

Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1865.

NUMBER 44.

GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
FOR THE EAST.
Cincinnati Express Train leaves..... 8:15 A. M.
St. Louis Express leaves..... 8:44 A. M.
St. Louis Express leaves..... 10:58 P. M.
FOR THE WEST.
Mail Train, leaves..... 6:08 P. M.
Cincinnati Express leaves..... 9:20 P. M.
St. Louis Express leaves..... 5:30 A. M.

CLOSING OF MAILS.

Mail Boat, closes daily, (except Sunday,) 8:50 A. M.
Mail Boat, Through mail closes 6 P. M.; through and way mail, closes 9 P. M.
Stages for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday), 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 9 A. M.
Stages for Washington, arrives 6:30 P. M.; leaves, 9 P. M.; Mail closes, 8:30 P. M.
Stages for Annapolis, arrives, 5 P. M.; leaves, 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 5 A. M.
Pilotone, semi-weekly—leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12:30 P. M.

City Government.

Mayor—GEORGE HARRISON.
Councilmen—EDWARD BRUCE, J. R. CRUZEN, GEORGE LONG, C. E. SMITH, H. STARTZMAN, JOHN YOUNG.
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.
Treasurer—JOHN BOWARD.
Deputy—GEORGE FLEISHBUZ.
Weigh Master—ARTHUR MERRI.
Board meets on the first Monday in each month.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. JAMES SMITH.
Judge of the District Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—GEO. W. HOOVER.
Sheriff—JAS. T. GALLERT.
State's Attorney—GEO. A. THURSTON.
Surveyor—JAMES CHISHOLM, JR.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—J. B. CAMPBELL, J. H. PERCY, A. M. L. BUSH.
County Commissioners—CHARLES RIDGELY, ELIJAH FRIEND, JOHN BELL, J. H. SPALLINGS, J. H. TOWNSEND.
Post Collector—S. L. TOWNSEND.
Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDAR FOR 1865.

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

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:

ROUTE.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
B&O	8:00 A. M.	Pilotone.
B&O	8:20 A. M.	Barton.
B&O	8:35 A. M.	Loneoaning.
B&O	12:15 P. M.	Frederick.
B&O	1:45 P. M.	Mount Savage.
B&O	1:55 P. M.	Cumberland.

C. C. SHRIVER & CO.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
CORNER OF BALTIMORE & MICHIGAN STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD.
DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, PAINTS AND OILS, WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, GROCERIES, DRUGS, SPICES, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP, FANCY GOODS, CARRON OIL, LAMPS AND LAMP GLASSES, &c. &c.
Always on hand and for sale in competition with the Eastern markets. [June 15, 1865.]

W. M. R. BEALL & CO.

GROCERIES & LIQUORS.
Queens and Glassware, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco,
PIPES, SNUFF, MATCHES, ETC.,
Baltimore Street, near the Railroad Depot.
This extensive store of W. M. R. BEALL & CO. adjoining each other on the southeast 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, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, to their City and Country customers.
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, LIQUORS, &c., constantly on hand.
Jan. 5, 1865—y.

DENTISTRY.

DR. L. K. HUMMELSHIME
DENTIST.
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of our town and the public generally, that he has removed his office to his residence, on the corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Board & Brother's Store, and immediately opposite Campbell's Drug Store, where he is prepared to attend to the practice of DENTISTRY in all its departments.
Feb. 7, 1865—y.

SUGARS!

An extra article of R. R. Sugar on hand and suitable for preserving, for sale by
HARRISON & JERKINS,
110 Corner Baltimore & Mechanics sts.

Civilian & Telegraph.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

WILL H. LOWERMILK, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription:
\$2.00 Per Annum, in advance.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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.

G. W. CLABAUGH, JOHN REINHOLD.

CLABAUGH & REINHOLD.

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GIN, WINES, &c.

S. W. Corner Baltimore and Canal Streets, Near the Bridge, Cumberland, Md.

WALTER S. McFARLAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Office, south side Washington street, three doors east of the Court House. Sept. 23 '65 y.

J. FRANK SEISS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Office in Lutheran Sabbath School Building, in rear of Lutheran Church, Centre Street.

Will be prepared to attend to all business in his profession. Sept. 21, 1865.—1y.

EDWARD G. GUEST, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND AGENT FOR THE COLLECTION OF CLAIMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

Having been for the past four years in charge of one of the divisions of the Second Auditor's Office, of the Treasury Department—in which office all claims of the soldiers and their heirs are settled—it will be to the advantage of such claimants to place their business in his hands.

E. G. GUEST.

Hon. B. B. French, 21 Auditor.

F. Andrew, Chief Clerk, 21 Auditor's Office.

W. H. West, Chief Clerk Treasury Department.

Office, West side Will's Creek, opposite Episcopal Church. Sept. 21, 65—1y.

DR. HENRY J. WEISEL, GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

Formerly office student of Drs. Thos. A. Hessler and Samuel P. Smith, and of Prof. Hamilton, of New York; late contract surgeon in Clarysville U. S. Hospital, respectively offers to serve the public in the various branches pertaining to his profession.

Office, on Baltimore street, near Mechanic, in the rooms above the old Savings Bank, Cumberland. Sept. 28 '65.

ATTENTION OYSTER DEALERS!

J. SCHAMBERG & CO., OYSTER DEALERS, 43 and 45 South Liberty St. BALTIMORE, MD.

All orders promptly attended to. Sept. 7, 1865—2m.

JOHN R. KENLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE, 2D FLOOR BIBLE BUILDING, FAYETTE-ST. Near Charles Street. BALTIMORE.

Will practice in the several Courts of the City of Baltimore and State of Maryland; also, Claims against the Government of the United States, and all business connected with the Public Offices at Washington, will be carefully attended to.

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.

W. M. BRACE, Address, Post Office, Cumberland, Md. Residence on Columbia street, a few doors above Polk. Jan. 26—1y.

CHAS. F. SOMERKAMP, UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER.

and Dealer in PAPER HANGINGS BORDERS, &c., Baltimore Street, opposite McKay's 33 Story Block, Cumberland, Md.

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

WILLIAM B. BEALL & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

Baltimore street, near the Depot.

A. J. BOOSE, Dealer in Salt, Fish, Groceries, Provisions, MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN.

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

LADIES' CLOAKS

Are made in splendid style this season, and can be had on most reasonable terms at
BAILOUTCHER'S, Sept. 24 Baltimore st., near Mechanics.

Civilian & Telegraph.

CUMBERLAND, MD THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1865.

PUBLICATION OFFICE ON BALTIMORE STREET, IN MCKAY'S 33 STORY BLOCK, OVER HENRY'S DRY GOODS STORE.

ADVERTISE!

The Civilian and Telegraph has a much larger circulation than any other paper in Allegany County, and is therefore the best medium in the county for advertising.

The statements of the guerrilla Champ Ferguson, made shortly before his execution, to the reporters of a Nashville paper, executed unutterable atrocity and cruelty all that has heretofore been told of this hardened scoundrel. He admits that he had killed a great many men, but shields himself under the pretence that they were his personal enemies. "One man he killed whilst lying wounded in a hospital, because he thought he might get well and give him trouble. Another was killed to put him out of his misery, he being fatally wounded. He confesses to the killing of twenty men, all in cold blood, and some under circumstances of shocking barbarity. Of the murder of a negro soldier he simply remarks, "I didn't think niggers had any business in this war, and I killed him." Let us hope that the Rebellion produced but one such wretch.

BURNING WATER.—A contemporary says that "The New York Association for the advancement of social care, discussing the practicability of burning water. We hope they will establish the fact that it can be done. What collapse there would be among the speculators in coal! The fact that it can be done has long since been established. What remains is only a question, as we suppose of economy of manufacture. Water being composed of hydrogen and oxygen, an electrical current decomposes it into those two gases. If they be collected in separate tubes, and these at a certain point united and a match applied, the greatest artificial heat known results from the combination. An enormous heat is contained in a pint of water if there were but a cheap way to develop it. But it will doubtless be done ere many years.

THE STORY ABOUT MR. SEWARD AND THE PENIANS.

A note was addressed to the Secretary of the State a day or two ago for a more specific contradiction. The answer was received from Auburn in the shape of an extract from a paragraph in the Albany Journal which says:

We have already contradicted the senseless statement. We now say, positively, that Mr. Seward has given the British Government no information respecting the Penian movement; that no application for such information has been made; and that, finally, no correspondence on the subject has passed the State Department.

As this denial is probably from the pen of the Secretary himself, it must be regarded as official. It places the London Morning Post, (the British Ministerial organ,) that was the author of the original allegation, in an awkward position. The explanation, if it have any, is anxiously awaited, particularly by the Penians.—Exchange.

Lieutenant General Grant's official report for the years 1864 and 1865, covering the active and stirring operations in the campaign which ended with the complete suppression of the rebellion, has been completed, and will soon be sent to the War Department; but it is not expected to be given to the public till after the meeting of Congress. Though concise in its statements, it is said to be necessarily of considerable length.

A despatch received in Washington yesterday in regard to Mexican affairs, shows that there is some discrepancy in the late proclamation of Maximilian concerning the abandonment of the Republican cause by Juarez. It is not believed in diplomatic circles that Juarez has sanctioned the Mexican Express Company.

A convention of the United States assessors is now in session in the city of Albany, New York, for the purpose of deliberating upon the question of practice under the existing laws of the United States, and making suggestions to enable them practically to carry out the law to a letter.

It is reported that the estate of the Confederate General Gideon J. Pillow, in Arkansas, comprising some six thousand acres, which has been held as abandoned property for some time past, has been restored to its original owner.

Miss Harris, who recently shot her lover at the Treasury Department, Washington, is now in Richmond, Va., following the business of a milliner, and has, apparently, quite recovered from her "insanity."

A fellow in London forged bills of exchange to the amount of \$20,000, and gave the entire amount to a fascinating young actress for the pleasure of her acquaintance for one day. He is in difficulty on account of it.

Jonathan Worth, a former peace man, is announced as candidate for Governor of North Carolina, and will be supported by the Vance and Davis leaders. Governor Holden is the Union candidate.

[For the Civilian and Telegraph.]

The Evening Star.

Ask you bright, glittering orb what office it performs in the vast machinery of the universe, and down the shining track of light will come the answer, "I am a mighty world revolving in my orbit around the great luminary that gives light and warmth to the earth. My office is to perform the part assigned me in the planetary system and maintain the perfect order and regularity that was established at "Creation's birth." But besides its aid in preserving the wonderful regularity and harmony with which the heavenly bodies revolve, by making its revolutions continually, the little star (for it seems small to us) has another office to perform. It has a mission upon earth, which it ever faithfully fulfills—it exerts an influence—pure and holy—among mankind that may be felt.

When the sun shines in his unequalled splendor, its soft, pale light is altogether invisible, and even when the moon is in her full radiance, its glimmering is scarcely perceptible, but gently and silently through the hushed evening air its silvery beams descend, bringing sweet messages of peace and love, of comfort and cheer to earth's weary ones.

Let us follow its rays, and trace some of its quiet workings, and note its silent influence. A young girl is kneeling beside a newly-made grave. The sun has disappeared below the horizon, the "shades of night" are gathering around her, the grass is already wet with dew, yet she heeds it not, but seems insensible to every thing around her. When at last she raises herself, it is to awake to the consciousness of her loss and she sheds bitter tears over the grave of that mother, to whom her affections so tenderly cling. What is it that seems to rivet her gaze as she looks upward imploringly, as if to pierce the airy depths and view her soiled mother? It is the Evening Star shining softly there.

It brings consolation to her sorrowing heart, for it seems a link that binds her to the loved one in the "spirit world." As she gazes at the calm stars over her and she acknowledges that it was the hand of Him who doeth all things well that bereft her, and she no longer murmurs that her beloved parent was taken away. The soft beams as they fall upon her, seem laden with messages of love and comfort, and through them she holds sweet intercourse with the departed one.

The little star has soothed her grief, and become her comforter—has it not performed its mission.

But we will leave her, and follow its noiseless workings still further.

A young man who bears upon his brow the stamp of intellect, is standing upon the threshold of a gambling saloon. He pauses a moment ere turning to enter the place of ruin and his eye chances to be fixed upon something in the distance. What is it that arrests his attention so completely that his footsteps are stayed, and he appears utterly unconscious of all around? It is the Evening Star shining there.

As he gazes, what thoughts crowd upon his mind, what emotions sweep over his soul. Scenes that had long been forgotten are vividly brought to view, influences that had been slumbering and had seemingly lost all power over him are fast at work. He sees his early home, and lives over again his childhood and early years. Again he is kneeling by his mother's side liping his evening prayer, and he feels her gentle good-night-kiss upon his cheek. He seems to be gazing upon the same star that he and his little brothers used to watch ere closing their eyes in sleep, which they used to think was one of lamps in the home of the angels.

Scene after scene of his younger, prater life, is called up until he sees himself leave his home to act his part in the world's broad field of battle. His mother's parting blessing, his sister's last embrace and gentle warning are brought fresh to his memory. Does he enter the gambling house? No. The little star has saved him. It has brought back his mother's early teaching and earnest counsel, and has awakened new desires and resolves in his breast, and he turns away a better, yes, a rescued man. The star has accomplished its mission.

Let us follow it a little farther. A mother is bending over the inanimate form of her darling child. The deep stillness that reigns throughout the apartment is broken only now and then by a convulsive sob or low moan as the stricken mourner clasps closer her lost treasure. What is it that meets her glance and fixes her attention as she in speechless agony raises her eye upward? It is the Evening Star shining gloriously there. Long and earnestly does she gaze until a smile of sweet contentment, a look of tender resignation spreads over her countenance. As the soft rays stream through the open casement, she gazes and remembers how oft at that calm, twilight hour, she would sit and point out to her fair boy that star, until he learned to love it and call it his own. Now she identifies it with her child and no longer thinks of him as he lies before her—a lifeless corpse—but as a bright star in the upper world, and she feels that he is no less her own, than when he clasped his arms about her neck and prattled those sweet baby words that were so precious to her heart. His angel-spirit seems to be hovering near her, breathing words of sacred peace and joy into her soul.

The star has fulfilled its mission. The mother's mind is composed, her affections are lifted from earth to the bright world beyond.

where the glorified image of her child is awaiting her.

Thus the little star pursues onward, ever performing some office of peace and comfort and love. No dwelling is so lofty that it shrinks back in fright, no cottage so humble that it spurs to admit its tender light, no region so remote that its rays cannot discover it. It brightens the chamber of death by its presence and cheer, it glances into the homes of the happy and is welcomed by joyous hearts; it sends its rays into dark and lonely places, dispelling some of the gathering gloom, it glides through the prison-bars bringing a gleam of hope to the desponding, it sheds its light over the earth, bearing with it a pure and heavenly influence, and thereby making mankind better and happier.

CLARK.

A New Loan on the Market—Special Security Plagued—The Interest Payable in Gold.
New York, October 23.—Yesterday morning the Republican government of Mexico opened an agency at 52 Broadway, and placed in the market a loan of thirty million dollars, interest payable in gold. The agents are John W. Cortez & Co., and J. T. Tiff, financial agent of the Republic. A large sum it is said has already been pledged on the bonds, which will be ready to mortgage. They are in sums of \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1000 in gold, payable twenty years from October 1st, 1865, and bear 7 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. The principal and interest are payable in gold, and the payment is secured by the pledged faith of the Republic, and the States of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi; and further by a special pledge, having the effect of a national mortgage, of five million acres of agricultural and a half million acres of mineral lands, and in the States above named, the agricultural lands are estimated at the value of from one to five hundred dollars per acre, and the mineral lands at one hundred dollars per acre at Government prices.

The special security given aggregates over fifty-five millions of dollars. Moreover, a sum equal to the amount of interest for the first year is to be received and held by Cortez & Co., as trustees for the Government, for the prompt payment of such interest on these bonds, and as a sinking fund for the redemption of the principal. The bonds will be sold to the Liberal Government of Mexico without said States, and also in payment of port duties, imports, and taxes therein, and for land, mineral and agricultural, at Government price to actual settlers—\$100 for the former and \$1 for the latter.

The contract for insurance of the loan was made by General Carvajal, Governor of Zamalapa, under the authority of the Mexican Republican Government.

Accompanying the announcement is a certificate from Senator Romero, the minister of the United States of Mexico to the United States of America, approving the contract.

Ten millions of dollars of the bonds will be sold at sixty cents on the dollar in United States currency, and the right is reserved to increase the price of the remainder if it shall then be deemed expedient. The bonds sold at the above price will yield an annual interest of nearly twelve per cent. in gold, or seventeen per cent. in United States currency, with gold at the present premium.

A GOOD DEAL FOR THE PRESIDENT. BUT NOT MUCH FOR JOHNSON.—It must not be forgotten that every democratic leader, now loyal for Andrew Johnson, was indifferent to his patriotic courage in December of 1860; indignant at his attack on Breckenridge and Lane in 1861; laughed at his suffering as a refugee, and opposed his appointment as Military Governor of Tennessee in 1862; denounced and called him ingrate in 1863; rejected gold in 1864; slandered him in 1865; and now proclaims him self in favor of Andrew Johnson's restoration or reconstruction plan without ever having done anything but assail all the other portions of his policy, including emancipation, confiscation, suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, military arrests, military trials, execution of the assassins, and the support of Radicals like Holt, Stanton, and Wm. G. Brownlow, of Tennessee.—Philadelphia Press.

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editors' wives, she was an exceedingly poetic nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon; how bright, and calm, and beautiful!" "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

All of the wood work in Ford's theatre, Washington, has been removed, and workmen have nearly completed three arch floors of brick masonry, and the basement also of brick. The building will be perfectly fire-proof, and a cast iron stairway will be erected from the first floor to the third floor in the southwest corner of the building.

The Kentucky Presbyterian Synod is in session at Louisville. Dr. Breckenridge has entered upon the war path by introducing a series of resolutions against treasonable preachers and disloyal members of the Synod.

A lottery has just been organized at Paris for the benefit of the poor of the city. The Emperor gives two handsome wares of Sevres ware, and the city of Paris a diamond *parure* worth 40,000, to be disposed of among the poor.

Some burglars entered the office of Adams Express Company at Georgetown the other night, drilled into and blew open the safe, and escaped with a booty of \$4,000.

The incendiary who kindled the terrible conflagration in Augusta has confessed his guilt. His name is George W. Jones, and he comes from China, Main.

During the months of May, June, July and August, 5,500,000 in three cents pieces were coined at the United States Mint in Philadelphia.

A CATFISH.—A young lady in St. Louis, by the name of Mary Ann Halpen, died last Wednesday from the use of arsenic which she had taken to improve her complexion.

"Brick" Pomeroy on Mosquitoes.

"Brick" Pomeroy, of the La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat, gives the following as his experience in getting mosquitoes intoxicated.—"Josh Billings" can't beat it!

MOSQUITOES ON A BENDER.
Night before last, in order to sleep, we placed a piece of raw beefsteak on a plate at the head of our bed. In the morning it was sucked by the mosquitoes as dry of blood as an old sponge, and our skins saved at least two thousand perforations. All about the room in the morning were mosquitoes, plethoric with blood, soiled till they could not fly. We killed a few, but the job was too sanguinary, so we left them to their feast.

Last night, in order to get even with the serending devils, we steeped half a pound of fresh beefsteak in some old rye whiskey, and left it on a plate near the bed. Nothing like being hospitably melted. In ten minutes after the light was extinguished a swarm of these back-biting bill-posters made an advance movement. One of them crept sweetly on the nose—he sent in his bill—fully and honestly performed the duties which such an uproarious night as the whiskey-soaked beef. The entire mosquito family came singing in, and such an opera—good Lord deliver us! But they did not disturb us with bites—we fell asleep to be awakened in ten minutes by the worst mosquito concert ever mortal, devil, angel, divine, Dutchman or any other man ever listened to.

We raised a light, and the greatest show of the season was there to be seen. Every mosquito was as drunk as a blind fiddler, and such an uproarious night as the blind belled whelps had never seen before this side of—*scotch*. The worst antics! Some were playing circus on the plate. One big fellow, with a belly like Falstaff, full of blood and whiskey, was dancing juba on the Bible, while a fat friend of his tribe lay on her back beating the devil's drum on an invisible tambourine with one hind leg? Two more were wrestling on the forehead of the bed, each with his bill stuck fast to the timber. Another was trying the legs of our points into a bow knot to tie about the neck of Anna Dickinson, which hangs against the wall, while another red-stomached customer was trying to stand on his head in the wash-bowl.

All over the room were drunken mosquitoes. One long-billed, gaunt representative, was trying to run the muzzle of a bottle full of newspaper clippings. Another chap was drilling a hole through a revolver handle, and singing "My Mary Ann," while another was flapping across the window sill in search of fresh air, to the agonizing tune of—tramp—tramp—tramp! One little ram of a skeet was trying to jam the cock out of Ben. Butler's eye with a tooth brush, as his picture hung beside that of Kid, the pirate, and a few other thieves. Another drunken statesman of the mosquito family reminded us of Zac. Chandler, and was talking Russian to a lot of drunken companions as they lay in a heap on a plate, while another sat on the handle of a bow-knife, doubled up with cramps in his stomach, trying to untie his tail with his bill, which seemed like Lincoln's back bone when Annie Dickinson said it wanted stiffening.—He was a sick looking skeeter, and died in three minutes after we saw him, her, or it, as the case may be. Two others took a bath in the inkstand.

Another one with a bill like the devil's narrative was trying to wind our watch with a pen wiper, while another had just died in a sitting on the rim of a dish in the room, while another was trying to untie his tail with his bill, which seemed like Lincoln's back bone when Annie Dickinson said it wanted stiffening.—He was a sick looking skeeter, and died in three minutes after we saw him, her, or it, as the case may be. Two others took a bath in the inkstand.

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