Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1865. NUMBER XXXV

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—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 1.25 p.m.
Arrives at Wheeling 6.50 a. m.
(Daily except Sundays.)
Express Train Leaves Baltimore 9.40 p. m.
" " " Cumb'd 1.25 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 *

*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 to receive 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, 1865—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 to:

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

☞ Ten lines or less to constitute a square.

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

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

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

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

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

Present contracts will be faithfully complied with.

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

HANDBILLS.

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

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

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

GEO. T. KNORR, Union.
WILL H. LOWDERMILK,
Civilian and Telegraph.
THE ALLEGANIAN.

Cumberland, June 20, 1864.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDN'SDY	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	WEDN'SDY	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.

LET US GO HOME—A PARODY.

BY HENRY J. SAVAGE.

Company G. 213th Pa. Vols.

The dew was falling thick and fast
As through the town of Laurel passed
A soldier boy who bore a nice
Gum blanket with this strange device:
"Let us go home!"

His brogans thick and blouse of blue
Showed lack of care, and blacking, too;
And from his lips there came a groan,
As on his face the moonlight shone:
"Let us go home!"

He thought of his domestic joys,
His little wife and laughing boys,
And as imagination drew
Him on he yielded, in accents new;
"Let us go home!"

"Stay, stay," a maiden cried, "and rest
Your weary head upon this breast."
The seedy soldier looked and sighed,
Then quick as lightning loud replied;
"Let us go home!"

"Stop! stop!" a fellow comrade cried,
"The Major I just now espied;"
The soldier quick a glance did throw
Across the street, and muttered low:
"Let us go home!"

"Beware the guard house and its smell,
Beware in time I wish you well,"
His friend said as he took his flight;
A voice broke through the summer night:
"Let us go home!"

Just as the day began to dawn
A sexton looking pale and wan,
Began to take his homeward way;
He thought he heard a voice to say;
"Let us go home!"

Bending his eyes upon the ground,
A soldier boy he quickly found,
Clasping in death, as in a vice,
His blanket with the strange device:
"Let us go home!"

There in the dirty street, they say,
Of *heart disease* he calmly lay,
While somewhere over Bladensburg
A voice of agony was heard:
"Let us go home!"

TRAGIC RESULT OF A KISS.

You did begin. You can't deny
You kissed me first. Don't you remember
How splendidly the moon rode high
And full, that evening in September?

We two were sitting quite alone,
Your head upon my shoulder resting;
The laving moonlight 'round us shone,
You pouted out your lips suggesting.

That I should bend my head to see
If you were earnest or but joking,
My lips touched yours. You must agree,
That crime was of your own provoking.

If you were vexed why did you stay,
Your head upon my breast reclining?
Or not tell me to take away
The arm that was your waist confining?

'Twas long ago, and yet it seems
But yesterday, as now recalling
Our fresh young love, our happy dreams,
The autumn leaves around us falling.

We little thought how it would end,
That love our future life was guiding
To where we are, this little friend
To our protection thus confiding.

It can't be helped. We must receive
The charge, while trustfully believing
That love, in [illegible] will leave
No greater curse with ours for grieving.

It must be so. The breast from which
The little fellow strength is gaining
Contains a heart in love so rich,
I, fearless, trust him to your training.

MY MARRIAGE;
Or, the Dreadful Widow.

I was making my way through a crowd in a by street which I supposed had collected for the contemplation and enjoyment of some trifling and contemptible disturbance, but into which at that moment I was not in the mood to inquire, when my course was arrested by a pair of beautiful large eyes blackunder a lady's veil, which met mine with a mute appeal that I could not for a moment resist.

"What is the matter?" I demanded of the possessor of the black eyes.

A remarkably sweet voice replied, "I have ventured to interfere in behalf of a child I saw the people abusing, but I am afraid that, without some assistance, my efforts will be unavailing."

"We wasn't abusing it," cried several rough voices together. "She was only fighting with little Mike and she'd got the best of him, too, if we'd let her alone."

"It is quite enough," said the lady with spirit, her splendid eyes flashing as she spoke. "that your sex should disgrace itself in this way. I shall not allow mine, especially such a little creature as this, to make a savage brute of itself, if I can help it."

"You are right, madam," I said. "The man who would see your sex dragged into the prize ring must have little respect for his own mother. You are Quixotic, however, to assume the duties of this child's natural protector. Where are its parents?"

"Dead," cried the three other little children in chorus.

"Where—how does this little girl live then?"

"She lives with Miss Fanny Flinks, and does errands for her."

"What sort of a person is this?" inquired the dark-eyed lady.

"She dresses finer than you do, ma'am," replied one of the female by-standers; "but she is not exactly the person to bring up a child in the way it should go, as she has strayed a long way out herself."

"The pointed truthfulness of this remark raised a laugh among the acquaintances of Miss Fanny Flink.

The lady in the meantime, had not let go her hold on a half-clad, sturdy little girl, whose face was flushed with passion, and discolored with blood, dirt and tears. She stooped down to her, raising her veil and said "Little one, if you will go with me, I'll find you a good home You shall have nice clothes, enough to eat, and be taught to read and write. What do you say?"

The sweetness and beauty of the lady's face surprised me; the child seemed quite overpowered by her gentle influence, and replied; "Yes ma'am, I will go with you anywhere."

At this conjuncture a policeman arrived on the spot, and the lady at once addressed herself to him, explaining the case, and shortly afterwards she walked away, leading her little charge, escorted by the guardian of the peace. Although much pressed for time, I lingered to look after her till she had turned the corner; for I never had seen a face which was half so lovely as hers, and it haunted me ever after.

I had, however, at that time, too many troubles of my own to afford time to look after those of others. A very long and expensive law-suit had exhausted the once handsome fortune that had long kept my family in so enviable a position, and left me nothing but fallacious hopes and illusive expectations. My father died during the slow progress of the litigation; the lawyer who had commenced and so long conducted it also died before its conclusion and it appeared too probable that my mother, too, would pass away without the satisfaction of knowing that so much money, thought, anxiety and suspense had not been entirely thrown away. She was very ill; and I foresaw with certainty that the slender thread which held her to this life would snap, if the final decision in our cause, which it was believed would soon be rendered, should be against us; for it would necessitate the sale of all that remained to us, and leave us little better than beggars. It was our last stake, upon which all our hopes and confidence had gradually concentrated; and if that were lost we had nothing more to lose—nothing but blank despair to encounter, which we durst not anticipate.

The lawyer, who at the time conducted our suit, was an old friend of my father's—successful, rich, independent, and surly; and, as he had undertaken the case more from friendly than pecuniary motives, did not attempt to disguise the truth and probabilities from me. But I could not look forward to anything but triumph, and chose rather to regard his discouraging tone as one of the means he employed to enhance the value of his services in achieving success He was a good man at heart, that old lawyer, and his penetration was wonderful; but he was not apt to spoil his medicine by over sweetening it, and my pampered palate rebelled not a little against its disgusting but wholesome bitterness.

I had a long hunt after an important female witness, whom I found at last in a garret dying of consumption. And whom should I find sitting like a ministering angel at her bedside, but the beautiful black-eyed lady whom I had lately met, the companion of the little orphan girl!

"It is in such places as this, where a good angel is most needed, and not in the circles of gayety and fashion, that I must seek you, I see," exclaimed I, gazing upon her with irrepressible admiration.

The lady blushed deeply; and, as soon as she had recovered from her momentary confusion, observed quietly, that she was simply performing a duty to which an old friend of her mother's was fully entitled.

While obtaining the deposition of her patient I had several opportunities of conversing with this excellent beauty; and her modest elegance and graceful ease captivated my soul.

One evening I was permitted to accompany her in search of a conveyance; and, as I had resolved to express my sentiments freely to her on the first available occasion, I was, as usual in such cases, much embarrassed when it presented itself.

"Your patient is dying, I fear."

"She is conscious of the approach of deliverance; and such she regards it."

"It is an angel's office you fill in smoothing her path to the grave."

"Do not flatter me, sir. It is but little I can do, and flattery seems to me to make that little less than nothing."

"I assure you I express my admiration in most stinted terms; were I to tell you all I think and feel I might indeed surprise you."

"Then let me entreat you for your forbearance."

"It is unkind, not to say harsh, in you to forbid the utterances of a heart so sincere and full as mine."

"It is my kindness, my consideration for you, that induce me to check this excessive language because I know you will repent it."

"Impossible! I not only admire you more than any being I ever saw, but I feel that you are worthy of my worship, and that I love you."

"Say no more, I entreat. If you knew who and what I am, you would confess the the folly of which you are guilty. You tell me you are unfortunate and unhappy; I pity you—but there is a gulf between us, and you would only render yourself more wretched by attempting blindly and rashly to cross it."

"Are you married?"

"Do not ask. Here let our acquaintance cease. You have no more occasion to visit my patient; and you surely would not deprive her of the presence of her last remaining friend, as you will do if you persist in intruding upon her. Here then then let us part and forever."

She stopped a cab, allowing me to help her into it and left me in my mystery and gloom. She had crossed my dark path like a heavenly apparition, and her disappearance rendered everything about me hopeless and dreary as despair

The treacherous law, after having lured us on to ruin, decided against our claims, and extorted the last remnant of our property to pay its costs. To communicate this fact to my mother, would have been like inflicting her death blow, and after meditating long upon the subject, I found myself unequal to the painful task; I went once more to our old lawyer to ascertain whether there was no possibility of compromising the matter, so as to postpone the evil day, and leave my mother awhile in possession of her home and comforts.

I met a lady descending the stairs, who had just come out of his office, whose physiognomy was of that unusually repulsive character which imprints itself indelibly on the memory, and ever after, in dreams and reveries, in sleep and in wakefulness, rises from time to time to our mental vision with horrible distinctness; shocking us with the fullest sense of the dread ugliness of human malformation. I thought of the wonderful contrast between this creature and the delicate beauty I loved in vain.

The old lawyer was in, and grasped my hand with sympathetic cordiality. I stated the object of my visit.

"Well, my young friend," said he, "I have anticipated your wishes, and have just been talking with the successful party. She is by no means inexorable, but, to tell you the truth, there is no ground of compromise left. You have lost all. If she accords you anything, it is simply a donation—nothing more or less."

"Is there no resource left by which I can for a time ward off this final, and to my mother I fear, fatal blow?"

"None in law?"

"In what then?"

"In yourself?"

"How in myself?"

"In your person. You are young and handsome. I don't say so to flatter you, but to make my meaning clear."

"Well?"

"Well, marry the widow."

"Marry her? I would rather hang myself at once."

"You should know best how fit you are to die. I am afraid your education and habits have totally unfitted you for business and usefulness."

"But this marriage is absurd: impossible."

"I'm not in the habit of proposing absurdities and impossibilities. If you authorize me to act, you will find it no such thing.—Will you do so?"

"Not for the world?"

"Understand that I haven't urged this matter on your behalf, but for the sake of your mother and sister—especially on account of your mother, for whose life you pretended a moment ago to feel an amount of solicitude that would enable you to make any sacrifice."

"For the moment I did not think of them."

"It is time you did. Since my counsel is so very unpallatable, perhaps you will condescend to inform me what you propose to do."

"Anything else; but this is too horrible"

The old lawyer turned his chair round, and commenced writing at his desk as coolly as if he had been an ingenious machine invented for no other purpose. I thought on his proposition till I grew sick and faint. The recollection of the consummate charms of her I loved added a horror to the aspect of hate, such as she wore whom I was invited to make my own, and I could not bring my heart and lips to say yes to such a destiny. At last I rose and said:

"I will call to-morrow and give you my decision."

"Very well," replied the old man, without turning his head or ceasing to write.

I went home and attempted to prepare my mother for the ruin that had befallen us, but in approaching the subject, found that it was more than she could endure, and relinquished the effort in despair. To my sister I ventured to tell the truth; and she wept bitterly, not for herself, but for our only parent, who she assured me would inevitably expire on hearing the news.

"Is there nothing on earth that you can do, Edward, to prevent this?"

"Yes."

"And won't you do it?"

"I cannot bring my mind to it."

"Is it dishonest?"

"N-o, I don't know that it is, but very repugnant to my feelings."

"I am sure I would do anything for mamma."

"Would you marry the man you abhor?"

"To save mamma's life—yes."

"Well, then, I will not be outdone by you in filial affection.

"What do you mean, Edward?"

"I will tell you to-morrow. In the meantime cheer up. I will save our mother and you, but at a great sacrifice—Heaven only knows how great."

My sister flung her arms around my neck, kissed me affectionately, called me by many endearing names, and I felt as if I almost deserved them, exaggerated as they were.

I communicated my decision to my lawyer the next day, telling him since I could not marry for love, I would marry for hate.

He uttered a sort of grunt and replied:

"Few marriages begin in that way; but with too many love is merged in antipathy as soon as the honeymoon is well over. Your prospect of connubial happiness is the brighter, as it cannot change but for the better. If you knew the lady as well as I do, you would entertain no misgivings on the subject"

On the second day after this interview I received Mrs. Barrington's card, and a written request from my lawyer that I would call upon her without delay, as he had settled the preliminaries in the most satisfactory manner. I did not fly on the wings of love to the stately mansion of my bride elect, as there had been little choice in the matter, but walked thither like a man who had volunteered to be hanged.

On my arrival I was ushered into a handsome drawing-room, in which I was kept waiting for about a quarter of an hour, when, at last, the lady appeared. She did not look handsomer than when I met her on the stairs, leading to the lawyer's office. On the contrary, the relation in which she now stood with respect to myself, and the finery she had piled upon her person, rendered her, in my eyes, more hideous than ever.

I responded to her salutation, and remained silent for a few moments. She appeared desirous of manifesting a certain measure of maidenly coyness, and I was not indisposed to allow her all the leisure she required for the performance of her part. When she had enacted the *role* to her satisfaction, and lost a little patience, she opened upon me with the voice of a dying screech-owl, that made me shudder:

"Well, Mr. Ingleton, the object of your visit is, I presume——"

"Yes, madam, it is as you say, to propose for your hand and heart; they are conventionally supposed to go together—"

"My hand and heart!" she exclaimed, laughing.

"What a laugh it was! A ruined hurdy-gurdy, a maniac's scream, and the serenade of a starving cat combined were music to it.

"Yes madam; and does this appear so absurd to you?"

"Extravagantly so."

"My lawyer has been authorized by me to make a proposition, which he has given me to understand has been favorably received.—Has he deceived me?"

"Not at all; but you have made a slight mistake in the person."

"Are you not Mrs. Barrington?"

"That is my name; but I presume you refer to my niece."

"This is very ridiculous. Shall I have the pleasure of seeing the right lady?"

"In a moment. She sent me to prepare you for her coming."

"I do not see the necessity."

"I presume not. I will explain, although the subject is a delicate one to handle. A better-hearted girl than my niece Clara never lived, but she has some personal defects which, perhaps, only the eyes of affection can overlook. I mean to say for instance, that she does not enjoy the same personal advantages as myself."

I looked at the speaker for a moment in amazement, and an involuntary groan escaped my lips.

"It cannot be possible! Is she deformed?"

"Oh, no; she is as perfectly shaped as I am."

"Indeed? What is it then?"

"A slight obliquity of vision, which adds a puzzling and peculiar expression to the eyes. Her hair is of that color against which there is a very unmerited prejudice; but, for myself, I think I never saw a finer or more brilliant red. With these exceptions, there exists a strong family likeness between us, especially as respects the width of the mouth, the roundness and height of the shoulders, and the size of the feet."

What an image of horrors was conjured up before me.

"Say no more!" I exclaimed wildly.—"This suspense is too dreadful. Let me see the woman herself, though the sight of her kill me!"

"Then turn and look upon your death!" cried a sweet voice behind me, in a mock tragic voice, followed by a silvery ring of laughter.

I turned, and, to my inexpressible delight, beheld my adored black-eyed beauty.

"And you—you—are—"

"Not Miss Eastburn. That was my maiden name; but Clara Barrington, widow."

I fell at her feet, half disposed to worship her, covered her hand with kisses, and finding no resistance offered, sprang to my feet and clasped her in my arms.

"Clara Barrington, will you become Clara Ingleton?"

"In what excellent practice you are! We shall have you proposing to the whole family. You have begun bravely, first to the aunt, and then to the niece within five minutes.—Aunt has fled, as well she may from so dangerous a creature. What would have become of her had I not rushed to the rescue, heaven only knows! I promise you I shall be dreadfully jealous of her and the superior personal advantages she enjoys."

"Oh, you have been playing a rare game with me."

"A fair one. I have won your love fairly, and learnt at the same time that there was right on your side as well as on mine, and I will be my own court of equity, and do justice more even-handed than the law."

"May I not praise you now?"

"No, but you may—"

"Do what?"

"Love me just as much as you please."

Butcher Wirz.

A list of sickening and revolting horrors is now about to be made public during the trial of Wirz, of Andersonville notoriety. He is charged with having maliciously, wilfully and traitorously, and in aid of the armed rebellion against the United States, combining, confederating and conspiring together with Robert E. Lee, James A. Seddon, John H. Winder, Lucius D. Northrop, Richard B. Winder, Jos. White, W. S. Winder, R. R. Stevenson, and others unknown, to injure the health and destroy the lives of soldiers in the military service of the United States, prisoners of war within the lines of the so-called Confederate States and in the military prisons thereof, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired; in violation of the laws and customs of war. The specifications of the charge, which number twelve, and are very lengthy, recite different cases of Rebel inhumanity; among others is one charging him, while commanding at Andersonville, "with feloniously and of his malice aforethought, causing, inciting, and urging certain ferocious and blood-thirsty animals, called bloodhounds, to pursue, attack, wound, and tear in pieces a soldier belonging to the army of the United States in his custody as a prisoner of war, whose name is unknown, and in consequence thereof the said bloodhounds did then and there, with the knowledge, encouragement and instigation of Wirz, maliciously and murderously given by him, attack and mortally wound the said soldier, in consequence of which said mortal wound, he, the said prisoner, soon thereafter died." Of course Wirz, like his colaborers in rebellion and murder, objects to being tried by a military commission and questions its jurisdiction. His counsel also filed a plea that he was captured under a pledge that he should have safe conduct to his home if he gave certain information, which he did; and that he was included in the terms of the convention between Generals Johnson and Sherman. The pleas were overruled and the court adjourned.

☞ An old prediction of Napoleon is recalled by one of our cotemporaries. At St. Helena he said:

Ere the close of the nineteenth century, America will be convulsed by one of the greatest revolutions the world ever witnessed. Should it succeed, her powers and prestige are lost; but should the Government maintain her supremacy, she will be on a firmer basis than ever. The theory of a republican form of government will be established, and she can defy the combined powers of the world.

☞ A new application of photography is noticed in the late English papers. A firm in Edinburg is practicing with a new invention for making "sun pictures" on wine glasses. One paper also remarks that the latest photographic nonsense is to produce upon the handkerchief bought the physiognomy of the buyer in photography.

JEFF DAVIS has written a letter to one of his counsel at Albany, asking information as to the date of his trial and the nature of the charges. It has hitherto been supposed that he was not permitted to correspond with any body.

☞ There is a fatal disease raging, among horses in some parts of Pennsylvania. At first there is a swelling of the throat, followed toward the last stages, by a swelling of the head and limbs, which proves fatal.

[From the Washington Chronicle.]

RECORDS OF ANDERSONVILLE.

The following letter from a soldier who spent some months within the hated walls of Andersonville, is one more interesting addition to the chronicles of that "vale of Hinnom," wherein so many of our country's sons were sacrificed to the Moloch of treason.—Proof after proof accumulates, and when the last page of its horrible history is written, who, even among the most ardent advocates of rebellion, can henceforth doubt the fiendish designs of the Arch-traitor and his myrmidons?

573 WEST SEVENTEENTH STREET,
Washington, D. C., Aug. 18, 1865.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

The would be veracious and seeming sympathetic "Planter," in speaking, very recently, through the columns of the New York Evening *Post*, about the horrors of the Andersonville prison, remarked, among other things: "I hear much of what is termed the *dead line*; few, however, know what it is. * * After the assumption of command by Major Wirz, he caused the prisoners to be notified that if they approached within *thirty feet* of the stockade they would be shot by the guards upon the outside. This limit of thirty feet *was unmarked by any line whatever!—it was ideal.*" Ideal! Alas! it is this poor "Planter" who is ideal, and loves to see his visions in italics. I wonder very much *when* he saw the prison; and, *if* he ever saw it, *where* his eyes were, and what *kind of sight* they had. This visionary, yet would be sympathetic observer, stood, unfortunately, upon the wrong view-point, and looked in the wrong way through the wrong telescope, so that, instead of seeing—as all others saw—a *palpable dead line*, he, poor fellow! saw an *imaginary one.*

There was a "dead line"—an actual, substantial dead line—within that awful, that indescribable prison. This dead line was about four feet in height, and it ran parallel with and within about twenty or twenty-five feet of the stockade. I entered the hell at Andersonville in July, 1864; that dead line was there *then*: it *had been* there long before I came, and it *was* there even on the 15th of November, 1864, when the prison was completely empty. I was in the wretched hospital without the stockade when the last batch of prisoners left the prison for the stockade at Millen, (about the 10th of November)—I saw the ruthless "Johnnies," with their bloodhounds, hunt through every hole (of which there were hundreds here and there dug or burrowed in the prison as shelters) to see if any prisoners had secreted themselves. I saw the prison naked and bare of every thing; *but still I saw the accursed dead line.*

Not only was there a *dead-line* in the prison pen at Andersonville, but there was one also in the prison at Millen; but the latter was never so deeply stained with the blood of human wretches, for there skeletons were shot down without any cause whatever; but the most of them were murdered whilst in the act of drawing water. In order that you may better understand this, I must remark that a little temporary bridge crossed the abominable stream (which ran through the prison) on the west side, between which bridge and the dead line was a distance of some 18 feet, and to this little portion all who "had no right to the wells*" were confined for water; but notwithstanding some efforts to keep this little portion clean, it would from divers causes be so dirty at times that a dying camel would turn from it in disgust; as the water *within* the dead line seemed always to be the cleanest—if clean any part of that disgusting sink could be called—the poor, drouthy, famished skeleton would (whilst the sentinels' back was turned) once in a while dip in his vessel about a *foot* inside the dead-line, but alas! before he could accomplish his object, a bullet came whizzing by, sending the poor wretch into eternity! *This was a common thing.* Report had it—and we all believed it—that any sentinel shooting so as only to *wound* one of us, received a furlough for his magnanimous action for fifteen days; but the sentinel who *killed* his victim got a furlough for a month! Does history, whether genuine or fabulous, furnish anything so atrocious, so diabolical as this? The most bloody crimes of the Dark Ages were nothing to the crimes of the keepers of the Andersonville prison; and all the collective misery and cruelty endured for a century before the late rebellion were not more than what was endured by the unfortunate inmates of that awful den

I have seen and been in most of the rebel dungeons. I have tasted the luxury of the wretched prison at Petersburg; the Libby at Richmond; the brick styes at Danville; the bull-pen at Millen; but never—oh! never—have I seen, nor indeed has the world ever seen, such unparalleled, such indescribable misery and privation, such cruelty and suffering, as prevailed in the hell at Andersonville! Nothing short of a superhuman tongue could describe them; nothing short of the most precocious imagination could conceive them.

I will conclude by simply remarking, by way of a friendly hint to the philanthropic, sympathetic, and most veracious "Georgia planter," that it is not only painful but ridiculous to see some insensate individuals *attempting to describe what they never saw*, and striving to grow eloquent upon the shallow, untertain foundation of *hearsay*.

Yours, respectfully,
JOHN ENGLAND,
Company H. 2d N. Y. Cav.

*These wells, of which there were several in the prison, were dug and monopolized by the prisoners who first entered the stockada, so that all who did not assist in making them, except some "special chums," were debarred the privilege of using them, unless they paid a fee of some kind or another which as a general thing, the majority were unable to do and had, consequently, to use the poisonous water of the filthy stream. This was the case till about the beginning of October, when an excellent public spring was started in the vicinity of what was called the "North Gate," but as this spring was continually surrounded by hundreds, it became at times impossible to get water from it, and in such cases we had to resort through necessity to the dirty stream water.

☞ The Finance Minister of Canada has announced to the local Parliament that he is ready