Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1865. NUMBER 20.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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 mon ths	8 00
Two squares one month	3 25
Two squares two mnoths	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. KNORR, Union.
Civilian and Telegraph.
THE ALLEGANIAN.

Cumberland, June 20, 1864.

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.

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

CHAS. F. SOMERKAMP,
UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER
and Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS BORDERS, &C.,
Baltimore Street, opposite McKaig's 3 Story Block, Cumberland, Md.

He has just returned from the eastern cities with a large and handsome stock of Blinds, Wall Paper, Mattrasses, Pictures, &c., in endless variety.
March 2, 1865—1y.

JOSEPH SPRIGG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CUMBERLAND, MD.
'64 1y

CIVIL AND INING 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,
as the parties may require.
WM. BRACE.
☞ Address, Post Office, Cumberland Md. Residence on Columbia street, a few doors above Polk. jan26-1y*

WHEELING IRON WORKS.
ACHESON, BELL & Co.
WAREHOUSE,
No. 15, Main St., Wheeling, W. Va.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
BAR IRON,
NAILS, and SHEET IRON!
Prompt attention given to all orders.
March 16, 1865.—

WM. R. BEALL & CO.
DEALER IN
GROCERIES & LIQUORS,
Queens and Glassware, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco,
PIPES, SNUFF, MATCHES, ETC.,
Baltimore Street, near the Railroad Depot'
THE two extensives stores of WM. R. BEALL & CO. adjoning each other on the southside of Baltimore Street, are now stocked with a full, fresh and varied assortment of the above articles, which they will dispose of on reasonable terms, WHOLE, SALE and RETAIL, to their City and Country customers.
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, LIQUORS, etc. constantly on hand.
Jan. 5, 2865—y.

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

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

HARDWARE,
IRON CUTLERY, ETC.
THOMAS JOHNS,
Corner of Baltimore and Centre streets, Cumberland, Md.
OFFERS for sale a large assortment of goods in his line, such as
Table and Pocket Cutlery, Trace, Halter Breast, Stay Lock, Tongue, Lock and Coil chains, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Shovels, Spades, Locks, Hollow-ware, Screws, Hinges, &c., &c.
He has recently added to his stook an extensive assortment of
IRON,
all of which he will sell low.
Feb. 25, '64—y.

RYE FLOUR.
80 BARBELS RYE FLOUR, just received and for sale by HARRISON & JENKINS,
mar. 9 corner Baltimore & Mechanic sts.

Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription:
$2.50 Per Annum, in advance.

☞ All subscription must invariably be paid in ADVANCE, otherwise THREE DOLLARS WILL BE CHARGED IN ALL CASES.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDN'SDY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDN'SDY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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	31	...	...	...	...	...	...

GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

FOR THE EAST.

Express Train, arrives	11.10	P. M.
" " leaves	11.20	"
Mail Train arrives	9.36	A. M.
" leaves	9.45	"

FOR THE WEST.

Mail Train, arrives	7.15	P. M.
" leaves	7.25	"
Express Train, arrives	7.16	A. M.
" " leaves	7.25	"

CLOSING OF MAILS.

Mail East, closes daily, (except Sunday,) 8.50 A. M.

Mail West,—Through mail closes 6 P. M.; through and way mail, closes 9 P. M

Stage for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday,) at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Stage for Frostburg, arrives 6.30 P. M.; leaves, 9 P. M.; Mail closes, 8.30 P. M.

Stage for Somerset, arrives, 5 P. M.; leaves, 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Flintstone, semi-weekly—Leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12.30 P. M.

City Government.

Mayor—DR. CHAS. H. OHR.
Councilmen—J. B. H. CAMPBELL, HENRY BRUCE, JOHN KOLB, GEORGE M. RIZER, WILLIAM ARMBRUSTER, JOSIAH ENGLER.
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.
Collector—FRANCIS MADORE.
Baliff—LEVI W. BRANT.
BOARD meets on the first Monday in each month.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. JAMES SMITH.
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 FRIEND, JOHN BELL, J. H. STALLINGS, J. L. TOWNSHEND.
Tax Collector—S. L. TOWNSHEND.
Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
NEW SCHEDULE FOR PASSENGER TRAINS.
ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 6th 1864.
TWO THROUGH TRAINS.

Mail Train Leaves Baltimore at	9.00 a. m.
" " " Cumb'd at	7.25 p. m.
Arrives at Wheeling	6.50 a. m.
(Daily except Sundays.)	
Express Train Leaves Baltimore	9.40 p. m.
" " " Cumb'd	7.25 a. m.
Arrives at Wheeling	7.10 p. m.
(Daily.)	
Mail Train Leaves Wheeling at	10.10 p. m.
" " " Cumb'd at	9.45 a. m.
Arrives at Baltimore	6.45 p. m.
(Daily except Sundays.)	
Express Train Leaves Wheeling	11.20 a. m.
" " " Cumb'd	11.20 p. m.
Arrives at Baltimore	8.40 a. m.

Through tickets for all the principal cities North and West of the Ohio River, may be procured at this office.
L. C. BŒHM, Agent.
Cumberland Station, Nov. 7, 1864. 1-]

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS.
CUMBERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
ON and after Monday, November 2d, and until further notice, Passenger Cars on this road will run as follows:

EAST.		LEAVE.	WEST.	
5.45 a.m.	*6p.m.	Piedmont.		
6.05 "	*6.20 "	Barton.	5.15a.m.	5.30p.m
6.25 "		Lonaconing	5 " "	5.15p.m
"	12.15 "	Frostburg.	4.30 p.m	
7.45 "	1 "	Mount Savage	10.45a.m.	3.45p.m
		Cumberland	10 "	3 "

*To Lonaconing only.
Jan. 1, 1864—tf. C. SLACK, Superintendent.

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

Poetry.

JESSIE.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

A wee, bright child is Jessie fair,
The hue of sunshine on her hair,
And on her cheek the rose's bloom,
Her heart its censer of perfume.

She is a merry, laughing sprite,
She cares not for the noon or night
But careless, happy all of the day,
She sports the golden hours away.

She is a litile thing—our pet,
And talks not plainly quite, as yet;
Says "doose" for goose, and "fid" for fig,
And "tiss" for kiss, and "bid" for big.

Yet sometimes, looking in her eyes,
You'll see a look that's woman-wise;
And from her red and curling lip,
The sagest words will archly slip.

O, happy child!—she heeds not now,
That care shall ever stamp her brow,
Or time dispel life's roseate hue,
Where joys exhale like morning dew.

Heaven grant that o'er her future way,
May beam a bright and beauteous day,
And earthly trials lightly meet
A heart so gentle and so sweet.

Miscellaneous.

RULING BY LOVE.

EXPERIENCE OF A SCHOOL TEACHER.

"What is the secret of your discipline?" inquired a young teacher of Mrs L——, a veteran of the school-room. "You are not half so severe as I am obliged to be, and yet you have more perfect order in every thing."

"Oh, you know," was the reply, "that I have had years of experience. I should be but a poor scholar if I had not learned in my own schools many things."

"Yes, certainly," said the other; "but were you always as successful? What faculty of head or heart carries you so easily through all sorts of difficult places! Won't you have the kiudness to tell me what you do, or don't do to get on so well with children, and parents, too?"

"If I can suggest anything to be of service to you," said Mrs. L——, "I should be happy to do so. In the first place, I have but few definite rules, and *govern* as little as possible. Then I observe my pupils closely, marking their individual peculiarities, and treat them according to their development of talent and character. Some I lead by their strong points: in others I stimulate the weaker faculties; in all I play upon the better nature and avoid all I can the sharp resistive qualities so active in vicious boys and ill-governed children generally.

"I do not punish as much as I once did; I throw my pupils upon their own sense of honor and right, making them feel that I *trust* them, and it often works like a charm. But above all, I make them feel that I love them, and am seeking their good in everything. The majority of pupils in every school will respond to kindness and behave better and learn more for such friendship than for any other sort of discipline. A teacher, to be sure, must command respect, and not allow herself to be trifled with; and in cases of willful or malicious disobedience her authority must be fully maintained; but through these years I have found, as a general thing, LOVE to be the strongest of all authority in the school-room."

"I love my pupils," said the young teacher; "I would be glad to do all I could for their welfare; and they love me, I do not doubt; but oh, Mrs. L——! many of them are so repulsive, I never could get any nearer them than kindness and duty obliged me."

"I appreciate all that," said Mrs. L——; one has to love sometimes against everything—to love, not for the worthiness of the object but for its need of being loved. Of course, this involves some self-denial, and a little self-discipline, but the true teacher will accept it, for her word is of a missionary character."

"Can you do that, Mrs. L——, for such boys as your Jack and Jim? Have you the genius for *loving* so perfectly?"

"If you will allow me," said Mrs. L——, I will tell you a story of my experience.—Some years ago I was principal of a department in a large public school in P——. The department had been badly managed for a long time, and I found it at first a very difficult position. I knew there was much expected of me, and I was very sensitive about success or failure. Oh, what a task it was to get those 120 undisciplined children into order—and with feeble health, too! I think I could not have done it had I not been sustained by prayer, and a daily reliance upon God, my Father.

"There were many foreigners among my number, Germans mostly, and some Irish. I had been particularly warned of one boy, who had been for years considered the worst in school. It took but a few days to find him out—a rough, over-grown, ill-conditioned lad as you ever saw in a school-room. His father was a passionate man, and Walter had been beaten and scolded until the good that was in him had apparently almost died out. He was an inveterate whisperer, *would not* study, and played truant same port of nearly every day; he would slip out when my back was turned at the black-board while his class was reciting.—I tried every way I could to stimulate his ambition; I gave him rewards and presents, but they lasted only a few days, and then he tore them up or gave them away in my presence, and grew worse than before.

"One day I went home from school fairly worried out with his hatefulness, and sat down alone to think what was next to be done. I pitied the poor child that there was nobody to care for and save him; he was so unlovely that he suffered a sort of abuse from every hand that touched him. Then I thought how infinitely patient and loving Christ had been with my own waywardness, and I resolved to make one more effort for this sinning, friendless child. So I knelt down and asked God for strength and for *love*, and when I went out of my room I saw all clear.

"The next day the boy's father came dragging him into the school-room, with an angry discouraged look. "Here's Walt," said he—"I dont know what ails the boy, but I can't do anything with him. If he runs away again he shan't come to school another day—I'll put him into a shop to work."

"I think we shall have no more trouble, Mr. J——," said I; "Walter will be good now."

The man looked astonished and went away but I felt as if victory was near at hand. After the excitement of such a scene had subsided, I called Walter to my desk and spoke in the kindest manner I could: "Walter what makes you such a bad boy?"

'. He answered sullenly, "I don't know; I can't help it."

"Wouldn't you rather be good so people will love you—so your teacher will love you, and be glad to see your face coming into the school?"

"I can't be good—I never was good," said the boy.

"Couldn't you be good if I would *love* you Walter?"

"You couldn't love me—nobody ever loved me," said Walter, looking down very restlestly.

"Yes, Walter," said I, "if you would try to be good I could love you, and I would love you, and be the best friend in the world."

"The boy looked up as if a strange, new thought had struck him.

"I repeated my words, and the tears started a little, too, for I was tired and nervous with my cares. A moment I waited for an answer, and then he spoke, choking down his emotion: "You can't love me!"

"Again I assured him in the gentlest manner, and then he said, "If I should try and should fail once or twice, could you love me then a little?" I told him *yes*.

"He stood another moment trembling and swelling, and then he broke down entirely, and cried as if his heart was bursting. I let him cry, and did not shut back my own tears, while the whole school looked on.—Finally, when he had done sobing so as to speak, he said in a voice that didn't seem like Walter's "Oh, if you'll love me, I'll be a good boy.

"I talked awhile to sooth and encourage him, and then dismissed him to his seat.—Before he went he took my hand in his dirty brown fingers, and with the tears raining over it, kissed it again and again. I did not require many lessons that day; he laid his head on his desk and cried most of the time. Twice he came to my desk, as if afraid to believe, to ask the same question—"Can you love me, Mrs. L——?Oh, I'll do anything if you'll love me?" Once I put my arm round the great, uncombed, unwashed German boy, and kissed his forehead.

"Walter was conquered. The next day he came to school in tidy clothing, washed, combed and in his right mind. I had no more trouble, but I had, while he remained in my room, all the obedience and kindness such a boy can give. By taking some extra pains with his lessons—and that I was very willing to do—he was in a few months promoted with credit to a higher department. In return, he delighted in doing errands for me; and through the whole season he searched the country for miles around to get flowers for my vase. The incident was a trying one to me, but besides the good to poor Walter, it was worth a dozen whippings to the school."

"Why," said the young teacher, "it is indeed like missionary work to kiss dirty boys, but you have the genius for it."

"We are all aware," answered Mr. L——, "that to teach successfully, one needs the devotedness of a missionary. We know, also, that no great moral good is ever done but by giving out of one's heart and life to the needy and the unworthy. To use one's faculties of *friendship* and *kindness* without stint or grudging, is all that genius means, as you apply the term. And it has for the giver as well as the receiver its own abundant and blessed reward."—*Phrenological Journal.*

"To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus described it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

☞ If there were no concealers there would be no stealers. How does it come that the world is so full of unhanged thieves, slanderers, I mean. There are many engaged in robbing money, still more in robbing honor. Would you know why? I will tell you.—Because you are fond of hearing slander; therefore another is fond of uttering it. His tongue is the stealer, yours is the concealer. You are both alike guilty.

How to Prevent a Divorce.

When the senior Johnathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house requesting to see His Excellency in private. Accordingly he was shown into his sanctum sanctorum; and the Governor came forward to meet Squire W. saying "Good morning, sir; I am glad to see you." Squire W. returned the salutation, adding as he did so, 'I have called on a very unpleasant errand, sir and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am now thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?'

The Governor sat a few minutes in deep thought; then turning to Squire W said, "How did you treat Mrs. W when you were courting her? and how did you feel towards her at the time of her marriage?" Squire W, replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could for I loved her dearly at that time.

"Well, sir," said the Governor, "go you hone and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and tell me the result. The Governor then said, "Let us pray. They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W, called again to see the Governor, and grasping his hand, said: "I called, sir, to thank you for the advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good council." "I am glad to hear it Mr. W., and I hope that you will continue to court your wife as long as you live." The result was that Squire W and his wife lived happily together to the end of their married life. Let those who are thinking of separating in these days go and do likewise.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "that I get an invitation from him."

The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he can save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you; he says he can save you a thousand pounds?"

Out came the master.

"What is that, sir?" You can save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner—I will go away, and call again."

"Oh pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me?"

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over and the family retired—

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?"

"Well, sir, I hear, sir, you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And you intend to portion her with ten thousand pound?"

"I do, sir."

"Why, then sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

The master of the house arose in a passion and kicked him out of doors.

TOUCHING SENTIMENTS.

There is a touching pathos in some of the markers attached to the blankets, shirts, handkerchiefs, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers in camp and hospital. Thus on a bedquilt was pinned a card having this tender inscription:

"My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most of six nights, let him remember his own mothers love."

Who can doubt that these simple words have made some weak one strong again?—have filled some sad heart with joy and hope? On a pillow was written,—

"This pillow belonged to my little boy, died resting on it. It is a precious treasure for me, but I give it for the soldiers.

On a box of the choicest lint was this beautiful inscription:

"Made in a sick-room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years; but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-by as they have gone out to the war."

What a spirit of sacrifice and saintly heroism shines through that little sentence!—sunshine, joy and sympathy coming out as shadow; the sick-room giving tender greeting to the camfire and hospital. But the most touching of all the inscriptions we have seen is this, written on some eye shades:—

"Made by one who is blind. Oh! how I long to see the dear old flag you are all fighting under.

Rather Pointed.

Mr. Rees, the well known street preacher, was accosted by a would-be wag the other day with the following question:—

"Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was male or female?"

"Yes: it was a female."

"How do you know that?"

"Because," said Reese, looking the chap in the face, "I see the male is living now."

The Rebels Going Home.

A letter from City Point, Va., to the Springfield Republican contains the following:

Yet there was never more of varied interest in the sights and sounds at his hinge of army movements than just at present. The officers and men of the army of Northern Virginia are now hurrying hence to their homes in different parts of the South, according to the terms of their surrender, while representatives of all the corps aiding in their defeat are passing back and forth, and Union citizens, long wanderers from their homes, are returning to the disenthralled cities, or those imprisoned within the rescued territory are on their way North once more. Lee's broken army certainly presents—judging from the large number of its members now here—one of the most wretched sights that could be looked upon. The lowest creatures in the vilest dens of our Northern cities, and the forlorn and semi-barborous isolated dwellers in the most shamefully neglected border district of any rural community in our Eastern States, even the degraded, half-idiotic children of incest in some of our country almshouses, seem superior in all that goes to indicate true manhood to very many of the poor beings who with sallow dirt-begrimed faces, dull, fish eyes, long, yellow, uncombed hair, and meaningless expression of countenance, clad in rags and seemingly at home in filth, wallow on the ground near the provost marshal's, while their comrades are having their paroles stamped for transportation. I have often seen rebel soldiers on the picket line, in battle, as prisoners, and in the streets of the cities of rebeldom, therefore it is not the strangeness of the motely attire or the peculiar southern complexion, of these men which impresses me, but it is the indicated depth which was reached when Davis's conscription gathered up these caricatures upon humanity, not merely from the cradle and the grave, but from the idiot asylums and the hitherto unexplored regions of slave barbarism, that is startling in this exhibition.

"We rebels look rather hard to you who are accustomed to seeing Federal soldiers in uniform," said an intelligent rebel sergeant as he noticed my expression of mingled wonderment and disgust at the appearance of some peculiarly repulsive groups near him, this morning. "Yes, indeed!" was all the reply I could make to him. That same sergent said, a few minuts later, that he cried like a child when he learned that Lee had surrendered. He wanted to fight it out, for he believed in the cause. He was a genuine rebel, and of more intellect than those for whose appearance he apologized. There were others like him in the long line which filed past the provost's window. And officers were there, some of them haughty and insolent in bearing as ever. Not a few in showy uniforms of gray and gold strutted about with all their badges of rank displayed, and swords clattering at their sides as they walked to the great disgust of the Union soldiers Cavalry artillery, infantry, engineers and naval officers and men were to be seen, not by the score alone, but by hundrerds, and even up to thousands. There were many glad enough to be at length released from military pressure, some who had been always unwilling soldiers, others who had fought themselves tired of the bad bargain of their enlistment. "My home is Norfolk," said one of the latter class.—"Ninety-five of us came out from there in one company four years ago, but only five of us go back. And one of them has lost the use of one of his arms," he added, pointing to his left arm secured in a sling. Said another, in comment on the fearful loss to the Southern States of blood of their best sons, "They says you fellers wouldn't miss your army up North, there's so many men in your streets." That's quite true," was the response. "Why down South you wouldnt see nothin' but military men 'cept mourners."

A Renowned Clergyman of New York lately preached rather a long sermon from the text—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said, "That's right, gentlemen, fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

☞ A writer for a Boston paper, who has visited the great falls on the Snake river, the southern fork of the Oregon, says: "The distance the whole volume of water falls in one sheet is two hundred feet. Above there is about twenty-five to thirty feet fall before it reaches the grand fall. The width of the grand fall I should judge to be about 2,500 ft. I have visited Niagara many times but this fall eclipses it far. Four miles further above we found another one of less note, where the water divides into two parts, and falls a distance of 167 feet." When the Pacific railroad is completed, this will become a fashionable visiting place, as Niagara is now, with however, a wider range of curiosities to attract the attention of visitors.

☞ A gurrulous fop, who had annoyed by his invidious remarks his partner in the ball room, among other things, asked whether, "she had ever had her ears pierced?" No, was the reply, "but I have often had them bored."

The Breaking up of our Army.

The great volunteer army of the Union is in process of disruption. The old Army of the Potomac has already ceased to exist as a unitary body, and the ranks of its various corps are in process of depletion. The old Army of Sherman is terminating its long battle march which began at Atlanta one year ago by marching into Virginia, where in a short time its body will be regularly dissolved. All over the land—in the hospitals, at the recruiting rendezvous, and in the camps—soldiers are receiving honorable discharges from the service in which they have done such noble and effective work. We suppose the month of May will not have passed before our army will be reduced one-quarter of the strength at which it has been maintained during the last three years.

It is an immense work that this American Volunteer Army has achieved. Immense suffering they have borne; sublime heroism they have exhibited. Immortal honors they have won.

They return to their homes with the grand consciousness that they have effected their work, that they have crushed the Rebellion, saved the Union, and won for themselves and for us a country.

The army will be resolved into the great body of the citizens of the republic. Foreign critics—ignorant of America and the character of its people and its army—have often told us what a dangerous body this army would be to the country at large if ever it achieved victory in the South. We knew this to be nonsense; and now we will show its falsehood to the world. The men who left their farms, their workshops, their stores and their offices to don the army blue and shoulder the musket, will now doff their military costume and return to the peaceful avocations of civil life—never again to take up arms, unless their country is again menaced, when they will do it with an alacrity equal to that they have already exhibited.

We welcome home our brave soldiers. Let their country receive them with pride and gratitude, and let every one do all in his power to give them place and practical aid in the pursuits and professions which they may desire to enter.—*Tribune.*

HEADING OFF A LAWYER.

The late Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault-and-battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper-ship "Challenge," on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt-water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony, Dick had said that the night was "dark as the devil and raining like seven bells.

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him,—

'Was there a moon that night?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah! yes: a moon.'

'Yes: a full moon.'

'Did you see it?'

'Not a mite.'

'Ah! then how did you know there was a full moon?

'Because the nautical almanac said so; and I'll believe that sooner'n any lawyer'n this world.'

'What was the principle luminary that night, sir?'

'Binnacle-lamp aboard the 'Challenge.'

'Ah! you are growing exceeding sharp, Mr. Barton.'

'What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?'

'Be civil sir. And now I want you tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in?'

'Sho! you're joking.'

'No *sir!* I am in earnest; and I desire you to answer me.'

'I sha'nt.'

'Ah! you refuse do you?'

'Yes: I can't tell.'

'Indeed! Your are chief mate of a clipper-ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?'

'Yes: it is the d—dest *simple* question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every d—d fool of a lawyer knew there a'in't no *latitude* on the equator!'

That shot floored Rufus Choate.

"TWAS ALL A DREAM!—The old maid sat in her old arm chair, with half closed eyes and pensive air, and without a blush on her maiden face, fell into old "Murphy's" sweet embrace. She dreamed that a husband, kind and true, her form to his side so fondly drew, while in accents gentle, clear and slow, he called her the dearest name below. A fire was kindled upon the hearth, while the teakettle sang a merrier lay than it had whistled for many a day. New light was diffused in he old maids heart, as she felt her loneliness now depart, the table was spread; all clean and new, and plates, and sausers, and chairs for two. [Here the poet kindly pauses for the laudable purpose of prolonging the "old critter's" bliss.] But, to resume: At last, as the dusky, dim twilight was fast giving place to the shades of night, she reached her arms for a sweet embrace, and, alas! alas! found empty space. As from her vision of bliss she woke, and found that her dream had perished and broke, she rose and said, with a shuddering sigh: "Oh, would I had married in days gone by!"