the minutia of regimental organizations—how many privates composed a company, or how many subordinate officers there should be in a regiment. In his distress he asked the representative if that plain little man to whom he had been introduced knew anything of these matters. The representative replied by bringing Grant into the Governor's presence.

"Do you understand the organization of troops?" inquired the Governor.

The reply was in the affirmative.

"Will you accept a desk in my office for that purpose?" was the next question.

"Anything to serve my country," was Grant's reply.

And to work he at once went; and but for this, Grant might still be unknown to the world. By his energy, Illinois became noted for the speed with which she filled her quota.

When the 21st Illinois volunteers were organized, a fine looking man was chosen by the company officers as the colonel, but having no military capacity, the regiment fell into disorder and became the terror of the neighborhood where it was encamped. The Governor refused to commission the nominee of the regiment, and asked Grant if he thought he could bring the turbulent mass to order if he were appointed colonel of the regiment. Grant thought he could. Half an hour afterwards an application was made to the Governor to send a regiment to Quincy—one hundred and twenty miles miles distant—but the trouble with the Governor was not the want of men, but the lack of transportation."

"Send my regiment," said Grant," "and I will soon find the transportation."

The command was given, and before night the regiment was under orders to march. On foot the regiment was transported to Quincy, and when the men were encamped they were reported as belonging to one of the best disciplined regiments of Illinois volunteers.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.—Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that, if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances, in favor, and only one against him, as to an honest life thereafter.

This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under sixteen. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parents fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence, the real source of ninety-eight per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection. We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease that they are, in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bed-time, in absence from the family cicle; in the supply of spending money never earned by the spender—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer and tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant and dance—then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition, to the company of those whose ways leads to the gates of social, physical and moral ruin. From eight to sixteen—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by the parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow, "By God's help, I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the street!"

FOR the benefit of those who cannot find the word "copperhead" in the dictionary, we give the following analysis of it:

C onspiracy.
O pposition to the war.
P eace on any terms.
P iracy.
E nmity to the Union.
R ecognition of the "C. S. A."
H atred to the Government.
E arnest sympathy with the traitors.
A narchy.
D isloyalty.

WHEN a telegraphic operator is killed by a flash of lightning along the wire, he gets a dispatch.