Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1861. NUMBER 11.

Civilian & Telegraph.

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning.

WILLIAM EVANS, Proprietor.

OFFICE in Second Story of McKaigs' Row, Baltimore Street.

TERMS—One copy, one year, $2--invariably in advance.

TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC this paper affords unrivaled advantages, as it is read by **1000 Families.** As it has a more extended circulation than any other journal published in the county, 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, strictly in advance—$2.50 if not so paid, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

Those who expect to receive the CIVILIAN & TELEGRAPH for $2.00 must pay invariably in advance.

☞ Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Rates of Advertising.

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

Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, $5.

MONTHS.	ONE	TWO	THREE	SIX	TWELVE.
One square,	1 25	2 25	3 50	6 00	10 00
Two squares	2 25	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 10
Three squares,	3 50	5 00	7 50	12 00	18 00
Four squares,	4 50	6 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Quarter col.,	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	30 00

Larger space for short periods, as per agreement.

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion—sucsequent insertions, 5 cents per line. Nine words are counted as a line in advertising.

Merchants and others, advertising by the year, will be charged $12 00.

Proceedings of meetings not of a general character, charged at 4 cents per line for each insertion.

Yearly advertisers must confine their advertising to their own business.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING, outside the city of Cumberland, cash in advance.

Persons ordering the insertion of legal advertisements will be held responsible for payment for the same when the time for which they were ordered to be inserted shall have expired.

INSOLVENT NOTICES, cash in advance.

PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.

ALL JOB WORK, cash.

The losses we have sustained compel us to adopt this course. It will be strictly adhered to in all cases, and no advertisement from a distance will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. THOS. PERRY.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—HENRY R ATKINSON.
State's Attorney—C. B. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—DENTON D. BROWN.
Clerk to County Commissioners—WM. KILGOUR.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

Geo. B. Fundenburg, M. D.

DENTIST.

☞ Dr. F. pays especial attention to diseases of the

EYES and EARS

and to Surgical cases generally.

OFFICE and residence, on Centre St., a few doors above Butler's Steam Cabinet Factory, n20-1y. CUMBERLAND, MD.

K. H. BUTLER'S

Steam Chair and Cabinet Factory,

Centre Street, near the Lutheran Church.—Turning and Sawing of all descriptions done to order. Coffins and hearse furnished at short notice.

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Books and Stationery, Periodicals,

Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book Binders and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

M. RIZER & BRO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,

South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM R. BEALL, & CO.,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gent's and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,

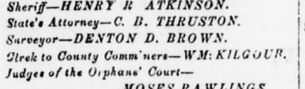
Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,

Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Tin and Sheet-Iron ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

A. RUSSELL & SON,

Carriage Manufacturers,

Centre street, below Harrison stree,



Keep constantly on hand, *Carriages, Rockaways, Phatons,* and *Buggies*, of the latest style and finish, and all other kinds of VEHICLES, to suit city or country trade. Carriage Harness of every description. REPAIRING done at short notice.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Repairing of every description done with Neatness and Dispatch.

CALL AT

J. H. KELENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street

July 19, 1860.

JOSIAH WITT,

MANUFACTURER AND

Dealer in Lumber,

West side of Mechanic Street, near the Rail Road Viaduct,

Aug30 y. CUMBERLAND, MD.

1000 BUSHELS MILL OFFAL just receiving by Canal, and for sale by O. C. CLARK & CO., Centre St., next door to Eng. Luth. Ch. August 25, 1859.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS For sale at this office

Religious Services.

Presbyterian—Liberty Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and evening at 7. Pastor—Rev. J. H. Symmes.

English Lutheran—Corner of Baltimore and Centre Streets. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. J. Weddell.

Methodist Episcopal—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. H. Grever.

Methodist Protestant—Bedford St. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. J. Clay.

Episcopalian—Washington Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 3. Rev. Dr. Speaf, Pastor.

Baptist—Bedford Street. No Pastor.

German Lutheran—Bedford Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. F. Vassler.

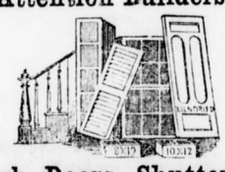
St. Patrick's—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at 4. Pastor—Rev. Edward Brennan.

St. Peter and St. Paul—Fayette Street.—Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at 2½. Pastor—Father Seelos.

Jewish Synagogue—Baltimore Street. Services Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. Laser.

Second German Lutheran Church—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and afternoon at 2½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Louis Biltz.

Attention Builders!



Sash, Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings and Venitian Blinds,

MANUFACTURED and for sale at R. D. Johnson's Steam Planing Machine, on Centre Street.

Orders received either at the Shop, or at Dr John J. Bruce's Lumber Yard.

June 30, 1859—1y. H. DAMM.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,

TAYLOR & CO.,

Iron and Brass Founders,

George's street, CUMBERLAND, MD, Manufacturers of

Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery. Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.

March 17, 1859—y.

JAMES S. ROBINSON,

Paper Warehouse,

No. 21 South Charles St.,

A few doors below German-st.

BALTIMORE.

Keeps on hand and has made to order all kinds of PAPER.

Purchases Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock. Sept. 1, 1859—1y.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY

A Good Watch, Clock, or Jewelry, etc?

YES!!

WELL THEN GO TO

S. T. LITTLE'S.

HAVE been often deceived in buying an inferior article elsewhere?—If so, go to S. T. LITTLE'S. Are you afraid it is no use?—Then once more I say, go to S. T. LITTLE'S. Why go to S. T. LITTLE'S? If you will keep it a secret I will tell you. S. T. LITTLE is to be relied upon. All goods sold by him are just what he says they are. If it is solid silver or solder plated Jewelry he will tell you. If the goods are filled he will tell you. If you want to buy a good Watch, you can rely upon his judgment as well as his word. If you want a good Clock, he has some of the very best make, especially those of Seth Thomas'. The beauty of his business is, he sells

CHEAP FOR CASH.

If you want your Watch or Clock put in good order, go to S. T. LITTLE, as he warrants all his work. His place of business is on the West Side of

BALTIMORE STREET,

BETWEEN THE

St. Nicholas Hotel & Revere House.

July 19-tf S. T. LITTLE.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

SILVER and PLATED WARE,

ON HAND AND WILL BE SOLD AS

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

CALL AT

J. H. KELENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore St.

July 19, 1860.

RICHARDSON'S IRISH LINENS,

Damasks, Diapers, &c.;

CONSUMERS of RICHARDSON'S LINENS, and those desirous of obtaining the Genuine GOODS, should see that the articles they purchase are sealed with the full name of the firm,

J. N. RICHARDSON, SONS & OWEN,

as a guarantee of the soundness and durability of the Goods.

This caution is rendered essentially necessary as large quantities of inferior and defective Linens are prepared, season after season and sealed with the name of RICHARDSON, by Irish Houses, who, regardless of the injury thus inflicted alike on the American consumer and the manufacturers of the genuine Goods, will not readily abandon a business so profitable, while purchasers can be imposed on with Goods of a worthless character.

J. BULLOCHE & J. B. LOCKE, Ag'ts, Sept 37, '60—1y. 34 Reade St., N. York.

INSOLVENT'S NOTICE.

Abner Somerville vs. His Creditors. } ORDERED, this 20th day of Dec. 1860, that Abner Somerville give notice to his creditors, endorsers and sureties, that the second Monday of April next is fixed for the said Abner Somerville to appear in the Circuit Court for Allegany County, to answer such interrogatories as his creditors, endorsers and sureties may propose or allege against him; and that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in the city of Cumberland, once a week for three successive months prior to the said second Monday of April next, as such notice.

Test—H. RESLEY, Dec. 20, 1860—3m.* Clerk.

Patent Lard Lamp.

THE subscriber is now manufacturing a Patent Lard Lamp, which he offers for sale. It will also burn any kind of dirty greese. Call and examine it. m19. JOHN JOHNSON.

MEDICAL HOUSE,

11 South Frederick St.,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Established in order to afford Sound and Scientific Medical Aid, and for the suppression of Quackery.

DOCTOR SMITH

HAS for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, in all their varied and complicated forms. His great success in those long standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received. Within the last eight years, Dr. S. has treated more than 29,500 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which no doubt exceeds that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, "no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be, would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

The afflicted should bear in mind that *Dr. S.* who is the only regular physician advertising, has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of Diseases.

His medicines are free from Mercury and all mineral poisons; put up in neat and compact form, and may be taken in public or private house, or while travelling, without exposure or hindrance from business, and except in cases of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

Let the unfortunate bear in mind when affliction overtakes them, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be moderate in his charges than he could justly be, where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advance of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored Plotches with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

We are called upon every few days to cure Chronic Diseases, which were supposed to have been cured years ago, but instead of which, were only checked, driven into the system by mercury or copaiva and therefore seems to be well but in a longer or shorter time, by some slight cause, break out in its worst and most difficult forms, producing ulcers in the throat, nose or roof of the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pains or swelling of bones, etc. On account of the number of such which have lately come under my care, and the immense suffering which a little neglect or improper treatment in the first stages of the diserse may cause, Dr. Smith thinks it his duty to advise the unfortunate, *particularly strangers*, to be careful that they are not deceived by *false advertisements of boasting quacks* who make promises which could not be fulfilled even by the most experienced physicians. By neglect or improper treatment, the patient is often reduced to a state which makes the case extremely difficult to cure. Therefore he should be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early stage of the disease.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILLITY.

Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and lmost fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the morbid influence of the passions.

How many young persons do we daily behold, whose countenances and debilitated constitutions depict disease arising from that horrible and devastating vice.

It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when in reality, they are the consequences of an alluring and pernicious practice alike destructive to the mind and body.

You who have brought this affliction upon yourselves, why embrace the secret to your hearts and vainly attempt to cure yourselves, instead of making immediate application to a skillfull physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it envitable.

☞ Dr. Smith gives his special attention to the treatment of this destructive malady. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine securely packed from observation forwarded by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

N. B.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid *boasting impostors* whether foreign or native, as also the numerous Societies advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up to sell and not to cure, and often do more harm than good, therefore avoid them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Address, DR. J. B. SMITH.

No. 11, S. Frederick Street., Baltimore, Md.

☞ No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.

Jan. 1st. 1861.—1y.

SINGER'S

Sewing Machines!

A New Machine Which makes no Noise!

WE desire to call the attention of Tailors to our New Machines, just from our Manufactory, which is the Fastest Machine in the World, runs easy, and makes no noise.

This improvement is found in no other machine and is secured by letters patent.

To those who have refrained from buying we offer the most perfect machine, the only one that does every kind of tailoring, the finest and the coarsest, all the work of the Family; binds hats, caps, fronts, gaiters, shoes, and everything necessary to be sewed. The reputation of our machines, (3,000 in operation in this city,) is sufficient recommendation to the new improvement.

☞ Send for a copy of I. M. SINGER & Co's GAZETTE, which will be sent free. Parties wishing to purchase, will notice our Machine with one operator—will do more work than any other two machines, which is a gain of 100 per cent. Prices ranging from $50 to $125.

W. E. BRODERICK, Agent, 159 Baltimore St.

Baltimore, Md., Jan 26, 1860—1y.

Have you seen the Prince of Wales?

If not, call at S. T. LITTLE'S JEWELRY Store and see his Photograph at the same time do not forget to examine his extensive stock as he has just returned from the Eastern and Northern factories with a full assortment in his line of business and is able to sell exceedly low for cash.

Sign of the big watch north side of Baltimore st near the railroad.

S. T. LITTLE,

N. B.— the American watches at factory prices, Nov. 6.

Almanacs! Almanacs!

ENGLISH and German Hagerstown Almanacs for 1861, just received and for sale by the dozen or gross at

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER'S

Under St. Nicholas Hotel, Balto St

Cumberland Nov 22

Liverpool Salt.

4250 Sacks G. A. Salt.
3250 Sacks Ashton's Fine Salt—factory filled—ten to the ton, just received pr Ship 'Scotsman' direct from Liverpool. For sale by FOWLE & OO.

Alexandria, Va., Nov. 15 1860.

A Potter Wanted.

A journeman potter, who is a good workman, will find constant employment and good wages, on application to Wm. Kilmer, New Creek Station Va., Balt. & Ohio Rail Road.

Poetical.

The Ring my Mother wore.

BY LOUIS DELA.

The earth has many treasures rare,
In gems and golden ore;
My heart hath one, more precious far—
The ring my mother wore.
I saw it first, when, I a child,
Was playing by her side:
She told me then 'twas father's gift
When she became his bride.

I saw it oft in sorrow's hours
Which marked the after years,
When shining on the soft white hand
That wiped away my tears.
And, oh! I saw it once again,
When on her dying bed,
She lifted up her hand in prayer,
And laid it on my head.

Beside that bed, where fell my tears,
The ring to me was given:
She placed it on my hand and said,
'We'll meet again in heaven!'
I kissed the cheek I oft had pressed,
From which the rose had fled,
And, bowed with grief, stood motherless,
Alone; beside the dead.

Among the blest in realms above,
Where sorrows are unknown,
O may I meet my mother dear,
No more to weep alone.
Her dying words of love and faith
I'll cherish evermore
Within the heart that holds so dear,
The ring my mother wore.

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Weekly.

THE SUICIDE:

OR,

THE WIFE'S ERROR.

BY ANNA RAYMOND.

'Now the countless busy feet
Cross each other in the street,
And I watch the faces flitting past my door
But the step that lingered nightly,
And the hand that rapped so lightly,
And the face that beamed so brightly,
Come no more."

The dwelling I called home was in a lovely spot—woodbine and climbing jasmine shaded the windows and ran along the edges of the roof; the beautiful prairie-rose grew on either side of the door, and its stems intertwining formed an arch that sheltered me from the noon-day sun, as I stood, just within, looking out upon the green lawn which stretched to a small stream on whose placid surface the bright, arrowy sunbeams were playing; across the stream was a broad prairie reaching to the bank of the Mississippi beyond which lay the green hills of Iowa, and toward them I often cast a wistful glance, for they reminded me of my earlier home far away among the hills of northern New York, and around which many cherished associations clustered. It was in the beautiful leafy month of June, and on that day as I looked upon those distant hills; visions of the quiet farm-house, and the joyous band that were wont to gather there on bright summer evenings, flitted before me, and as, in imagination, one after another drew near, there stole into my heart a wish to look once more upon each familiar face—to hear again the tones of voices that were ever pleasant to my ear when life was young, and care and sorrow things of which I had never dreamed. I remembered the bright days of my childhood, later years when, a happy maiden, I won the love of as true and noble a heart as ever pulsated, and though I sometimes looked wistfully back toward my far off, early home yet there was no sigh of regret that I had chosen another one, for in that new home I had been serenely happy. So intently were my thoughts wandering backward while my eyes lingered upon those green hills that I heard not approaching footsteps, and knew not that my husband was at my side until he said.

'Amy, what has occurred to make you look so sorrowfully—this will never answer—upon my word there is a tear;' and he brushed the tear away as he drew me gently to his side.

'I was thinking of my early home and those with whom I had spent so many happy hours there.'

'And are you less happy now?' There was intensity in his tone, and a shadow flitted across his features that was chased away by a smile, as I replied.

'I have been far happier here, in this lovely home you have given me; than there; and if you could not be at my side I would not leave this, for the most magnificent palace eye ever beheld' and Heaven is my witness that I spoke truth.

We sat down to dinner—my husband's countenance was more thoughtful than usual, and for some minutes both were silent; then he said.

'Amy, I have been thinking that perhaps you would like to go home for a visit; the journey would do both yourself and Charlie good.'

'I shall be very glad to go if you can manage to leave, as I can't think of going without you.'

'I will go with you, even if my absence should occasion the loss of a few hundred dollars; that would be nothing compared to your happiness and that of our child.

We formed our plans for the journey—we would go soon after harvest, even the route was spoken of—how long we would stop at this or that place, and as we were about rising from the table, there was the gentle patter of little feet, and Charlie having just awakened from his noon-day nap came to my side, saying, in lisping accents,

'Mamma, Charlie wants dinna.'

I placed Charlie at the table, and my husband remained until the child had eaten, talking meantime pleasantly of the days when he was a frequent visitor at the farm-house that nestled among the far-off hills; and when he was going out, after caressing Charlie, he said:

'It is a long time since we have had a row up the river, I have been so busy of late, but to-night we will go, and if Charlie can keep his eyes open he shall go too. These moonlight evenings will not last long, and we must improve them and placing the child in my arms he went out to superinted the work of the farm-laborers.

I sat a long time with my child pressed to my heart, and thinking of the past. Not once, during the four years I had been a wife, had my husband spoken harshly or unkindly to me, yet I was conscious of having tried him until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. I naturally possessed a tantalizing disposition, and before my marriage often made him unhappy, even while I so loved him that I saw no one but him and heard no other voice, though other admirers were near me whispering honeyed words; yet some of my most intimate friends did not read my secret, and were surprised when they found that I was about to give my hand to Charles Allston. I was the youngest of a family of children, at once the pet and torment of the whole household. When I removed to that pleasant home upon the prairie there was no one to tease but my husband, and instead of endeavoring to correct my evil habit by a change of practice, I was constantly annoying him by my ill-timed raillery while he would sometimes say,

'Amy, will you never learn to be womanly?'

I had become somewhat changed, whether it was because I saw that my tantalizing words and manner grieved my husband, or that my child claimed more of my attention—a mother's all-absorbing love rendering me thoughtful—I could not tell. My husband was gratified and sometimes spoke of the pain my cutting words had caused, and he would say it was my one great fault, and he was very glad I was overcoming it, and the nobler qualities of my heart shone with a brighter lustre for having been so long obscured. All this I thought as I sat there that bright, sunny afternoon, while little Charlie's dimpled hand was playing with the dark curls that the coquettish breeze was tossing about my face. And while the innocent prattle of my child fell upon my ear, and I answered half abstractedly, I resolved that I would entirely overcome that one evil habit—that the heart of my noble husband should not again be pained by thoughtless words. I had known from my earliest acquaintance with him, that he was morbidly sensitive, yet knowing this, how thoughtless had I been; but it shall be so no more; I said, as placing Charlie upon the floor I went about my household duties, singing snatches of songs, and thinking of my pleasant journey, wondering meantime what the grandparents would think of my bright-eyed boy, whose little feet came pattering after me, while he often called out,

'Mamma, 'top for Charlie!'

My husband came in early, and as we were sitting down to supper we heard the sound of carriage wheels approaching the house, which was some distance from the main road, and as we had formed but few acquaintances, this was so unusual an occurrence that we both went to the door. Neither my husband or myself recognized the handsome young man who springing from the carriage, came forward with extended hand, until he raised his hat, saying,

'I found myself within three miles of you and could not resist the temptation to drive out and spend a day and talk over old times,' and smilingly the speaker glanced toward me.

'Will Chadwick, you are so changed I did not recognize you at first, but you are welcome to our prairie home,' said my husband as he warmly pressed the proffered hand, and then stepped aside that I might greet our friend.

'Amy, do you think me very much changed?'

'Why, yes, for the wors, and you were only just passable before,' I replied.

'I can't say the same of you, for, if possible, you are still more beautiful than when you were the belle of our social gatherings.'

'At your old trick of flattery,' I said, as the gentlemen followed me into the parlor.

Will Chadwick was our first visitor from the old home, and there were so many questions to be asked and answered that we lingered around the tea-table until lights were brought in, then my husband proposed that we go down to the stream, saying he wished to convince our friends that a row upon our river was as pleasant as our sails were formerly on Lake Champlain. Two hours we were upon that placid stream, my husband had never been so cheerful nor had my spirits been so buoyant in a long time as on that evening. We returned to the house, and after seeing Charlie safely in his little cot, I went out where the gentlemen were sitting, near the door in the bright light of the full-orbed moon As I seated myself beside my husband, Chadwick said,

'I think it must be very painful for a man to waken to the reality that his wife accepted him not because of her preference for him but because he was richer than the man whom she truly loved.'

'To me such a knowledge would bring death' my husband said earnestly.

'And do you believe a woman can be so heartless?' I asked.

'I know instances where if men had not been rich they would not have won the prize they did,' Chadwick replied.

'Amy, what influenced you to share my destiny was it love for me, or for the wealth I chanced to possess.'

'Your wealth more than yourself,' I said playfully, forgetting the good resolutions formed only that afternoon. Why I said it I cannot tell, nor did I give the expression an after thought, but went on in my old tantalizing way answered by our friend, while my husband listened in silence. Suddenly he rose and in a hurried manner entered the house—his leaving me so abruptly checked my trifling words, but I did not follow him for I noticed the surprise of Chadwick, and felt vexed that my husband had shown his displeasure before our friend. In a very few minutes my husband returned, passed us, and turned toward me, for an instant, with such a wild haggard look that to my dying day the memory of it will never pass from my mind.

'Charles! Charles!' I exclaimed, springing to my feet, but he rushed on, while I followed repeating his name, and beseeching him to stop. A horrible fear gave swiftness to my feet, and as he gained the bank of the river I caught his coat.

What is it Charles? O, tell me quickly!' I said in a fainting voice.

'Away, away!' he said, and fixing his eyes upon me with a maniacal glare, he threw me from him'

He was mad, and I would save him from himself even at the sacrifice of my own life. I saw him point a pistol at his head, and with a shriek of agony I sprang forward. Too late—ere I could touch his arm there was a flash, and he fell at my feet, I will not repeat my words as in frantic tones I begged him not to leave me—reason resumed her throne just as the immortal spirit was leaving the shattered clay-casket, and in faltering accents he said,

'Amy, did you love me?'

'Better than myself, and oh! how can I live without you?'

"I believe you, but it's too late God will protect you!'

"Forgive me! Oh, my husband! can you, will you forgive me?' I cried, for then I knew that my meaningless words had driven him mad.

'You are forgiven,' were the the words faintly murmured, and I kissed his pallid lips. I prayed that I too might die.

For days after I was ill of fever, and though death would have been a welcom visitor, yet it came not—it seldom, or never comes when the weary, broken hearted pray for it, and slowly I came back to the realities of life. Mr. Chadwick had remained near, and sent word that he would assist me in the arrangement of my business, but I would not see him, his very name reminded me of my error—of those thoughtless words, and I never left my room until assured that he had left the neighborhood never to return.

I would not return to my early home, though my father came for me—there had I first met my husband, and *I* could not live in the country where every thing reminded me of the happy days with one whose voice was forever silent; so selling my pleasant country home, *I* went to a distant city, thinking the busy scenes there would be more congenial to my troubled mind. My child is all that the fondest mother could wish, yet I am not happy, but am thinking always of one who will never come, while remorse is a constant guest—remorse for that one error which saddened my whole life.

Our Last Sleeping Place.

The Chicago *Journal* observes: "I feel the disease growing over me,' said the dying poet, and beautiful was the thought, though solemn. To mingle thus with nature in her sweetest forms of life, is not to die; it is as if the passing of the soul through a vestibule of June's own building, on, to the inner gates of paradise. To be wafted through the air on the crimson wings of fire; to to leave little dust for token, in the bottom of an urn, is not like lying a weary child at rest, close folded in the bosom of the earth. To lie beneath the billowed maple on the hillside, green and sloping to the sun, with birds singing in the boughs, and the threshold flowers soft toiling in the air, is no unpleasant thought. The fever of the world is past, its strifes all drifted over, even as the cloud that sheds a shadow on the spangled heap, and passes on forever. To turn immortal with the Arctic touch, and wear the seamless robe of winter, for a shroud; to have the tear that parting wrings from trembling nature, lie like an imperishable jewel on the cheek of death has little charm. To be let gently down, some pleasant summer's night, into the cleft crystal of a lake, to one's last sleep, would not be to bid the light 'good bye.' For there, as if in the lower sphere of *the finished Heaven*, the form should lie among the doubles of the stars, and the shimmering of the moon. The dawn should redden there, and the great sun move quenchless through the waters; it would not be beyond, the flight of day—that burial-place—and yet below the storm, that wrecks both sea and sky.

A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said a thing that was not true, they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes, and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like these now a-days, they were as big as the hills in Scotland.

He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he heard a loud whistle.

"What's that?" said he, "who calls me a liar?"

"It is I, Willy McDonald, the baker.

"Well, Willy, what objections ha'ye to what I told ye?'

"None, Master John; only I wanted to know what sort of oven they had to bake those loaves in.'

PRESENT personal happiness is not the higher aim, but present personal duty. If a planet, to attain more heat from the sun, were to leave its orbit, and move toward that luminary, it would gain more heat, but at the cost of its own destruction. So with men. If they move in the path which God has placed before them, without discontentedly or fearfully swerving to the right hand or to the left, they will fulfill the design of their creation, and receive from the hand of their Creator all the happiness they are capable of enjoying.

RAREY AS A PHILOSOPHER.—Some of Rarey's sayings are maxims of wisdon.—For instance: Nature never lies. The horse is honest. The mind of a horse governs a horse, as the mind of a man governs a man. If you wish, therefore, to get control of the horse's body, first learn to direct its mind. The gentle touch is more powerful than blows. Women are better drivers than men, because they have a gentler touch. Firmness and kindness are all the magic there is in any method. Fear or anger in the mind of his driver is instantly known to the horse.

She Never Leaves Him.

Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world; of a man visited by misfortunes! How often is he left by his fellow men to sink under the weight of his affections, unheeded and alone. One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his affections with unshaken affection; braves the changes of feeling, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with all her virtue; in resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distresses, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy should but one light upon his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty or compassion, to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow end together, she follows him to to the tomb wish an ardor of affection which death cannot destroy.

Only a Printer.

'He is only a printer?' was the sneering remark of a leader in the circle of aristocracy.

Well, who was the earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What is Prince Frederick William, who married the Princess Royal of England? He, too, was only a printer. Who was Wm. Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? He was only a printer. Who are Geo. D. Prentice, Charles Dickens, M. Thiers, Douglas Jerrold, Bayard Taylor, G. P. Morris, J. Gales, C. Richardson, N. P. Willis, and Senators Dix, Cameron, Niles and Bigler? They too, are printers. What was Benjamin Franklin? Only a printer! Every one cannot be a printer—brains are necessary.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF LITTLENESS.—Every thing is beautiful when it is little, except souls; little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children.

Little martin boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a sheltered Paradise than anything we know of; little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are sweetest to bear, little charities fly farther and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled.—Little books are more loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearl, little diamonds, little dews.

A virtuous and well disposed person is like good metal—the more he is fired the more he is refined; the more he is opposed the more he is approved. Wrongs may well try him, and touch him, but they cannot imprint on him any false stamp.—*Richelieu*

Two centuries ago, not one in one hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago, not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.

Give a man the necessaries of life and he wants the conveniencies, and he craves for the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegancies. Let him have the elegancies and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together and he complains that he has been cheated both in price and quality of the articles.

It is with the singing of a congregation as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the boughs striking upon each other, altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual discords.

A letter from Rome in the *Nazoine* of Florence, asserts that the Pope has sold the Campanan gallery to the British Museum, and that this fact accounts for the abundance of money of which the pontifical treasury has been boasting.

Religious Intelligence.

It is suppossd that two thirds of the inhabitants of Holland are Protestants. Among the Catholics is a peculiar sect of Jansenists, followers of the old Jansenists, who claim to be the puer Catholic Church. Excommunicated by the Pope, they still presist in their claims, and maintain the forms of the Roman Catholic Church, but recommend the reading of the Bible, of which they have a version of their own.

The "Revue des Mondes,' a Roman Catholic periodical of Paris, thus discourses:

"Much may be said of Protestant diversities and sects, but one fact remains certain: it is, that nations where the Bible circulates and is read have preserved a strong, deep and enduring religious faith; while in countries where it is not known, one is obliged to deplore a moral superficiality and want of principles, for which a splendid uniformity of rites cannot compensate.'

The 135,795 Episcopalians of the United States report $1,637,123 12 as the amount of their contributions for missionary and charitable purposes. This gives to each member an average of almost twelve dollars.

The Reformed Church at Bergen, N.J celebrated its two hundredth universary on the 24 of December last.

The next General Conference of the United Brethren in Christ will convene in Westerville, Ohio, on the second Monday in May next.

The Second Adventists look for the second coming of Christ about 1867 or 1868.

The Welsh Calvanistic Methodist of the United States number 113 churches, 4,851 members, 53 ordained ministers and 36 preachers.

A Church of England mission to Italian residents in London, has recently been opened with the approval of the Bishop of London. It is said there are twenty thousand Italian residents in the metropolist.

A correspondent of N. Y. *Chronicle* enquires, 'Can a licentiate babtize?' The *Chronicle* answers:

'It is not customary among the Baptists of this country to allow unordained ministers to administer baptism.'

The Charleston *Miscellany* has dropped United States from its title, and is now called the Charleston *Catholic Miscellany*. There being no 'United States,' says the editor, 'the words omitted would be a falsehood.'

According to recent statistics in all North America the Orthodox Congregationalists have 2,734 churches and 260,389 members.

The catalogue of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegany city, just published gives a list of one hundred and sixty-five students.

The Wesleyan Normal School (England) is in a prosperous and efficient state. Since the opening of the Institution, nearly six hundred have been trained therein, most of whom are now employed in the responsible and successful work of instructing in secular knowledge, based on the principles of Christianity, the rising youth of Methodism.

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Wit and Humor.

A Screwen' on Her Up, Ha!'

It is seldom that one sees a more forcible instance of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" than is recorded in the following sketch of a verdant Connecticut youth's first voyage in a steamboat:

His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here, and he scrutinized there; he wormed from the engineer a compulsory lecture on the steam engine and mechanics in general, and from the fireman an essay on the power of "white heat," and the average consumption of pine wood, &c.

At length his "inquiring mind' was checked in its investigations. He had mounted on the wheel house and was asking the pilot:

"What you doin' *that* for, Mister? what good does it do?'

He was observed by the captain, who said in a gruff voice:

"Go away from there! Don't you see the sign? 'No talking to the man at the helm