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Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.
CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 24, 1859.

VOLUME XXXII.
NUMBER 2.

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Poetical.
From Blackfoot's Magazine.
OUR LITTLE ROSE.

She came with fairy footsteps;
Softly their echoes fall
And her shadow plays like a summer shade
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright,
Mid the mazes of the hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportive fawn she boundeth
So gracefully along,
As a wild young bird she caroleth
The burden of a song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeam seems to linger
Above that holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh! how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle in the life within!
Oh! how fondly do they nestle
Around the soul that knows no sin.

She comes, the spirit of our childhood—
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet bearing still the breath of heaven,
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright-robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or bight
And passeth by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children!
The gifts of heavenly love,
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.

From "The Fly Leaf."
"Look into thy Heart, and Write."
BY AUBRA.

Evening shadows were already gathering
When Agnes May arose and with a sigh
of relief shook out the heavy folds of a rich
robe, which she had been wearing, and
since early dawn.

The simple attire and sad, pale face of the
young girl contrasted strangely with the
crimson hue of the costly fabric—strangely,
but beautifully, for even the queenly woman
for whom it was destined, might have envied
her, as standing there in the fading light of
day, she gazed musingly on the shining garment.

Her fair parted smoothly away from a
pure brow and clustering in a wealth of
sunny curls about a snowy neck—a look of
sadness in the blue eyes and lingering around
the featureless mouth—all combined to render
her lovely in the extreme.

The worn and faded dress in which her
graceful form was clad—the meagerly furnished
apartment, and above all, the subdued and
melancholy expression of the youthful
countenance were true exponents of her life-
history; one, dear reader, which need scarcely
be related; its but an off-repeated story of
poverty and toil that comes to us at almost
every turn in the crowded thorough fare of
human experience. A widowed mother struggling
through long years of want and suffering
for the support and education of her
fatherless children; and now, when George,
the eldest, had gone from her, with prayers
and tears resting like a benediction on his
young head, to battle with the adventures of
life, Agnes was devoting her energies with
unflinching perseverance to the sustenance of
herself and mother. Day after day and
night after night the fair girl toiled, fabricating
silly costumes for ball-room belles, who
saw not that the fingers as delicate as thine
had grown weary in the work—had tears
from eyes as bright as thine had fallen silently
upon the shining folds. Ah! the
charity of this world; the stifled woe of
aching hearts, the piteous longings for rest
that are known and answered but in Heaven!

Yet, despite all this, the life of Agnes May
was not devoid of happiness, for the outward
world was not the one in which she dwelt
continually—in it she moved, but there was
another, an inner, in which she lived; one,
to enter which, was to her the benediction
of all that was dark and cheerless and unkind
about her—the revealing of a new existence
filled with strange and glorious aspirations—the
creations of her own fancy; for, who among
us all lives not an inner life, in which
we love to withdraw our ideal natures
and indulge in sorrowful dreams of what we
are and regret that "we are what we are,"
and happy imaginings of what we may be.

Thus it was with Agnes—yet, amid all
her aspirations, there was one that came forth,
as it were, from the surrounding throng,
and stood out in the dim, shadowy landscape
of the future, bright, beautiful and un-
wavering—and around which, day by day, her
thoughts gradually clustered, in which all her
hopes were centered. A powerful and all-
absorbing desire had taken possession of her
soul. She would not, could not be content
with a mere physical existence—there were
yearnings for the truest and purest aim of
this life—intellectual prominence. How this
great want was to be satisfied she knew not,
and yet, she felt that Fate in her "mystical
web of the future" was weaving golden
threads, mingling bright and glorious hues
with the sombre shade of which her young
being was shrouded. Yet, little did she
dream, as she carefully folded the robe and
prepared to convey it to the owner, how soon
her aspirations were to assume the semblance
of reality—how near she was to the "golden
gate" of the Eden of knowledge, wherein she
so longed to stray, and pluck, with unre-
strained hand, the tempting fruits so invitingly
arrayed.

A new leaf in the record of Agnes May's
life was written on the eve of which she
spoke; we will read it ere long—
There was a low, childish moan from the

nursery adjoining the elegant dressing-room
in which the fashionable Mrs. Morton was
arranging her beautiful person in the dress
before mentioned. A half vexed, half com-
passionate expression passed over her face as
the sound reached her ear, and casting aside
the glittering string of pearls with which she
was about to encircle her snowy throat, she
passed hastily into the room where the sick
child lay. A moment, and there was a shade of
tenderness upon the proud, beautiful face of
the mother as she bent over her suffering
babe, and then—the "good angel" plumed
his wing, as a vision of brilliantly-lighted
halls thronged with sylph-like figures that
vibrated, as it were, to the cadence of some
dreamy melody—stole in upon that worldly,
wayward spirit and snatched his place. "I
cannot stay," murmured she, "and yet—"
she paused—a gleam of pleasure lit up her coun-
tenance. Re-entering her chamber she rang
with a quick, impetuous movement of her
jeweled hand.

"Is Miss May gone?" she eagerly asked
of the servant who appeared. "She is just
leaving, I believe ma'am," was the reply.
"Tell her I wish to see her," said she.

Agnes, who had remained to ascertain if
the dress required alteration, wonderingly
retraced her steps to the lady's apartment.
"Agnes," said she, "Eddie is quite ill—I
fear to leave him with only Clara—will you
not stay?—I can trust you, besides, it is al-
ready too late for you to venture out alone.
If you will remain, I will send you home as
soon as I return."

Agnes hesitated—she thought of her
mother who would anxiously await her—then
of the gratification it would afford Mrs. Mor-
ton, who, although so gay and thoughtless,
had ever been strangely kind and attentive to
her—then, too, she feared to venture out alone
at that hour, and the lady would not surely
be gone long; so quietly laying aside her
cloak and bonnet, she replied, cheerfully,
"Certainly, my dear madam, if you wish it."

A few minutes after, Mrs. Morton laid
the last touch to her rich toilet; a hasty
glance at the little sufferer, with a "Good
bye, darling," in her sweet, careless tone, and
she was gone.

"Agnes," she called, as she entered the
carriage—"If you grow lonely you can
bring a book from the library—I believe
you like to read." How the young girl's
heart bounded at those words! She had
more than once caught a glimpse of the
crowded shelves of Mrs. Morton's library,
and oft how she had longed for an opportunity
to examine the precious volumes—now
her wish could be gratified.

She went softly to the couch of the sick
child and found it quietly sleeping—then
taking a lamp she stole into the library.
How those books inspired her by their pres-
ence—each volume was, to her, a living,
thinking being—the noble exponents of un-
dying genius. She sat down a moment in
their midst and bowed her head upon her
hands. Again that one great desire arose
and filled her soul with longings for its ac-
complishment—the present faded slowly from
her view and a new life dawned upon her.

The Persian slip had at last been reached
and she had shaken her throat with its pure,
inspiring waters. She had longed with en-
thusiastic delight over those ennobling works
in which she so beautifully enshrined the breath-
ings of genius and—oh, blessed thought!
—she felt in her heart, realizing that "great
thoughts are the world from all who can
give them," the purest and best emotions of
her nature were going forth to cheer
and comfort hearts as worn and sor-
row-stricken as her own had been. No longer
tolling patiently at her rattle, but giving
back in a glorious setting the jewels she had
gathered in her mind. The blue-blended
dream-life—can it be realized?—hours when
the spirit wanders, unrestrained, through the
mazy labyrinths of Futurity, gathering lan-
dscapes from its unveiled front to twin about
the poor frail brow. But the awakening—
the return to life's realities!

Agnes May awoke to find herself, only a
pore sewing girl, upon whom the great old
volume looked down with seeming pity—
Her dream was only for a few brief moments,
and yet, might it not have been an earnest
of a future that was to dawn upon her young
life—fringed with precious, priceless gifts?

An hour later her little charge still slept,
and Agnes sat by the couch, had become
deeply absorbed in a favorite volume of
Poems, when a loud, impatient ring at the
door in the hall below—then some one
sprang lightly up the stairway leading to
Mrs. Morton's apartment—a bounding step
on the landing, and ere Agnes could reach
the door, a gentleman in uniform stood upon
the threshold. He gazed eagerly around
the room, "Is this gazed upon the young
girl?"

"Pardon me," said he, bowing with true
military politeness—"Is Kate—Mrs. Morton in
here?"

"She is not," said Agnes, "but I am mo-
mentarily expecting her."

"Then, with your permission," replied he,
advancing, "I will await her return."

She bowed assent and motioning him to a
seat, resumed her own by the bedside, though
without many silent conjectures concern-
ing the unexpected advent of the stranger.

That he was a relative of Mrs. Morton's
was evident from the familiar manner in
which he mentioned her name and the readi-
ness with which he found her room.

The "unknown" drew his chair toward the
parade and removed his cap which had before
partly concealed his face.

It was a fine, manly countenance that met
the inquiring glance of Agnes as she turned
to remark him; a high, broad forehead, al-
most grizzly hair, and shaded by heavy
locks of dark hair—a clear, sparkling eye,
steady and unshrinking in its expression—a
firm, yet pleasant mouth and intelligence of
every feature—all combined to form a very
prepossessing exterior, and the fair observer
could not acknowledge it. Suddenly the
child-moan and tassel his arms feebly about
—Agnes arose and smoothing back the little
sunny curls of the sufferer, gently bathed his
forehead with a low, childish moan from the

The young soldier, for such he evidently
was, followed her movements with a look of
mingled admiration and surprise, for if his
comport had given rise to conjectures on her
part, her presence, there was equally un-
countable to him. But all doubt was soon
terminated by the return of Mrs. Morton.
The lady came wearily up the stairs and
slowly entered, half blinded by the sudden
light. The stranger arose and sprang to
meet her—"Kate! my sister!" said he. One
glance at the handsome, joyous face pressed
close to her own, and she was clasped in his
outstretched arms.

The first surprise and excitement of the
unexpected meeting over, Mrs. Morton turned
to Agnes. "Although this gentleman has
been some time an intruder on your loneli-
ness, still I presume your acquaintance has
not progressed sufficiently for you to have
learned each other's names—Miss May, allow
me to introduce my brother, Lieut. Masie."

The gentleman bowed a smiling recognition
to the blushing girl, accompanied by a deli-
cate compliment concerning the charming
manner in which she had discharged the
duties of hostess to her unbidden guest.

Agnes was preparing to return home—
"Surely you do not intend returning at this
late hour,"—exclaimed Lieut. Masie.
"I am going to see her," said she.

"Even then she should not go alone," re-
plied he, almost reproachfully.

"If you will permit me, Miss May," con-
tinued he, turning to Agnes, "I will accom-
pany you—although a stranger, yet I trust
the acknowledged relationship to your friend
here will be sufficient assurance of my good
intentions."

The young girl hesitated—not that she
doubted his sincerity, for there was only
trust in the kind tones and earnest man-
ner of the speaker; but still she said it—for
a moment and a moment only, all her wo-
man's pride came to her—she could not take
the elegant and accomplished brother of Mrs.
Morton to her humble home—it was a pass-
ing thought, however, and she dismissed it
as unworthy of herself. The next moment
she had thanked him and accepted the proffered
arm.

"I will return immediately," said he, in a
low tone, to his sister, who glanced with a
curious, impatient look at the young man as
he passed out.

"It was scarcely just in me to deprive
your sister of your presence after so long an
absence," said Agnes, when they had reached
the street.

"It would have been exceedingly unjust
and ungrateful in me to have allowed you to
venture out unprotected," returned he. There
was a peculiar delicacy and grace in his tone
and manner that divested Agnes of half the
embarrassment she would have otherwise felt
under similar circumstances, and when they
reached the door of her modest residence,
she gratefully extended her hand at parting,
thanking him with sincere earnestness.

With the musical, "Good night," of Agnes
May, lingering sweetly on his ear, Lieutenant
Masie slowly retraced his steps to his sister's
elegant mansion—how, we say, for he did
not quite wish to lose in the conversation
that would succeed his return, the soft tones
of the young girl's voice, nor dispel by the
glare of sunlight the memory of her fair
face.

A week had elapsed since the arrival of
Lieut. Masie.

"Kate," said he suddenly, one morning
while the two were lounging in her elegant
boudoir, and just after Agnes May had left
the house with some sewing for which she
had called, "That young girl has no right to
be toiling with her needle for support—
there is a higher, nobler calling for her. It
is written in every lineament of her pale, sad
face—revealed as plainly on her pure brow
as stars in the evening sky. Have you never
marked the unadvised, wistful look in those
earnest eyes? The no-common soul shining
within, that struggles in vain for utterance—
a craving for knowledge, for the world of let-
ters, in the midst of which she lives and yet can-
not reach it, yearning to attain it, that which,
in her present station, is unobtainable; a fee-
ble effort to repress the desire—the contin-
ent wants of an intellect that cries unceas-
ingly for food!"

"Have you never thought of this, Kate?"
inquired he earnestly; his fine face all aglow
with feeling as he spoke.

"I have observed," replied she, with more
than ordinary interest, "that she seems to be
fitted for a higher position, but—"
she hesitated, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"But is too poor to attain it!" Is not
that what you would say?" asked he quick-
ly.

"Then, why not assist her, dearest Kate?"
he continued. "You have means, why not
apply them to the noble purpose of elevating
her to the position of which you deem her
worthy?"

read very plainly in the sparkling eyes and
radiant face upturned to his, when they met,
quite accidentally (?) in the hall,
as she was passing out.

The new life was dawning—a star, beauti-
ful and unwavering, had arisen in the dark
horizon of her young days, and the golden
light of her far-off future already rested on
the bright young head that bowed that night
in mute gratitude for the blessings in store
for her.

The good which the generous nature of
the soldier suggested was not wrought in days
or months even; the change was gradual,
almost imperceptible. There were years of
toils made sweet by anticipations of a glori-
ous harvest which the autumn of a hopeful
future would surely bring—and the youthful
laborer was not disappointed.

When the feet of Agnes May stood proudly
on the threshold of beautiful, soul-crowned
womanhood, there was a plentiful ingather-
ing, and with her radiant face enwreathed in
smiles, and eyes brimming with tears of joy,
she went to place the first gleanings of her
labor in the hands that had kindly scattered
the seed.

Time but added new lustre to the genius
and fame to the young authoress. Known
to the world as a writer of superior abilities,
and in the refined circles in which she moved,
as the literary protégée of the fashionable and
accomplished Mrs. Morton, universal homage
was paid to her beauty and talent. It was,
therefore, with no small degree of pleas-
ure that Mrs. M. learned, on the return of her
brother, Lieut. Masie, after an absence of
five years, that Agnes would probably soon
sustain a nearer relationship to her.

And now with the sunshine of happiness
resting on her dear, radiant, enrapturing
vision that once arose like a beautiful mirage
in the dreary desert of her life, is realized—
She is fulfilling her mission—"giving back
in glorious surroundings the jewels she has
gathered"—striking in kindred souls a chord
that echoes through her own, in one full
unwavering swell of harmony.

SUPERSTITION IN GERMANY.—A letter from
Berlin (Prussia) thus speaks of the supersti-
tion which prevails among the peasantry of
Germany:

The German peasantry, by the way, al-
ways huddle together as close as possible,—
I have rarely seen an isolated farm house in
Prussia. Intelligent men, even in great
part owing, as I at first supposed, to a social
feeling, but mainly to a superstitious, child-
like dread of being alone. It seemed to me
increasingly, but further observation compels
me to believe that at the present day the
common people of Germany are as supersti-
tious and credulous as negroes themselves.

Witches and ghosts still play their part in
the popular belief, and half the door-ills in
Berlin are protected against their evil man-
ifestations by the talismanic powers of patent
iron horse-shoes! And yet Prussia is a land
of common schools, where every child is
obliged to learn how to read and write, and
is supposed to grow up into an intelligent
man or woman, but somehow they contrive
to mix in an amazing proportion of supersti-
tion with all that they learn. A few days
since I was present at a pleasant social gath-
ering of Americans and Germans, when just
as we were sitting down to tea the servants
discovered there were thirteen of us. Fatal
number! If we all sat down, some one of
us would never live to see another morning!

Our host was a man of sense, and above
all, his ignorant folly; but the servants refused
to be pacified until a good natured German
offered to wait and save the company from
the consequences of that fatal number. This
superstition prevails everywhere among the
common people of Germany; and is some-
times to be met with where least expected.

Mrs. Partridge, after listening to the read-
ing of an advertisement for a young ladies'
boarding school, said:

"For my part, I can't conceive what on
earth education is coming to. When I was
young, a girl only understood the rules of
distraction, provision, multiplying, replen-
ishing and common doctory, and knew all
about the rivers and their tributaries, the cov-
enants and dominions, the provinces and the
emperors, they had education enough. But
now they have to study botany, algebra, and
have to demonstrate supposition about
sycopants of circles, tangents and Diogenes
of parallellograms, to say nothing about
the exiles, coristics and abstruse triangles!"

"Times varying, the old lady leaned back in
her chair, her knitting work fell in her lap,
and for some minutes she seemed in meditation.

"But is too poor to attain it!" Is not
that what you would say?" asked he quick-
ly.

"Then, why not assist her, dearest Kate?"
he continued. "You have means, why not
apply them to the noble purpose of elevating
her to the position of which you deem her
worthy?"

"True," she murmured, half-musingly;
"but how am I to accomplish it?"

"Do you not see that she has a passionate
love of books? How her countenance glowed
with pleasure this morning when we spoke
of the new work recently issued, and how
eagerly she listened when you mentioned the
fame of the Authoress! Ah! it required no
powers of divination to read in her face the
desire of her whole soul.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.
THE HISTORIAN IN HIS LIBRARY.

"He desired that, after death, his remains
might rest for a time in the cherished room
where he gathered the intellectual treasures
amidst which he had found so much of the
happiness of his life. His wish was fulfilled.
There he lay—it was only yesterday, air—
his manly form neither wasted nor shrunk by
disease; the features which had expressed an
inspired so much love hardly touched by the
effacing fingers of death; there he lay, and
the lettered dead of all ages and climes
and countries seemed to look down upon him
in their earthly and passionate immortality,
and claim that his name should hereafter be in-
deletably united with theirs."

[From Mr. Ticknor's Remarks at the meeting
of the Historical Society in Respect to the Man-
agement of Mr. Prescott's Remains, Feb. 24, 1859.]

His wish was fulfilled! "It is done as he had
said:
Borne sadly back, with slow and reverent
tread;
Not cloaked—the dead with kindred dead.

Ye need not listen—no low-whispered word
From that hushed concourse will be overheard;
Nor start, as if the shrouded sleeper stirred.

He rests, where he hath told; the busy pen
Misses the busy brain; nor plods as when
It traced the lore of that far-searching ken.

He lies as his peers; the storied great
Look down upon him, here reclined in state—
As nudes as they who speechless round him
wait.

His task is done; his working-day is o'er;
The morning lark wakes him no more—
Unheard his summons on that silent shore.

Round him the relics of the hard-fought field,
Helmet and lance and unavailing shield,
And well-proved blade he never more shall
wield.

So leave him for awhile, in that still room,
His books among; its sober, twilight gloom
Fit tribute to the stiller, darker tomb.

Beautiful Sentiment.—The late eminent
Judge, Sir Allen Parke, once said at a
public meeting in London: "We live in the
middle of blessings till we are utterly insen-
sible of their greatness, and of the source from
whence they flow