

IS PUBLISHED Every Thursday Morning. WILLIAM EVANS, Proprietor. OFFICE in Second Story of McKim's Row, Baltimore Street.

TERMS—One copy, one year, \$2— invariably in advance. TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC this paper offers unrivaled advantages, as it is read by 1000 Families. As it has more extended circulation than any other journal published in the country, advertisements would consequently reach a greater number of readers an object worthy of consideration by those wishing to advertise.

Terms of the Civilian & Telegraph. TWO DOLLARS per annum, \$2.00 in advance—\$2.50 if not so paid, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year. Those who extend receive the CIVILIAN & TELEGRAPH for \$2.00 may pay invariably in advance.

The LAW OF NEWSPAPERS. If publishers or proprietors of newspapers, or those who have control of them, are desirous of being held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered their discontinue until all arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square 12 lines, 50 cents for one insertion—subsequent insertions 25 cents each. All advertisements under 12 lines charged as a square.

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths. 10 cents per line for first insertion—subsequent insertions, 5 cents per line. Nine words are counted as a line in advertising. Merchants and advertisers by the year will be charged 10 cents per line.

COUNTY DIRECTORY. Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. THOS. PERRY. Clerk of Circuit Court—HOMER REEBLY. Sheriff—WILLIAM WILSON.

Business Directory. CUMBERLAND, MD. REEBLY & SHRYVER. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS.

JOHN BEALL. IRON FOUNDRY AND MACHINERY. Keeps constantly on hand and manufactures to order, Steam Engines, Stoves, Grates, and every thing in his line of business.

C. B. H. CAMPBELL. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS.

JOHN E. RUSSELL. Candle and Soap Manufacturer. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Candles, Soap, and other articles.

E. F. SOMMERKAMP. Upholsterer and Paper Hanger. Dealer in Wall Paper, Upholstery, and McKim's Row, Baltimore Street.

JAMES P. WRIGHT. Watches, Clocks, Brass-Pins, &c. Baltimore St.

ANDREWS & SWARTZWEIDER. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Books and Stationery, Periodicals, and all kinds of Stationery.

JOHN G. TREIBER. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Confectionaries and Fancy Articles, and all kinds of Toys.

CHARLES W. BRENDEL. Dealer in and Manufacturer of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

HOPEWELL HEBB. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, McKim's Row, Baltimore Street.

HENRY D. WINEW. FANCY DRUGS MERCHANT. McKim's Row, Baltimore Street.

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

A. J. BOOSE. Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Feed, &c.

HESMAN H. HOBBOCK. Dealer in Groceries, Confectionary, Toys, &c.

HENRY J. LEAR. Restaurateur & Dealer in Oysters. Corner of Baltimore and Mechanic Streets.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXII.

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1859.

NUMBER 9.

Religious Services. Presbyterian—Liberty Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and evening at 8 o'clock.

M. RIZER & BRO. Manufacturers and Dealers in Cabinet Furniture of all kinds.

THOMAS ECKKE. Manufacturer of Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, &c.

JOHN L. THOMAS. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tobacco, Seegar, Snuff, Pipes, &c.

H. HEIDELBERGER. Keeps always on hand a full supply of Cloths, Cassimere and Vestings.

P. R. HALDEMAN. Restaurateur & Dealer in Oysters. Will give and fresh fish, at wholesale and retail.

THOS. CAIN. (Of the firm of Blake & Cain.) Merchant Tailor.

H. D. CARLETON. MERCHANT TAILOR. McKim's New Block, Baltimore Street.

JOHN T. WOODSIDE. Manufacturer & Dealer in STEAM SAW-MILL, Lynn's Wharf, CUMBERLAND, MD.

JOHN JOHNSON. Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker. Respectfully asks a share of patronage.

JAMES T. MAGILL. Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware.

DR. E. C. GASKILL. SURGEON DENTIST. George's street, next door to the Cumberland Bank, Cumberland, Md.

J. W. MACRUEDELL. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hardware and Pocket Cutlery.

THOMAS JOHNS. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Civil Engineering and Surveyor.

WM. BRACE. CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER, Surveyor & Draughtsman.

A. RUSSELL & SON. Carriage Manufacturers. Centre street, near Harrison street.

COR. BALTIMORE & CHARLES STREETS. The Largest, Best and Most Popular Commercial College in the United States.

EVERY YOUNG MAN. Should study immediately for one of these Large and Beautiful Commercial Colleges.

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

A. J. BOOSE. Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Feed, &c.

HESMAN H. HOBBOCK. Dealer in Groceries, Confectionary, Toys, &c.

HENRY J. LEAR. Restaurateur & Dealer in Oysters.

Religious Services. Methodist—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

Religious Services. Baptist—Bedford Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

Religious Services. German Lutheran—Bedford Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

Religious Services. Catholic—St. Peter and St. Paul—Fayette Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

Religious Services. Jewish Synagogue—Baltimore Street. Services Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

TO-Day and To-Morrow. High hopes that burned like stars sublime. Go down the ladders of Freedom.

Our kind of song are silent now. Beneath the lowly dome of Freedom.

Through all the long dark nights of years. The people's eyes are turned to us.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire. Thy heart is heaven's immortal.

Build up heroic lives, and all be like a sheath of steel. Ready to flash out at God's call.

Triumph and toil are yours; and joy. Joy that is worth the price of the crown.

Bring victory to-morrow. Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire.

Book & Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION—SUCH AS BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, MANIFESTOS, BILL-HEADS, PAY-ROLLS, CHECK-ROLLS, BALL TICKETS, &c. EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH.

AT THE OFFICE OF The Civilian and Telegraph.

A supply of Magistrates and Constables, PLAIN and Ornate, and all other Stationery and Promissory Notes, &c., always on hand.

THE VOICE OF THE WINDING-ROCK. A "winding-rod" hard-shell preacher roused up a flaming sermon with this magnificent production.

My Mother and Sister! of a man's fault of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children they put 'em in a fiery furnace, letted seven times hotter than they could bear, and it didn't singe 'em on their heads, and there was John the Evangelist; a 'Bolt' and what; my fellow travelers and respect a shiner, do you think he was put into the lion's den for? Why, for praying three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethren and sisters, I don't think any of you will get into a lion's den.

Who made you? inquired a lady teacher of a tubercy boy, who had lately joined her class. "I don't know said he.

Don't know. You ought to be ashamed of yourself; my mother says, 'There is a little Dick Fulton; he is only three and he can tell I dare say. Come here Dick, my name you.' "I'll keep the infant prodigy."

"Well, be longer," said the stupid boy. "I don't know a little white agince he was made."

A spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age. Time will make a generous wine more mellow, but that which is early on the feet to vinegar.

Who is it that is getting in his mouth? "No, why do you ask such a question?" "Come that gentleman with a heap of hair on his face, he'll hold of her and she will be worse to take her hair from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste.'"

Jeffrey says, "I like the color? I giv' it up, Sam I can't tell you. Kase you stay green both summer and winter."

A lady patting on her corsets like a man who drinks to Drown his grief? Because in wearing herself she gets tight.

A recently bachelor says: The friendship of two women is always a plot against the third.

Some writers say marriage is like eating an onion you shed tears and eat again.

Miss Long, a girl of quick and fearless wit, asked Miss if he knew a certain young man. "Yes," she replied. "I've known him to know him. I raised him from a pup." "Ah," said Miss Long, "I didn't know you were so old a cat." "Mosee waded."

A TOAST.—An ex-lavender that the New England Society of Minneapolis, in Minneapolis, had a collection on the 22d of December, and the following is a specimen of the sentiment offered:

"THE LIVE YANKEE.—He's driven his keels to pasture all over the Continent; keeping school in Australia; peddling 'Kerry Cream' in England; and, in the mean time, the Japan people had had office in Arizona; Keweenaw everywhere, and making himself at home generally without invitation.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

A farmer charged a hired man with having an offensive breath. "Thunder and lightning, I don't know how to say it, you ought to be a breeder, make me for six dollars a month."

Hearing a physician remark that a small flower would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I don't know how to say it, I've broken my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it yet."

USEFUL RECEIPTS. SERVICING A CURE.—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says, T. Danville, N. Y. writes, "I have a recipe for curing fresh corn-cob and using warm dilute water, or warm water and Castile soap, (I prefer the former,) and rubbing the affected part with the cloth, dipping it frequently in the water, until the corn is soft, and perfectly clean, drying it with a cloth and applying the following salve—rubbing it well, that it will take but a few gradings until the horse is perfectly cured. I have used this method repeatedly for thirty years, and it has never failed me. I scrape from the outside of the iron pot used for cooking, the soot or black that is on them, with a case-knife, and then mix tallow with it, and it forms a good salve or paste, and rubs the corn with it, and it