Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1865. NUMBER XXXVII

GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

RIVAL AND DEPARTUR E 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	7.10	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 1 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 EHURSHUTZ.
Watch 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	6.30 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.	
8.15 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.

C. SLACK, Superintendent.

Jan. 1, 1864—tf.

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. We 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 Glasswares, 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,
n. 12—1865 cor. Balt. & Mechanic Sts.

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 in 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. KNOBR, Union.
WILL H. LOWDERMILK, Civilian and Telegraph.
THE ALLEGANIAN.

Cumberland, June 20, 1864.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDN'SD'Y	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'SD'Y	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. HUMMELSHINE, DENTIST,

Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Read's Grocery 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! Finecas!

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

HARRISON & JENKNS,
Jan. 14—1865. Cor. of Balt. & Mechan. Sts.

From the Chicago Republican.

A REBEL WAR LYRIC

The following poem has been handed us by an elderly gentleman of great literary research, who reads many newspapers and invariably carries a pair of scissors in his vest pocket. He assures us that it is original

We reproduce it for the sake of exhibiting a depth of poetic retribution which we think has never before been attained. It is entitled:

PRAYER IN BEHALF OF JEFF. DAVIS.

I

Oh, may that cuss, Jeff. Davis float
On open sea, in open boat
In Arctic seas, without a coat—
Glory, Hallelujah!

II.

Without a compass, sail or oar,
A million miles from any shore,
Where mighty waves like mountains roar
Glory, Hallelujah!

III.

May sharks devour him stem and stern,
A whale engul him down in turn,
And the devil get the wholeconcern—
Glory Hallelujah!

IV.

O may the cussed traitor dwell
In darkest pits of deepest hell,
And gnash his teeth, and groan and yell—
Glory, Hallelujah!

V

And 'mid his roars and frantic cries,
O, may eternal ashes rise,
And blow forever in his eyes—
Glory, Hallelujah!

VI.

In burning brimstone may he be,
While little devils dance in glee,
Then lock the door and lose the key—
Glory, Hallelujah!

LOVE REGAINED.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Clayton, the bride of a year, 'he is gone off so angry, just because I happened to speak a little too quickly when he found fault with his coffee. I am sure, if his coffe wasn't strong he needn't have found fault with it. I didn't have any more parched, and there wasn't time to parch any.'

'If you had told him more pleasantly he would not have gone off angry,' returned Mrs. Mason, a dear friend who was visiting Mrs. Clayton. 'Shall I tell you Ina, how near my own happiness was being wrecked by a course similar to the one you are now pursuing?'

'Yes, Ada, do so by all means,' replied the girl bride. 'God knows I do not want my happiness wrecked. It nearly breaks my heart when he speaks as he did this morning,' and the pretty violet eyes filled with tears.

'Well Ina, when George and I were married we had no pretty home to go to. We were both poor, and my husband had to toil very hard to keep want out of our doors. Often when I was obliged to do without things which I really needed, instead of irying to get along with what I had. as a true wife should do, I grew peevish and fretful.—Of course, all these things worked a change in my husband, though at the time I could not see that it was mostly my doings. I thought then he had ceased to love me, and of ten reproached him, but he bore my reproaches with moody silence.

This indifference, for such it seemed, isritated me much—I may say, nearly maddened me—for it is better to be hated than treated with indifference by those we love, and I loved him devotedly. As years fled on two little ones were added to our family, thus increasing our toil. By this time loving words and caresses were unknown. My husband never gave any; and though I often yearned to throw myself in his arms and to feel again his lips touch mine, I was too proud to make any advances. God only knows the anguish that I endured. I prayed, in those dark hours to die, that I might free him, so that he might be happy with another. But death came not.

However, one did come who proved more friendly—an old friend, Mary English. I had not seen her for many years, and it was with joy that I met her, for she had always in my school days been my better angel. I felt that she would help me now.

She soon saw how matters stood, and set at once to righting them. One day she said to me, 'Ada, it is not the greatest joys of griefs that make up the happiness of misery of this life. It is the little acts, the little words, the little frowns and smiles. Have all your little acts been kind? Ada, is your face always wreathed in smiles?'

'No,' I answered bursting into tears.—'How can it be, Mary? My husband does not love me and—'

'Pshaw! he does love you. That his love lies dormant I own. But you shall awaken it if you will. I tell you, Ada, you have not been as a true wife should be. When your husband comes home, weary with the day's toil, you meet him with frowns and reproaches, not with smiles and cheerful words. Last night when he came home, looking so weary, and threw himself on the lounge, with his feet on your little footstool, you, with cross exclamation snatched the stool away, and with a cross response he arose and left the room. Ada, was the stool worth it? Would you not have given a hundred such, if you had them, for one loving word? Yet you snatched it away, for fear it would be made a little muddy, and took in return an angry word.'

I was weeping bitterly now—weeping as I had not done for years. I saw my error at last.

'Dear Ada,' continued my friend 'I scourge you that you may be healed. Swear to-day that with the help of God, you will never speak another unkind word.' And her hand wandered to where a little Bible lay upon the table; she handed it to me.

'I will not, so help me God,' I said, kissing the volume.

'Now, Ada, pray daily that He may help you keep that oath, and all will be well *Sacrifice self everything*, and you will have your reward.'

I need not tell you how hard it was to keep back bitter words, smile instead of frowning. Habit is a powerful thing, and not to be thrown off at will; yet I did, with God's help and my friend's. Still this seemed to effect no change in my husband. I often sacrificed self for pleasure, yet, when I did he would smile sarcastically, or say something that would irritate me more than he could know, for outwardly I was very calm.

One day when I was more than usually sarcastic, I went into ahe little parlor where my friend was sitting, and throwing myself wearily in a chair. I said, "It's of no use to try. He doesn't love me."

'Yes he does,' she said, with a smile. 'He thinks now that you are acting a part because I am here. It will be all right when I am gone.'

'But my strength will fail me then.' I returned.

'No, it won't. You will ask for God's help daily, and I will write to you every week.'

She went away the next day, and we were lonely, for she was one of those gentle, unobtrusive beings, who win all hearts to love them.

'Well, Ada said my husband, that evening, 'you acted your part well. She thought you a Christian, no doubt.'

How sarcastically he spoke, and what bitter words came to me then! But I remembered my oath, and did not speak them, I merely answered, 'She knows I am a Christian. If the part I acted is a worthy one, I pray God that I may act so always.'

He looked very serious then, but said no more. The next day my next door neighbor, who had five children, between the ages of four and eleven, called to see me, the school was so far off, she said if I could teach the children four hours each day, she would give me five dollars per month. I agreed to do so, for, by rising a little earlier, I could easily spare the time.

'A month passed, and still my husband was as indifferent as ever. True, when I did any little act of kindness for him, he gave me a smile and a 'thank you,' but that did not satisfy the longings of my heart. I wanted to be loved. One night my husband informed me that he had to sit up with a sick friend.

'I wish,' said he fretfully 'that I had a pair of slippers. Boots are horrid things to keep on one's feet all night.'

My heart smote me. Away in my trunk lay a pair which I had commenced a year before. After he had gone I got them and went to work, determined to finish them that night. My father was a shoemaker, and I am a passable one myself. I can do light work very well. All night I worked. Just as day was breaking I drew his arm chair to the fire, and placed his slippers before it. He came soon and pulling off his boots, put on the slippers. For a moment he seemed pleased.

'Why did you not give them to me last night?, he asked, while he glanced from one to the other.

'They were not finished,' I replied.

He glanced at my weary eyes and frowned.

'You have sat up all night. Ada, you scarcely think of my comfort, unless I am cross: then you sit up all night, or do something that you may get sick and keep me at home.'

He kicked the slippers off and threw himself on the lounge, while I rushed from the room and burst into tears.

Must I never be understood by him? The little ones, when told to do anything would pause for a kiss, and then hurry away. The five I taught said they loved me because I was good. The cat would purr on my lap, and my dog would look at me with great intelligent eyes, and seem overjoyed when I gave him a caress or a kind word. I think I should have failed that day, had not a letter come from Mary, which closed thus: Don't be discouraged, Ada; you will yet win his love. No heart can withstand kindness always. The memory of old times is yet fresh in his mind but your little acts and words of kindness will eventually blot it out; and, believe me, the joy, when it does come, will be the sweeter for tarrying so long.'

I put, as I thought, this letter in my trunk; but when I went an hour afterward to read it again, nothing was there but an envelope. I had dropped the letter, and my husband had picked it up, so I afterward found.

That night my husband seemed in better spirits than I had known him to be in for many years. The next morning was Sunday, and he proposed that we should go to church.—"My pants," he said "are hardly up to trim, but I cannot afford any other ones this fall. My old Sunday clothes must do this winter."

Monday morning I got my five dollars for teaching Mrs. Wilton's children. Self whispered then, "Get that new poplin you admired so much." I said "No," and the next Sunday my husband had a new pair of pants. He seemed quite pleased with them, and a little displeased at me for not telling him about my teaching; but when I told him he said no more. I saw, however, that the pants shamed the coat and vest, and I resolved that I would earn enough to buy new ones if I could.—Fortune favored me, for the next day five more children applied for admission in my school. Mrs. Wilton had recommended me to the parents, who were quite wealthy.

Two months passed away. and I was the owner of twenty dollars. Self whispered, "That will just get the ingrain carpet that your little parlor has needed so long, get it by all means." But I again said "No,' and for fear self would conquer I started off at once and purchased the coat and vest.

How happy I felt that evening! I built a cheerful fire, and set the table my nicest, and smoothed my hair many times before sitting down to wait his coming. He came at last looking cheerful and happy, bearing upon his shoulder a roll of carpeting.

"Here, Ada," he said, throwing it upon the floor, "this is the long coveted carpet."

"But George, how could you afford it?" I asked.

"Oh, I quit smoking, and saved all my odd pennies, until I earned enough to buy it."

"I thought I had a present for you," said I "but I see it is only an even exchange;" and I held up the new garments.

"Why Ada! you might have bought the carpet yourself! Why didn't you?"

I answered with a question, "And why didn't you buy a coat and vest?"

"Ah! you sacrificed self for me. I understand you now, my little wife."

There was no mistaking the lovelight in his eyes. They beamed as they had once done in years gone by. I looked at him for a moment. He opened wide his arms, and with a wild sob I sprang into them. What were fine clothes or carpets to me then? Would a kingly crown have purchased that moment from me? No!

"Ada," he said, "it is a glorious work—this sacrificing for another! You have become just what you were when I took the marriage vow. How thankful I am that it is so."

"You must thank Mary English," I returned. "It was she."

"Not Mary English, but God," said a sweet voice, and my friend stepped into the room.

She came unexpectedly; had entered the yard just behind my husband, and the door being left ajar had heard our conversation and waited for the sequel. She dropped on her knees and there offered up a heartfelt prayer, to which my husband said, *Amen!*

"Ada, years have passed since that day, and Mary English dwells with the angels now; but I know that when I return home to-morrow, strong arms will clasp me, and eyes beaming with the old love-light will gaze in mine, will whisper, "My own dear wife!"

The speaker paused, and the girl bride said, between her sobs, "Hand me the Bible, Ada, you shall be my Mary English."

Restoration of Speech

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette relates a wonderful case of a woman having her speech restored, at Cambridge City, Indiana. About twenty five years ago, Miss Permolia Barnell, who was then, and is now, a resident of Jacksonburg, in this county, while attending a camp meeting in this vicinity and in the act of prayer, went into a trance in which mood she remained for about eleven days, at the expiration of which time she was attacked with aphonia, and from that time until within a few days ago she conveyed her thoughts only by manipulation, having not uttered a sylable during this long period of years. Being conversant with the facts above stated, and having noticed that a soldier who had lost his speech under the excitement of a great battle, and whose case had baffled the skill of the experts of the army, was made to talk by imbibing freely of the ardent, it was a source of much gratification to me to get the consent of the lady to try the experiment, as it will no doubt be a source of rejoicing to her numerous friends. Having procured for her a pint of best *scale antiquum*, she began to imbibe it about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and in ordinary time, using common parlance, became beautifully drunk. After lying in a comatose state for two hours, at which time she began to sober off, to the utter astonishment of all present, she began to talk, at first slowly, but afterwards with as much ease as if the gift had never departed, and this morning continued to talk as glibly as if she was an adept in the matter.

EXPLOSION IN THE OIL REGIONS.—At Tidioute, Pa., on the 1st, an explosion occurred at the steam refinery of White & Stillwell. Three of the workmen were killed. Wm. S. Deforce leaves a wife and one child; he was a man of about forty-five years of age. Jas. Lacey, supposed to have been an Englishman, but lately from Toronto, Canada West, is thought to have a family there or in England, and was about forty years of age. Joseph Howard, the other victim, was a young man of about twenty, and came from Brownfield, Maine. Mr. B. Stillwell, one of the proprietors, met with a narrow escape. He had started with Mr. Lacey for the refinery, but was stopped by a gentleman on some business, and was again on his way, when the explosion took place. He estimates his loss at about $20,000, on which there is no insurance.—What makes the matter still worse is the fact that the spring freshet damaged the refinery to the amount of $12,000. Several citizens were more or less injured by falling timbers; among them are Messrs. James Parshall, T. B. Monks, and C. O. Nichols. The latter named gentleman quite seriously, but, it is believed, not dangerously.

THE pirate Semmes and his son Oliver, are now living in New Orleans. Semmes is not the "Big Injun" he was on the deck of the Alabama:

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* relates the following ridiculous story:

An amusing scene occurred at the Phœnix Hotel, in Lexington, on Friday night. At a late hour all the guests of the house were suddenly aroused by the screams of a woman, which seemed to come from a room in the third story of the building. In a few minutes the halls of the house were filled with women and men, in their night clothes, all bent on ascertaining the case of the alarm. It turned out that a young lady had dreamed that a man was in her room—hence the disturbance.—When the matter was explained by Colonel Grigsby, the landlord, the guests commenced a hasty retreat to their rooms, and in the confusion which ensued many very ludicrous scenes occurred. A young married lady becoming separated from her husband, and being a total stranger in the house, ran pell mell into the room of Captain G., of the United States Army. She did not discover her mistake until the gallant Captain, who had preceded her but a moment, cried out, "Keep off, keep off," when another screaming almost equalling the first took place. Several persons, whose rooms were on the first floor, went down one flight of stairs too many, and landed in the office, where by this time quite a number had assembled. A well known physician from Louisville got so bewildered in searching for his room that he finally squatted down in the hall and called out at the top of his voice for a porter to come and show him the way. Conductor Taylor, of the Kentucky Central Railroad, mail agent Morrow, and a well-known Quartermaster, who does not live a thousand miles from this city, figured conspicuously in the scene, but we are under a solemn promise to them not to particularize their exploits on the occasion.

A CHICKEN DIET.—Among the patients which Dr. S——, had at one time, was one to whom while still under the Doctor's care, it chanced that he with Dr. S——, and a number of other friends, was invited to a gentleman's dinner party, given by a mutual acquaintance. The principal dish was fowls, and as the patient sat on the right of the host, the platter was passed to him first. The man helped himself very freely—more so than politeness allowed—not only to the annoyance of the host, but of Dr. S—— also, who happened to sit at the end of the table, and began to think his chance was slim. Gazing for a few moments at the contents of the patient's plate, the blunt man asked, in a tone of half rebuke, half ridicule—

"Hallo, Jones, what are you doing?"

"Why, Doctor, you told me I must eat chicken," the patient replied.

"Yes, I know I did; but I didn't tell you to make a hen coop of yourself," retorted the man of physic, amid the roar of the entire table.

HENRY A. WISE, says the Richmond correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, is again floundering in an address of thirty pages of foolscap, closely written, addressed to Gen. Grant, appealing from the decision of Gen. Terry as to the transfer of his property in Nansemond county, abandoned in 1862, to the Freedmen's Bureau. After defining the rights and duties of secession, and acknowledging his being conquered, he says, "There is no need of my taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. I am not, never was, and never mean to be a foreigner to them.—Under their ægis I claim to be an American citizen, and *free*, save those bonds of a prisoner of war. I can take no oaths. I am not free to swear." He denies the right to confiscate, as by the parole which he received from Gen. Grant he was directed to go to his home, which he now claims he is excluded from, it being occupied by Government paupers. He states: "I had definitely made up my mind to advocate emancipation. I had also determined that my children should never be subjected to this humiliation." The whole paper is made up of fluent bombast, for which this son of the sacred soil is especially noted.

THE Tycoon of Japan lately passed through the foreign settlement of Kanagawa, exhibiting himself to the eyes of the barbarians.—He was preceded and followed by a body of troops, armed with Enfield rifles and bayonets stepping to the music of military bands. His Majesty rode on horseback, and was pointed out as a young man in the center of a cavalcade of high officials, his surcoat of buff embroidered with gold, with a large crest on the back.

A QUAKER had his broad-brimmed hat blown off, and chased it for a long time with fruitless and very funny zeal. At last seeing a roguish looking boy laughing at his disaster he said to him, "Art thou a profane lad?" The younger replied that he sometimes did a little in that way. "Then," said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "thee may curse him to this amount."

A Letter-writer, describing fashionable costumes, as he saw them, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, says: "I observe that the prevailing style of garters was blue." The style of dress enabled him to make the observation.

A PORTION of the clergy of Missouri having declined to take the oath of loyalty required by the new Constitution, it is proposed to hold a convention of such ministers as are in favor of sustaining the laws of the State, and who do not regard loyalty as incompatible with religion.

"Let me look at some collars," said a gaunt, rough-looking fellow, addressing the proprietor of a country store not a hundred miles from Montreal. "With pleasure, sir," was the response; and the stock of collars was shown to the customer, who fumbled them over, and then, with a gesture of contempt, turned away with the remark that they were not the kind he wanted. "What kind do you want?" queried the shop-keeper. "We have most every kind" "Well, it's secesh collars; them's the style for me!" "Walk right this way—we have that kind too," was the response, as the shop-keeper unrolled about eight feet of hempen cord, and, quickly twisting it into a loop, held it up beford the astonished gaze of the "secesher." He had no more to say, but quietly took his departure.

APPLICATIONS have been received by the Comptroller of the Currency from almost every place of importance in the south for the establishment of banks, with capitals varying from fifty to five hundred thousand dollars.—Among the applications lately received are those from Newbern, Wilmington, Raleigh, and Charlotte, North Carolina; Savannah and Augusta, Georgia; Mobile, Selma, Atlanta, Montgomery, and Huntsville, Alabama; Helena, Arkansas; and at Houston and Galveston, Texas.

By an official statement we learn that out of 359 persons receiving Government rations at Knoxville, 357 were white and two black. The question does not now seem to be, what shall be done with the black man, but what shall be done with the white man. All things considered, the freedmen of the South exhibit more tact in providing for themselves than the poor whites. This may, in part be accounted for from the fact that the blacks as slaves, were accustomed to industry and do not disdain any work that brings them an honest livelihood, while the poor whites have, with few exceptions, spent their lives in a shiftless manner, and have neither the skill nor disposition to labor.

A WOMAN, named Perkins, wife of a farmer near Brantford, Upper Canada, on her death bed lately confessed to a clergyman, that she had during her life, committed six murders by poison—four children and two adults. Two of the children were her own. She said she had a mania for poisoning, and only by the greatest restraint kept herself from poisoning all her relatives. She died soon after making her confession. The Mrs. GRINDEY arrested in Pittsburg, on charge of having murdered some six or eight persons, seems to have been possessed of as imilar mania.

A writer in the Independence Belge, says that Victor Hugo is about to do an unprecedented thing, and one which it would be difficult for any other writer to imitate. He intends to publish, one immediately after the other, three works, which will show the three aspects of his genius. At the end of October will appear a volume of lyrics, "Songs of the Streets and the Woods;" at the end of January, a novel in three volumes, "The Workmen of the Sea;" and towards the close of May following, a volume of plays, containing a drama in five acts, "Torquemada," and a comedy in one act, "The Grandmother."

'I say, I wish you would send a couple of men here to help me manage this mule.'

The Brigadier, indignant at being so familiarly addressed, sternly replied:

'Do you know who I am sir?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'you are Gen.———. I believe.'

'Then why do you not salute me before address ing me?' inquired the Brigadier.

'I will,' responded the M. D., 'if you will get off and hold the mule.'

The Brigadier retierd in good order.

A veteran tells the follwing:—Once a mule driver was engaged in leading an unruly mule for a short distance, which job proved about as much as he was able to do, and gave full employment for both hands. As he was thus engaged, a newly appointed Brigadier rode by him in the consequential radiance of his starlight, when the mule driver hailed him as follows:

An engineer tells the following story of Western life—We had been busy running a line through a dense piece of woodland. An old woman gazed on us for some time in silence. We all saw she wanted to enter into conversation and none, with the exception of myself wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects, and as a matter of course I put my best foot forward. Struck with my language, she exclaimed in a tone quite flattering to my vanity, "La, how learned you are!" But the compliment received a death blow." "If I was as high learned a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit ingeneerin and go to keepin' a little grocery!"

Those who go into a swimming bath at the proper time are apt to remain ten times longer than they ought to. We have seen people come from the water with toes and fingers that looked as if they had been parboiled. *Such* bathing kills people. No person should remain in the water longer than ten minutes.

The complete official returns of the Kentucky election make the vote for State Treasurer as follows: NEAL (Amendment), 42031; GARRARD (anti-Amendment), 42,187. A close vote.