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Civilian and Telegraph

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1860. NUMBER 18.

Terms of the Civilian and Telegraph. TWO DOLLARS per annum...

Religious Services. Presbyterian—Liberty Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

Methodist Episcopal—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

Episcopal—Washington Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

Baptist—Bedford Street. No Pastor. German Lutheran—Bedford Street...

St. Peter and St. Paul—Fayette Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. John's—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. George's—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Andrew's—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Nicholas—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Elizabeth—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Ann—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Rose—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Mary—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Michael—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. James—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. John the Baptist—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Peter the Apostle—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Paul the Apostle—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Andrew the Apostle—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. George the Martyr—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Nicholas the Confessor—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Elizabeth the Virgin—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Ann the Virgin—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

St. Rose the Virgin—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock...

Medical. From the Russellville Herald. ISABEL MAY. Nearly all of our dreams are nothing but dreams.

Of the night as well as the day— 'Twas more than a dream when I dreamed I should see.

One fairer than all the world unto me, For I saw the fair Isabel May.

We were young, and our hearts held never a thought Of time and his wicked deeds— And we daily cheated old Sorrow for hours.

And when we walked out never envied the bowers Of the East, which, though formed of the fairest of flowers,

Have many poisonous weeds. For the violet, hyacinth, tulip, and rose Are fairest when we love— And I reckon this gives us early all the glow.

That the blessed can see in the flowers that grow In the garden of Beauty above. Those as happy on earth as they, And take away gladly the joy that is given, And lay up our dearest treasures in heaven.

That our hearts may be taken away, As quiet and gentle, and peaceful and mild, As her friends, the bright angels might be, As lovely as clouds in the valley unfurled, Dear Isabel May, who was naught to the world,

Was all of the world to me, I reckon I might have been quite too proud, For the brightest are always ours, As Time came on with a haughty stride, And his form's dark shadow fell over my pride.

Like a cloud on the garden of flowers, For an angel came down one day in the spring, And told her so charming a tale Of a City of God that is built in the sky, And of One who had built her a mansion on high.

That she afterward spoke of our home with a sigh, As low as the evening gale, And daily she said she was nearing her home, (But daily was leaving me), And I never could think unless with a sigh, She slowly was passing away to the sky, Thought to One who had loved her far better than I, In its kind, but not in degree.

In the time of the year when flowers grow pale, And Beauty is passing away, The angels came down, and they whispered awhile, A message that lit her warm face with a smile, My dear, dear Isabel May, I thought that she loved me so fondly and true, She never would hurry away.

Miscellaneous. From the Metropolitan. A young man called Arthur was coming lately from the country to Paris, where he had been to arrange some family affairs; he was alone part of the way, but at some distance from town a traveler got into the coach.

The traveler was a young man about the same age as Arthur, and a friendly interest sprang up between them. The newcomer's name was Edward B.— he related to his fellow traveler that he was in a peculiar situation, he was going to be married to a lady whom he had never seen, neither did he know her father; the arrangement had been made by a friend of both parties, the preliminaries had been gone through by correspondence, and all seemed to make it a very desirable match.

On arriving in Paris, Edward and Arthur were the best friends in the world. "I hope that we shall meet again," said the young provincial to Arthur, "and if you were not in a hurry to return home, you would do me much pleasure by breakfasting with me at the hotel of the 'Invitation.'"

The young people had hardly been half an hour at table, when Edward was taken suddenly with a fit, and died before assistance could be procured. This sad occurrence threw Arthur into great consternation, and he wished at least to render a last service to the friend that he had lost, by going to inform the family in which Edward was expected, of the sad catastrophe.

However, before fulfilling this sad mission he went home to his young wife, whom he was afraid would be uneasy at his absence. "I hope that we shall meet again," said the young provincial to Arthur, "and if you were not in a hurry to return home, you would do me much pleasure by breakfasting with me at the hotel of the 'Invitation.'"

Mr. C.— who doubted not on seeing him that it was his intended son-in-law, received him with open arms. "How glad I am to see you, my dear Edward," said he; "we were only waiting for you to go to dinner," so saying he hurried the perplexed Arthur into the drawing room, where, independent friends, who were present, were assembled several friends, who were present to the future son-in-law.

Mr. C.—'s fluency of speech was so great that Arthur, not being able to get in a single word to unobscure him, was obliged to resign himself to the part forced upon him, and allowed himself to be presented to the young lady. He forgot even the death of poor Edward, and could not help smiling at the strangeness of the adventure, which was more like a scene in a farce than anything so serious as the reality.

The thought so tickled his fancy, that his spirit became excited and he was so witty and agreeable during the dinner, that every body, including the young lady, was delighted with the supposed Edward. At a quarter to seven, just as they were going to tea, Arthur looked at his watch, and then rose.

"A thousand pardons," said he to Mr. C.— "but I am unfortunately obliged to you."

A STRANGE AND EXCITING SCENE IN A COURT OF LAW—in the Probate Court of Cumberland, says the Gazette, an interesting trial occurred before Judge Hilton, involving the right to the custody of a child.

The decision of the Judge, taking the child from the care of a party to whom she had been confided by the Orphan Asylum, and giving her to another and a step-father, regarded as a bad character, excited great dissatisfaction among the by-standers and some among whom was N. Longworth, Esq., were disposed to interfere forcibly to prevent the transfer of the child.

The step-father then stepped around to take the child, who had been sitting in the lap of one of the ladies present. The little thing drew back from him in apparent terror, and in an imploring manner, with tears, called out to the Judge, "Oh, Judge, do not give me to him!" This caused considerable emotion, and Gaffney showing a disposition to assert the right the Court had declared in his behalf, several persons gathered around.

Mr. Longworth, in an excited manner, said "let the mob interfere!" and the first man who attempted it was instantly taken hold of by the officers present and thrown out of the room. Mr. Weightman, the wife of the respondent, overcome by the excitement of the entire proceedings, fainted; the little child wept bitterly, and clung to the friends that had adopted it.

Many of the ladies present, who had gathered around, were so excited that they were obliged to be taken care of by the nurses. The Court, however, remained unmoved, and the trial proceeded.

Never Despair. This life is a constant warfare. The good angels are ever on our side, but the evil angels are ever on our side, too. Let the year and old should toil on, till ever and never say "die." Life is full of hope and happiness if the purposes for which it is given are used.

We want little in order to make us happy. We want much to supply all our imaginary wants, to supply the desires which arise from the foolish pride of the heart. There are too many in this age who are seeking for happiness in the splendid establishments, and endeavor to make themselves miserable because they have them not.

If you are unhappy, work, toil on, be busy, be industrious, do what you can for the benefit of others. If your mind is idle, it is sure to be filled with evil thoughts, and if your heart is idle, it is sure to be filled with evil desires.

The young man should never despair. He may think it hard to work, but work is real happiness. He may think it hard to study, but study is real honor. He may think it hard to be kind, but kindness is real love.

Tell Your Wife. If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will give you a better way of doing it than you have.

The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother or sister, and be assured that you will get a better plan than you can get from any other source.

Heavy Robbery of a Columbus, Georgia, Bank. The following particulars of the recent heavy robbery of the Marine Bank Agency at Columbus, Georgia, is gathered from a private letter published in the Augusta papers, which says:

The back door of the agency was opened with a false key, and the safe-door in the bank was also opened in the same way. The sum of forty-five thousand dollars in gold and silver was stolen, about one half of which was in bills of the Marine Bank, and other money was in bills of Georgia and South Carolina banks.

The thief omitted to take a bundle of the Marine bills of the value of seventy-one thousand dollars, as well as several bags of silver which were in the vault. Suspicion is attached to parties in Columbus.

Death of the Hon. Wm. Cost Johnson. The Hon. Wm. Cost Johnson, of Maryland, died in Washington city on Sunday 15th inst., in the 64th year of his age. The deceased was a native of Frederick county, a well known lawyer, and distinguished in former days as a prominent member of the Legislature of Maryland; a member of the House of Congress from 1833 to 1845, and a member of the State Constitutional Convention; a candidate for Governor, but defeated by the Hon. Francis Thomas, of Frederick, and president of the national convention of young men which met in Washington to nominate Henry Clay for President.

Among the Seminoles Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the world, he made the third day of whom was of fair complexion; and that after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein. One immediately leaped, and the second was so frightened that he did not leap, and the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and came out with its own color.

Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages of bark and bade them choose, and out of the packages they chose, he gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper colored one then chose the second heaviest, and the white man the lightest.

When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second contained hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third was a bundle of muskets, powder, and paper—the engine of the mind—the mental improvement—the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

The attention of old bachelors is invited to the following "wall" from some "where": "The third day of whom was of fair complexion; and that after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein. One immediately leaped, and the second was so frightened that he did not leap, and the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and came out with its own color."

One of the interesting—Ananias, an African prince, visiting England, received so many attentions from a lady, that he was obliged to refrain from laying his hands upon her heart and concluding—"Oh I madam, I have had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

We learn from Washington that the War Department is in receipt of interesting dispatches from the Rio Grande. Information having been given by Gen. Garcia that Cortinas had again made his appearance on the Mexican side of the river, Capt. Ford, with his rangers, was ordered to cross over and attack him.

A new kind of leather has made its appearance in the eastern markets, said to have been made from the skin of a little whale, found in the river St. Lawrence.

Religious Intelligence. PROTESTANTS IN HUNGARY.—On the 23rd instant Baron Gabriel von Prohary, of the Augsburg Confession in Hungary, reminds his brethren that the day which was mentioned by Government as the latest period for the organization of the Protestant communities in accordance with the Imperial patent of September the 1st was passed.

On the 21st of March, the day allotted to the 226 Lutheran communities had been organized in accordance with the Imperial patent, and 233 communities had declined to recognize its validity. According to authentic data, 806,786 Hungarian Lutherans had accepted the Imperial patent, and 548,712 had rejected it. As not more than five or six Galvanic communities have been organized in accordance with the patent of September 1st, about 1,200,000 Hungarian Protestants have forfeited their corporate rights.

Considerable excitement exists at Eddyville (N. Y.) in regard to the preaching of the Rev. J. T. Curry, late pastor of the Methodist Church at that place. Mr. Curry had been expelled from the old Methodist track, and taken to preaching that death destroys both the body and soul of the wicked. The church being shut against him, he now holds forth to crowded audiences in a barn at New Salem.

Bishop Maude, administered the rite of confirmation recently, to forty persons at St. Paul's, and in the evening to fifteen in Christ Church, in Norfolk, Va.

Dr. POMEROY FORGIVEN.—Our readers will remember the case of Dr. Pomroy, the deacon, upon whom had been placed the confidence of "extortion" game, in Boston, some time since. We now learn that the First Church, in Bangor, Maine, of which Dr. Pomroy was long time a member, after a careful and anxious investigation of his case, through a period of nearly four months, have recently by communal and entire forgiveness, declaring him entitled to all the rights and privileges of a member in good and regular standing, and affectionately commending him to the sympathy and confidence and fellowship of the members of Christ throughout the world. The final action was with entire unanimity.

The bark Mendis sailed from New York last week for Montreal, taking as passengers Rev. M. M. Clarke, a wife and son, and two lieutenants, one of the Baptist and the other of the Methodist church. Mr. Clark goes out as a missionary. The Mendis is owned by E. J. Brown, a wife and son, and two lieutenants, one of the Baptist and the other of the Methodist church. Mr. Clark goes out as a missionary. The Mendis is owned by E. J. Brown, a wife and son, and two lieutenants, one of the Baptist and the other of the Methodist church. Mr. Clark goes out as a missionary.

Franklin Naff, better known as Petty Naff, a notorious character in Baltimore, who was shot last December, died on Monday 10th inst. from his wounds. The wound was in his stomach, and several of the intestines being severed, a great prostration of his system followed, and for several weeks his existence wavered between life and death. But a powerful constitution, united with the most extraordinary muscular development, baffled the messenger of death, and for three months and twenty days the unequal struggle went on.

Naff, ordinarily a man weighing 180 pounds, was reduced in that time to considerably under 100 pounds. The jury of inquest rendered the following verdict: "That the jury, judging from the evidence, and that the deceased, Franklin H. Naff, came to his death by a ball discharged from a weapon in the hands of Wesley Woodward; and the jury also find that Robert Miller was accessory to the same."

The Bay Preacher.—A by preacher named Crommond Kennedy, was last week visiting and electrifying the citizens of Harrisburg, Pa. He is but seventeen years of age, and his head is said to measure twenty-two inches. The Zephyrus, Harrisburg, says:—"His extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, his precocious power of oratory, and his singular gifts as a preacher of righteousness, have given him a reputation throughout the country, and he is the most celebrated pulpit orator of the day."

A Suspected Wild Lassoed, Stick Full of Thorns, and Winded to Death.—A Rio Grande city correspondent of the Texas "Ranchero" gives the following little history, which looks as if it related to the days of Salem witchcraft and Puritan superstition. The letter however, is dated "Feb. 23d, 1860."

"There is a man living at Camargo, (villa nueva) named Ambrosio Ramirez, who has been for some time suffering from a troublesome disease. As he has been unable to recover by the medical treatment he has received, both himself and wife concluded he had been bewitched by an invidious woman, named Ana, a neighbor of theirs. Ana is the wife and a resident of Roma, or a few miles from Roma. Ramirez, the father of this most wealthy Mexican on the river, owing a large tract of land to the Government, and a party of men to the house of the poor Antonio Alanis to kidnap and take her to Camargo. This they did in the most brutal manner, they lashed her and dragged her on the ground until they feared she would die, and they not be able to get her to Camargo."

They beat one of her daughters badly for interfering to protect her poor mother; shot her in the back, and then they finally succeeded in taking the old woman across at Roma. She was taken to Camargo, severely beaten, and her body stuck full of thorns of prickly pear, and this beating, &c., repeated as soon as she recovered sufficiently to be able to endure it, for the space of some two weeks. This treatment of the witch did not however, improve the health of Gallico, and the witch doctor, who was called in, finally concluded that the sick man had been bewitched in his mind, and that as soon as the witch commenced burning the bones would rot, and the man would recover. This was actually done. The poor woman was tied up and coon-shucks lighted under her feet, and she kept in this horrid torture until she was really prince, that there could no longer be any doubt of her recovery, and I understand, she soon afterwards died."

Dimples. Dimples are the perpetual smiles of nature—the very cunningest device and lurking-place of love. When the carlin is dimpled, the dimples are always seen in the laugh, when the ocean is dimpled by the light breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We cannot look for frowns on a dimpled face—frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how comely, how beautiful are the dimples in the cheeks and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of the rosy babe. Mothers do not know their dimpled babies, and delight to kiss them. But, perhaps the most perfectly charming dimples, at least to the eye of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks and around the mouth of "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen says some arch provoking sally, peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewitching coquetry.

The Danville Register learns that locusts have made their appearance upon the surface of the earth in that vicinity, in great numbers. The cells which they construct upon the ground somewhat resembled those of the fire-beetle.

Useful Receipts. RASPBERRY SPONGE.—Dissolve in a little water three quarters of an ounce of fine cream, the same of new milk, half a pint of raspberry jelly, and the juice of a lemon. Whisk it one way till it becomes thick and spongy. Put it into a mold and turn it out; make it three or four hours before using. Any fruit jelly will answer, and all cream is preferable. Mix the lemon with the raspberry jelly, and beat it by degrees with the other ingredients.

FRUMENTY.—Bruise a quart of wheat and put it with a quart of water in a stew pan, and cover it until quite soft. Take a quart of milk; break the cooked wheat in to it till it is as thick as custard. Add two ounces of currents that have been washed and dried, and let it boil until the currants are cooked. Beat the yolks of two eggs, a little nutmeg, and two spoonfuls of milk together; add this to the wheat, stirring until it thickens. Sweeten and serve in a deep dish. Serve hot or cold.

WINE JELLY.—Dissolve a box of gelatine (warranted to make three quarts) in one pint of cold water by simmering. Dissolve also one pound of white sugar in one quart of boiling water; then add a pint of wine and the juice of two lemons. Put the whole together, and boil for twenty minutes. Then strain it through flannel into cold water which have been dipped into cold water and drained.

CLEAN FAT JELLY.—Take four calves' cleaned feet; slit them in two; take away the fat from between the claws, and wash them well in lukewarm water. Put them into a large steampan and cover them with water. When this boils, skim it well, and let boil gently six or seven hours; that it may be reduced to about two quarts; strain through a sieve, and leave it until next day. Then skim all the fat from the top, and lay blotting paper upon the jelly to absorb the rest of the fat. Put the liquor of the feet into a preserving-kettle, with a pound of sugar, the peel of two lemons, the juice of six, six whites and six shells of eggs beat together, and a bottle of Sherry or Madeira wine. Whisk the whole together until it is just ready to boil; then put it to simmer a quarter of an hour; strain it through a flannel bag into a preserving-kettle, and let it boil for twenty minutes. Then strain it through a sieve, and leave it until next day. 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