Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1865. NUMBER XXXIV

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.

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

City Government.

Mayor—GEORGE HARRISON.
Councilmen—Dr. J. J. BRUCE,
J. R. CRUZEN,
GEORGE LONG,
C. B. SMITH,
H. STARTZMAN,
JOHN YOUNG.
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.
Treasurer—JOHN GEPHART.
Collector—JOHN BOWARD.
Bailiff—GEORGE FLURSHUTZ.
Weigh Master—ARTHUR McGIRR.
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 8.40 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. BEHM, Agent.

Cumberland Station, Nov. 7, 1864. 1-]

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS.

CUMBERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

ON and after Monday, November 24, and until further notice, Passenger Cars on this road will run as follows:

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

*To Lonaconing only.

Jan. 1, 1864—tf. C. SLACK, Superintendent.

FRENCH'S HOTEL,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
Opposite the City Hall Park, Corner of Frankfort Street, New York.

Spacious Refectory, Bath Rooms, and Barber Shop. Bed-rooms warmed gratis, and only one bed in a room. Do not believe runners or hackmen who say we are full. Servants are not allowed o eceive perquisites. ap21-1y

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. adjoining 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.

A. J. BOOSE, Dealer in

Salt, Fish, Groceries, Provisions,

MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN,

Canal Basin. jy.64.

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.—

Raisins, Currants, and Citron.

A large supply of fresh Raisins, Currants and Citron, just received and for sale by

HARRISON & JENKINS,

Jan. 12—1865 cor. Balt.& Mechanic Sts.

TO OLD COUNTRYMEN!

SIGHT DRAFTS

ON

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND GERMANY

FOR SALE BY

GEO. E. LEONARD,

9—3m. Mount Savage, Md.

Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

WILL. H. LOWDERMILK, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription:

$2.00 Per Annum, in advance.

All subscription must invariably be paid in ADVANCE, otherwise TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF WILL BE CHARGED INVARIABLY.

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 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. KNOBB, Union.
WILL H. LOWDERMILK,
Civilian and Telegraph.
THE ALLEGANIAN.

Cumberland, June 20, 1864.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31	...	...	...	...
FEB	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	...	...	...	...	...
MAR	...	...	...	1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	...
APR	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
MAY	30	...	...	...	...	...	...
	...	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	...	...	...
JUN	...	...	...	...	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	81	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	24	28	29	30	...
	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JUL	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31	...	...	...	...	...
AUG	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	...	...
SEP	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31	...	...	...	...
NOV	...	...	...	1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	9	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	...	...
DEC	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31	...	...	...	...	...	...

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

THE subscriber is again in the "COAL FIELD," ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care. Will

OPEN COAL MINES,

and put the same in thorough working order or FURNISH PLANS, AND MAKE ESTIMATES AND PLATS OR MAPS, as the parties may require.

WM. BRACE.

Address, Post Office, Cumberland Md. Residence on Columbia street, a few doors above Polk. jan26-1y*

JOSEPH SPRIGG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

j.y 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.

WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

Baltimore street, near the Depot.

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.

Fine Teas! Fine Teas!

AN excellent article o Best Black, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, and Japanned Tea just received and for sale by

HARRISON & JENKNS,

Jan. 14—1865. Cor. of Balt. & Mechan. Sts.

A BRAUTIFUL POEM.

The following beautiful composition was read at the recent Commencement at Harvard College, by Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Four Summers coined their golden light in leaves,
Four wastefull Autumns flung them to the gale,
Four Winters wore the shroud the tempest weaves,
The fourth wan April wept o'er hill and vale.

And still the war-clouds scowled on sea and land,
With the red gleams of battle staining through,
When, lo! as parted by angel's hand,
They open, and the Heavens again are blue.

Which is the dream, the present or the past;
The night of anguish or the joyous morn?
The long, long years with horrors overcast,
Or the sweet promise of the day new-born?

Tell us, oh! father, as thine arms unfold
Thy first-born in their fast embrace,
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch breathed of old
"Now let me die, for I have seen thy face!"

Tell us, oh! mother!—nay, thou canst not speak,
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed with joy—
Press thy mute lips against the sunbrowned cheek,
Is this a phantom—thy returning boy?

Tell us, oh! maiden!—ah! what canst thou tell
That Nature's record is not first to teach—
The open volume all can read so well,
With its twin crimson pages full of speech?

And ye who mourn your dead—how sternly true
The cruel hour that wrenched their lives away,
Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for you,
For them the dawning of immortal day!

Dream-like these years of conflict—not a dream!
Death, ruin, ashes, tell their awful tale,
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam:
No dream, but truth that turns the nations pale!

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,
Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands—
Thrones look a century older in its light!

Rome had her triumphs; round the conqueror's car
The ensigns waved, the brazen larions blew,
And o'er the reeking spoils of bandit war
With out-spread wings the cruel eagles flew.

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking chains
Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed and scarred,
And wild-eyed wonders snared on Lybian plains,
Lion and ostrich and cameleopard.

Vain all that praetors clutched, that consuls brought
When Rome's returning legions crowned their lord;
Less than the least brave deed these hands have wrought
We clasp, unclenching from the bloody sword!

Theirs was the mighty work that seers foretold;
They know not half their glorious toil was won,
For this is Heaven's same battle—joined of old
When Athens fought for us at Marathon!

Behold a vision none hath understood!
The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal;
Twice rings the summons—hail and fire and blood!
Then the third angel blows his trumpet-peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled coasts,
The green savannas swell the maddened cry,
And, with a yell from all the demon hosts,
Falls the great star called Wormwood from the sky!

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow
Of the warm rivers winding to the shore;
Thousands must drink the waves of death and woe;
But the star Wormwood stains the Heavens no more.

Peace smiles at last; the Nation calls her sons
To sheathe the sword; her battle-flag she furls,
Speaks in glad thunders from unshotted guns,
And hides her rubies under milk-white pearls.

Oh! ye who fought for freedom, living, dead,
One sacred host of God's anointed Queen,
For every holy drop your veins have shed
We breathe a welcome to our bowers of green!

Welcome, ye living! from the foeman's grips,
Your country's banner it was yours to wrest.
Ah, many a forehead shows the banner-stripe,
And stars, once crimson, hallow many a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's bed,
Mark when your old battalions form in line,
Move in their marching ranks with noiseless tread,
And shape unheard the evening countersign.

Come with your comrades, the returning brave;
Shoulder to shoulder they await you here:
These lent the life their martyr-brothers gave—
Living and dead alike forever dear.

THE ROMAN PROTOTYPE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* says another prototype for Lincoln has been found in Servius Tullius by the National Committee, in permanent sitting at Rome. Tullius was done to death by patrician daggers for having raised the *plebs* to participation in power, and for having manumitted the slaves. To put on record the views thus taken on the Tiber, the committee has embodied its notion in a lapidary inscription, which for greater local significance they have caused to be deep cut in a fragment from the old tufa stone forming the ancient town boundary, *Ager Sercii Tulii*, traces of which traverse the gardens of Sallust. This block they mean for presentation at Washington, in testimony of condolence with a free people.

A PALPABLE HIT BY GEN. GRANT.—During the siege of Vicksburg a knot of officers gathered around Gen. Grant, and for want of better employment amused themselves in guessing the ages of prominent officers. Among the rest they discussed Gen. McClernand, why was absent at the time, but whose consequential airs were notorious, and whose differences with Gen. Grant were equally well known. One guessed that he was about fifty years of age. "Oh, no," said Gen. Grant, "such a man was never got up in *fifty years!*" The hit was too palpable not to arouse the boisterous merriment of all around.

LIBERALITY.—A merchant of Cleaveland—who is not a Catholic—by name Gordon, has given the Catholic Bishop Rappe of that city, twenty thousand dollars and one hundred and eighty acres of land, one hundred and forty in Michigan and forty near Cleveland, for the hospital which the Bishop has built in Cleveland.—*Cincinnati Telegraph.*

[Original.]

☞ The spirit of enterprise is gradually becoming developed, and we may hope that eventually Cumberland may be brought to be a city of considerable business importance.—The great difficulty has always been that moneyed men in our community have hesitated to invest their funds in any of the various enterprises which presented themselves, and which promised to return a fair profit, but preferred to get a small, certain per cent.—On the other hand men who were anxious to take the risk incumbent upon experimental enterprises were unable to do so for lack of means. To a great extent the generation just coming into the area of active business life have partaken of the same ideas that their fathers and grandfathers held years ago, and they follow in the same well beaten paths, caring only to do as their predecessors have done—live an easy, quiet life, and after having run their race, be laid away beside those who have gone before them. There is in our midst, however, a class of young men, who are imbued with a spirit of go-ahead-ativeness, and who will doubtless make their influence felt in all the circles of business life. It is left to them to inaugurate a new era in the history of our county's prosperity, and they have a large and varied field in which to operate. We want almost everything here, and whatever is produced will be in demand, and the cheaper the article is furnished the greater will be the demand. No other place in the country offers better facilities for manufacturing than this. We have here a good, healthy climate, water in the greatest abundance, and coal, and iron at our very doors. Labor is as cheap, if not cheaper, than in most other places, and we have communication with the West by one of the best and most substantial Railroads in the world, and with the East, both by Rail and Water. Our Canal, connecting with tide water, at Washington, offers a cheap, easy and safe mode of transferring our products to a good market. Heretofore this thoroughfare has been used exclusively in the coal trade, and its business has steadily increased and will doubtless continue to do so. Yet its capacity is equal to ten times the amount of work it now does. We have, besides, the prospect of the early completion of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad, which will bring us within a few hours of the Ohio River, and in close communication with the great West. Cumberland will then be the central point on the shortest railroad route between Washington City and the roads leading through the West and South West, and the trade flowing through, back, and forth will be immense. We soon anticipate, also, the construction of another railroad to the East, and the imperative necessity of the extension of the Western Maryland Road to this city has been so clearly demonstrated that we doubt not active measures will soon be taken to accomplish that object.

Undoubtedly a vast amount of money will be invested in the development of the rich products of our county by shrewd business men from abroad. They see the advantages to be gained here and they will make use of them. A great many thousands of acres of coal and iron deposits lie in their dark quiet beds awaiting the energy of man, to bring them into sight and use, and if those who live in their immediate vicinity are indifferent to the wealth which thus awaits them, we earnestly hope that others who are seeking for such chances may come and reap a rich harvest.

Since the abolishment of slavery it is not reasonable to suppose that we will occupy the same stand-still position which has heretofore characterized not only us, as a community, but the State at large. Emigration will commence. Thousands of those who have been amongst us in the service of our country will return to make their homes here, and they will bring others with them. Knowledge will spread more rapidly; business men will pursue a more liberal policy—a policy which will eventually net them double the profits they have heretofore made. They will advertise abroad what they have for sale—consumers will read—and will make use of the knowledge thus obtained to procure the best quality of goods at the lowest prices. Every farmer, every mechanic, every business man in the country will read his home-paper and be careful to obtain every item of knowledge that can be in any possible way be made use of. Every one will be on the *qui vive*. There will be no hanging back from new enterprises that present themselves, but every body will be ready and anxious to invest. The old fogy history of the county will be numbered amongst the things that were. Great advances are already being made in the coal fields, and several of the companies are displaying a vast amount of energy in their operations. We confidently look for a steady increase of this business and hail the good indications with much pleasure. Energy and enterprise must meet with their reward, and those who develop these qualities to the highest extent will be most successful.

☞ Mrs. Windsor, at Randolph, Wis., put arsenic in her husband's pie, last week, because he took "another woman" to the circus. Mr. Windsor died and Mrs. Windsor went to jail.

☞ The greater portion of troops intended for the Rio Grande have reached their destination, and a line of posts have been formed from the mouth of the river to some distance above Brownsville.

PIC-NICS.

CORRY O'LANUS, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has a sensible article on pic-nics. Some of his illustrations will answer for any meridian, and we take a slice of his entertaining dish:

Get packed in a car like a box of oranges, and smothered in white muslin until you get to the grove, where you will arrive in a state of perspiration and bliss.

Don't be particular about your own basket. Baskets usually get mixed.

Take the biggest one you can get. The ladies always fill their baskets

When you get in the grove, you are expected to declare it is the delightfullest spot you ever saw.

Select a pretty teacher, and explore the shadiest recesses, and pour out your soul.

When its all poured out, ask the young lady if she won't take a swing.

She will.

Sawyer has sung of "Swinging in the Lane," but I don't think he ever tried swinging in a grove.

I did.

I was kept at it for three hours and a quarter, swinging all the girls that came along.

It is splendid exercise, beats Burnham's gymnasium, double trapeze and all. I hav'nt got over it yet.

An old lady then proposed that I should climb an apple tree to extricate her Johnny, who had got his trousers involved in a branch about thirty feet up, and was hung up like a sign of the golden fleece.

Told the old lady to wait till he got ripe, and he'd drop of his own accord.

Old lady said I was a brute, and hadn't got the feelings of a mother.

She went for the man who kept the Park and sold lager. He brought a ladder and restored the aspiring youth to the fond embrace of his maternal relative.

Whereupon she spanked him for tearing his trousers.

Which served him right.

We then took dinner.

Pretty teacher spread her pocket handkerchief for a table cloth and unpacked the rations.

The rations had got somewhat mixed.

The sardine box had basted and "struck ile." The huckleberry pie had amalgamated with the pickles, and the cherries had resolved themselves into jam.

But it was so charming to eat your dinner on the grass beneath the umbrageous shade of the noble trees.

So the pretty teacher observed as I was squeezing the lemons in the dinner kettle to make the festive beverage, which neither cheers nor inebriates, but frequently stomach-aches.

I was startled by a piercing shriek from the pretty teacher, and I dropped a half lemon partly squeezed and flew to the rescue.

A "horrid bug," descending from the umbrageous foliage previously mentioned, had alighted on her alabaster neck.

I dispatched the creature, and we proceeded to dispatch our repast.

But insect horrors thickened.

Entomological specimens of many varieties intruded upon our banquet, got involved in the pie, and met a very watery grave in the lemon.

Pretty teacher turned pale and lost her appetite.

I grew desperate. As the reckless insects wouldn't get out of the way, I left them to their fate.

I eat several indescribable specimens with my sandwiches, and drank a spider in a glass of lemonade.

I survived it.

I don't know how it agreed wish the spider.

After dinner we resumed our festive sports.

We played Copenhagen.

Which is a very hilarious sport.

It consists of chasing girls under a rope, tearing their clothes and kissing them.

The girls appear to like it.

The dominie, who had been surveying our sports with benign satisfaction, proposed to improve the occasion in oratory.

Just as he was about to hold forth, a providential thunder shower extinguished him and saved us the infliction.

We took refuge under a seven-by-nine shed, wisely provided for such contingencies, and overflowed the refreshment shanty until the shower dried up.

Groves are not immediately improved by showers, and the grass being wet and the leaves dropping, our festivities were dampened.

We began to experience the remorse which follows dissipation.

Pretty teacher was in tears; she had ruined her dress by accidentally sitting down in a currant pie.

The ice-cream had all melted, the strawberries were gone.

We started in a wilted procession for the cars.

The conductor being a liberal man gave us a larger lease of pleasure than we bargained for and kept us waiting an hour.

When I got home Mrs. O'Lanus wanted to know if I'd been to a funeral. I went to bed early and dreamed all night that I was struggling desperately with a gigantic spider who had carried off the pretty teacher and hung her up by her waterfall on the top-most limb of a big tree.

Some people like pic-nics, others like strawberry festivals, but for my part, give me liberty or give me death.

Yours, perspiringly,

CORRY O'LANUS.

HOW TO REFUSE A LOAN.—A young city clerk who felt inclined for a trip to the seaside, called upon a friend. "I'm off for a holiday, and I find I'm a trifle short—lend me a ten, will you?" Hal, after a pause, which apperently included a mental examination of his financial arrangements replied—"Well—Phil—to tell you the truth—I do not feel—disposed—at present—to make any—permanent investments."

☞ "Yes, Mrs. Miffin," said a visitor to her hostess, "dear little Emma has your features, but I think she has got her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said dear little Emma, "it is because I have papa's hair that he wears a wig."

☞ The Nashvilla *Press* and *Times* says: "The man who advocates gradual emancipation is about to apply for a patent for the gradual explosion of gun-cotton.

☞ War is murder set to music.

[from the Congregationalist.]

A DAUGHTERS STRATAGEM.

A FACT.

Judge Rose lived in Belleville, on the banks of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress. Yet though he was called great, he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, &c., and frequented the gambling rooms so numerous in that city. These habits gained upon him daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townsmen refused to send him as their delegate any longer.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest daughter was his especial pet. He thought more of her than he did of himself, and no wish of her's went unsatisfied. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and kind to every one about, that she was beloved by everybody. And though her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses and carriages, and fine clothes, she never put on airs as many do, but was modest and retiring.

Mr. Rose and his wife and daughter were all members of a Christian church. He was often suspended from its fellowship, and on promises of repentance received again. His influential position in society, and the pious conduct of his wife and daughters, caused much pity for them, and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and forbearance to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family and of the church could not stop this erring man in his downward course.

At last so low did he fall as to lose all self-respect, and frequent the lowest whisky shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaved, unwashed, ragged and almost naked, and when drunk would sing a low song, which would draw around him a crowd of boys, to jeer and laugh, and scorn the once dignified judge. In personal appearance he was now the lowest of the low

It is not to be supposed that Christians and temperance-men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to save him. Earnest and persevering endeavors were put forth, prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered. But all were alike useless and hopeless. His wife and daughters wept and prayed, but despaired entirely.

Mary, his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not from private sin. She became very sad, and refused to attend church or go into society. When her father was sober he had sense enough to see the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drinking shop. He was a horrible object, indecent to look at, as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back and get him, at least to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare armed and bonnetless, with an old whisky bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm she said:

"Come, father, I'm going too."

"Going where?" said he, staring at her as if horror struck.

"To the dram shop. What is good for you is good for me".

Then she began to flourish her bottle and to sing one of the low songs she had heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back, girl, you are crazy. Mother take her in"

"But I *am* going, father, with you, to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use to me to be good, while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl, you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad too. What do I care, my father is only a poor old despised drunkard; his daughter may as well drink and lie in the gutter too"

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went on to open the gate He drew back, still she dragged on and sung louder. A few boys began to run towards, them, and then her father broke from her hold, and went into the house. There he sat down, and putting his face in his hands, wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary stand out.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Rose.

"Mary is crazy, and I made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go and get her in. I won't go out to day."

Mrs. Rose went out and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went in. She sat down with her bottle in her hand, and all day she kept on the old rags. Mr. Rose was in a terrible state for the want of his accustomed stimulus, and frequently would go to the door, but Mary was ready at his side on every occasion Mrs. Rose prepared her meals with extra care and gave her husband two cups of coffee, and the latter part of the day he laid down to sleep. When he woke up Mary was still there in her rags, and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a good suit of clothes, and asked his wife to send for a barber. Then after tea he said, "I am going out"

"Where?"

"To the temperance hall. Go with me and see if I do not go there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying:

"I must follow, for I'm afraid he'll go to the whiskey shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up stairs and enter the meeting room and the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice in trembling at the result of the stratagem.

Surprise, joy and some distrust pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose, and told the tale of the day, and added "when I saw how my angel daughter was transformed into a low filthy creature; when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed to go everywhere I went and do everything I did. Could I see *her* do that? *Her* loveliness stained, *her* character ruined? No, sir! if it kills me I will leave off and never touch, taste or handle more, from this night henceforward and forever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a *man* again."

The building vibrated with the cheering stamping and clapping, and a gush of song rose from those manly hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh! "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and should there not be joy on earth?

We hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, for he became a good man, and his family were very happy. But we hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save a father ETHEL.

JOSH BILLINGS AT LONG BRANCH.

What He saw and Felt There.

LONG BRANCH, July 15 1865.

Editor of the Troy News:

Arrived here just in time tew see the Atlantik Ocean, which iz now on exhibishun, and dewing a good bizziness, tew full houses. Took a bathe tew oust, and was astonished tew find the water so saltuous; enquired the kauze ov an intelligent natiff, and he informed me he didn't care; I think the cuss lied. There is about one hundred and sixty thousand human beings, and other folks, here now, az near az i kan git at it, i kounted till i got tired, and then estimated. It is perteklly harte renting tew see the femails here in search ov natural protektors. i kounted 16 yesterday in one pile, they awl sighed az i past bi them, with down cast eyes. i felt sorry for them, but couldn't help them, i am thoroughly marrid, and intend tew remain so. There is two breezes here, a sea breeze, and a jersee breeze, and i advise aul persons tew use the sea breeze, for the other iz so much up before it reaches here, that it soon uses up everybody after it gets here. Shoddy and Petroleum are both here, and exite az much notiss as a pattent churn, warranted tew make butter in 10 minnitts from skim milk, but they say they shant remain long, bekause the air smells so much like old brine. Yesterday I went out krabbing and ketched a pek ov them, they bite sideways, and hang on like a dead hoss shoe, they make good vittles enuff, but they aint prefitable tew eat, if you kount your time wuth ennything. They hav a singular bug here, which they call the musskeetow, they roam about in herds, and are much respected bi the unhabitants: i cout one day before yesterday sticking something sharp into me, and carried the bug into mi room, and smashed him on a sli The bathing iz luxurious, and the bathers resemble mermades half men and half womain: they aul dress in the choktaw kostom, and when they emerge from the water; yu kant tell which iz who, unless yu ask them. After bathing yu feel a kind ov hackness or limberness, for which i waz advised tew bathe in whiskee. I took the immershun about half tumbler, and never felt so stout in mi life. I thought i could lift an aker of their land, but bimeby, afrer their licker had let go, i felt az tho i could follow an angel worm into hiz hole, and hadn't strength enuff tew ask a dog tew foller me—if i ever drink sum jersee-whiskee, it will be after i am ded and gone. There is one church here, but it wont hold but so fu that nobody don't go out of politeness. There is 21 hotels, and the are principally built out doors tew give the guests as much brinaqueous air as possible. The looging rooms are small, but handy, each one has a door tew them, and a looking glass on the wal, and two washboles and a towell. Dinner is served at 2 o'clock, and opens with soup, and shuts up with huckelberry. The servents are generally blak, but menny ov them hav lived so long amung the whites that they begin tew adop our kuller The beech bi moonlite, iz worthy ov a philosopher. Lovers meet here from all partes ov the kuntry tew vow and sware, and menny a harte cums here tuff and haarty goes home smashed, and bleeding luy at every pour. But the grand attrakshun iz the Atlantik Ocean, a grate hemisphere ov liquid life and power, blu water, every whare the eye kan reach, az gentle az a summer evening mill pond, and then again, az awful az a water earthquake. Upon the whole, Long Branch iz a sensible place tew visit; I think thar iz az little nonsenz thar generally az the same numbar ov visitors are capable ov.

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

The school-teacher, who has been engaged for a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:—

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of allages who have access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not are

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires of others, as the newspapers has made them acquainted with the location of the important places of nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians for having become so familliar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesmen; they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more